

prism 2013

a publication of the LTU Artists' Guild, Spring 2013

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

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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." Enclosed is a collection of short stories, poetry, drawings, and photographs contributed by students, staff, faculty, and alumni of Lawrence Technological University. Each individual piece offers its own interpretation of a subject through the eyes of its respective creator. Much like a physical prism can separate white light into colors, this copy of PRISM has separated the static of everyday life into various themes, as told by pieces of literature, pen, paint, and lenses. 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. It was only printed for two years until Dr. Melinda (Weinstein) Phillips, with generous backing from the College of Arts and Sciences, resurrected the dormant PRISM in 2000. Since then, every year has led to a more refined collection. The Artist Guild continuously strives to act as a creative catalyst for students, staff, faculty, and alumni.

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

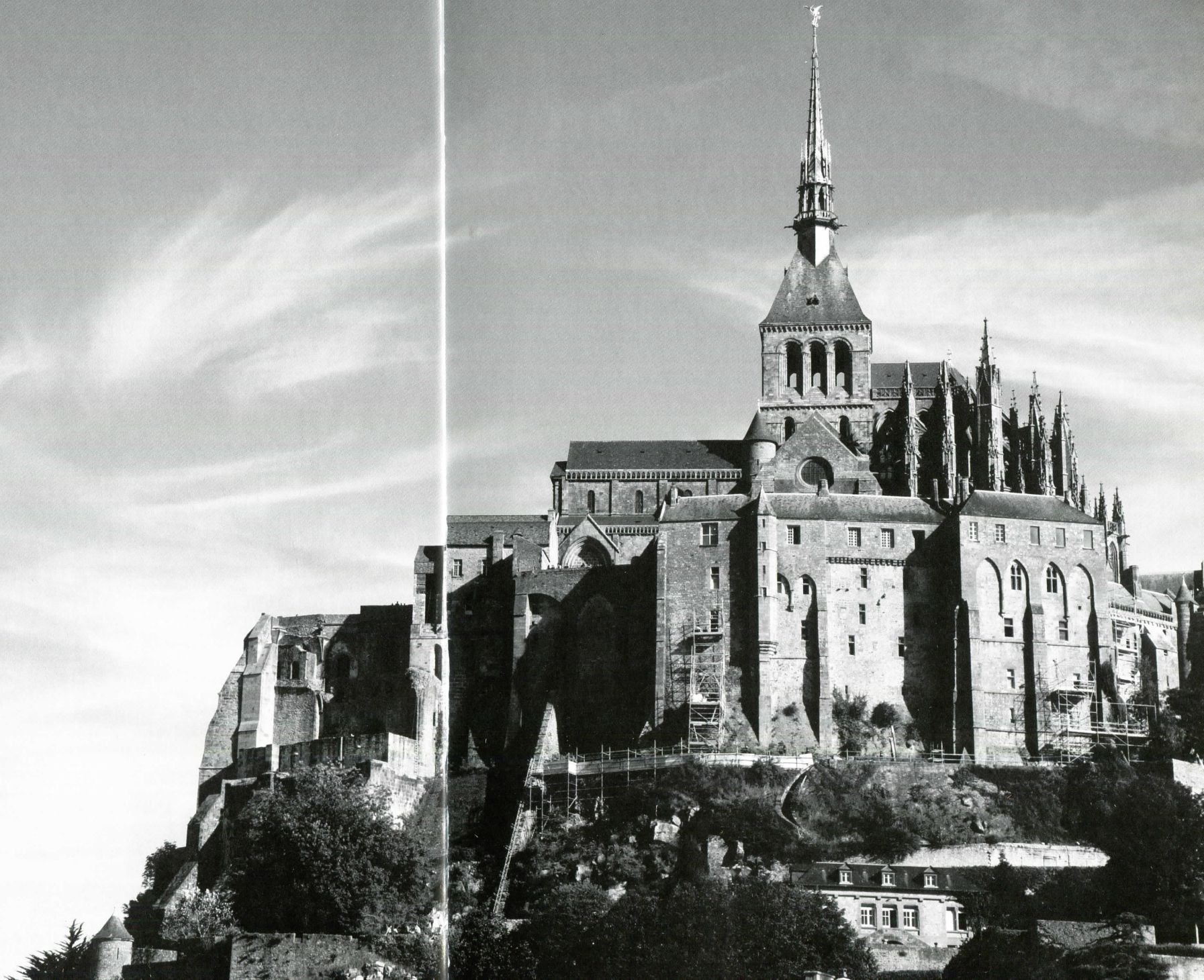
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prism 2013

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mont st. michel
Brandon Hakeem



**and I told myself I wouldn't write about a
girl again...** Ron Mallinger

Darling,
you want the love Cameron Crowe creates
the not-so-obvious girl, with the not-so-obvious guy
who obviously need to be together.
You are looking for that Lloyd Dobbler,
but you are no Diane Court.

Sweetheart,
you pride yourself on your library
take pictures, show it off, brag in everyday conversations.
You know all the right authors, learned all the right titles.
But your spines still crack and break
and your dust jackets are really doing their job.

Honey,
you discovered all the bands,
memorized all the songs, pictures in the liner notes,
loving every word that the singer delivers.
But in his angst filled, quickly delivered metaphors,
it's your pseudo-bohemian-appearance-and-vaguely-leftist-doctrine-
of-beliefs he can't stand.

Baby,
you whole heartedly agree,
with those guys who can't stand the slutty girls,
that sleep around, nameless faces at parties.
But it's you who's leaving their beds in the morning
with a hangover and no name.

Girl,
I can't stand that I want to write you novels you'll never read,
write you songs that you won't understand.
Jealous of those guys that share their meaningless beds with you.
Standing here, offering my heart again and again
and constantly receiving pen after pen.

night
Ashley Maier

Good evening owl,
master of the night.
Don't mind me
as I watch your flight.

With my window open
I also hear the sound
of the nighttime's creatures
scurrying on the ground.

Oh my feathered friend
I'd rather not see
the meal you make of them
after you dive from your tree.

So I shall look above
as the stars come out to play.
Their twinkle is a winking reminder
that they shall hide by day.

The moon is climbing,
it shall soon be high.
I wish I could see the world
from its place in the sky.

To see the earth,
land and oceans and all
things that to me are large
are to the moon so small.

It'd be a beautiful sight,
it's safe to suppose.
Such a nice thought,
as my eyelids start to close.

Now it's time for slumber,
my body says it's worn.
Time to let go of the world
and visit dreams till morn.



bit by bit

Nita Malaj

Vicious
in your ways
wringing my heart out like a dirty dish rag
over and over again.

Your love
it flips like a coin toss.
You unglue your limbs
from my Valentine,
while you leave a glittered mess.

You tell me, "Broken hearts beat faster than one that is whole."

cut away

Ashley Maier

Shall we make something
for ourselves?
Can we cut away the anger,
stash away the sadness?
Find the worn scraps
of pleasant memories.
The patches of smiles.
The squares of sunshine.
For thread we'll use heartstrings
we've managed not to break.
We'll sew it all together,
a quilt of moments
that will keep us warm,
cover the cold spots
in our hearts
and the mistakes we've made.

it's my job to keep punk rock elite

Ron Mallinger

Remember the night we saw Lagwagon at St. Andrews? We got hammered before we headed in, being two years shy of tall boys and snakebites.

A Wilhelm Scream opened, they looked just like techs, and broke into The Rip, we thrashed around, and screamed they'll only love you when you're gone.

Remember that four hour car ride, to see Protest The Hero, out-of-state? Tony lost his hat, hanging out the van door, TS couldn't wait for any rest stops, and Todd slept through his marker mustache.

Dragonforce was headlining that show, a ton of metalheads showed up to bang their heads and throw up the horns. Dirty looks for our punk rock salute, chased out for our anti-metal boos.

Remember Against Me at the Magic Stick, with Mike there looking for me? His girl liked me more, though that didn't last, and while we sat through the shit street punk's band, I held her hand, and she drew "I love you" in my palm.

Rufio closed that night, and the drummer only used one kick pedal! I told about 100 people that, followed by Greg dragging all our drunk asses to the car, and heading down to Zorba's to pass out, eat, or talk to the regulars.

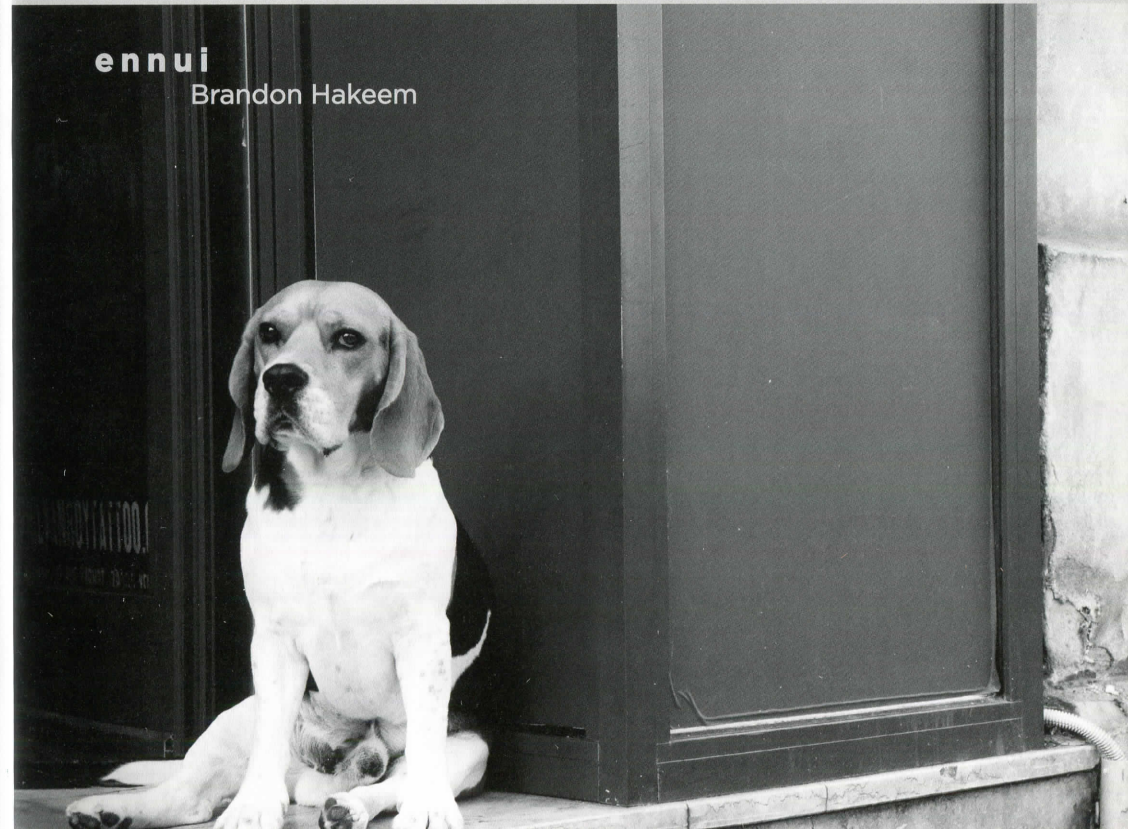
Remember Streetlight Manifesto at Clutch, the first ska show, Todd brought his fedora, and TS wore his checkerboard slip-ons, skanking got a little nuts, that big blockhead broke Tony's nose, but he still has that bloodied shirt, signed by the band.

We saw them again, at Warped Tour, while we were waiting for NoFX. I got knocked down by a surfer, but the pit cleared and I got out. You guys found me at the med tent with a couple of t-shirts, NUFAN, Strike Anywhere, Propagandhi, all the shows I missed.

I still throw on those albums, after a long day of work, spike my hair in the shower, scribble lyrics in bathroom stalls. The melodies in the albums are my photos, with my friends, and my memories. Back To The Motor League For Me.

ennui

Brandon Hakeem





frozen louise
Vinay Shah

eastern market

Ron Mallinger

Rising with the sun he rolls out of bed
the smell of dew clips the window
mixing with cheap coffee and the smoke
of last night's thousandth cigarette.

The chill of spring's morning blasts
his bare arms, inspiring the turn around
for a clean-ish hoodie, a warm knitted cap,
and an early car ignition.

It's only five miles to the View, but it seems like 500
with more coffee and cigarettes, peering
at the road through half open, crusted
eyes, the sun blinds on every surface.

Arriving late, he stumbles in the door
crawls up the stairs, lets himself in
with a grumbled good morning. She
is in brighter spirits, a sun dress, a sweater.

He waits for her to finish her routine
clicks lazily through the channels,
finding nothing more than news and weather,
on the 8's, she pours her travel mug to the brim.

They head downtown, he drives, she smiles,
Her sunglasses mask her face, leaving just
her smile, with those famous lips curled up
at each end, chilled goose bumps visible on thighs.

She wants breakfast, he is more than willing to pay
but the line is so long, and they could just
as well grab something at the market, parking
is trouble, is this legal?

He wanders the sheds, looking for fresh
fruits, vegetables, while she looks for flowers
for the planned garden box on her balcony,
her own stretch of paradise in the concrete city.

They grab some granola, from the same woman
who has been there for 100 years, and never aged.
He guides her through the crowded barns, his hand
resting gently in the small of her back, nervous.

She laughs at his poor jokes, scolds him for undirected ill will
towards others. He stumbles over himself to make her smile.
She is not his, nor he hers, though two people have
never gotten along so well.

He is comfortable with her, knowing that in the end
after bad punch lines and awkward bumps they are friends,
and after three hours, a nap for him, a child for her, draws them home.
He loads her potted joys into the trunk, glides back downriver.

She wishes him a good day, grants him one last smile
and he waits to see that she makes it in alright.
"It'll never happen," he tells himself, aloud over
the turned down radio. He'll see her again, with
the boy she's been after, at her place.

They'll play their games, drink their beers
and he'll know that there is someone, somewhere like
her, waiting for him to take her to the market
and back to their home.

hdr

Mark Rekuć



the ride

Allison Kasprzyk

the germans wore grey

Ron Mallinger

"I remember every detail. The Germans wore gray, you wore blue." - Rick Blaine, when Ilsa Lund asks if he remembers their last day in Paris, Casablanca

Those summers,
my friend,
those summers had it all.
Driving across the mitten,
smoking too many squares,
finding your place,
settling in.

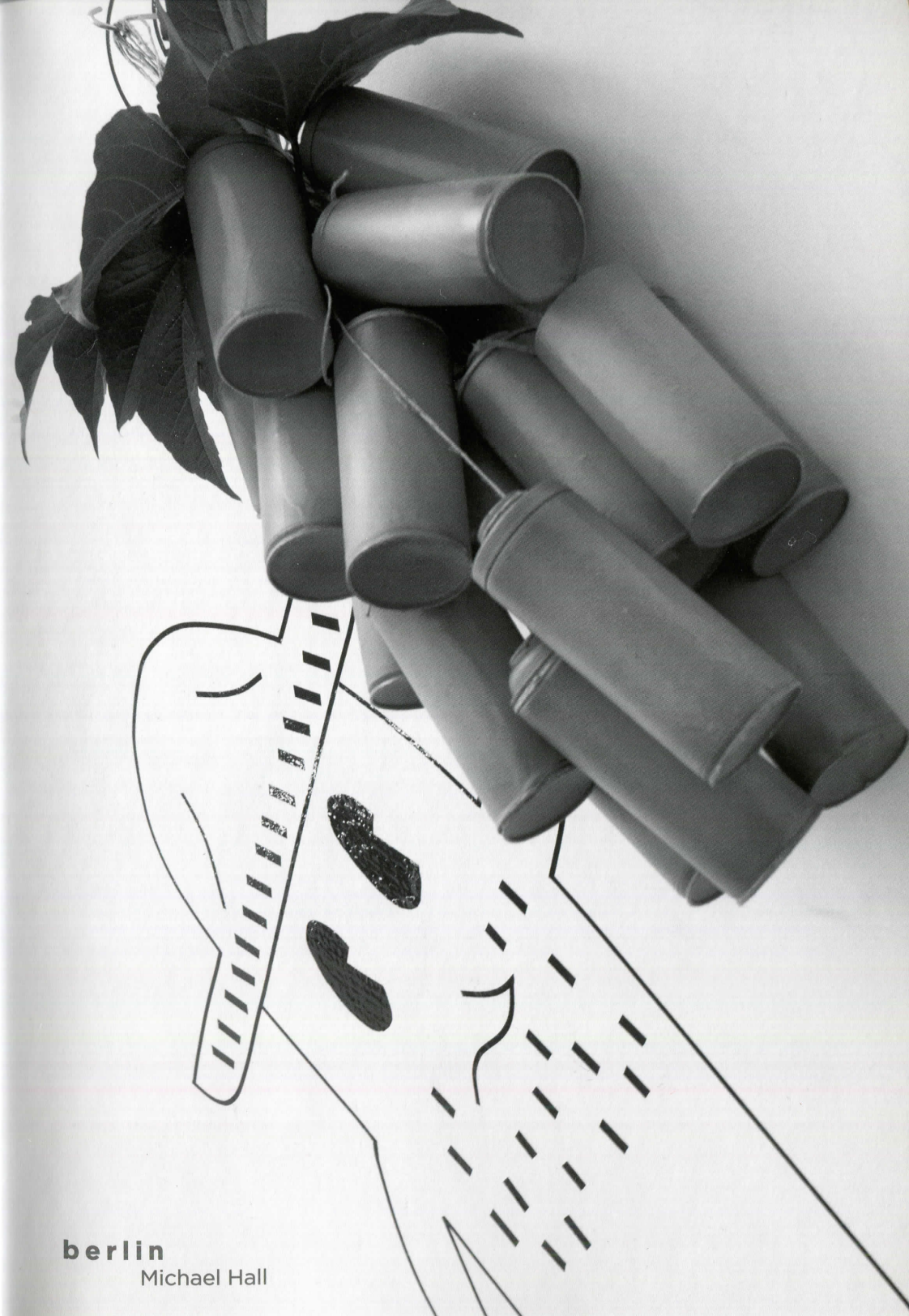
A weekend away from work, spent
in hazy bedrooms, or sunny porches.
The kind of orange hazy bedroom, or yellowed sunny porch,
that made us feel that we were stuck in an old photograph.

Days filled with writing down ideas for stories,
sharing laughs over blunt punch lines,
getting too drunk to remember
how that one went, exactly.

I remember the lessons-
never order the chocolate pancakes,
reading Vonnegut is addictive,
Macho's always doin' his thing,
and your new girl is really the one.

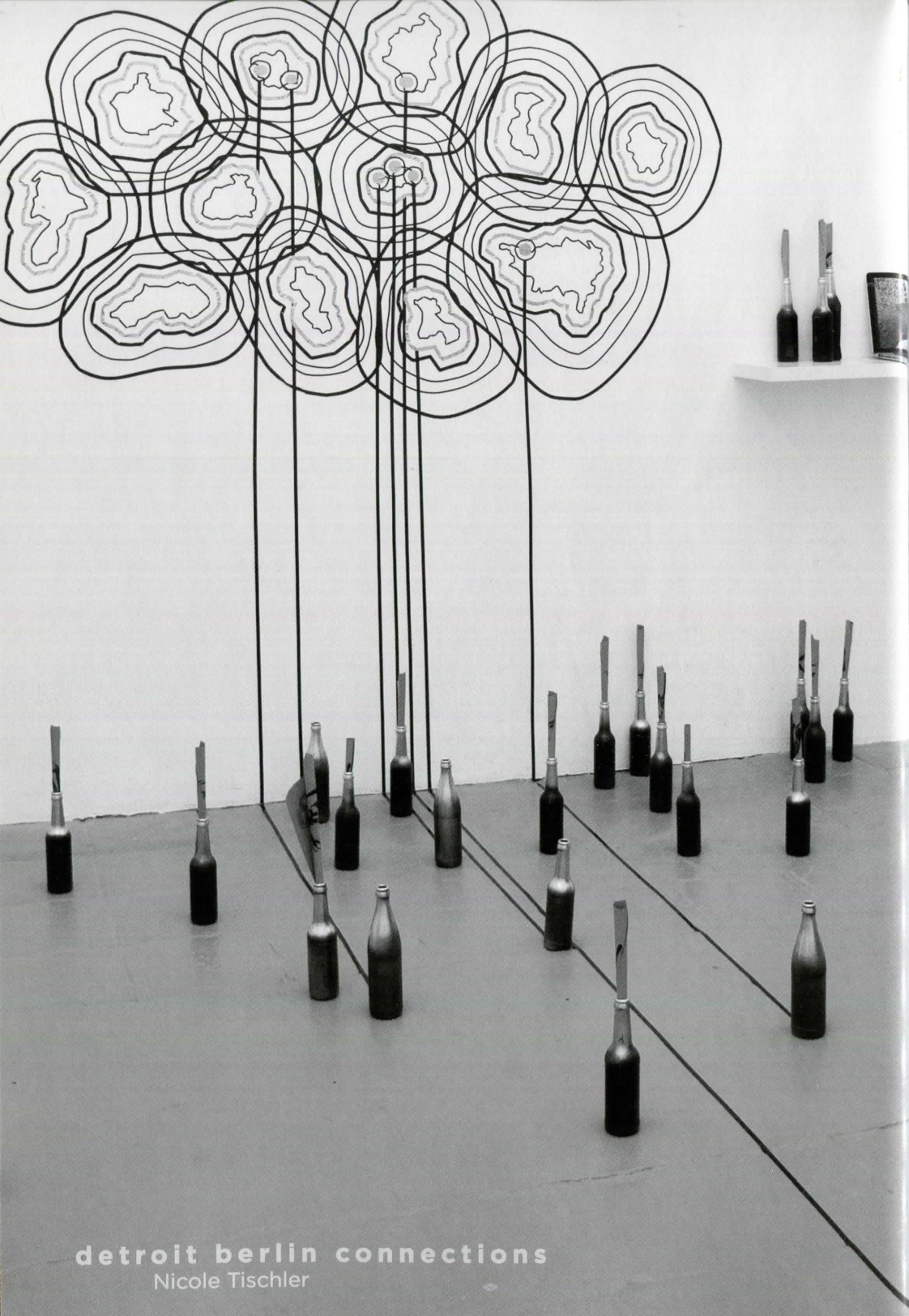
I wish you still had a new girl,
your place is a lot harder to find now,
our haze has lifted to early morning jobs,
deadlines self-imposed and otherwise.

Sometimes I catch a breeze blowing over
these suburbs, Belvedere comes up on the playlist.
I close my eyes, breath deep, and hold it in,
write you a letter that never leaves the room.
We'll always get by, you and I. Stay gold Ponyboy.



berlin

Michael Hall



journey

Eric Wright

A thousand miles, away from home.
Should have brought you, but I went alone.

I offered you the world and you declined.
"I'm not ready to leave everything behind."

We would travel this ocean, but you protest.
Our love tattered, broken and distressed.

"No distance too great, no journey too far."
So why am I alone, among the stars?

The coursing river, the raging tide.
Wish you were here, by my side.

Ocean of hate, squall of doubt.
I can't escape this unending drought.

You are tempest, pure of heart.
So why are you, tearing me apart?

Is this the end? Is this the brink?
Is it fated, that I should sink?

It seems that you were here, all along.
It seems to be, that I was wrong.

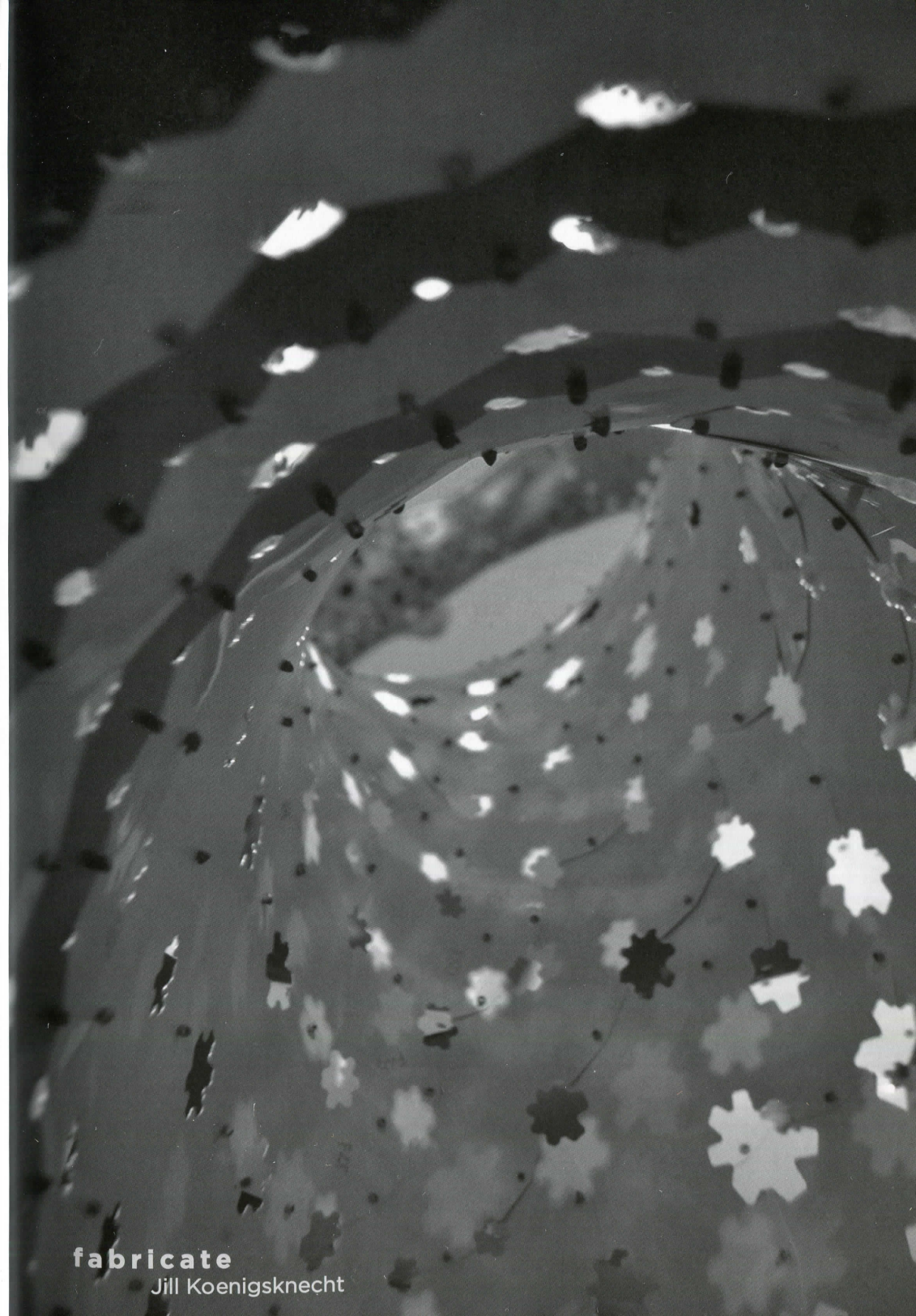
on display

Allison Kasprzyk

A gilded gold frame housed a
beautiful woman:
bright red lips
with flaming orange hair
dripping down onto the small of her back
where her gentleman's hand
rested warmly
then crept around to her hipbone,
pulling her close to his side.

She stared at the painting,
remembering.
She knew how it felt
to be wanted.
His arm wrapped around her,
red satin gown
hugging her hips
and waist.
He swung his arm under her knees,
planting a kiss on her cheek
as she threw her arms around his neck and
beamed for the camera.

But it was
just for display
just what the public
needed to see.
Like a painting in a gallery,
they pretended
to be in love,
so the world wouldn't
question her bruises.



the beautiful still

Tanja Krupa

1

It is already May and not sure where winters, yet it was sometimes ice falling from windows, wind in cool sweeps. My panties are on the floor again. I have a drawer full and nothing between my thighs but air. I feel I can't be here, in this world sometimes, there isn't enough vice or accident to slow me. Painted salmon walls, where are the oceans books dream in me - how many shoes and pocket knives have wafted below what we can only guess is beautiful because still we haven't ventured deep enough to ruin something so aquamarine, so untouchable. Fall leaves, secret blinking owls in far trees, eyes of a boy whose name I haven't yet thought of, perhaps never will say, inhabits this slow in such serial falling like ice, like the white one and her little men so routine, apple and sleeping and apple and fucked by any unlikely short or cold other

2

To my shadow, shadow you truly wear the ground so well, each afternoon you and I usurp regular steps, no matter how still I stand you tar ghost sweep the distance of every direction I think I could if only at noon leave nothing miles under my feet. In this place I mouth every minute until dusk like a watch ticking around bones of a dearly departed, a miniature pendulum a fathom beneath

3

Who in the mirror was the face before the mirror was the thing that could never be a face again. It's all shadows piled in one neat mess. They took her face and so she wishes it were frozen somewhere in Arizona or Antarctica, wouldn't much matter she could plan masquerades in nitrous water, an ocean of road, exploding glass and metals did everything to fissure her human skeleton, now freezing artwork, aging cells retain less and less until one day let's play dress up and quiet birds in trees ice over instead of watching through windows - it seemed so warm, their beaks, velocity of wind beneath wings, hit ground and broken necks

4

A raven in a tree is coming for me, my eyes, a house darkened by fungus and still, more ravens to come, belting sirens. Bird notes - dear future ravens, we have so many places for bodies now we don't need you at the window - one summer they were everywhere, undecipherable sounds, inky blurs planted on limbs, soaring putty knife blues then smack, feathers into glass. They realize ghosts keep living these days without chimes and songs or garlic flowers in lapels. My reflection over a mud puddle is so many degrees closer to real than that magical finding of my familiar many years ago lost to wreck, to snow's white lips. Light coming, clouded just in time to erase my shadows, blue-black birds, chiaroscuro nightmares - no longer able to make out lines where doctor said insert eyeballs here in this winter or perhaps spring cold, a humanly beautiful rectangle

child plays in sand

Gabe Howell



self portrait minus the invisible

Tanja Krupa

My bedroom, an ocean grave
of those drowned and soldiered
remarkable playthings, gasping fish

Sound quakes walls
as sound not truly there
a tonal void, heap of burning planks
and my head full of oysters

So many times prying with sticks
or dawdling along, smashing shells
into thin pieces then darkness

Sleeping in shambles, sleeping beside the you
I imagine killing as some reflex
unintended slicing

Beneath my bed I put lost things
in this ocean I reel steadily
I am a whaleboat armed with spears
rocked to net shadows

To sketch, to resurrect the same house
wooden remnants sistering stones and stones
a language, letters gathering in fits and you, there
never taking form, your face never coming



city of lights
Erika Zajac



venice
Andrea Vasile



parabolic
Scott Schneider



electrosphere
Scott Schneider



heavenly hall
Allison Kasprzyk



triomphe des temps
Shantel Miller

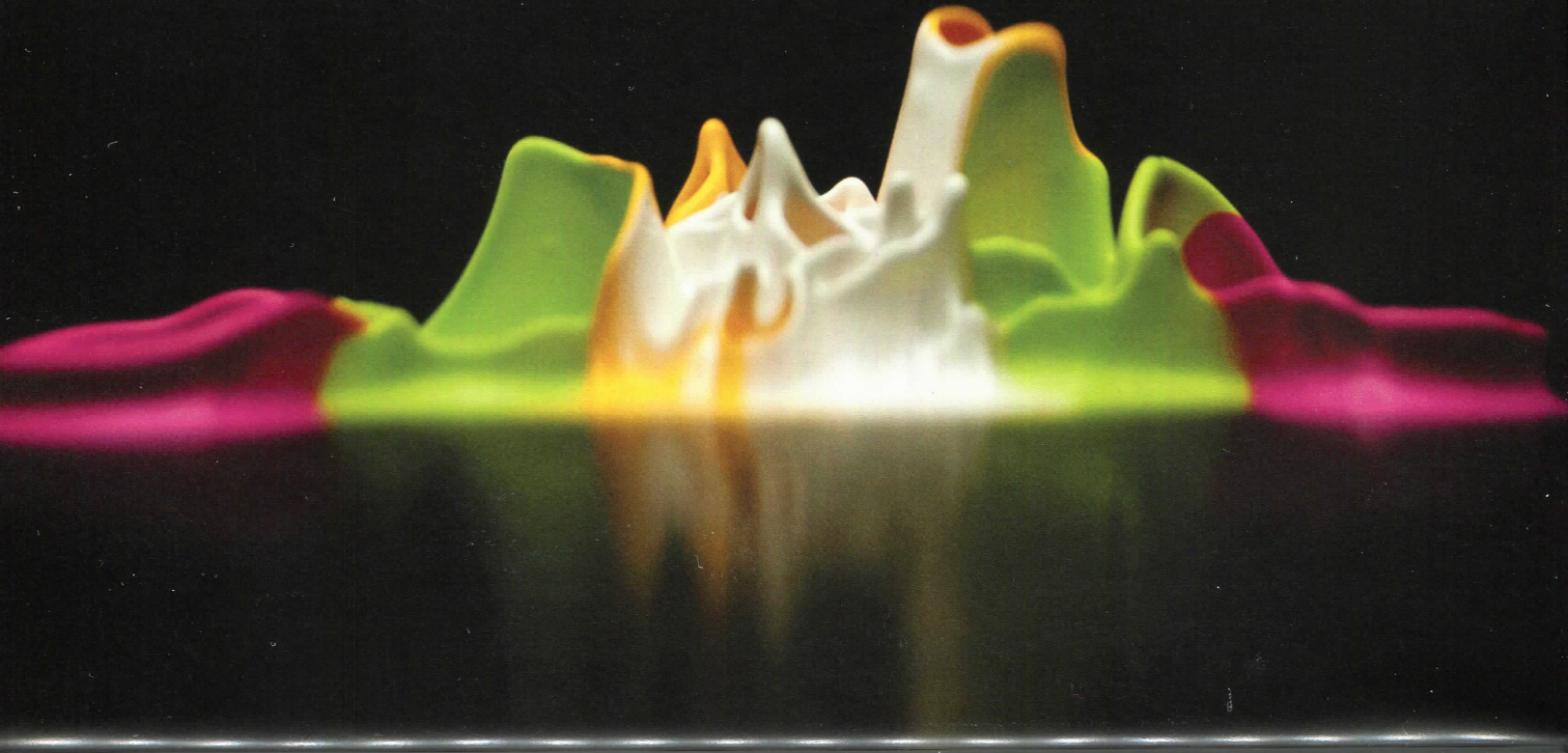


frozen time in prague
Andreea Vasile



paint

Jason Sharpe



friend - shapes

Edward John Charles Foster

the thundering smoke

Vinay Shah



grip of hope
Gabe Howell



corrugation
Brandon Hakeem





hair

Garrett Minert

I like a girl who hates my titles

Ron Mallinger

You'd think I know how to do this by now
Just get the words out
I've done it a million times before
Practicing in my head at work
Analyzing ever angle.

Avoid the clichés.
Eye contact.
Spontaneous.

You frighten me, really
I know it wouldn't be the end of the world
But that's the leap, you know?
To try and articulate the thoughts in my head
With this awkward and heavy tongue,
How bad could it be?

Move in close.
Stay honest.
Don't fucking curse.

I'm looking for a sign from you
Something that tells me you know where I'm going
And you want me to get there faster.
When those signs don't come, I panic
And worry about playing the fool again.

Bail.
Change the subject.
Light up a smoke.

I have never been good with signals
Can't remember what's good and what's bad.
Forget it, I'm sick of all that anyway, I'm
Happy with how I'm doing, thanks.
Unless, you wanna go grab a drink or something?

degrassi junior high

Ron Mallinger

We watch Degrassi whenever I visit,
out-of-our minds high on the shared freedom
that comes to a college kid
on those 3-day, 4-day, or week-long
breaks, on holidays like that Memorial day.
The one where we went way up north, to that
buddy's cabin, the men shot guns, the women sat
in the sun, while you and I brought along our drugs,
Degrassi, and note pads. Keeping track of
everything was simply taxing, spreadsheet setups,
who was it again who was dating Jimmy? "Jimmy Brooks,
played by Aubrey Graham, is a huge rapper now?", you wondered.
When I came up to Mt. Pleasant I showed you that video,
while we rode bikes all around that damn city
looking for the closest Dairy Queen. We listened to people in their cars,
frat parties that we weren't invited to, and the Bayside going
crazy for Drake, but we could only see Jimmy Brooks, in his wheelchair
on a Canadian teenage melodrama. Say what you will,
you told me, but something about Canadian chicks that say "a-boot"
just gets me. Was it Emma? Nah, that was Sean's girl,
Sean was the easiest Halloween costume I ever had,
white tee, an old bandana and jeans. Just look pissed or sad
all night. You went as Toby, with a flannel shirt and borrowed
pair of glasses. We laughed all night at sexy cats,
ghostbusters, sexy nurses, clowns, and a sexy beekeeper,
(one time only, she was so dumb). We had no cab money and walked
four miles back to your place, telling stories, falling over
and screaming the words to every Disney song we could remember.
It wasn't Paige Michalchuk, who admittedly was my
favorite girl, but you had a thing for Manny Santos,
that little Latin flare. We watched her show off her thong
during her rebellion in season three, some station was replaying that
while I was dating that one girl, who never knew what
the hell was going on. She said she got it, we broke up.
I picture my copy of season two and six on her table, still.
Dusty, ringed with her early shift coffee, she probably never
watched them. She hated when I wanted them back, she told me
she was going to watch them, she swore. Two days ago she
e-mailed me, asking how I was doing, what was up, and if

I was alright. She mentioned those DVDs, and how I could
get them back, meet up for a drink. If I wanted
to come over on the weekend, hang out as friends,
which I have no intention of doing. You said it, that first week
that she was taking advantage of me. I didn't listen, she was
too cute, she dug me at least a little. We'd lie in her roommate's
bed, since it was bigger than hers, and watch shitty TV all day.
Her chin burrowed hard into my chest, she was always too warm,
and I always had to go get the food. I never minded any of it,
I thought she was worth it. But she can keep my DVDs, my vinyl
records, and what the hell, keep the loan for her car. But season six
might be, one of the best, one of my favorites. That's when Jimmy
starts dating Ashley again. Of course!

the artifacts of what once was

Nita Malaj

A heartbeat- loud enough to drown out the sounds.
Gypsy rings- the ones that turn your finger green.
A fire- crackling past the perfectly pitched logs.
A silver chain- tangled and twisted like a drunken memory.
Chipped nail polish-fragmented in the shapes of places you have never
been. The life line on your left hand- too short for you to get
anywhere that you want to go.
A faded tattoo- the one that you regret like your eleventh drink
last night. The red string around your wrist- the one that looks
like trickles of blood when it is wet.
The bookmark- the one you ever so eloquently placed in my heart and
walked away.



everlasting
Erika Zajac

the highest point
Jill Koenigsnecht



party door. mr. henry. live in a dive

Ron Mallinger

I'm at work, but left my bag at home,
sitting on the dusty, fur-lined
kitchen floor. It has everything
I need to survive work.
Without radio, headphones, book or a charger
this will be a long day.
I think about movies,
the ones that never show
the car packed full of minors
rolling up to the party house.
The one last check in the mirror,
one last breath check, one last square.
Like the night before,
live in a dive, where my buddy Evan
needed to take a shit.
He's held it through
the terrible greased fries
the terrible greased bands.
In the movies they walk right on in
to a rager full of their peers,
but where's the phone fumble, the
"please pick up's" and the "we're here
come let us in's"?
We were out to celebrate:
Todd finally got a job,
so drinks were on him!
I think of that book sitting in there,
O. Henry: A Collection of Short Stories.
Maybe I'm one of those stories,
and Della will be waiting for me at the turnstile,
cashing in her saved coins to get me the things
I need, after I pawned them to show my love.
Were I in those movies
I'd be forever stuck
knocking at the party door.



on the edge
Erika Zajac

sunlit walkway

Sarah Klein



cadence

Tanja Krupa

for zachary

Here is the cricket below my window.

How is this bent grass pulling back into
hiss, the snap of a limb, wind
hustling pockets?

There were two swans
in the lake today.

They moved me
and then moved me into
you,

never being old enough to know
it takes rhythm
to come,
racing bodies.

How many minutes did it take to stack
death?

Steps entering the door.

Car in the drive.

Still three minutes to walk. Still three
minutes to unmake that

metal chin. How cold was the steel?
Like a winter's eve? Still,
a tongue bound to

mistake.
Your last act shifted trees.

The leaves still move here.

They change.
You are always you. And I hate that

my vision of things - so myopic.

Your face is landscape and
so like driving at night.

I hate that
and how ashamed I become
to admit the complete suddenness of

you not really being

the boy who died suddenly in the papers.

Truth. All lied and was
mapped in your hands,

in your body's click,
heels pacing.

How is this not hearing
or having a mouth
almost catching

shaky timbre - crack - octave.
I draw lines,

your half-made sounds,
spackled
images peeled from frames.

Until light. Until nights ago,
you still carried me

in that milk crate
tied behind your seat.
We ventured into swamps,
we spat tobacco.

Little oyster scathed and thrown back, nobody
picked you or reasoned the pearl from

your throat.
How is it being locked from

the glitter and crest? How is it
still swallowing
that uncultured thing?

Undressed room.
Stained wall. Still.
How was this setting
yourself free?

notre dame

Jill Koenigskecht





a domesticated attempt at ars poetica

Tanja Krupa

It is soft, on a kind day forgiving
my pardon, it rains streamers,
black leather confetti and droplets
pearling off warm curves of chrome

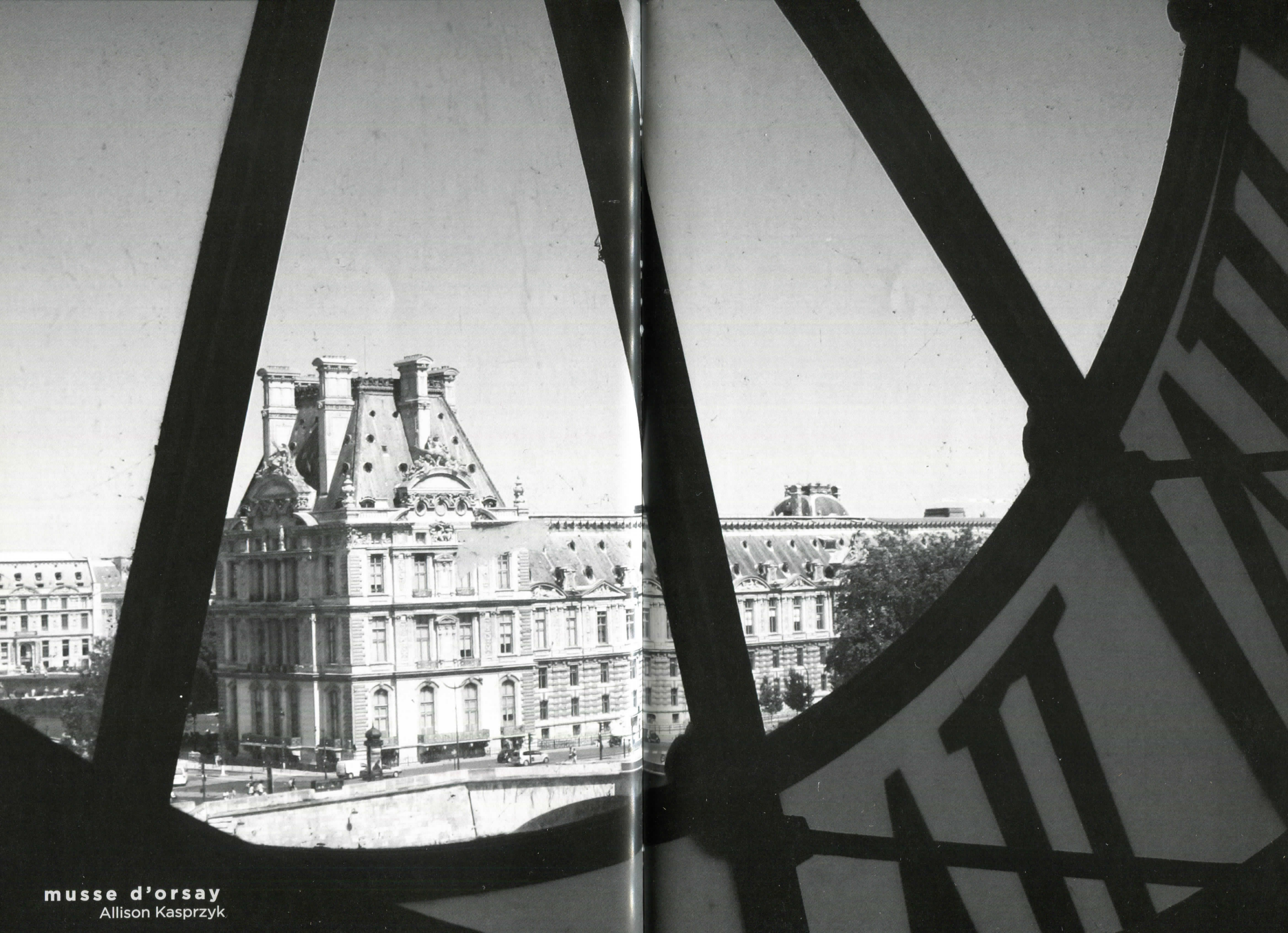
Since my transition to the fields of decency,
it has brought me great peace like a matchbook
at the bottom of my best shiny purse,
it has brought me silent as snow to water

Sounds of winter, woolen feet
shuffling across warped boards,
heels wrapped in Saran and Vaseline;
I am cracked too, not unlike an egg

And all the implications egg -
perfect womb, the ideal, impenetrable
suspended shelf-life - in this affair of
egg and ice box and carton, I am at home

There in my kitchen, where all things
dusted in flour or grease are possible,
scuffing atop bits of bread and mulch
across torn blue linoleum

I become soft and language forgives
my ever using the names of Christ and
fairness in vain, I am comforted by my past,
a motorcycle I will one day write into my kitchen





precarious

Brandon Hakeem

artist bios

Edward John Charles Foster

studied drawing and painting for two years at the Academy of Art University and is currently finishing a degree in graphic design at Lawrence Tech University.

Brandon Hakeem

A man on a galloping horse won't notice the difference.

Michael Hall

noticed throughout his study abroad in Berlin that the street art and graffiti within the city had a vegetative growth pattern. By utilizing both 2D and 3D street art elements he could freely show the public his perception of Berlin's street artists anywhere.

Gabe Howell

has always loved exploring both nature and buildings. In the summer of 2011 he traveled to Zambia, Africa where he was able to capture snapshots of life in Africa.

Allison Kasprzyk

is a senior architecture major with a great love of trees, cheese, old churches, photography, and traveling. Her photography was a part of Prism 2012. She will be graduating in May with a Bachelor of Science in Architecture.

Sarah Klein

is passionate about both music and photography. Her work has been recognized and displayed in the Scholastic Art Awards, hosted by the CCS. She is majoring in Audio Engineering Technology and is an active member of Delta Phi Epsilon.

Jill Koenigsnecht

is a fourth year architecture student who is passionate about improving the built and designed environment. She is enamored with the possibility of improving the lives of people through thought-provoking, engaging design.

Tanja Krupa

teaches writing and literature at LTU and holds an MFA from UMass - Amherst, where she also studied the Finnish language. Her poetry has appeared in *The Kennesaw Review*, *5_Trope*, *Maverick Magazine*, etc. She is also a freelance writer.

Nita Malaj

loves cheese.

Ron Mallinger

is an Elwood P. Dowd in a Rick Blaine world. If life was scored by Speedy Rewards Points, he'd be winning. Shoop was inspired by him.

Ashley Maier

is a junior majoring in English and Communication Arts with a minor in Technical and Professional Communication and a proud member of Delta Phi Epsilon. She is still waiting on her Hogwarts letter, but if it does not come she would settle for being a professor or novelist.

Shantel Miller

is a senior dual majoring in Architecture and Civil Engineering. She is active in many organizations on campus and was part of the 2012 Paris Study Abroad. She also enjoying photography and painting custom shoes.

Garrett Minert

is a senior about to graduate with a BFA in Graphic Design. He enjoys nature, mixed media and painting.

Mark Rekuc

is a senior in the Graphic Design program and absolutely loves it. He works in a variety of programs that help with his design style and skill set. He believes no matter what you create it can be beautiful in some shape or form.

Scott Schneider

Familiar subject matter - Handheld, no tripod - Move camera during exposure - Zoom in or out during exposure -Zigzag or twist - Throw away junk - Hope for something great ... Fireworks.

Vinay Shah

was born in 1986, in Hyderabad, India. He completed a Bachelors in Architecture from India in 2009, and is currently pursuing Masters in Architecture at Lawrence Tech.

Jason Sharpe

May 11th can't come soon enough, but until then I'm gonna continue to make dope stuff!

Nicole Tischler

is interested in all things natural and designed. She swears by the power of yoga and positive thinking. She graduates this spring with a BFA in Graphic Design. One day she will build structures to bring us back to nature.

Andreea Vasile

is an international student from Romania majoring in Architecture, but she is exploring some artsy areas, such as photography, drawing, painting, music. She finds her inspiration during her spontaneous travels.

Eric Wright

is a senior majoring in Computer Science set to graduate in May 2013. Eric is a web developer and enjoys simple colorful design.

Erika Zajac

still loves pomegranates...oh and occasionally designing things. She is obsessed with typography & ampersands are her favorite. Graduating this spring with a BFA in Graphic Design, she is currently on the prowl for a job in advertising.

