

PRISM



*our
it's ~~the~~ future.
it's ~~the~~ future.*

2006

PRISM 2006

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Spring 2006

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Prism was founded in 1978 by Prof. Paula Stofer

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A NOTE FROM THE EDITORS

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

Prism was founded in 1978 by then-student Paula Stofer, who would later go on to become a faculty member at LTU. Prism had modest beginnings as a small newsletter printed on standard 8"x11" paper. Prism was only printed for two years in its infancy. In 2000, Dr. Melinda Weinstein, with generous backing from the Arts and Sciences Department, restarted the dormant Prism as LTU's premiere exhibition of artwork. Since then, every year has been preceded by a larger and more refined Prism.

It is without any ego that we can say the 2006 edition of Prism is our finest effort yet. We can unanimously agree that we have one of the most diverse and impressive collections of art from students, faculty, and alumni ever gathered. We would like to sincerely thank the Arts and Sciences Department for their support, with special thanks to Sofia Lulgjuraj and Katherine Charbeneau for their guidance in completing the finished Prism. Also, thanks to all the contributors for their inspiring pieces.

Enjoy.

-The LTU Prism2006 Editors

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EDITORS' QUOTE

Be daring, be different, be impractical, be anything that will assert integrity of purpose and imaginative vision against the play-it-safers, the creatures of the commonplace, the slaves of the ordinary.

- Sir Cecil Beaton

Famous photographer and costume designer
(1904 - 1980)

Non Dia Mai in Su

Dan Sanderson

The light was painful. The rays of the sun were filtering through the blinds right into Dan's eyes. Still half asleep and disorientated, he tried to shade his face under the bedspread. Suddenly, a loud buzzing filled the room. Amidst the echoing drone and the ambush of the yellow glow from the sun, Dan thought to himself, "*Sweet Jesus...it's the damned Apocalypse.*" In the chaos he threw the sheets off the bed and focused his agitated ears to his right. Rolling over his shoulders to the nightstand, the Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse turned out to be his cellular phone. "Who the Hell would call at this hour?" he thought to himself. He flipped open the phone and hit the 'talk' button.

"Hello?" He managed to groan out into the receiver.

"Hi...Danny?" a female voice answered on the other side. Dan recognized the voice immediately.

"Hey, Stephanie," a relieved and interested Dan replied.

"Hey, I was curious if you wanted to meet for a bite or coffee? In, I don't know, an hour?"

"Uhhhh..." Dan thought for a second while his waking brain tried to process Stephanie's request from a jumble of words and noises into a sentence. "Absolutely, yeah," he finally replied.

"Did you want to meet up at Ciao? That's only a few minutes from the clinic and I'll be getting off my shift so I'll be able to walk there."

"Sure, I'll be there."

"Did I wake you?" Stephanie inquired jokingly.

"Yeah...I'm just not a morning person, you know..." Dan trailed off as he rubbed his eyes.

"Dan...it's 6:30... P.M." a concerned Stephanie explained.

Dan sat bolt upright in his bed, startled, and stared out the window. The sun was beginning its descent into the ocean a few miles down at the coast. It was all beginning to make sense in his head. He was beginning to remember that this particular window did in fact face west. He scrambled to construct a little white lie to keep her from getting overly concerned. He told her that he had been finishing up a few drawings the night before- pulling an all-nighter. He didn't dare mention the truth, which included the empty Dos Equis bottles in the sink downstairs. Dan insisted that everything was fine, and they agreed to meet in an hour.

After closing his phone, it was very apparent everything was not fine. An aura was settling in his temple...another headache was lingering. The headaches had been coming more regularly in the past two years, but, he stood by the statement that it was never the alcohol, but hereditary. His father had suffered migraines since his twenties, and if Dan was going to do anything in his father's steps, it was going to be the headaches.

Rubbing his forehead, he noticed that he had fallen asleep in his clothes again. This was his only side effect from the drinking- he slept where he fell, yet he was grateful he made it to the bed this time. Dan took off the wrinkled black shirt and stumbled his way to the bathroom. Gazing into the mirror revealed a much worn and very colorless reflection. His dark, weathered eyes scanned his pale, long face.

He hadn't shaved for a couple days, but he figured he could get away with a little stubble- Stephanie wasn't judgmental or picky about details. What he did need, he confirmed, was a shower and clean up the mange of dark brown hair that was slowly taking over the rest of his head.

The stream from the piping hot water was reenergizing Dan as he stood in the tub, his head bowed as he still tried to wake up. The fogged up tiling provided a canvas to him as he drew crude diagrams and zigzags with his index finger while it condensed onto the shower door glass. Dan fancied that his best thinking was done either in the car or the shower. Something about the water cleansing him got his creative juices flowing...his rationale constructing itself.

He was thinking about Stephanie, and how ironic it was to move from the sooty wasteland of the Midwest to the coast of Southern California, only to find one of the few people he thought of highly from his high school days, a mere 15 minute car-ride away. They had met several years back at a party, and quickly became friends, despite the fact she was a freshman at the time, while he was junior. Initially, he didn't find her especially attractive, with her light brown pigtailed and braces, but her personality and especially her laughter, he thought, was downright angelic. Of course, she had quite the fondness for him back then, but it was lost in his arrogance that he could have any girl he wanted.

The irony was, in reality, that several years down the road that his social life could be described best as "The Fall of Rome." Dan had wavered in and out of relationships of varying degrees of failure, and graduated from high school to college courses in engineering, and when that burned him out, he drove out west to study industrial design- where he could transfer from hand to paper all his negative energy. She simultaneously had moved out west to study pre-med at UCLA. The class schedules and traveling for work had left him almost sleepless and certainly without time for relationships anymore. It didn't matter...he had made it this long without the touch of a woman. He joked to himself that he could go another year or so as long as he had the booze.

Yet, the alcohol was rarely able to curb the longing for romance as of late. The warm burn inside the throat was hardly a match for the warm tenderness of a woman's embrace. Dan had come close to Stephanie's embrace once, but failed to maintain it successfully. Acknowledging second chances hardly ever came, Dan knew he would be stupid to pass the now matured and womanly person that little innocent Stephanie had grown into, but he dreaded the rejection and the hurt that had previously sent him to the far side of the country. He had loved her from a distance for almost a year now-treasuring every occasional evening they had spent together.

Dan turned the shower head off and began to dry himself. He had to get moving and change into a clean set of clothes quickly so he wasn't late. It wouldn't be his last chance to let her know how he felt, but with every wasted breath was another lost attempt. Time wasn't made for him to stop while he sorted his life out...it was made to go on while the rest of the world acted. "Do or die," he thought out loud to himself as he put on a pair of jeans and dried his hair. "Do or die...alone."

The headache had subsided by the time Dan arrived at the hole-in-the-wall café that was Ciao. It was now almost seven - he was still a little early, so he sat

himself down in the middle of the array of tables out front on the stone sidewalk patio. The evening spring carried a fresh breeze to it- a soft zephyr that wined its way through his car out to the sidewalk, past the parked cars and down the road towards the coast. It felt good to be outside and not in the confines of his apartment, under the influence of the scent of alcohol drafting markers. Out of the corner of his eye, he saw her. Stephanie saw him too and waved. They exchanged hugs before sitting down and ordering drinks. After the waiter had left, he studied her- there was always something new he discovered about her every time he looked at her. Her hair was a darker brown now, which shimmered like a red Merlot wine when the light would hit it. Her lightly toned skin was flawless and soft. She would look at him with the most intensely brown eyes that commanded full attention, for Dan would miss part of her conversation otherwise as his own eyes would wander the surroundings. Her words respired from thin pink lips- alive with conversation. Her tiny frame, while hidden by a set of light blue scrubs, had filled out nicely since he first saw her over half a decade ago. Stephanie had grown from shy little girl to a lively young woman.

"How are your design classes going?" Stephanie asked with an interested smile.

"Surviving, I suppose- just finished up this past week for the semester. In fact, I don't think I want to pick up a pencil again until September." He laughed a little bit, thinking about the false excuse he had made earlier. "How are you doing with the pre-med stuff?"

She rolled her eyes. "It's ok, but the hours are demanding. I'm taking shifts between both the clinic for massage therapy and at the hospital. It's pretty intense."

Dan kept his attention focus solely on her, picking up every little detail, trying to learn everything he could about this intensely captivating person seated across from him. She explained how her older siblings had married and were starting families, and how her father was opening a second fixture store back home. She made jokes about the quirky people she encountered every day through work. Dan insisted that her life was far more interesting than his own, stating that he merely "Went to classes and studios, and then home to a drafting desk and a pet cactus."

There was an awkward pause in the chat, and several moments passed before Stephanie began again. "This reminds me of the time you drove me home from practice in your little blue car back in high school," she said with a sassy voice. Immediately, Dan's smile melted into a red look of perplexment. She continued, "You were so quiet while you drove, and kept tripping over the few words you did say. You were such an awkward guy, I thought you were funny." Dan began to hope that some stray javelin would find its way to his back while he faked a laugh. Then she dropped a metaphorical mother of all bombs on him. "And when you dropped me off at my house, I kissed you, and you seemed to recoil. How come you never tried to make a pass at me?"

Dan froze like a deer in the headlights of a Kennworth. "Well, uh, I don't know, I did think you were cute, but kind of young..."

"That's a lie, Danny. I know that you've had a crush on me somewhat, especially since we ran into each other at Dodger Stadium," She said with a little giggle.

"Well," Dan began to choke out. "I have always liked you. I like you a lot. But, you know, with my schedule, I just didn't think I could devote time to ...to someone enough to love them like they wanted. Like they deserved."

Stephanie smiled a little. "Are you saying that Dan, the ladies man from high school, isn't seeing *anyone*?"

For the first time in the conversation, Dan wasn't staring into her eyes, but down into the bottom of his green tea. "Yep," he muttered after a moment, "That's what I'm, saying. You know, just keeping low until I get some things sorted..." He looked back up at her. "What about you?" Dan queried.

"Well, I did start seeing a radiologist intern from the hospital a couple months back..." She softly explained with an uncertain whisper.

Dan immediately felt a sinking cold in his chest. He was hoping that stray javelin was close, and being followed by several more. He was staring directly into Stephanie's dark eyes- falling into the darkness and hitting rock bottom. Dan cleared his throat to attempt a response without giving away the multi-car pile-up of emotion going on inside of him.

"I'm happy for you, kid. I'm happy that you could find someone out here in the millions of people in the area. It's...it's not easy to find someone that you can share a feeling with..."

They both sat there at the table on the sidewalk, staring at each other for a good minute, without words, while the orange sun was setting over their shoulders. Stephanie looked at her watch. "I should get going- I have to be at the hospital at 8 for my shift," she explained. As they got up from their chairs, she leaned over the table and kissed Dan on the cheek and gave him a hug. She whispered in his ear, "Non dia mai in su."

"What does that mean?" Dan asked with a pretend smile.

Stephanie gave an honest smile back. "That's Italian for 'Never give up,'" she illuminated with a sincerity that cut right to Dan's heart. She turned and began to walk away before turning around again. "I want you to call me again this weekend- we need to hang out. O.K.?"

Dan looked at her for a second. "O.K.," he assured. "Take care and have a good evening, Steph...stay golden."

She smiled and began walking down the street, disappearing into the crowd. Dan turned to walk back home, when the reflection of the sun came off the roofs of a passing car into his eyes. He noted that the sun reflecting off the glossy paint of the moving cars mimicked the shimmer of the ocean a couple miles down the road. He thought about the sea, and trying to swim through the waves. He knew that he had to anchor himself to something while he had the chance, or get carried out to sea and drown in the undertow. He was really drowning in his self pity. On one hand, his engineering half rationalized with himself that she was better off with anyone but a self-destructive alcoholic. He couldn't give her what she deserved. But, his passionate side told him there was still a chance that he could explain his intentions- maybe even make well on them. Yet, he was growing older; cresting on his mid-twenties. He had experienced the hopelessness of maturing into a 'responsible' adult. She was still young and vibrant...barely old enough to hold a beer. Dan sat down at a bench at the end of the street and stared into sunset, contemplating his plan to get back in the high life. The light was painful, but for once, Dan knew exactly where he was and where he needed to find his way.

How Marilyn Hotaling

My dear one

How do I tell you

of the rounded clear beauty you have given me?

How do I let you see

the hope, half-formed

of the stones that were my days?

The winds that pursued me

Daily,

sometimes hourly

The winds within

that tore at graying solitude

Were stilled

Tamed with your gentleness and gallantry.

My dear one

How do I thank you?



Chiara
Francis Paradela
Black and White Photograph

A Big Child

Rhoda Stameil

Sarita learns to not to like what she sees in the mirror. Her dissatisfaction is amorphous, free-flowing; it has no place to fix itself except in the wavering reflections of mirrors.

In the hall mirror where the shadows are permanently caught in the glass, she sees the fault of her blunt and rounded nose. The bathroom mirror is a portrait of her full cheeks, her wide eyes in a heavy face. The hand mirror in her mother's room, the one she holds when her mother brushes her thick hair and twists it into heavy ropes on hot days, is too small for her overlarge, exaggerated self: heavy face, thick hair, dark eyebrows.

In every mirror she takes up too much room, more room in the world than she should occupy.

"A big child," she hears.

"Such lovely curls," but no one would want them.

"That's a type you are seeing more and more in the neighborhood these days," this after they have moved to the big house at the edge of the city and before she knows what type she is.

Sarita comes to learn who she should be. Her hair should be blonde, wisping over her cheek. Pale hair, the absence of color; or rich hair, the red-brown of leaves. Her own hair is not sun-caught. It is a tangle to be tamed, a color to be improved upon.

Rose wants her daughter to wear lipstick. She gives her a set of four new Revlon colors: Fire Engine Red, Pink Icicle, Orange Sherbet, Purple Poppy. Sarita does not like to make mouths over the mouth she has, an ordinary mouth, not pouty or sullen or stern. A mouth for a quick stroke on the lower lip, two simple sweeps on the upper lip. Sarita blots away the color until Fire Engine Red is a shadow and Purple Poppy a stain.

Sarita is scrupulous about covering her shoulders and her arms. She knows too well how she looks: thick and square without angularity or definition. On the hottest days she covers herself with the heavy denim of jeans and the broadcloth of long-sleeved blouses. She has too much leg, too much arm.

She takes up too much space. She wants to disappear or at least to lengthen. At night she wills her neck to grow longer so that her head will bob like a flower in the wind. She wishes away flesh and fat so that she can trace her bones with her fingers and feel their hardness; until she can imagine the valley where her spine lives. She prays away her arms until they are twigs, her legs until they are stilts.

In the morning she is always Sarita. She squints, and her mother points out that squinting will cause permanent wrinkles. But squinting is a way of not seeing the Sarita who is always the same in spite of the surgery of each night's wishes.

Sarita's graduation dress is organza. She loves the sound of the word. "Organza," she tells Gita, "is fine like the webs of spiders."

She will walk across the stage to receive her ninth grade diploma like a skater gliding across the ice, the spider web organza dress clinging to her and flowing behind. The rustlings in the auditorium will cease.

People will ask one another, "Isn't that Sarita Schweyder?"

"I wouldn't have recognized her."

"That dress is perfect on her."

"You must be so proud, Rose."

In fact, the organza has a stiffness that Sarita hasn't reckoned on. The skirt stands away from her legs, and the seams bite into her shoulders and under her arms. The grosgraine ribbon, a summer belt, slides out of its looping bow.

There are problems Sarita has no solutions for. The dress is sleeveless, and her mother will not let her shave the thick, luxuriant hair of her underarms. Sarita sees in the mirror that it is possible to see her bra and underpants between the boxed patterns of the pink, blue, and gray stripes. Her mother has left a pair of stockings on her bed, and the hair on Sarita's legs poke through the nylon like insect legs.

"Ma," she asks, can I please shave under my arms?" She knows the answers: once you start....when you are in high school....there's nothing wrong with....

Rose is wearing a cotton print dress with dolmain sleeves, but Sarita knows that her armpits are smooth and powdered with deodorant. The skirt of the dress lies against the snagless, sheer nylons, against hairless legs. Her silky feet slide into sling-back pumps.

"It's too hot to wear a hat," she says.

"Can I shave under my arms at least?"

"Now? There isn't any time. You'll have to get back in the shower and soap under your arms."

"I could do it fast."

"No one will notice, Sarita. Who do you think notices such things?"

"Everyone."

"This one time no one is going to notice."

"I'm wearing a sweater."

"Not in this heat, you aren't."

Sarita has to stand in the first row because she is an honor student. The stage lights are sneaking up from their nests at the edge of the stage and showing her in her almost nakedness. They cut right through the sheer organza dress, and everyone can see Sarita's 34B Bali Bow bra, her thick waist bound by the elastic of her cotton Carter's underpants. Little tendrils of hair curl from beneath her arms even though she holds her arms stiffly at her sides. The stubborn hair on her legs pushes through the new nylon stockings that already have snags.

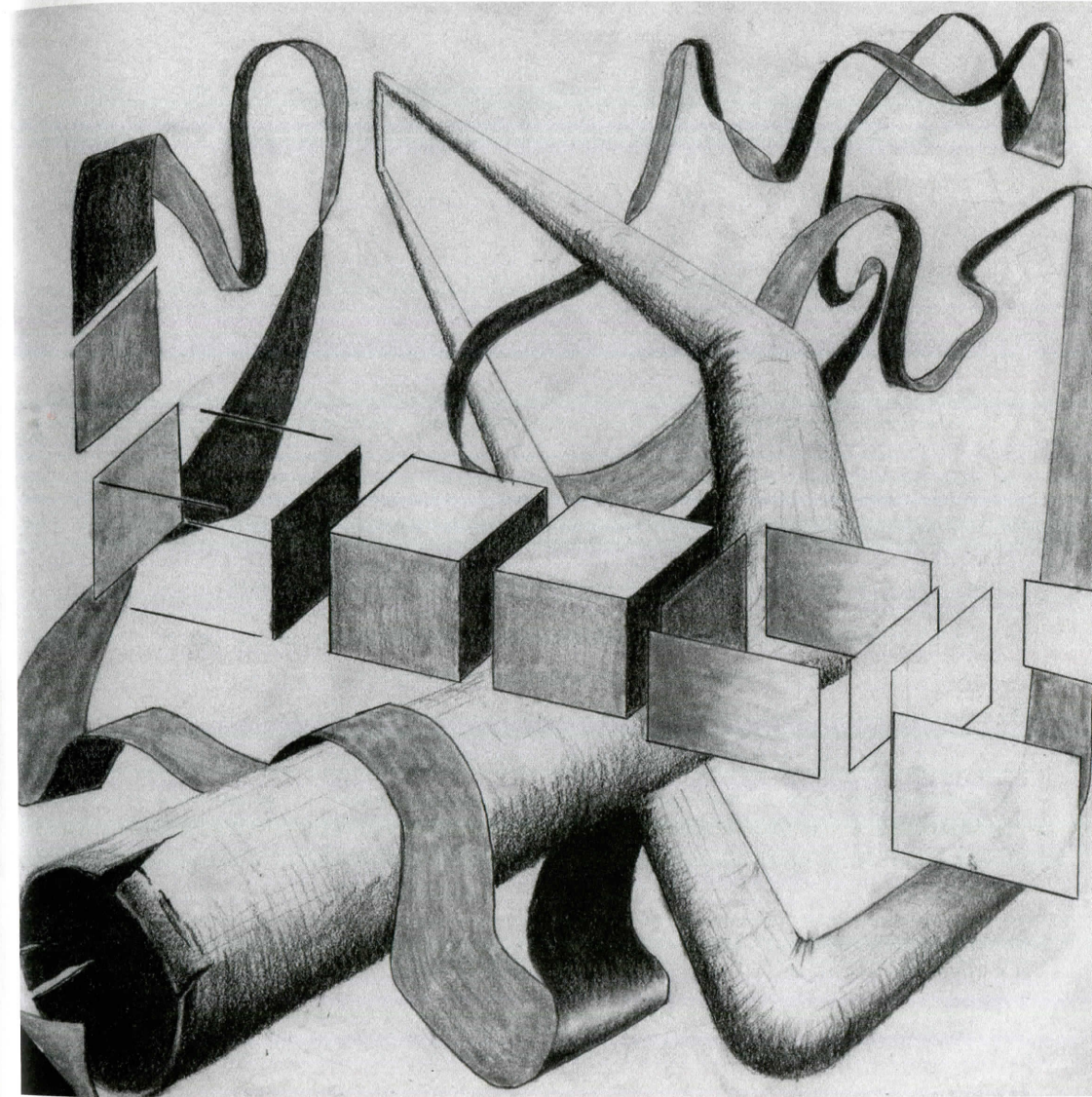
"Sarita Schweyder, class standing number five. Swim team, Poetry Club, Journalism Club. High honors in English, Social Studies, Science, and French."

Sarita walks stiffly over to the podium and receives the diploma with little ribbons affixed to it, the banners of her achievements.

"Why didn't you wear a slip?" her mother says to her in a low voice at the reception of cookies and punch.

"I didn't have one."

"In my drawer. I have hundreds of slips in my drawer."



Recycling Machine

Carlos Lopes

Hand Sketch / Rendered

Scar

Karen Sanborn

It's not about control
It's about communication.
I talk,
you listen.

It's not about control,
it's about manipulation.
I whine,
you fix it.

It's not about control,
it's about intimidation.
I threaten,
you acquiesce.

It's not about control,
it's about provocation.
I rant,
you recoil.

It's not about control,
it's about accusation.
I blame,
you apologize.

It's not about control,
it's about justification.
I spend
you defend.

It's not about control,
it's about ratification.
I propose,
you agree.

It's not about control,
it's about reciprocation.
I scratch your back,
you scratch mine.

It's not about control,
it's about ME.



Untitled

Meredith Richard

8" x 10" Black & White Print, Selective Developer Application

Running Conditions

Kristina Blazevski

give, and you may receive
receive, and you may take away
take, and you may leave
leave, and you may keep going
gone, and you may return
return, and you may be held
- hold, just hold

Still Life
Adam Mann
Pencil on Two Ply Briston Paper



Standing by the window with the bright sun shining into the room, mother was in silhouette, the wisps of hair straying around her head mingled, in my vision, with the straying mists of the curtains. She held the curtains apart with her right hand and her long delicate fingers played with the folds of gossamer. Her left hand touched the pendant that lay upon her breast, its lace framework of white contrasting with the dark cotton bodice of her dress. The gold band on her finger caught the light as she felt the sculpted cameo, and knobs of gold bounced off the ceiling and far wall with every movement of her fingers. She did this unconsciously, touching the cameo. She often did it. The design of its bas relief was of a girl standing on a shore, her hair blowing behind her and becoming entwined with the beams of a silver moon.

Mother was gazing out the window but her thoughts were not on the summer scene outside. Her eyes reflected the green lawn and large trees and the yellow swaying field beyond. But these reflections were not on her mind. She was thinking of me... and that the eggs gathered that morning were still in her basket in the hall, covered with the red checkered cloth...that the front fence really needed another whitewash... that she must make sure Amelia had the silver polished for the dinner guests. These things flitted in and out of her mind as the gold knob moved back and forth from ceiling to floor, ceiling to floor, in a gliding motion synchronized to the motion of her fingers slowly swinging the pendant on its gold chain. And the breeze moved the curtains and in the same rhythm the wisps of hair blew around her neck. I knew one strand would blow across her cheek soon and that she would take her hand from the curtains and turn back to me where I lay on my bed on top of the pink chintz cover that matched the valance above the gauze curtains she held. She was thinking of me and wondering what she could do to help; what she could say to ease my pain and confusion. I couldn't hold the tears back and they fell down my face onto the pink coverlet; they made the knob of gold blur into a soft yellow and the woman in silhouette become even softer, iridescent, as the gauze curtains.

Outside the window insects were buzzing. In the distance a train groaned out its long lonely whistle. It was the sound I listened to at night and woke up to in the mornings. The sound of peace, a part of my world, like the woman standing in front of the window. They all belonged together. Outside the oak leaves rattled and the curtains again billowed, as a wisp of hair slipped onto her cheek and into her gray eyes. I heard her sigh. The fingers let go of the curtains and went to her face to catch the escaped strand. The fragile and capable fingers fastened it again into place. In the next movement she turned and came toward me. The long folds of her dress flowed against her legs and the rustle of petticoats underneath replaced the echoes of the whistling train. She bent down and placed a cool hand on my forehead. She was smiling and her hair looked like spun sugar around her face. "Now you're as much of a woman as I am. She lifted the pendant in her left hand and with her right pulled the chain over her head. Then she put it around my neck

and laid the lace frame carefully on the yellow muslin of my blouse. She cocked her head to one side as an artist critically gazing before her easel. Then her eyes looked into mine. "There, I think it's time you had that." She smiled at me for a long moment and I smiled back as I touched the gold chain, the ivory, and the lace. And my shattered world was mended.

What Now?

Christina Minta

If Math was hard, it is harder now,
Yet I have tried just to succeed.
And while Celine Dion gets wings to fly
I wonder if I
shall be as good or sly,
For them to notice, and remark---“Wow...”
“She has done it now”
For me to achieve it; Never to crawl.
Never to worry; Forever stand tall...
Yet always the forbidden thought...
Ajemian said it, and I'm distraught:
“Once you have reached your highest potential,
the only other way left to go is down.”



Packard After Rain

James Petras

Black and White Photograph (8" x 10")

The Last Time

Sara Lamers

I ordered Chinese take-out I asked
for an extra fortune cookie and was surprised
when they gave it to me, set the thing –
still in its wrapper –
on the car's passenger seat
and watched it as I drove.
Then I got scared, unsure
of how I would know which
was my truest fate: the cookie
packaged with the Kung Pao (the one
first intended for me), or
this new one, the surprise. I hated

the idea of being stuck
with someone else's destiny
by mistake. I believed
in fate, premonition, omens,
karma, cracked mirrors, the stars
lining up. All of it. Or
wanted to. Wanted to
believe if I paid attention the signs
would appear and I'd know
how things would turn out:
a decent job, mortgage I could
handle, or just another week
of winter?

I was twenty-five and luck
was a thing that happened
to other people. Or else
I was like everybody else: too mired
in the mundane to notice life's
constant bliss. Once

my brother got two halves
of two separate fortunes. The machine
had cut the paper in the wrong place
(I hated to think of it, wanted
there to be *real people* rolling the strips)
so that first he read: *will come with age*
and then: *There will be time*
I don't know which part

was worse: the half-begun
fortune of which we'd never
get the ending: someone's deliberate thought
cut short, interrupted like an insult
or a bad movie you walk out on.

Or that second one: punch-line with no
set-up, refrain we'd likely heard
a thousand times but supposed
we needed to hear again.

The War
Heather Wilks

The War rages on,
Stealing sons,
Taking lives.

It is breaking families
It is causing pain

Lives have been lost,
Bodies pile up.
People are changed forever.

Men lose their friends
Boys lose their fathers
Even little girls are
Losing their mothers!

Life stands still
Every time
The phone rings.

There is a new reason
Not to pick that phone up.
No one wants to
Attempt defeat.

The war is the only
Winner.
The war is being
Fed every day.

The War rages on.



Smashed Televisions

James Petras

Black and White Photograph ("8 x 10")



Muskrat Pond - South End
Scott Schneider

The Last Time Today

Eric Patalinghug

It redefined the shape of the horizon. Blue became gray. Buildings that formed the distant skyline disappeared under the mushroom cloud. The teacher, with a blank look on his face, mumbled under his breath. “B...bomb! Bomb!”

He dropped his Creative Writing book and hurried out the door without thinking of the students. The classroom roared like a beehive disturbed by an intruder and students flew for the doors, all of them shoving each other out of the way.

“I can’t believe it,” I said to myself while looking at the alarm clock again. It was certainly too early to get up for class. I disliked this early morning routine and I wished for summer back. My eyes closed, and I thought again, I hope I’m not late.

I didn’t hear the alarm ring. Actually, I overslept through every single one of my morning classes including Creative Writing, but that wasn’t really a concern to me. Writing never tickled my fancy, and like many students my age, I’d haphazardly stumble through books and assignments to prove that I could be just as creative as anyone else.

After rubbing my eyes and considering the other classes I would prefer to skip, I sighed and rolled out of bed. In my haste, however, I hit my foot on the nightstand next to my bed.

“Damn table.” After I rubbed my foot, unwanted thoughts of homework danced in my head. Maybe, I could procrastinate until Sunday evening before starting on the thousands of assignments that every teacher expected due on the same day.

I undressed and took a quick shower before my next class. After showering, brushing my teeth, flossing, and getting dressed myself, I grabbed my Development of American Experience textbook and headed to the only class that I hadn’t missed.

I reached the Humanities building, and I took my time staring at the wall and reading the fliers that had been posted on the same corkboard for the last two months at least.

“Hello, Leeee-sah,” the Spanish-accented voice greeted me.

I turned my head in surprise and replied in my most casual tone, “Oh, Professor Romero...”

He hastily reminded me of my favorite topic: homework, “You ... hmm ... have a story due. Did you know this?”

Damn! It was due today. I turned my head to the wall to avoid eye contact and mumbled to him, “Yeah...about that. You see...” I had to use my trump card: a broken computer. “Well, basically, my computer went bad, you know? So, I can’t get my file from it. The Computer Help Desk said they couldn’t back up any files and the computer had to be reformatted.” The bait was placed; however, Romero, unlike many of his colleagues, resisted the reel like the mighty fish that he is.

“Well, hmm. Leee-sah, you knew this paper was due today. I need a hard copy in my hand today. However,” he faded into thought for a moment, “You’re always

creating interesting stories to read to the class. I am willing to make an exception only this one time.”

“Yeah...?”

“You can submit it Monday, but it must be in its best condition. That means proofread and perfect. Since you have time to work on it longer, you can fix any errors that you find. You have this weekend to complete it all, and you will be the first person to present on Monday.”

“Oh thanks! I gotta get going to class now, Professor,” I said as I sensed an opportune moment to break contact. I hurried away and only looked back once to wave goodbye.

“Okay, I expect it Muuundaay,” he said as his voice disappeared down the hall.

As I arrived at my Development of the American Experience room, the students in the room were already packing up to leave.

The students scurried out the door. The shrill tone emergency bells forced the body of students to rush even faster towards the door in order to escape. The cruel joke played itself at the exit. There was no escape. Each gate was guarded by heavily armed soldiers that looked no older than the students.

“HEY, you let us through! I want to get out before I DIE,” a defiant youth screamed over the others forcing a chain reaction. The students were beyond a riot. It was a silent coalition. They mounted a spontaneous alliance and forced their way towards the gates leading to the parking lot.

The intruders, without warning, used an M16 to silence the crowd. The emergency sirens were even more audible after the crowd had been hushed. Another explosion went off behind the student body.

“Damnit!”

I had plans to hang out with some of my friends this weekend too. I scratched my head, straightened my hair, looked in the mirror, and nodded to myself in approval. I decided that taking a shower would be too much effort at the moment, so I washed my face and wandered back out into the living room. The couch looked inviting so I opted to loaf on it and turn on the TV.

“There have been several bombings tonight. The Army has been deployed to deal with the situation. Currently, our reporters are being kept out of the disaster zone, and we will have live coverage for you as soon they are made available to us.”

“Again?” I thought.

The reporter continued, “Ah, an unedited amateur video has been sent to us. Remember, the following video has not been edited and is not fit for children or those sensitive to grotesque scenery. Our parent company EBC is not responsible for the following footage.”

A body crawled towards the cameraman with blood streaming down his forehead. His face was covered in crusted blood, and he moaned for help. The camera faced the ground. Some incoherent screaming went on in the background. Smoke and bodies littered the cameraman’s video scene. The disclaimer did no justice to the footage.

The camera became horizontal once again to view the silhouette of armed soldiers. A few gunshots went off and one soldier approached the camera.

“And that’s all we have from th-.”

I turned it off. The unexpected encounter with Professor Romero left an unsettling taste in my mouth and this motivated me to at least begin on the long story that would be due late on Monday. I heard a knock on my door.

“Hello? Hello? Anyone there?”

The bloodied student whispered into his cell phone. He needed to be heard right now. He needed to escape this scene. There were bodies littered around him while he laid down next to them. He covered his head with a bloodied coat and waited for the soldier to pass. Playing dead never seemed to work in the movies, but this certainly wasn’t a movie.

The phone spoke back to him, “Yes? Is this Johnny? Johnny! I’m looking at the news and what the hell is going on?”

Johnny took the chance to reply, “Some terrorists are invading this border city...”

Johnny didn’t have a chance to finish before he was grabbed by his arm by the sentry and forced to stand. He had dropped his phone, and the guard took the liberty to silence the woman’s voice coming from the cell phone with several pistol shots.

Johnny shook free from the soldier’s grip and Johnny rushed away. Blood dripped down from his left arm. It ran down and he could feel it on his fingers. He couldn’t decide if it was his blood or not, but it didn’t matter because his only concern was escaping.

Johnny sought the loading bay and found the crack in the fence across the bay with the guard yelling after him.

“Let ‘em go,” one authoritative voice said.

“Run, little bitch,” the soldier roared.

“I am NOT a bitch,” I screamed at my boyfriend. I was not happy with his rude comment. I hung up the phone. I had more important things to worry about than this two month old relationship. I had to finish this story. I eyed the clock and noticed it was 11:36 PM. The paper would be due tomorrow.

“Wouldn’t it suck to wake up late tomorrow,” I commented and laughed aloud. I eyed the clock, and shifted uncomfortably in my chair. I eyed the pile of papers, and I turned my attention to my proofread copy of my story for Professor Romero’s class.

“At least I finished all my other homework. This damn story is stopping me from sleeping. I wonder if I should explain that I was computerless all weekend.” I knew that would be impossible to explain to Romero.

I felt tired so I leaned back in my chair and listened to the hum of the florescent lights. I closed my eyes for just one second.

Johnny ran into the night, through the yards, past the dogs, and over fences. He grasped his broken cellphone in one hand, and his video recorder in the other. His house was only around the corner, and he was finally “home free.” The pun struck him as humorous and he laughed aloud.

He knocked on the door, and she opened the door. She showered him with hugs and kisses and rushed him to the bathroom to take care of his flesh wound. A bul-

let must have hit his left arm as he escaped the murderous campus.

"What happened?" she questioned.

"Well, you know, there were these explosions, and like everything was being blown up and like people ran all over the place and we needed to get away to shelter."

"Oh really? That sounds like quite a story. Let's get you fixed up first." She grinned at him.

He smiled back and spoke, "Yeah, I hope I never have to relive that ever again. Let's get away from here to a safe place. Lisa?"

Johnny looked back and saw Lisa standing over him with a handgun. She pulled the trigger.

"AHHHHHHHHHHH!" I screamed as I ran down the hallway bumping into other students. "Excuse me! Sorry!"

This story was to be neatly printed in less than ten minutes for class, and it was just dumb luck that the main computer lab was out of ink and I had to go to 13-A.

"Welcome to Computer Lab 13-A," chimed an Asian in his early twenties, seemingly at the prime of his life, from behind the counter.

"Hi, did I print something here? My ID is right here," and I showed him my horrible picture ID. I didn't even have my hair fixed up that day that was taken.

He eyed me up and down and gave me that insincere grin, as all guys seem to do, "yep, here ya go, have a good day!"

"Thanks," I said as I left the lab for class.

Of course, I arrived late to class, and Professor Romero took the time to interrupt class in order to ask for my paper. I passed it up to him and the rest was history. He made a point to use me as an example and embarrassed me in front of the class.

"Make sure you turn your papers in on time and make sure your computers are working. Right, Lisa?" He eyed me. The class laughed and this made me turn red. "Lisa, why don't you read your story for the class? We agreed that you would go first."

I coughed to begin and I read with my clearest and loudest voice, "it redefined the shape of the horizon."

Failed Memories

Sofia Lulgjuraj

Acrylic, Thread, Paper, & Floppy Disks on Canvas (14" x 28")



Freefall Of My Soul

Brian Obot

I moderated the freefall of my soul tenderly,
I slowed my lustful heart willfully,
I renounced thoughts of romance logically,
I quit my love for you casually.

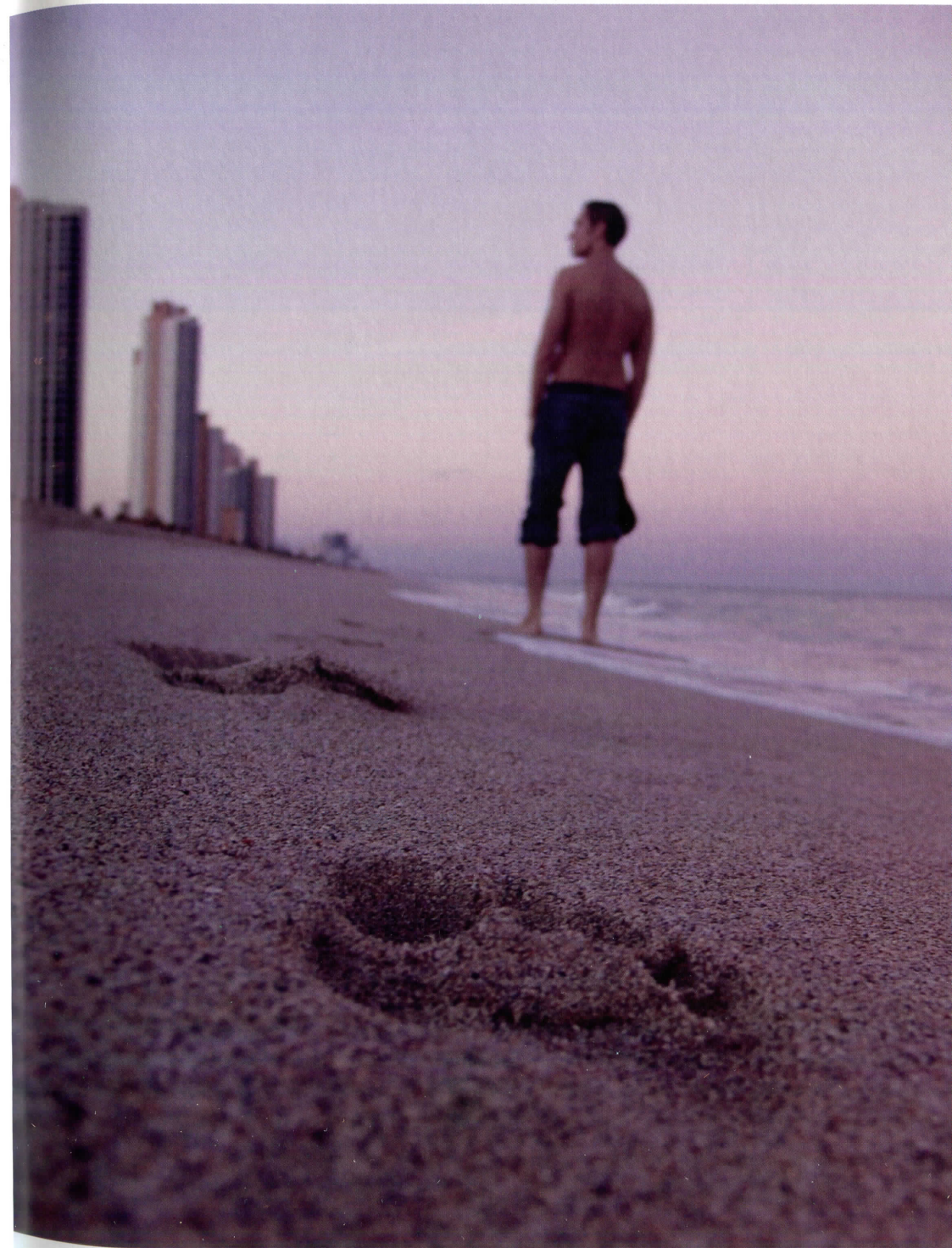
I endeavor to let you know gracefully
That:

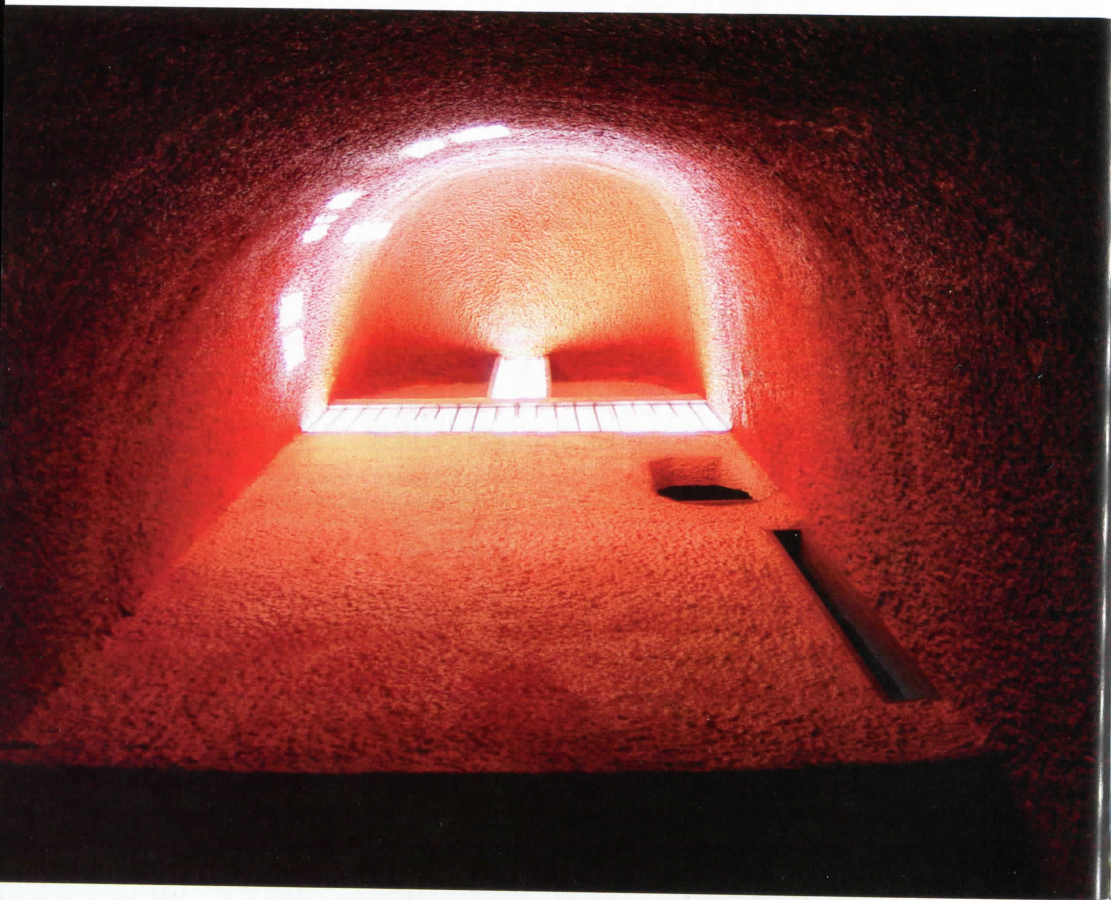
I cared for you greatly,
I wanted you badly,
I loved you rationally,
I hurt you carefully.

Miami South Beach

Michelle Kutzner

Digital Image

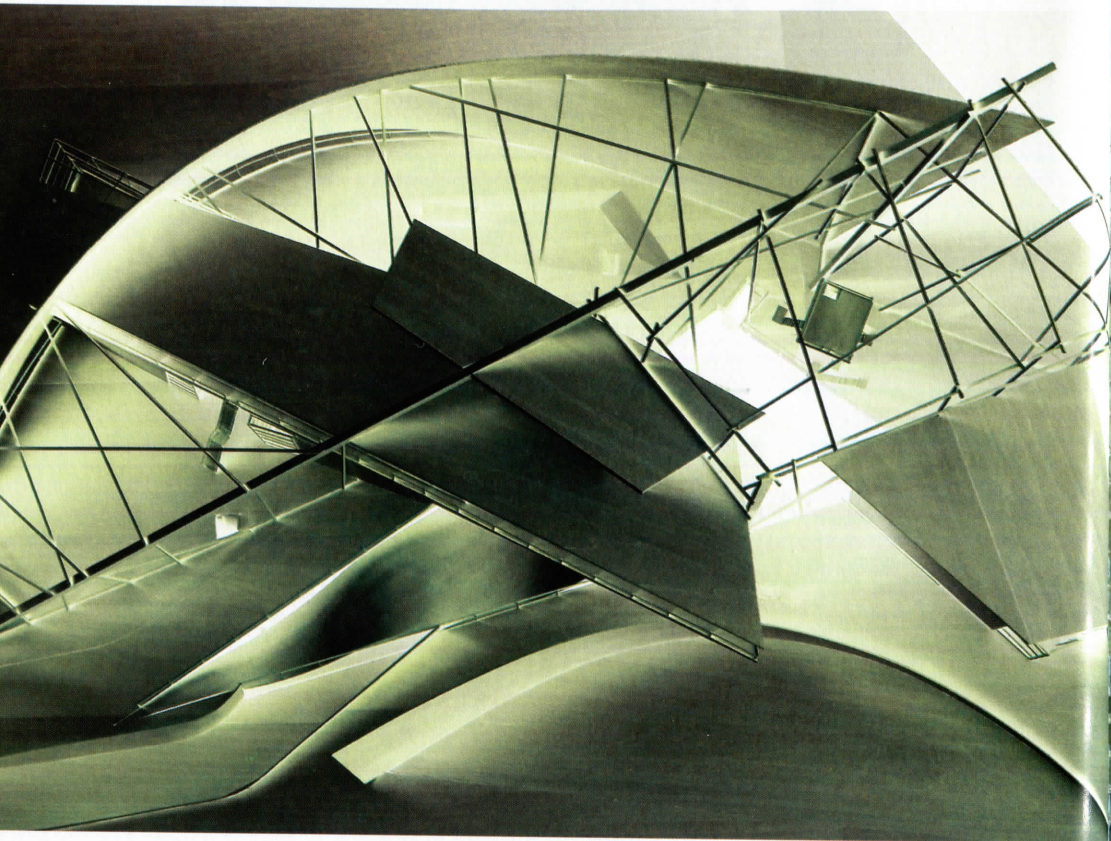




Notre Dame du Haut, Ronchamp
Jolanta Skorupka



Style A
Gustav Gerlach
Digital Photograph



SportsPark
Alda Black
Digital Picture of Architecture Model

Vertical
James Shaieb
Photograph





Storm
Alda Black
Oil Painting (24" x 24")



Window
Alda Black
Oil Painting (30" x 30")



Sinister

James Shaieb

Digitally Altered Photograph

My Angel

Alexis Black

Alas for the best laid plans! Alas that I might be here, enduring the ennui of one who travels far and for reasons other than he might have been led to believe. But the motivation to undertake this journey is not in question, nor while the stars still shine and burn could I ever deny any trinket or service I have the power to give to she who is with me. Even now, shrouded as she is in her all-encompassing traveling cloak, the merest glance at her sets my soul afire. To the core of my being, I realize anew that my existence would be a wretched and miserable thing without the richness and joy that is she, my lovely and valiant lady. Contemplating the spirit that shines through those luminous brown eyes is sufficient to drive my current thoughts from my mind and set all mental processes upon this angel. Even the unconscious motion of smoothing a mahogany curl could evince poets to write sonnets and artists to lay a vision of heaven upon their drab canvases. With one word, she reveals a gentle demeanor befitting the most renowned lady of the land. One look holds the heart of a student in blissful rapture.

During my days at the university, there was a professor who dwelled insistently on the point of perspective. In his worldly view, lectures and libraries would never reveal the truth. Only travel would yield the ability to observe and interpret the world. His words echoed in my dreams and so I did seek to expand my own horizons. Oh, the hours I spent with that man, discussing his travels, all the while wishing fervently that I might procure a few tales of my own. The son of an aristocrat ought to have traveled and learned to ponder so that when he comes into his own, he might govern wisely. So it was that I begged my father to part with some small amount that I might finance such journeys. Loath he was to let me go, but neither could he fabricate a convincing reason to prevent my departure. My first day on the road began when my professor or rather traveling companion arrived, and my father embraced me warmly, bidding me safe travel and worthy experiences.

Together, my companion and I traveled the length and breadth of Europe. Calling himself my tutor and guide, my companion led me along the paths that few have walked and the streets which bustle with human activity. He brought me safely to Paris, Rome, Madrid, and a whole host of other wonderous places. He remonstrated me on each rare occasion when I complained of fatigue or a desire to not experience a new situation. Always his words spurred me to new heights of curiosity. I soon came to know that he would watch over me in each new situation, taking care that I should come to no harm. Those years that he and I spent honing my abilities were memorable, yet a small thing when compared to what came next.

We were returning to my homeland when we passed through a small barony. As it happened, we arrived late on the evening before the Sabbath and being greatly fatigued from our long journey, we deigned to stay the night at the local hostelry and wait upon the Lord our God in the morning. I inquired of the locals the location of the nearest of His Houses and they pointed me to a small chapel that had seen better days. I frowned with distaste when I found that the chapel's slovenly appearance was due to neglect by the local lord. A farmer mentioned that

while the lord's daughter dutifully attended the services of the clergy, the baron himself was seldom seen, in the chapel or otherwise. I thanked the man and entered through the crumbling limestone door.

At first glance, the interior of the little building was as weathered and dismal as the exterior. A grandfather stood in tattered robes near the shabby altar, speaking in hushed tones to the peasant boys who stood around. My companion and I slid silently into the back pew, awaiting the call to service. And then, the stone door creaked as it slowly swung away. A shadow in the doorframe solidified into a slight figure wrapped in a cloak of deepest midnight. The grace with which the figure glided toward the front of the church was exquisite. How like an angel! My eyes were caught on the figure and a gasp sounded as the cloak fell away to reveal a vision of heaven. Her marble skin contrasted with the earthy curls that shone with red highlights in the morning sun that filtered through the stained glass windows over the altar. Though the clergyman began the morning prayers, my eyes never left that vision of loveliness. I did not hear the benediction, but knew when it came, for once the spell of the service was ended, she turned, and I felt my spirit soar with the dazzling and yet modest smile that graced her face as her eyes met mine.

I knew little of that day, for the wonderment of her filled all my thoughts. At length, she gained her father's permission to invite us to dine at her family's mansion. The state of the mansion was later observed by my companion to be ramshackle and utterly lacking in grace, but I heeded not those details for my eyes were constantly upon her. However, even the long conversations that we held with only our eyes could not distract me from the unpleasantness that was her father. The baron was a large man with unruly black hair. His face seemed to be caught in a perpetual sneer, and upon discovering that I was a student abroad with my teacher, his words were full of contempt. I was perplexed about how the vision of loveliness at my side could be descended from one so callous.

It was my tutor who finally pulled me away from that place. "Love is a good experience too" he said, "and unless you marry this woman, you will never allow yourself to move beyond. But neither will her father accept you as you are. Come, correspond with the young lady such that on the day you gain your inheritance will you have the ability to sway her father with your title, for that alone will gain his approval." My companion's words were true and I spent hours engaged in composing sweet verses for the lady who held my heart. When my aged and beloved father eventually lapsed into unending repose, I arranged to wed my angel.

Oh, but the memory is still clear in my mind of that day when my beloved and I first kissed. I had traveled to her home and she met me at the door. We gazed into each other's eyes, seeking to plumb the depths of love and hope that we held in our souls. Before I could say a word, she took my hand and led me to her father's study. The Baron had not changed. With a look of contempt, he spoke harsh words as I entered the room. My surprise was immense when I realized that the insults were not directed at me, but rather at the angel who stood beside me. Angered, I bade my dove to wait outside. For a moment, her eyes grew wide with concern, but she withdrew from the study.

The Baron flung bitter words at me, but I relentlessly asked for the hand of his daughter in marriage. He sneered at the request and, for a moment, I thought I detected a hint of madness in the boor's eyes. After assuring him that I would take

his daughter away from him and never return, he grudging gave his permission. I offered cold thanks and departed from the room. She who held my heart was waiting outside, her eyes wide and her lips parted in apprehension, begging me for news. I drew breath to speak, but was stopped by a roar from the study.

"Take her, but I will not attend the wedding!"

In the ten years hence, my life has been filled with the lyrical melody of her words and the great depth of her thoughts. I have known hardship and yet never was my spirit downcast or my situation beyond repair. My transplanted rose has been the source of the greatest amount of joy in my adult life. And I believe, given what few words she would whisper to me in the wee hours of morn, that I brought her equal happiness for her life in the land of her birth had been harsh and foreboding. She hinted at the darkness of her father's moods and the tortured days that she had spent under his guardianship. Only in my arms would she feel secure from the dangers and the pain that dwelt within her memory.

Nor did she return to that home. For the first two years of our marriage, my lady heard naught but rumors about her father. She cared not, delighting in spending her days with me. But word reached us that her father was gravely ill. She was spared the torment of visiting him for she was heavy with child and the delivery was too soon to allow her to make the extended journey. Thus, she waited for news. Unexpectedly, a letter arrived from her father himself. It detailed his illness and continued weakness, but also contained a request that she not come to him. After all the years of neglect, he showed compassion, bidding her stay with her new child. Nor could she choose to ignore the plea for she was expecting again. So the pattern remained as the years passed. Letters continued to arrive, nearly three a season, each showing kindness and fatherly love as she had never experienced in all her childhood. She composed loving responses, always addressed to "Beloved Father."

A little less than a year ago, the letters stopped. My beloved was fraught with anxiety for his last letter had mentioned physical ailment. Finally, she would be placated no further. She pleaded that I should travel with her to see her father. After ten years, the spark which had been struck in the chapel was a roaring bonfire and I could not deny her. Despite my own misgivings about her return to her father's house, I made arrangements and we set sail.

The carriage ride comes to an end as we enter the lane that leads to the mansion's front entrance. My beloved peers through the window and exclaims "Repairs!"

I too scrutinize the building, comparing it to my memory from the day when I had wedded in the chapel where my angel and I first met. The mansion has indeed been repaired with attention having been paid to each arch and fence post. The weathered stone of the past has been replaced with sturdy masonry that is geometrically pleasing to the learned eye. The magnificent gardens surround the lane and the entrance to the mansion is resplendent with greenery and summer blossoms.

The carriage slows to a halt before the great door. I aid my rose from the carriage and steady her as we walk forward. She raises an alabaster arm to caress the bronze cross which had been inlaid in the door. "Father gained back his religion after his illness" she says. I notice that her other arm is firmly clasping the stack of letters to her bosom. I take her empty hand in mine and open the sanctified door.

With each room that we enter, my love points out differences from the furnishings and decorations that had existed previously. She all but weeps when she discovers that the frescos on the previously bare stone walls of her father's study all depict religious passages with a metal cross embedded in the scene. But despite the length of our search, there is no indication of her father's whereabouts. After many hours of fruitless searching, she agrees to my proposal to explore the village and seek someone who could aid us. My own perusal of the letters has yielded the knowledge that most of the baron's affairs were handled through the man who had once been his gardener. Knowing that my rose was once well acquainted with the man, I suggest that we endeavor to locate him or his family and continue our quest through obtaining information from others rather than blindly searching by ourselves.

The greeting of the gardener's family is all that my angel could have wished.

"My Lady" cries an elderly woman in a coarse woolen shawl, "My Lady, you've returned!"

My beloved rushes into the woman's arms and I behold the sight of sisterly love, the only scene men are allowed to see that might indicate the sisterhood to which all women belong. The woman graciously invites me into her house and her eldest son, a strapping lad, ushers me inside.

Once we are seated inside the neat little cottage, the woman pours tea and rubs her hands briskly as she prepares to tell us of all that has happened since the wedding.

"My Lord, my Lady, forgive me, but everything became much darker after you left. The Baron's moods started swinging and it seemed like more and more evil was about in the land. People were disappearing, homes destroyed. About two years after your Ladyship left, the Baron fell ill. He dismissed all the servants, save my husband. He said that he didn't want anyone to look upon his disfigured face. It was months before the Baron regained his health, but my husband said that the experience changed him. No one was allowed near the mansion because the Baron was ashamed of his form. But somehow, he found his religion and started making amends. He repealed the local law against displaying signs of the Lord in public and lowered taxes. No one saw him except my husband and the Baron trusted him with written orders to deliver."

"Is your husband well?" asks my lady eagerly.

"Alas, child" said the woman with a teary shake of her head, "he journeyed to the Lord almost a year ago. He was too old to be holding so many responsibilities and he came home one night, completely tired out. He went to bed and never awoke."

I tenderly place one arm around my lady as a mist appears in her eyes.

"No one has ventured near the place since then, figuring that the Baron would be right put out. No, we've been waiting to hear from him, but since he will be getting on in years, we figure he may be just living out the remainder of his life in quiet contemplation. He let us form a village council and they handle most of what used to be done by him."

She continues to tell of the brightening times of the village and the goodness of the Baron's actions. But it quickly becomes apparent that she has not an inkling of an idea where the Baron currently is. A suspicion rises in my mind and I beckon to the gardener's son.

In the kitchen, I speak to him in low tones. "Something here is not what it seems. I believe I know what has happened to the Baron, but I need to return to the mansion to confirm my suspicions. And if I am right, then I will need assistance. However, it would distress my wife greatly were she to see..."

The lad nods his head and speaks in a husky whisper "Then we had best go tonight after the ladies have gone to bed."

I applaud the lad's good sense and set out with him after my angel and the gardener's widow have sunk into repose. It takes little time for us to reach the study. I immediately begin examining the frescos, seeking clues that were hidden. The boy also searches, seeming to understand my unspoken thoughts. Though the search is hindered by the limited incandescence of the candles, we eventually find the faintest outlines of a door. Each of the crosses can be removed from the frescos and each recess in the wall contains a keyhole. But there are no keys in the room. My companion is not daunted however.

"The night my father died," he says, "he gave me something and said that it would unlock the secret of the village. He said that if I discovered the secret, then I should also make sure that it stayed secret. I had no idea what he meant, but I think he knew that you would come and find that door." He holds up a ring of keys, each of a metal corresponding to different crosses. I take the ring and fit each key into a keyhole. A shifting can be heard in the walls and the outline of the door becomes more apparent. The lad and I valiantly struggle with the door, for clearly it had been manufactured to be used once and seldom ever after. Finally, with God's Grace, we prevail and finally swing back the wall to reveal a dismal gray stone doorway.

"I recognize that stone" intones the gardener's son. "It was removed from the front of the mansion before the new stone was installed. I'd always wondered where it had gone."

Each of us carries a candle and for some reason, we both grip a cross from the study. The lad thoughtfully places a stool in the doorway to prevent the door from swinging shut. The room beyond is tiny, but there is no question that a secret room is buried beneath the mansion with its only entrance being the door to the study. The lad pokes a long finger at the stone walls. "This is completely solid. If I'm not mistaken, all the stone from the entire refacing work was brought down here and there are layers upon layers all mortared together. No one could breach this room." I hold my candle to the wall and gaze upon the lettering that spans the incandescent halo. The Lord's Prayer, the Prayer for Atonement, and many others have been scribed on the walls and there are numerous crosses. Then I move to the center of the room.

The center of the room holds a large sarcophagus. As soon as I lay eyes upon the large cross embossed on its lid and the smaller crosses which line the edges, I realize that my search has ended and I had been right. The room would be resealed and I vow that my wife will never know her father's bloody fate.

"Darling" I say to my angel as the gardener's wife clears the dishes from the breakfast table, "I believe I know what happened to your father."

She turns to regard me with those lovely eyes. I allow myself a moment to indulge in their brightness which puts the morning sun to shame.

"Darling, I went back to the mansion last night. I did not wish to alarm you, but I determined the one place where we had not sought the Baron. I looked in

the family crypt." Her head rises slightly and her eyes widen expectantly. "I am so very sorry, Beloved, but he is no more. It appears that he was entombed by his faithful servant. The dear man passed before telling anyone. Your father is gone."

I hold her in my arms as tears mar the radiant orbs of my angel. I rock her gently as she grieves. "Come, my Love, let us go away from here." She gives no verbal reply for her lily white throat is choked with sobs. But she nods. And I look to the gardener's son. He tilts his head and then strides away to arrange transportation to speed my love and me toward our home.

While my angel dresses for travel, I sit in the main room of the cottage with the gardener's wife. The old woman sighs. "There are too many secrets in this village. I suspect that we will never know why evil plagued this place for some years, and then how it was driven away. We will never know what happened to the Baron."

I offer her a smile. "At least your family has no personal secrets to hide."

She shakes her head, her gray braids writhing. "Even there we are not immune. Shortly after his death, I was looking through some of my husband's things. It would seem that he had a child somewhere whom he never mentioned to me, but often wrote to."

I offer to take the letters and she agrees. After one rapid glance, I tuck the bundle into my travel bag and stow it in the carriage. My rose emerges and I settle her into the carriage. While she waves to the gardener's family, I fix the lad with a stern look to which he clasps his hands over his heart in response. I know that the secret will be safe and he will do as I asked.

The rolling gait of the carriage and endless countryside soon lull my angel into a light sleep. But I cannot rest, despite my lack of sleep from the night visit to the mansion. I cannot rid my mind's eye of the vision. I know that the lad will keep the secret of the mansion and slowly cleanse the foulness. I have asked that he obtain help from a few trusted men to ensure that the village is secure from any rebirths of evil. But these assurances and the look of conviction in the lad's eyes are insufficient to banish the horrible sight from my mind. The lad and I had lifted the lid of the sarcophagus. The figure inside was indeed the corpse of the Baron. Although the gardener had taken care to dress the body in the funeral robes appropriate to the man's station, he had added several new aspects to the burial ceremony. A stake in the shape of a cross had been driven completely through the chest cavity and the slab on which the corpse rested. The other end had been molded such that no amount of force would ever remove that stake from the body and free the heart. The head had been severed at the neck by a gardening tool with a cross for a handle which still lay in the space separating the two body parts. Where most men would have cried out for vengeance in discovering the mutilated body of a kinsman, I swallowed my revulsion and forced myself to probe further. The dessicated skin had the consistency of paper and barely covered the shriveled eyeballs of the Baron. It could not hide the two extended incisors which protruded from under the corpse's upper lip.

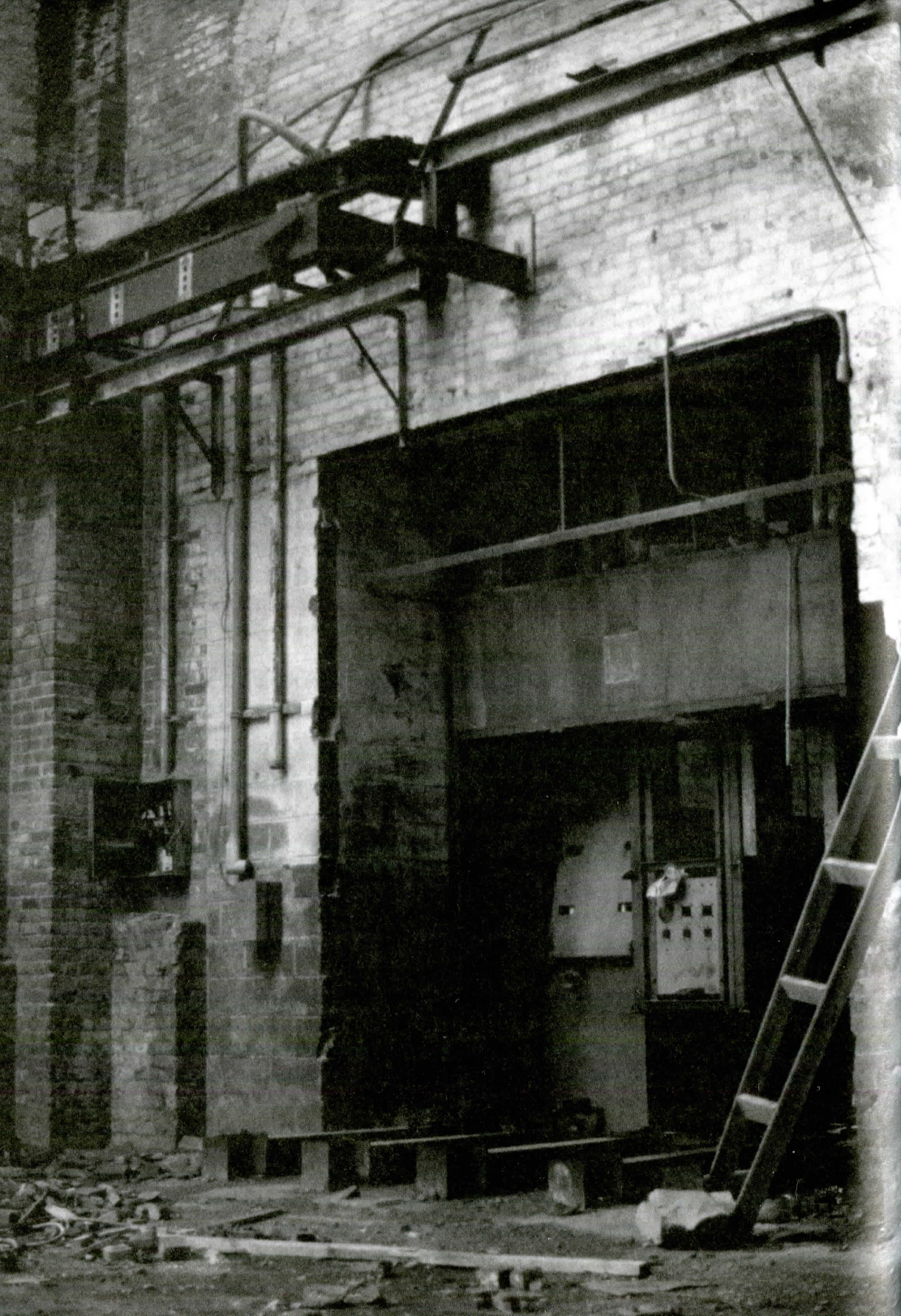
Nor could sleep banish the words which had been written on the top of the letters that I had received from the gardener's wife. I had not lied to my angel when I told her of what had happened to the Baron and her "Beloved Father".

Contemplate The Night

Alexis Black

How odd that after all these years
of early to bed – early to rise,
the witching hours remains the time
when the greatest thoughts emerge.

The day is spent at work, inside,
whiling away the hours in study.
Yet all those tasks seem mundane
when compared to the work done by the mind
during the peace that comes only at night.



Deadlines

Danielle Norris

Dawn
To work
Break a sweat
Pay off these loans
Leave living for later; first, earn a check.

Eve
Rest now
Work is done
Dead asleep fast
Next week, take a trip—'be young, have some fun.'

Trip
Good flight
Whole week off
Read work e-mails
Had a little fun, but brought back a cough.

Work
Back home
Miss the sun
Lungs feel weary
Started a new list; stuff has to get done.

Sick
Sad news
Death is due
Worked so hard
To meet those deadlines and they passed too.

Elevatorium
James Droski
Gelatin Silver Print

Incompetence

Alexandar Popovich

Where are you at, where are you going?
Why are you charging straight forward without knowing?
Why won't you speak, why won't you say
What is it that went so wrong today?

Why do you carry that scowl upon your face?
Why won't you sleep, why do you pace?
When did things go so horribly wrong?
I yearn, I need the smile you've hid so long.
Speak! Please do not retreat so far back,
Don't lose yourself to what you think you may lack.

You make it seem so singular, replied the one with the scowl.
You make it seem so simple, so plain, the one continued with a growl.
Today, and yesterday, and the day before that,
And overall, for so, so very long now,
I've felt caged like a rat,
For so long now, priorities I've had to stow,
For so long now, I've forgotten everything but these bars,
I yearn to pass the bar, to be up to par,
But alas, all that has come has certainly gone away.
These failures leave me with nothing left to say.
They leave me without smiles, and fused me with gloom and glum.
I starve for success, even if just for a crumb.
Incompetence is what I am, it is what I've become,
Through and through, it's true, now nothing but glum.

Bah! said the chipper one.
The day is not nearly done.
The course of your life has yet to be run.
What you imply and say is plainly not true.
Your tasks are bias, and your scope including too few.
There are many a things I cannot do,
Yet, finding them none too difficult, is you!
What dreadful motive defeats you so?
From person to person skillz vary and grow.
To want them all at once is nothing but folly.

I do not want them *all*, said the one not so jolly.
But today I have seen the shortcomings of all
Those of mine, of large and of thin, and of short and of tall.
I've seen them all, wise and dumb, and it really angers me so,
To see one man ahead and another *behind*, both with priorities in stow

Both will fail, both will flail in the ocean of life,
Finding nothing but the harsh waters of strife.
Though surrounded by water – still suffocating fish.

How dreadful fate serves its dish!
Said the one with sparkling eyes.
Wouldn't you let fate, once again, roll its dies?
Does not every dog have its day?
Man is no dog, but won't his luck run that way?
You exaggerate your and their shortcomings surely,
Have patience, your trials are not as persistent as you, truly!
To be able to bear your imperfections
Is to be able to bear other's misdirections.

Perhaps, said the one now with a smirk.
And then all was said, and they went off to work.

Worked Hands

Katherine Charbeneau

My manicure is grease and oil
(Not cooking but looking
To see what leaks on the car).
My manicure is chipped and
Cracked and peeled and short,
The manicure of chalk dust and
Typing, of housework and careless,
Clumsy fishing for dark things.
Of blunt trauma to the tips
Of my fingers. Again and again.
Oh, what do they know of work and
Toil, they with pretty fingers
And manicured nails?
How can they spend so much energy
On prettifying something so useful?
Something so bound to get ruined
Left in my hands.

Excavation
James Droski
Gelatin Silver Print



The Thrill Of The Catch

Daniel Swrantonowski

Bob drove by the same fishing hole every evening on his way home from work. It was the ten minute marker from home. This time he was earlier than normal on his half hour drive home. His wife of ten years expected him home by 5:30 and it was only 5:00. He figured he had just enough time to grab his pole out of the back of his truck and catch a fish or two, so he stopped. The architectural firm he worked at was pretty stressful, and unwinding from the day at the fishing hole was just what he needed. Despite his outfit of a suit and dress shoes, he went fishing. He parked his truck and grabbed his pole. It was a dirt path through a mess of fallen, crunchy leaves that lead up to the muddy bank of his favorite fishing spot.

Fifteen minutes passed and he decided that he should continue home after catching two fish and releasing them. He packed up his stuff and drove off. Bob wore the smell of fish and hoped that his wife wouldn't smell it. Before he arrived home, he grabbed the pine scented air freshener and rubbed it all over himself to cover up the smell. When he pulled in the driveway, he knew she would be waiting for him.

He walked in the door and his wife was standing there waiting for him just as he figured. Her arms were crossed and she was leaning against the door way of the kitchen. She looked towards the clock and then looked back at him.

"Just in time I see."

"Yep. Right on time as usual."

"So, did the whole crew go and roll around in a bed of pine needles and fish guts or was that just you?"

Although she would never explicitly say, he knew that she didn't approve of his fishing habits. Knowing he was busted, he shrugged it off and kicked off his shoes.

"What's for dinner?"

"Veggies, as usual, for me and meat for you. Go wash up and change out of those smelly clothes!"

"I should throw fish guts on you," he grumbled under his breath on his way to the bedroom.

"Did you say something?"

"Nothing, dear."

He changed, washed up and sat down for dinner.

"How was work?"

"Fine."

They continued to eat dinner until about ten minutes passed. Finally, his wife just exploded.

"What about me? Aren't you going to ask how my day was? Don't you care? The least you could do is ask!"

"Well how was it then?"

"You know what? It doesn't matter anymore. You don't even care. You are just asking to make me happy."

Things were very quiet for the rest of dinner, except for the knives and forks scraping the plates.

After dinner, Bob plopped himself in front of the TV to learn new techniques and tricks in the fishing world. Long, deep sighs from his wife interrupted his shows every now and then, but it was nothing out of the ordinary.

The following day, Bob came home from work, but opted to skip the fishing. He decided that he would surprise her by coming home a little early. When he walked in the door, his wife was not there waiting for him as usual. She was sitting in the living room watching television. He startled her and to his amazement she was watching one of his fishing shows. She immediately shut off the television and went straight to the kitchen to make dinner. He followed her, interested in why she was watching a fishing show.

"What's going on dear?"

"I don't understand why you watch those things anyways. What is it about jamming a sharp hook though the mouth of a fish that makes you happy?"

"It's the thrill of the catch. That's it. It's the adrenaline pumping and the excitement of landing a fish that you have worked hard for. The battle you have with nature. It's listening to nature and enjoying the outdoors. That's what it is. It makes me happy."

That weekend while Bob was getting ready to go fishing, his wife asked if she could go with him.

"Why would you want to go with me? You hate fishing."

"I'm not going with you to fish. I'm going to see the "thrill of the catch." I want to see you happy since you aren't very happy around the house."

"Ok, fine, you can go with me."

They packed up some drinks and sandwiches for the fishing trip and drove to Bob's favorite spot. When they got there, there was a fresh coat of morning dew on the ground that sparkled in the sun. They grabbed the fishing poles and tackle, along with the drinks and sandwiches. They walked down to the bank of the lake. Birds were singing and fish were jumping.

His wife let out a sigh of relief. She took in a big breath of air.

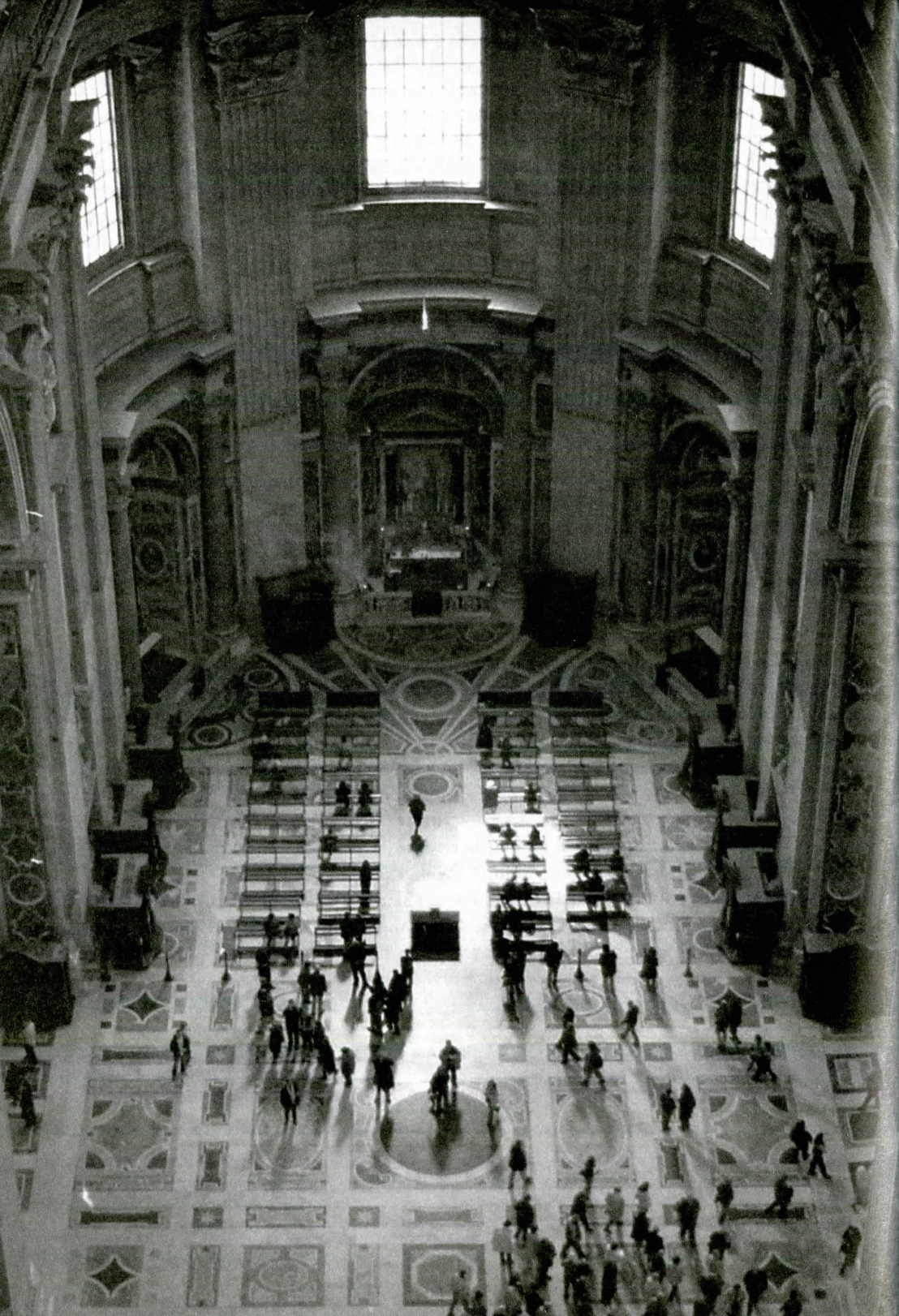
"It's beautiful out here. The smells and sounds are wonderful."

"See I told you it was nice out here. You want to try and fish with me?"

"No that's ok. I think I'll just sit here and watch you."

"Ok. So how has work been going? Everything ok with you?"

Despite her amazement to the question, she didn't pass up the opportunity to talk with him. His wife was able to see him happy, which made her happy. Things around the house were better between the two. Every weekend she went with Bob to fish. She enjoyed the outdoors and enjoyed his happiness.



An Old Theatre

Kristina Blazeovski

welcome to the hanging opera house
a nouveau corpse and smiling domes will take you to your seats,
please, take your seats in the frozen balcony
climb up the plaster, look out for security halogens
patterns are dripping off the ceiling
floral motifs smell like cheated factories

stage lit by sunsets, over the lobby and through the mezzanine
I found a program yellowed with age
a polyphonic amusement, a volume without conduction
the curtain is always open but the performances never begin
flapping brittle velvet, fenestration like lace
hanging there like a widow's web
time tears through the screen that weighs more than time
no one waits backstage to deliver a spell
no crowd waits for monologues of conspiracy
the longest intermission, no chandeliers will flicker

on Friday nights they looked better than Sunday's best in the fainting catastrophe
mirrors filmed with dust sing yesterdays crowds, multiplied then vanished
I imagined being on stage and confronting a full house in the ruin
a childhood dream never dreamt
until I entered the lobby and jeté'd over snowdrifts
pirouettes on plaster crumbs

an accumulation of neglect, this is opening night
pick up your tickets at the box office
admission is always free to the theatre of a lost audience

St. Peter's

James Droski

Gelatin Silver Print



Chair

Roan Isaku

Black and White Photograph

Cold Comfort

William Jones

That night turned out to be the first night of one of Detroit's worst winter storms. Later the governor would declare a State-of-Emergency. But only after the city was already dead.

I stepped from the shower and pushed a towel over my frame. The cold January wind pried at the meager bathroom window, anxious to embrace me. Mostly dry, I wiped at the mirror with the towel. A ritual of mine. I looked into the steamy glass hanging on the wall, and at my foggy reflection. From below my neck a scarlet line snaked down my chest, below my ribcage. Then, as if burrowing beneath the flesh, it vanished and reappeared several inches lower, cutting through my navel, stretching down my abdomen. A reminder. A permanent memory.

I shaved and dressed, the entire time struggling with the matter that drew me out that cold night. I knew I couldn't do it. But the fact that had I considered it -- even for a single moment -- nauseated me. The wind rattled the windows again. Cold air seeped through every crack in the apartment.

I trotted into the kitchen and lit the burners on the stove. Heat was included in my rent, but two-fifty didn't buy much heat, or much apartment. Tape covered the cracks in four of the six windows, doing little to keep the cold outside.

I rubbed my hands together above the burner's blue-yellow flame. Warmed a little, I continued.

I pulled on my coat, checking the pockets. I hate roaches. At thirty-nine I saw my first cockroach. I also saw my second and third and countless others. They like warm, dark, confining places. I don't.

I had a seven o'clock appointment in Dearborn. Carl Burke disliked his employees being late. Even when he was asking favors of them.

###

Half of Crimm's Café was filled with small, square tables surrounded by chairs. The other half was separated by an aisle with booths to one side and a thin counter to the other. Small stools sprouted before the counter like giant mushrooms of vinyl and stainless steel. Planted in the last booth was Carl Burke.

The brown vinyl bench seat squeaked as I clambered in.

"Traffic heavy?" Carl asked. There was a depth and current to his voice that reminded me of rushing, murky water - always hard to see the bottom. Though this night it seemed different somehow, higher or strained. I had worked for Carl two years, but had never really talked to him much - other than when he had stayed late at the office, or on payday. Yet even with my limited contact, I could tell there was more than his voice that had changed. His hair - the gray seemed to have spread. And his face looked smaller, tighter. Anxious.

"No," I answered. "The bus was running behind. I suspect my appointment schedule doesn't affect SEMTA very much." There were few busses that traveled from southwest Detroit to Dearborn. The few that did usually ended up at malls. Getting to Crimm's involved more walking than riding. And the snow didn't help much.

"I wanted someplace out of the way," he said. Carl lived in Detroit, in the area

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"I wanted someplace out of the way," he said. Carl lived in Detroit, in the area where the mayor and other prosperous citizens dwelled, very far from my neighborhood. His office was downtown. Both were distant from Dearborn.

"Wouldn't it be nice to own a car again?" he asked point-blank.

"Yes. It would be nice to own many things again."

He shoved a brown paper bag across the table. I peeked inside.

"Look," I said with an edge. "I haven't agreed. I said I'd think about it. Think. So don't try to force my hand."

"Wait a minute. I'm not doing that." His voice became shallow, catching in this throat, quavering. "I don't want to upset you. Relax." He stopped speaking when the waitress arrived. Deep lines eroded the flesh around his eyes and mouth. When he turned to face the waitress, his hand collided with a water glass, spilling its contents over the surface of the table.

"Uh-oh," she said, deftly snatching the glass and setting it upright.

"I'm sorry," Carl said. "I'm clumsy tonight."

"Nothing to bother about." She yanked a handful of paper napkins from her apron and dabbed at the water. "Things happen," she said.

Carl inhaled deeply like a man fortifying himself for a dive into icy water. We ordered coffee, and continued once the waitress departed.

"I'm not so sure you need any coffee," I said.

"I'm fine." He paused. "And I'll be fine once this is over."

I moved the bag to the bench, it was heavy.

"There's five thousand there," he said. "Small bills, easy to spend; the rest comes later. The pistol is clean, unregistered, it can't be traced to anyone."

"Why?" I asked. I had planned to be subtler, more delicate, but since he wanted me to kill his wife, I disposed with etiquette.

"Why you? Or why her?"

"Let's try both."

"Helen is sick. Cancer." He left a space for silence, it drifted long in the air. "She's been sick three years. She's had all kinds of treatments: Radiation, chemo; they helped a little, but not enough. Now she's tired of the struggle. That's how cancer kills, you know. It wears you down, makes you give up. A war of attrition." His pale fingers frenetically worked as though trying to tie themselves into a knot. "About two months ago she told me she'd had enough, she didn't want to keep fighting. She figured, at the most, we were buying months, or maybe only days -- and at a high cost. Helen understands that the cancer doesn't stop with her; it devours other lives. I've liquidated most of our assets to pay for specialists and experimental treatments that our insurance refused to cover. She realized this, and it ate at her. So she came up with a plan. She wants it to end, but the insurance won't cover suicide." He stopped and looked out the window. Traffic inched along Michigan Avenue in the snow, going nowhere fast, and the frigid flakes continued to fall from the sky. "She asked me to find someone to kill her." He continued gazing out the window.

The waitress appeared at the table's edge with two brown mugs. Carl faced her with soft, damp eyes, and thanked her.

"Is everything all right?" her words floated on a tender voice. "Can I get you something else?"

"No. I'm fine," he said.

Carl sipped at the coffee, then lowered the mug and clasped it between his hands as though warming them. "I decided upon you because we are alike."

This was a surprise. An ex-broker, ex-con turned janitor, living in a hole in Detroit shared something in common with a successful attorney who owned one of the city's hottest office buildings, and who barbecued with the Mayor on warm summer afternoons. To me all we had in common was his signature on my pay-

check. I wondered if I'd be rubbing elbows with his neighbors next summer.

"You look dubious," he said, the corners of his mouth curling enough to hint at a smile. "It's true. We both understand how the world works." He hesitated a moment. "You know what you want. So do I. Sure, you've had some bad luck, but you know you can change it. I could hire some cold-blooded killer off the street for ten thousand, but that's not what this is about. I'm offering you fifty because you're a brother-in-arms. Christ, you're more like me than my own brother. Joseph and I can't even agree on the weather."

I wasn't so sure I understood the world any better than did a rat in a cage. And I definitely no longer knew what I wanted. In fact, all I did know was that the money would help. And yet, I couldn't do it. And I couldn't bring myself to tell him that either, at least right then. Deep inside I hoped the problem would go away before I did have to tell him. That didn't make me feel any better.

"Carl," I said. "Let me think about it tonight, and I'll call you tomorrow."

His brows lifted as did his head. He was like a man looking toward the horizon, expecting the sun to bring an end to a long, cold night.

"Thank you, Harold," he said. "That's all I ask. I don't want you to do something you don't want to do, and I certainly wouldn't ask you to do it without thinking about it carefully first. That is why I chose you. I knew regardless of your decision that you were the right man."

I wondered how he'd feel tomorrow. I slid out of the booth.

"Harold," Carl said. "Take it." He pointed at the bag.

"No, Carl. I don't want to risk losing it."

"If you decide to help Helen and me, we'll be set - no more of these clandestine meetings." He seemed to shiver slightly. "They make me nervous."

I thought about it; and I thought about the trip home. The world was quickly being covered in snow. I figured, at the least, he owed me a cab ride home.

"Okay," I said.

He gave a slight nod of approval.

What Carl had called bad luck, I'd come to know as bad choices. My life was rife with them. They multiplied like roaches. I hoped this wasn't another.

I rode home in a taxi that night. I didn't feel too bad since the snow had forced the busses to stop. I could see things were getting worse, snow ceaselessly piling up.

At three-thirty a.m. a heavy knock roused me from a dreary slumber. I pulled on sweats and stumbled through the darkness.

"What?" I yelled. A sickly white light shone beneath the door.

"Detroit Police," a man croaked.

I didn't doubt the claim. There was no better way to be killed in Detroit than pounding on someone's door at three in the morning, claiming to be a cop. Only a cop would do that, and probably with some reluctance, too.

"Darryl drunk and taking over the world again?" I called back as I approached the door. Until Darryl had moved into the building, I had never appreciated the volatility of poverty, alcohol and guns when mixed.

I pulled the chain and unlatched the bolt. The door swung open, hammering my head, sending me down. Shafts of light flashed, some stopping on me, others tracing circles on the walls, sliding smoothly over gouged and cracked surfaces. My thoughts stirred slowly as two figures approached.

"Don't move," a third figure in the doorway yelled. I recognized the voice, the same as I'd heard before. "Keep your hands flat and on the floor." Harsh light found my face. I squeezed my eyes tight, but the brilliance still burned.

Someone yanked my arms above my head and locked my wrists into cuffs. Someone else padded me, searching for anything concealed.

"Harold Payne," the voice asked. "Are you Harold Payne?"

"Yes." My answer was weak and breathless. Then I remembered the money and the gun.

"You are under arrest," the man stated dully. He then proceeded to follow-through with my rights as a potential criminal. I heard nothing of what he said. I hadn't the last time, either. I wondered how many people really did.

###

I waited in a sky blue room at the police station. Sky blue was being generous. Scratches and scars decorated the walls in a style which rivaled my apartment. Two-fifty a month wasn't such a bad deal after all.

A narrow window traced with wire mesh hung in the room's only door. A marred wooden table and three chairs also occupied the room. A microphone rested on the table.

With my wrists locked together, I waited for the detective to return. I estimated four or five hours has passed since I had been arrested.

A shape appeared in the small window, and the door opened. A tall black man entered. He wore a white shirt with a tie and pants the color of night. His large eyes viewed the room from a hard, dark perch. His big hands gripped a bundle of folders.

"I'm Detective Thomas Corlett," he announced, settling into the chair opposite me. The chair weakly protested. I decided to follow its example.

He flipped open a folder and gazed at the contents as only an uninterested man could. "Do you know why you're here?"

I nodded slowly. "Detective Davis said I am being charged with murder."

"Right," Corlett replied. He glanced back at the papers in the folder. "You claim that you didn't murder Helen Burke. And you claim that her husband, Carl Burke, asked you to kill Helen in return for payment."

"Yes. That's why the pistol was in my apartment. And the money," I added.

Corlett nodded anxiously. "Right . . . right. And she was dying of cancer, and you weren't going to do it, and you believe he set you up, and so on, and so on." He removed a paper from the folder and scanned it. "Mister Payne, things aren't going your way. I see that five years ago you were attacked and carved up like a roasted chicken - and spent quite a while in the hospital."

"Eight months," I said.

"Perp never arrested," he added. "An unhappy client, maybe?"

I remained silent.

"Right. And after that you were investigated for *unscrupulous* -" he said the word as though it were something delicate - "business practices by the SEC." He fingered through the folder, stopping on another paper. "Oh. You were convicted and did time. Quality time. Two years." He tossed the paper on the table and theatrically extracted another. "When you got out, you landed a job as a janitor." He tossed that paper on the table, then laced his fingers. "And now you're under arrest for murder." His face soured. "Ouch."

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"I would like an attorney," I said.

"You need one. But I suspect Carl Burke won't be that attorney."

"I told Davis, Carl wanted to hire me -- or at least that's what Carl told me."

"Right. And you met him at a restaurant, and that's where he gave you the handgun and the money. But there's the problem, Harold. Carl Burke is dead. We just found him at his office."

"Carl is dead?"

"Did Carl ask you to kill him too?" He slowly shook his head like a parent who'd just caught a child in a lie. "Anything you care to change? Maybe some extraneous fact just popped to mind?"

"No. Why would I tell you that story if I had killed Helen and Carl?"

Corlett chuckled. "Got me. I hear them all the time. Crazy, impossible stories." He waved away my question with his hand.

"Maybe he shot himself," I offered.

Corlett's brows lifted as though he approved. "Maybe," he quickly replied. "And then he met you at the restaurant and gave you the gun before he bothered to die."

"There's something wrong," I shouted. "Maybe he used a different gun."

"The ballistics prelim indicates the handgun in your apartment was the weapon of choice."

None of this made sense. If Carl had given me the pistol, then how could he be dead?

"Talk to the waitress," I said, hearing fear swell my words. "Talk to her. She saw Carl with me."

"We've talked to her, but I don't think you'll like what she had to say." His chair squealed as he dragged it toward the table. His tone softened to a whisper as if he were about to impart a secret. "She identified you and Carl. She said she could see that Carl was under duress, like you were possibly threatening him. He was nervous, and maybe even crying."

"Yes. He was, but that was because he was telling me about his wife, or at least putting on an act or something."

"You know what I think, Harold? I think you met him there to get a payoff or something, and when he didn't have enough money you left, but didn't go home. Instead you went to his house and waited. There you killed his wife, and for some reason you took Carl to his office to finish him there."

"No!" I yelled. "Talk to the cab driver. He can tell you where I went."

"Can't locate him."

"I didn't kill anyone."

He leaned back into the chair. "I talked to his brother, he'd never heard about Helen having cancer. He'd never even heard her name and cancer mentioned in the same sentence. But he did mention the trouble between Carl and you."

"There was no trouble."

"Naturally. That's why Carl and Helen are dead. But according to Joseph Burke, you had been pressuring Carl to make a few deals that would earn some quick cash."

Everything was wrong. Why would Carl tell his brother such things? I struggled for a pattern, some way to get a hold on what was happening.

"How old is Joseph Burke?" I asked. Something beneath the surface shifted.

Corlett thumbed through several papers. "Forty-eight, three years younger than Carl," he said ambivalently.

"Do they look alike?" I asked. "The same shape and size, roughly?"

"They *did* look alike. Listen, I'm not here to help you work out a story."

"I want an attorney."

"One's on the way. But things could be easier if you'd speak up now. It'd save time and money. And put me in a better mood."

I gazed at his hard, lean face, and said nothing.

"Life can sometimes be solitary, brutish and short," he said, eyes fixed upon me.

"You forgot 'poor'," I replied. "And Hobbes didn't say 'sometimes'."

His lips narrowed into something between a smile and a frown. "Sometimes life just isn't fair, huh?"

I went back to saying nothing.

###

By the third day of the storm, nothing was moving in the city. Everything was frozen in place, including justice. With Michigan weather growing warmer and more unpredictable each year, Detroit hadn't been prepared. Unlike the suburbs, Detroit did not have the funds or equipment to handle the snow. Instead, it relied upon convicts to clear the city's streets. Fortunately, I didn't have to join their number. Things were improving.

It didn't take long for my attorney to clear the charges, once she could get to the station. I stewed in my cell for three days as the convicts revived the city. More than enough time for Joseph Burke to drain Carl's and Helen's accounts. In the Detroit Free Press, I saw a picture of Joseph. He did resemble his brother, though his hair was darker, and his pockets probably shallower. Nonetheless, there was a resemblance. The paper stated that the police were unable to locate him. He had disappeared.

I imagine Joseph became tired of living in the snow, and, like so many other cold souls, he simply left for warmer climes.

At one time, I would have envied him. But not any longer.

F i a m m a
Francis Paradela
Double Negative Photograph



The Soul, Tears And You

Christina Minta

So weak with fear and dying
the soul shall dissipate,
its core growing colder
life in loss' state.

It couldn't hold strong
the grasp growing weak
so it'll lay itself...
...beneath the stars,
and cry itself to asleep.

As release comes rolling in
...and the tears are growing cold
the truth of the matter will always be,
all it ever needed was you.

Transition

Roan Isaku

Black and White Photograph



Faerie Lullaby
Bill Drummond

Sleep my young son
Dream faerie dreams
The day is done
Gone is the sun
Glide on silver moonbeams

Butterfly wings
Carry you high
Beautiful things
Gossamer strings
Pull you into the night sky

Fear not the night
Faeries are friends
Fly like a kite
With all your might
Dream faerie dreams till night ends

And the faeries, they will speak to you
Deep wisdom they will teach to you
And you'll wake with their power in your heart

Sleep my young one
Dream magic dreams
The day was fun
Another one
Comes when the morning light gleams

BIOGRAPHIES

Alexis Black is a second year Ph.D. student in Chemical Biology at the University of Illinois. She enjoys the opportunity to renew ties with her undergraduate institution by sharing fiction and poetry. Let the heart lead and the mind and body will follow.

Alda Gapi Black born and raised until seventeen in Albania is majoring in Architecture at LTU. Her passion is creating. Painting is her emotional discharge.

Kristina Blazeovski continues to write after graduating in 2004 with her B.S. in Architecture. She enjoys examining the city and was recently published in the international magazine, *Magazine on Urbanism*.

Katherine Charbeneau draws a blank whenever she tries to think about herself, so she wrote a little haiku instead: "Coffee wakes me up / One cream in cup after cup / Steamy caffeine love."

James Droski is a graduate student in the college of architecture. "I've developed an interest in photography in the past few years. A photograph has the ability to transform a moment or scene into an artistic expression."

Bill Drummond is an e-Learning guy from the Veraldi Instructional Technology Resource Center. He enjoys writing poems for his nieces and nephews.

Gustav Gerlach is currently a senior at Lawrence Technological University majoring in graphic design, in the College of Architecture. He works at an architectural firm and freelance graphic design on the side. "We are surrounded by art and design where ever we go; I like to photograph what is around me. I don't like the negative portrayal of Detroit, so I took a glimpse into the beauty that exists there."

Marilyn Hotaling is an administrative assistant working in the Lawrence Tech Library. In addition to her regular work, she gives violin lessons to twenty private students, and plays in an Irish music group called Inis-Ceol. She loves movies (especially British films), gourmet food, and cozying up with a good book.

Roan Isaku spent four years in the Marines, traveled throughout Europe and Africa, saw many places, and became interested in their architecture. After the Marines, he began to study architecture. Pursuing architecture introduced him to photography which has become a second interest.

William Jones teaches at LTU and has published fiction in a variety of genres. This summer his book *The Strange Cases of Rudolph Pearson* will be released. He edits several magazines, including *Dark Wisdom* magazine (www.darkwisdom.com). His website is: www.williamjoneswriter.com.

Sara E. Lamers received an MFA in Poetry from Purdue University. Her work has appeared several journals including *The Midwest Poetry Review*, *Cold Mountain Review*, *Oxford Magazine*, *The Sierra Nevada Review*, *Rattle and Hubbub*. She also hopes to publish her manuscript *A City Without Trees*, a collection of poems. At LTU she enjoys teaching English Composition, Modern Poetry, and other similar courses. She lives in Berkley, MI.

Carlos Henrique Machado Bonna Lopes is twenty-five years old and his major is Architecture. His nationality is Brazil (city of Fortaleza). *Recycling Machine* is "A very humble tribute to M. C. Escher."

Sofia Lulgjuraj, A graduate of the College for Creative Studies is the graphic designer for Lawrence Technological University. While part of her mind is working on university projects: posters, brochures, and invitations, another part is working on what creative use can be made out of the waste (cardboard, pen casings, and floppy disks) that all office settings produce.

Adam Mann has been studying Architecture at Lawrence Tech for the past four years and will be graduating with a Bachelor of Science in Architecture in May 2006. Art in general has been a hobby of his as long as he can remember, and he believes that it is a large reason he became interested in Architecture. He plans to continue his Architectural education as well as take a variety of art related courses for many years after he graduates. He finds art to be very inspiring in many aspects of his life, and hopes to never loose touch with it and always stay active in some form of art.

Christina Minta is a freshman majoring in Architecture. After a rigorous pre AP class "my cut-throat English teacher, Mrs. Ajemian inspired me to write. Literature was never my form of expression, but ever since realizing how words can shape an idea, I've decided to present my creations to all who are interested."

Danielle Norris is a graduating senior, majoring in Humanities and Psychology. She likes writing poetry when inspired and when time permits.

Brian Obot: "When you attend a technical university for five years in pursuit of non-technical degrees such as Psychology and Humanities, you can't help but encounter questions like: 'Why did you choose to attend Lawrence Tech?' After much thought, I've officially come to an answer: 'Some people seek places where it's easy to fit in, while other people seek places where it's near impossible not to stand out.'"

Francis Paradela was born in the Philippines in 1987. He moved to Detroit to pursue a degree in Architecture and Graphic Design. He enjoys painting, drawing, and photography.

Eric R. Patalinghug was born in 1984, the year of that the world was predicted to end, in downtown Detroit, Michigan. He enjoys writing, photography, and on occasion, web designing. He is a Computer Science major, but his heart and loyalties will forever lie in artistic expression.

Alexandar V. Popovich, artist or engineer? Nobody really knows he's a lot of both really. Alex is a freshman going to Lawrence Technological University; he currently is majoring in Mechanical Engineering and minoring in Electrical Engineering.

Meredith Richard is a senior in the Interior Architecture program. She has been interested in the arts from a very young age. Work presented has been selected from photographs taken in her Photography 1 class in the fall semester of 2005.

Karen Sanborn is the managing editor of Lawrence Tech's news bureau where she enjoys keeping the media informed about Lawrence Tech and its awesome students. This devoted, Harley mother of three teens counts her riches in tons of fun, barrels of laughter and millions of treasured memories. This is her second PRISM appearance.

Dan Sanderson is a Junior studying Mechanical Engineering. He enjoys biking, cars, reading, and drawing, and hopes to get a career in Industrial Design.

Dr. Scott Schneider roams the globe (well, Michigan and New York State) searching for signs of Bigfoot. Occasionally he snaps some digital pics and then tweaks them in Photoshop (going for "art" – rather than a clinical scientific portrait of nature – hmm, how zen?). In closing: a shout-out to my nieces and nephew in Boston: Smokey Grey! This bio-clip brought to you by the number 4 and the letter of the law.

James Shaieb graduated from LTU in December 2005 with a B.S. in Computer Science. If you'd like to see more of my work, please visit:
<http://www.xanga.com/functionx>.

Jolanta Skorupka is an adjunct faculty member of the College of Architecture and Design. She has been teaching Visual Communication since 2003. Traveling and photographing architecture is her passion.

Rhoda Stamell began writing fiction at the age of fifty. When she was sixty-one, she won the Francis Shaw Older Woman Writing Award and spent a month at Ragdale Foundation in Lake Forest, Illinois. She retired from high school teaching the next year and has been writing fiction ever since.

Betty Stover has been a professor in the Humanities Department since 1986. She is currently department chair.

Daniel Swrontonowski is a senior majoring in Architecture. His stories deal with things he knows: love, family, and outdoors.

We can ~~not~~ ^{no!} ~~disappear~~ ^{disappear?}



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