

phoenix



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Clark College Art and Literary Publication



Reflections: Knitting Projects

phoenix vol. 29

Clark College Art and Literary Publication

Phoenix is published annually by the Associated Students of Clark College. All contributors, editors, and volunteers are current Clark College students. Anyone enrolled in 100-level courses or above who have attended Clark within the past year is eligible to submit work for possible inclusion.

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Tabitha Hoinowski **ON A GOOD DAY** Acrylic on Wood Panel

Before you is a threshold of communication, the bridge between artist and audience. In your hands, art and literary coincide, the abstract finds a common ground with the normal, and vision meets interpretation. We, the PHOENIX staff, have worked diligently the past year to compile the best Clark College has to offer. From poetry to pottery and everything in between, the canvases change but the burning passions remain constant. We seek not to define one theme, but explore many, breathing new life into the timeless and recognizing the innovative. We honor the artist and showcase the literary for the work of art it is, celebrating their individual qualities while balancing them together. In doing so we in fact see a theme: the inexplicit definition of ourselves, our range of abilities, and the mosaic of our diversity. These are the theme makers. These are the creators, the revealers of life, society, and human nature. These are the fire starters of Clark College and we invite you to warm your hands by the flame.



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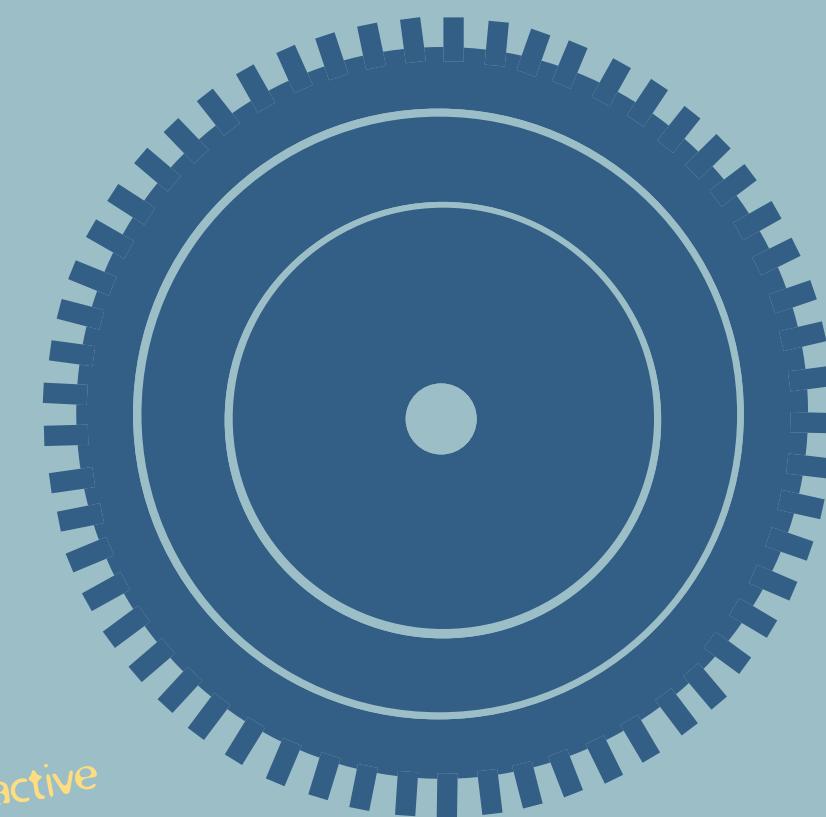
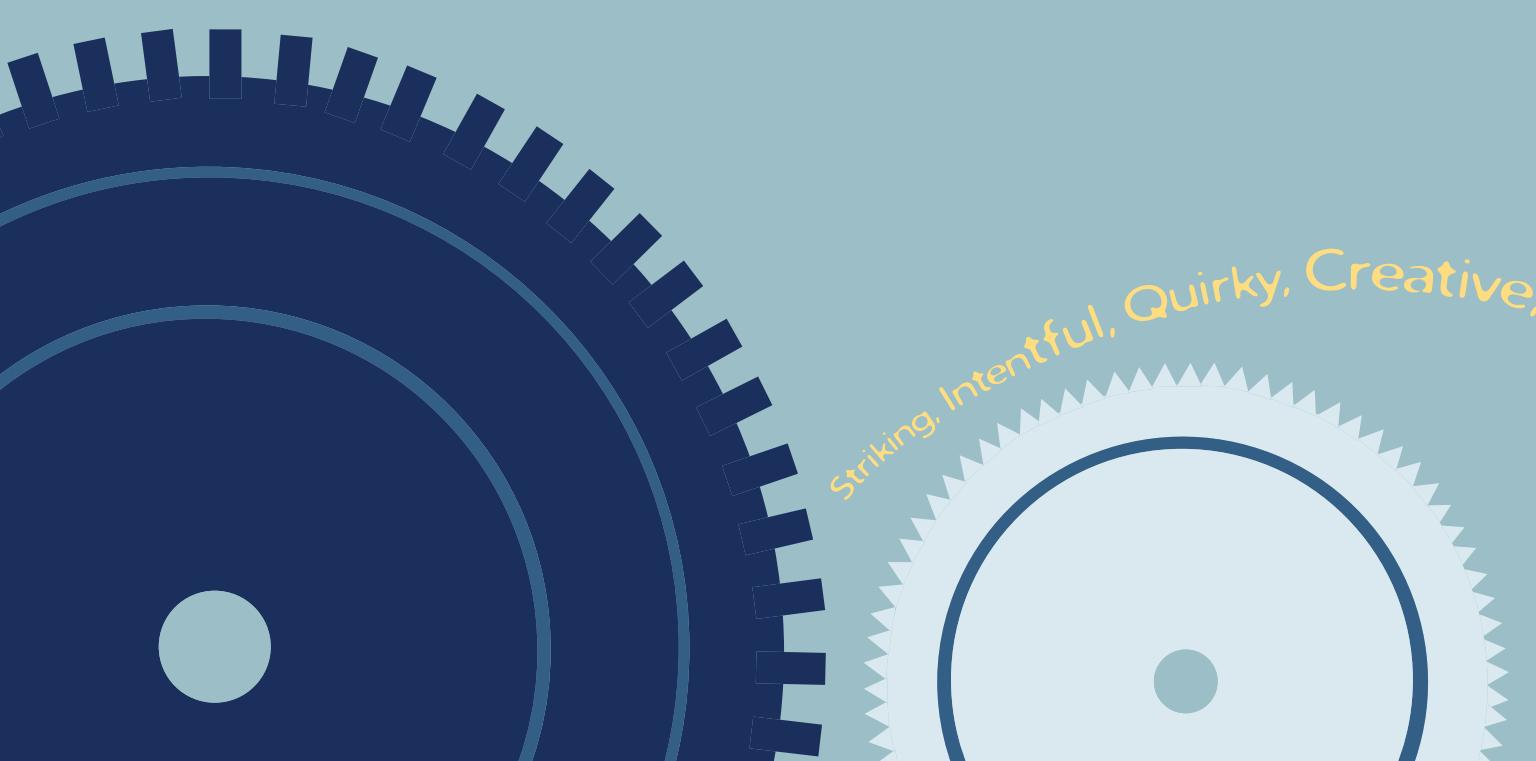
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Striking, Intentful, Quirky, Creative, Edgy, Controversial, Purposeful, Repulsive, Attractive



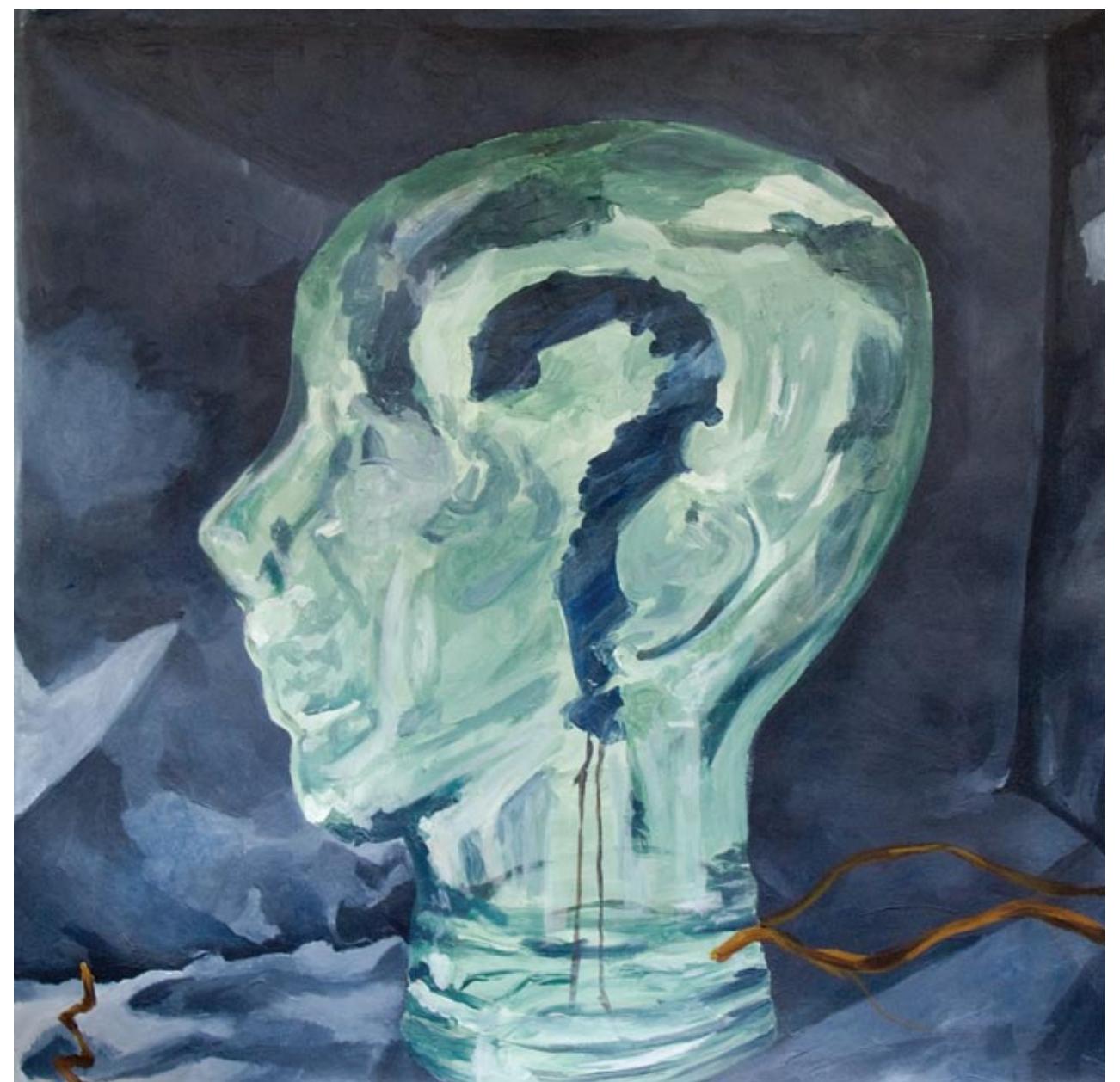


Willie Ross **GIRL RESISTING A SMILE** Digital Photograph

What am I now—
but a summation of my years?
EPIPHANIES, REVELATIONS AND TEARS.
And a Love inside whom dwells—
AND A LOVE INSIDE WHOM DWELLS
a Holy piece—
A HOLY PIECE-ESSENTIAL AIR-
essential air—
ESSENTIAL AIR-COMPELS.

M. Eylee McCabe

Sarah Campeau layout



Amanda Puetz **JARHEAD** Acrylic on Arches



Kayla Mayer **SELF-SCAPE WITH THE ARTIST INCLUDED** Acrylic on Paper



Renee Gensler **TECHNO OPERA I** *Ink on Bristol*

Renee Gensler **TECHNO OPERA II** *Ink on Bristol*



Willie Ross **SHADOWED PEOPLE AND FIGURES** *Digital Photograph*

Michael's skin stuck to the couch. The light was off, but the sunlight wormed its way in. *Damn curtains*, he thought. They weren't thick enough, and he wanted to sleep longer. Michael slid his hand through his greasy hair, clearing his throat. Flies danced on his toes, and he didn't have the energy to care. Sleep hung on his lips in a sticky line of spit.

His thoughts were
alcohol were
buddies
any
and
and s

It took him a moment to get up to rif through his friend's room
way down the hall. Sitting up, he eyed the
There was a half empty bottle of bourbon and a
seconds the liquor went down his throat.

...n, he closed his eyes. He smiled. Now
he could sleep a little more. Water rolled out the sides of
his mouth and down his chin, past his chapped lips. The couch was
damp, but not from sweat or water. There was more than just alcohol on it. *Maybe I should*
call an ambulance. *Maybe I should go running.*

slid his carpet, ceter, tile,

ANSWER The answer is 1000. The first two digits of the product are 10.

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ty find
ov
any

...and the best part is that it's all self-service.

you

1000 100 10 1 0.1 0.01 0.001

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For more information about the study, please contact Dr. Michael J. Hwang at (319) 356-4550 or via email at mhwang@uiowa.edu.

He experienced the night of all nights and realized saying that stupid shit was bringing everyone around him down. Plus, it didn't make sense. Last night while drinking rum from the bottle and talking to himself, he realized, "You know? You're right."

"I'm Christian," he said. "I'm going to go to heaven. God takes you to heaven. You could be the picture perfect Christian. You live every day in fear that you'll die and feel like you can fucking live and feel like you experienced. No matter how many times you pray, you are going to die, and there ain't nothing you can do about it. You can predict how." His friends' eyes were wide with realization. They had been finished, but they all laughed and continued the conversation.

I know that Sally cheated on me," he said.
"I asked.

"Man. I'm sorry," another replied. "Cheesemen, though!"

"Cheers!" the group clamored. That's how the night kept on, mixed with not-so-serious one-night alcohol, alcohol, alcohol. But now it was morning, and the drinking

dealt with the differences in the time available for the day's work.

Mel w to d me friend ste

He stopped at a cross walk, a beggar lay on the corner looking like wine. Michael's eyes scanned after a moment he searched his pocket. There were crumpled dollars, and he threw them in the man's hand which lay upside down on the pavement.

Today is definitely better, definitely
fininitely wonderful. He smiled at the
crosswalk signal turned to “walk,” and
walked to the street.

**NAT
IN GREGORY**

Decision by Whiteman and Indian



(OPPOSITE) Angel Hayes **WRAPPED IN WRINKLES** Pastels on Paper

(UPPER LEFT) Andrew Jans **MONOLITH** Welded Steel

(UPPER RIGHT) Kevin Abihai **CHARCOAL STILL LIFE** Charcoal on Paper

(LOWER LEFT) Edgar Ford **WEATHERED TREE** Welded and Forged Steel

"W

hat would you do if I jumped?" I ask quietly, breath ghosting between us in a white plume.

I stare at him, face completely serious. He stares back. I am not surprised he has come, looming in the shadowed entrance. He does not seem surprised to see me, either. The night is still and stagnant, and we do nothing until ragged coughs tear from my throat. The sickly sound echoes around us, a metaphorical storm. I face the tower ledge in shame. Placing my shaking hands softly on the cool stone, I pull myself up to the lip. Steadfastly planting my feet, I double over towards him—eye level.

Believe me now, I wonder.

My fingers brusquely cover my mouth when I cough wetly again. My body rocks with the motion, but still he does nothing, and I straighten to mumble and sigh impatiently. I wipe my hands on my denims, smearing dark stripes of red. His eyes follow the movement and narrow. I look away.

"You're hardly suicidal," he finally says.

His face is hard to see clearly through the darkness, but I know he's scowling. I ignore him and lithely sit, as if to say "You're right," but not completely. My bare feet dangle precariously over each side. He steps forward and the heavy wooden door behind him shuts with a rusty whine. The shadows peel from him like a snake shedding skin. He's still pristinely dressed in uniform, hair tied loosely back with a ribbon. I am nothing in comparison. Crumbling forward, I rest my forehead against the stone in denial.

"I know you," he says, and it takes me a moment to remember what we are talking about.

I tilt my head to look at him; he hasn't moved an inch. I say nothing. His face twists, but the night is too dark and the gesture too quick for me to clearly distinguish what he is feeling. He steps closer again until it's just me and him and the barely nothing between us.

"You're not like that." He reaches out to touch my hand, but I flinch away, and he freezes.

Silence descends, a not-so-welcome liaison between old enemies. Everything said now is what we're not saying. It's been a long time since we first met five, long, miserable years. What instigated our shared enmity is anybody's guess. Our classmates have gossiped, spreading vicious rumors so dramatic and so fanatical that the student body as a whole cannot help but believe them. The professors tried to end our hostility, not able to comprehend the hatred consuming two boys as young as we. It didn't work. Before long the fighting became habitual, the bitter words

often repeating the same bitter sentiment. Before long, we went unpunished for our transgressions. We were left alone to harm each other as much as we pleased as long as neither of us were broken beyond repair.

Letting out a shaky breath, I look to the night sky. I am entranced by the beauty of the harvest moon; the timeless stars are called callously to darkness. Our last year of schooling has finally arrived. Still, nothing has changed. Everything will end as it began.

"Will you make a wish?" My whisper has him jumping.

"When?" he asks. "What're you talking about now?"

I flex the midsummer chill from my fingers and point down beyond the tower ledge. He frowns. Then, we are both assaulted by rain. Heavy drops pour from the angry clouds that weren't there moments ago. Magic. My chest aches, and I cough and cough and cough. With a flick of his wrist, a carpet of light materializes above us. It soaks up the rain but doesn't stop the cold. I don't bother thanking him and cough again into my sleeve. I ignore that it's wet with more than water.

Our faces are no longer cast in shadow and I don't want to see his expression. I stand, legs shaking beneath me. Exhaustion sweeps over my abused body. I can't seem to find the strength to care as I sway perilously on the ledge. He's just a second too late in stopping me—from catching me as I fall away from the tower. Wind whistles loudly in my ears, softer than the sound of my name desperately, despairingly, called from his lips. His devastated face, his outstretched hand, grows farther and farther away. I am close, so close, to the ground. And then I stop. I knew I would, knew it the very moment Jesper Ludvig appeared before me not ten minutes prior. He would not let me die. Not yet.

The infirmary is the same as always: quiet with the faint smell of potions. The silence is thick, coating everything with a sluggishness that wars with the healing properties of the herbs. Even the warmth of the early dawn can do nothing to revitalize as it seeps through the windows. Time means nothing here.

The white sheets feel like chains, shackles confining me to the bed and my nightmares. Sweat soaks the large pillow supporting my mistreated body. I wish I had something like it to ease my mind. Each breath I take is labored, sucking in twice as much pain as oxygen. The loss of consciousness makes me weaker; whatever will to live I have left steadily eroding away. If I didn't know any better, I would think I was born to hurt. Pain has become my

constant companion over the years, its ache increasing in tempo the more familiar we become. Thanks to my magic, I know I will die young; I know it now with every white-hot sting that crawls beneath my skin, burrowing into the marrow of my fragile bones.

Shattering glass echoes through the ward, startling me from fitful slumber. My eyes crack open, sore from unconscious tears. Warily, I force myself to sit up and search for the source of the disturbance. It's difficult to see through the dim light. Then I spot him. My head bows in acquiescence.

"Christoffer," he says, walking quietly toward me, "Sorry for waking you."

Jesper doesn't seem the least bit sorry at all, but I don't comment. There's a smile on his face. It's soft and kind, and I can't seem to look away. So I sit and wait for him to say whatever else it is he wants to say. I don't have to wait for very long.

"Why did you do it?" he asks, and I can't believe that's all he wants to know.

I yawn and cough and gingerly lie back down, fruitlessly looking for comfort. He's still there. I am exhausted, but recognize he won't go away until I answer.

"Why did you save me?" I mumble halfheartedly, eyes drooping.

I never expected him to answer, but just as I was slipping into oblivion I manage to catch his whisper brush against my ear.

The hallways are uncharacteristically empty. Classes have already been called to attendance. I lost the will to show up long ago. What point is there to learning magic when all it does is plague my body? Soft patterning reverberates off the thick stone walls with every step I take. Old and ancient portraits stolidly follow my passing with all-seeing eyes. Their frames are withered and worn.

A misplaced sense of loneliness overwhelms me. I shiver and cannot resist the urge to pull my sweater tighter around my stiff body. Turning into the library, I stare at the mute presence of so many dusty tomes. They litter everything: the maze of shelves, tables and chairs, even the floor. I ascend the spiral staircase hidden in the corner to the loft. There, a scarlet tapestry hangs like a guardian.

Slipping behind the thick cloth, I lay the palms of my hands flat against the two impressions that curve the wall. Heat tingles across my fingertips, crawling over my skin like a swarm of ants. I let my magical core leak with ease, just enough to push away the power pushing against me. Slowly it peels away, rolling back into the wall where it bubbles in the rock. I cough as I walk through.

A fire is already burning in the pit, wood popping and spitting sparks. I sit where I stand and curl around my knees. I am not alone.

"Does the nurse know you've left?" Jesper asks softly.

I shake my head and stare at him between my tangled arms. I don't understand his concern; I don't want to hear it in his voice. He sits on the other site of the fire, legs crossed. He's wearing his school uniform, but is nowhere

near as pristine as it was two days before. The white shirt is stained from the garish smoke, half the buttons hanging loose and undone. His standardized cloak is pooled on the ground behind him.

"It's my fault," he says, eyes bloodshot and face pale in the flickering flame light, "that you feel like your body is falling apart at the seams."

I shake my head in denial. How can he even think that? He says nothing more and just looks at me intently. My chest swells with agony. I cough and wheeze. Acid sears up my esophagus, and I cough again. My hands are sticky. It takes me a moment to recognize the blood that speckles them dirty.

"We've been bound, Christoffer, you and I. Our souls bonded the moment our eyes first met. And not all soul mates are meant for love."

My stomach churns, knots wrenching uncomfortably. I fall forward and choke.

My lips brush against the dirt, arms useless at my sides. Jesper is by me in moments, lifting me to my hands and knees. His touch is like fire, and I jolt away. I curl on the ground and puke more blood, spitting out the gummy white mucus that strings from my mouth. When I can finally regain my breath, I turn to face him. His shoulders are slumped. He looks broken.

"I tried so hard to hate you," Jesper says, backing slowly away.

I rise to my knees and then to my feet. He stops moving. We stand together in silence. I shiver and the air between us crackles with waves of unseen magic. Pleasure trickles down my spine and I moan for more. The pain that has haunted me for years is bleeding away. I begin to feel healthy and whole; energy filling me to the brim like it has not done in years. I become full with it, bloated. Then Jesper is holding me tightly, eyes raw with a desperate passion I've never known. Then time stops.

I wake surrounded by darkness, heart aching in my chest. It isn't a pain I'm used to. It isn't the kind where it hurts to breathe or think or be. Something else is missing, a part of me that should have been but is ultimately no more. My eyes flutter open, anxiety filling the chasm in my chest.

"Jesper," I whisper.

As my sight focuses, I sit up. I'm still in the room behind the war tapestry. The fire has long since gone out, the wood black and charred. Jesper lies beside me, crumpled on the dirt floor. I shake his shoulder, but he stirs no more than I move him. I tug on a loose strand of hair, gently rolling his head to face mine. He's cold, too cold, skin chalk white. His eyes are open and dull, the color completely drained from the iris. Dead.

"Who would have wished for this?" I ask, thumb rubbing absently over his cheek, soft even in death. I stare until my vision goes blurry, until tears fall hot and wet upon his face.

"It's my fault," he says, eyes bloodshot and face pale in the flickering flame light, "that you feel like your body is falling apart at the seams."

To Catch a Falling Star

By Kaitlyn White

Photo © Layout by Sarah Campau



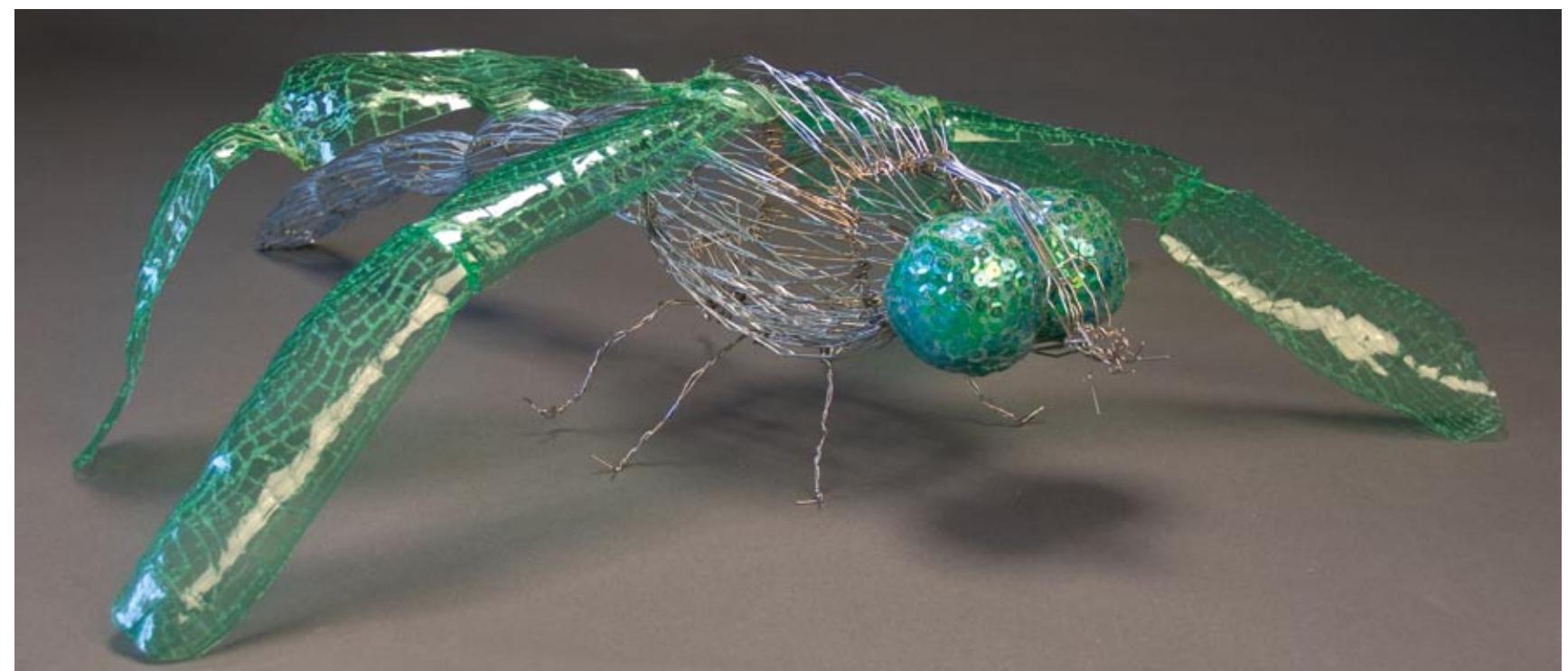
Kayla Mayer **STILL RED** Acrylic on Arches



Michael Chapin
THORN
Acrylic on Board



Shelbi Roake **THEY SAY THEY'RE PROTECTING ME** Ink and Acrylic on Wood Panel



(TOP) Kaela Long **EMERALD DRAGONFLY** Recycled Mixed-Media



(LOWER LEFT) Jacob Force **KING PENGUIN ARCADE** Ceramics



(LOWER MIDDLE) Riley Eoff **SOCKS** Ceramics and Mixed-Media

(LOWER RIGHT) Jacob Force **FORMAL ENGAGEMENT WITH ALICE** Ceramics



Noëlle Winiecki **RUSSIAN DOLLS**
Silver Gelatin Print



Noëlle Winiecki **PRECIPITATION**
Silver Gelatin Print



(OPPOSITE) M. Tyler McCabe **YOUTH** *Digital Photograph*

Drinking volumes

Emily Antoine

A slow caress along the spine

Smooth & rich & red as wine

or a swig

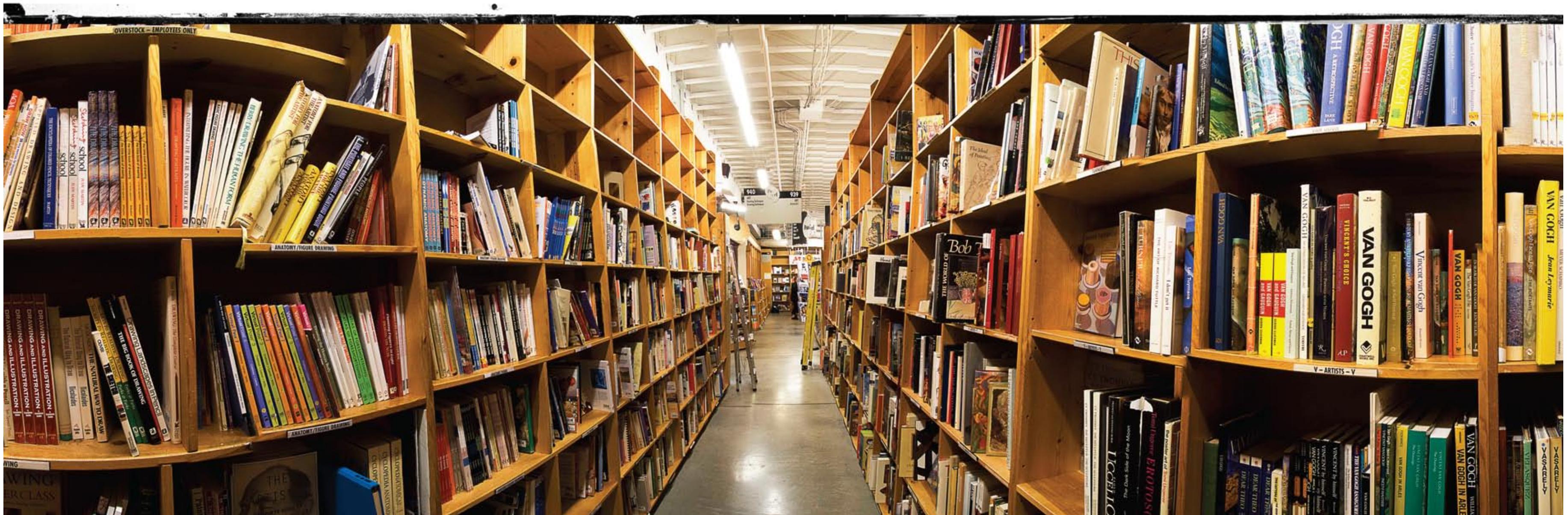
of rum cross
the tongue.

Deep warm silk

Savor each syllable and draft

to fill the lungs

Elixir of an author's craft



Willie Ross PANORAMA Digital Photography



Dominique Horn **TWO HEADS** Ceramics



Kayla Mayer **FIGURE** Pencil on Newsprint

Enter Cyberspace

JESSICA ASTLE

Prologue: Compound Mysteries

IT WAS A PEACEFUL SUMMER NIGHT. The air, still carrying the fresh scent of damp earth, puffed gently. The three-quarter moon bathed the buildings below with a gentle, illuminating light, and scattered clouds threw shifting shadows skittering across the ground like frightened creatures.

Raven Lauk gave a derisive snort. *Such lyrical garbage is for children*, he told himself, ignoring the fact he himself was only ten, and not for someone like me. He glanced around furtively, searching for movement across the open stretch of empty ground before settling on a target. With an ease that came from long hours of practice, Raven flitted from shadow to shadow, barely remaining still long enough to aim for the next fragment of darkness. Within seconds, he melted into the deep shadows populating the ground around a large synthisteel building. His gaze noted the sprawling metal and concrete compound labeled with a dimly lit sign. RDC - RTM. Raven pondered the strange letters, jaw working as his mind attempted to place where he saw them before. He remembered Lucida impressing on him that anything showing RDC usually indicated a Research and Development Center. From some forgotten piece of memory, his mind supplied the second half. RTM stood for Riversay Technology Machines. Somehow Raven had stumbled onto the treasure trove of the second largest computer manufacturing company in the country.

Raven made a mental note of the location, shoving the morsel of information to the back of his mind. He needed to return to the hideout before one of the others discovered his prize and stole the credit. From his crouched position against the wall, he swept the grounds with a keenly perceptive gaze, searching for anything, a flicker of movement or a glint of reflected light which might indicate the presence of another being. With infinite patience he waited, shrewdly examining the bits of information picked up by his finely tuned senses. The calm, innocent silence of the night stretched over several

minutes, unbroken save for the sighing of the wind and the clicks, clatters, and chirrups of myriad insects. He listened as a distant nightingale sent its mournful song shivering through the night, carried by a cool breath.

The ten-year-old's fist connected with his own forehead. Stars exploded in front of Raven's eyes, but he waited until they faded into the night, shaking off the wave of dizziness. *What's the matter with me?* he asked himself, flexing his hand and scowling into the darkness. For the second time that night, he'd allowed himself to get distracted from his mission by the trivial details of the experience. *If the others ever find out such poetic nonsense goes through my head—*

The boy shuddered and wrenched his mind back to the task at hand, ignoring the pain throbbing in his forehead. A cold prickle of fear suddenly ran up his spine, and Raven stood still as he felt eyes staring at the back of his head. When he whirled around, he realized there were no feasible hiding places behind him. Shrugging off the incident as nerves, Raven turned back and struggled to push aside his lingering tenseness. Just as he unfolded himself from his cramped hiding place, intent on getting away as fast as possible, a metal door squeaked open and shut in one of the outer buildings nearby. The crunch of footsteps on the gravel pathway echoed sharply through the still air, unbearably loud after the intense quiet.

For a moment, Raven froze then eased back into the darkness once more and watched while the figure crossed the grounds. To the casual observer, the mysterious young man wearing an RTM employee uniform might appear to be just another security guard making his nightly rounds, but Raven trained himself to be more than just a casual observer. As he studied the security guard, he felt something wasn't right. Frowning, he tried to place the reason for his suspicion, knowing his instincts were usually reliable. It finally dawned on him there wasn't anything outwardly strange about the

guard's confident manner; it had more to do with his air of studied caution and heightened awareness. This suggested to Raven that if he truly was a guard there, his intentions didn't have anything to do with his job. The young boy gave an understanding smirk. *Amateur*, he thought smugly.

Regardless, Raven found the secretive aura about the security guard intriguing. An excursion following the young man could be profitable if he did things right. He waited patiently, watching while the guard paused at a closed doorway, punched in a code, and stepped inside the pneumatic doors. Raven's interest in the guard's real purpose rising, he sneaked closer to the open door and paused for a moment in case the guard returned. When a few moments passed with no sign of the man, he darted forward with a rush of adrenaline, his oversized black tennis shoes making little noise on the concrete ground. A soft beep sounded from within the building, and the doors started closing. Putting on an extra burst of speed, he barely managed to slip inside seconds before the doors whispered shut behind him.

Within the dark confines of the Research and Development structure, Raven quickly stepped sideways and flattened himself against the wall. Concentrating on quieting his breath, he waited for his eyes to adjust to the dimmer light. He hoped the mysterious guard hadn't heard him, but Raven felt confident. Blinking rapidly, Raven gave the room a cursory glance. He stood in a large entryway pressed up against one of the cold synthisteel walls, a large expanse of sterile white tile flooring surrounding him. As his vision returned, he noticed a large number of doorways and a set of stairs leading up to a second floor. A soft scraping noise to his right caught Raven's attention, and he jerked his head over just in time to see a pair of glossy black shoes disappear up the flight of steps. Curiosity growing even more, Raven cautiously pursued the mysterious man.

As the minutes and hallways stretched on, Raven's thoughts wandered, and he found himself wondering just what he was doing. *Why am I following some anonymous security guard when I could be getting back to the hideout to claim my reward?* He considered this for a moment and came to the realization he was afraid. *Not afraid of the guard*, he corrected himself, *but afraid the guard's going to take something incredibly valuable before I can get to it.*

His mind preoccupied, Raven brushed up against a tall stack of discarded computer boards. Shifting them caused the guard to pause, one hand hovering near the palm plate of another door. Panicking and cursing himself for becoming absentminded, he quickly slipped back around the corner. He

fell over backward as the edge of a small cart of assorted computer parts collided with the backs of his knees. Both Raven and the cart crashed to the floor. Loudly. The razor sharp contents of the container flew everywhere, glinting in the dim light and filling his entire view. With barely enough time to register the pain along the left side of his face, he rolled out of the danger zone and scrambled into a nearby closet, pulling the door shut behind him without a sound.

Heart pounding in his chest, Raven waited with apprehension, holding his breath as he heard the guard approach. He stood immobile, shivering in his long, baggy, denim coat even though the atmosphere in the small closet was stifling. There were a few crunches, and clatters as the guard moved about, and Raven fervently hoped he would only take the time to examine the crate. The door handle jiggled and the boy jumped in alarm, but the movement soon stopped. Relieved, he realized instinctively locking the closet door behind him had probably just saved his life. After a long moment of tense silence during which he continued to tremble, the guard's footsteps faded back around the corner. The boy relaxed, but waited until he heard a door click shut before daring to breathe normally again.

Pain throbbed along the long, jagged cut running from his eyebrow to his chin, slashing over his left eyelid, but Raven ignored it as he groped blindly in the dark for the door handle. His fingers brushed something smooth, and he grasped it only to find, to his utter surprise, the door was jammed. *No, not jammed, locked*, he realized in confusion. *That's odd; locks aren't supposed to bolt from within like that.* He considered the door in front of him as his eyes adjusted to the faint glow creeping from beneath the synthisteel. As he felt the contours of the metal handle, he unexpectedly found a tiny keyhole. Raven paused to consider his options. Breaking the door down would be virtually impossible for a boy his age in such a cramped space, and removing the hinges would be too loud and take too long. The only remaining solution was to pick the strange lock. Raven wondered briefly why there was a keyhole on the inside of a closet door, but he shrugged it off and reached into a coat pocket for the lock-picking kit he always kept there. Opening the wallet-sized pouch and eyeing the old-fashioned tools within, he decided on a pick. He inserted the long metal instrument into the keyhole, wiggling it around to feel for the lock's tumblers. The door rewarded him with a loud click as the lock relinquished its hold. With a satisfied smirk, Raven replaced the kit in his pocket and pushed the door open.

THE CALM
INNOCENT
SILENCE OF
THE NIGHT
STRETCHED
OVER SEVERAL
MINUTES,
UNBROKEN
SAVE FOR THE
SIGHING OF
THE WIND AND
THE CLICKS,
CLATTERS, AND
CHIRRUPS OF
SEVERAL MYRIAD
INSECTS.



The streetwise boy continued his noiseless pursuit down the main corridor and peered around a corner. He saw the guard before a door without a handle. He could see the entrance sported four security cameras and at least five different kinds of authorization devices including a retina scanner, voice decoder, DNA analyzer, typed password, and the expected palm scanner. Even as he raised an incredulous eyebrow at the copious level of security, Raven automatically scanned the area, searching for anything else he might have missed. He felt an unusual feeling of anticipation rising in him, a burning desire to discover what valuable thing needed such an excessive amount of high-level security. Wiping blood from his eye, he leaned forward to peer more closely at the scene before him.

The guard had already gone through the other security devices before Raven arrived. When the uniformed man placed his left hand on the palm reader, the door slid sideways into the wall with a soft beep of affirmation. The man moved through the doorway with caution; before Raven could follow, the guard suddenly stopped, reached up inside the doorway and ripped something from the wall. He let it fall to the ground with a clatter and then continued into the passageway beyond.

Raven slunk across the floor, glancing nervously at the security cameras, but he realized at once that the intermittently sparking devices weren't going to be a problem. He crept over to the twisted object the guard had dropped on the floor and crouched to get a better look. The crumpled remains of another tiny camera lay before him, which confirmed his suspicions. The guard was up to no good. Yet, this puzzled him. If the guard really did work there, Raven couldn't figure out why he would break into his own company. With a thoughtful frown, he straightened and stepped over the debris.

Just as he passed through the still open doorway, a strong hand grabbed him by his shirtfront and dragged him inside, slamming him up against the wall with enough power to force the breath from his lungs. Surprised and winded, Raven looked up into expressionless black eyes, mere inky pools in the blue half-light of the night fluorescents. Although Raven felt a chilling twinge of fear, he refused to allow the emotion to show on his face, difficult though he found it. The shadowy, unreadable expression on the guard's face was the most frightening thing he had ever been confronted with in his short life.

"Why are you following me, Boy?" An oddly stiff, controlled quality underlined the security guard's voice. His tone was low and as intense as his eyes. "I could easily kill you now with no one the wiser."

"Then why don't you?" Raven hissed, the thick ring of purple around his pale orange eyes disappearing as he narrowed them in defiance. Tentatively, he shifted against the powerful grasp pinning him in place, hoping the guard might consider him a low enough priority he wouldn't bother with a young, careless boy.

It was a futile wish. In response to Raven's struggling, the guard twisted the handful of shirt in his fist, effectively cutting off most of the boy's air supply, then leaned a little

closer. "I don't want to waste my valuable time dealing with your worthless body."

Raven grabbed the hand choking him in an attempt to loosen it, the whole time staring boldly into the depthless black eyes of the guard. "I'm not afraid of you," he lied through gritted teeth. To his annoyance, his voice came out weak and squeaky, not at all as he planned.

The enigmatic young man didn't move for several heartbeats, studying Raven's face as though memorizing it, his own features still strangely blank. "You should be," he said in a cold whisper, sending icy shivers down Raven's spine again. Then, with a speed that left the boy dizzy, the security guard flung Raven back into the hall as though he were weightless.

Raven crashed into the wall and slid to the ground in a stunned heap. Just as the door closed, he managed to raise his head, registering the guard's nametag. This observation was cut short when the guard said in his flat, emotionless voice, "Think before you cross Scythe again, Boy."

The door slid shut, placing a barrier between them that Raven knew he could never breach without the proper tools. He sat by the wall in a state of astonished disbelief, wiping clotted blood from his cheek as he wondered at the name and warning he'd been left with.



Edgar Ford **MASK** Metal Sculpture



Willie Ross **LIGHT ISLAND** Digital Photograph

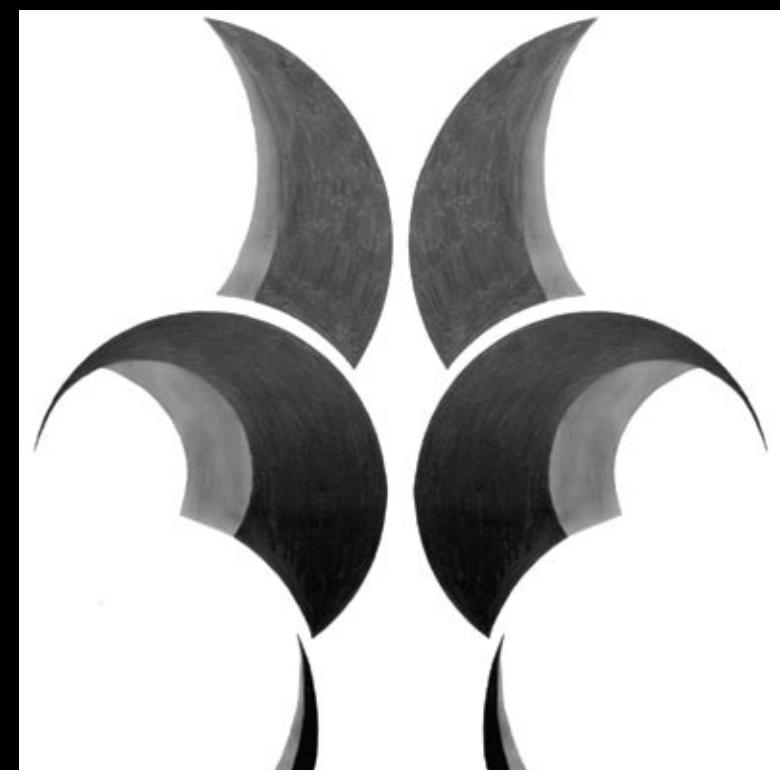


Ryan Brouwer **TO THE LIGHT** Digital Photograph



(UPPER LEFT) Nicole Tolmie **INORGANIC ABSTRACTION**
Graphite on Paper

(LOWER LEFT) Maggee McCarney **INFINITY: AN INVITATION**
Graphite on Paper



(UPPER RIGHT) Nicholas Sheldon **ARMOR OF THE AMAZON**
Graphite on Paper

(LOWER RIGHT) Kristen Hamman **PORTLAND SKYLINE**
Ink on Bristol



Sarah Campeau
EVERGREEN HOTEL
Silver Gelatin Print



(LEFT) Fricia Grande
LIFE IS VERY HARD AT TIMES
Silver Gelatin Print

(LOWER LEFT) Fricia Grande
SPINNING THE WHEEL OF TIME
Silver Gelatin Print

(LOWER RIGHT) Fricia Grande
SADNESS OF LOSING MY CANDY
Silver Gelatin Print



Kristen Weigand
DUSK AT ST. JOHN'S BRIDGE
Silver Gelatin Print



SILENCE THE ANTAGONIST

BY ERIK CUMMINGS

PRIVATE HARPER NORINGTON breathed in the cold night air and blinked. It didn't make any difference. No light distinguished the difference from having his eyes open or closed. Even the stars were absent and the moon hid above the heavy clouds. Being early November, winter put on a preview, and the forty degrees sent shivers through his small frame. The Lee-Enfield rifle in his hands felt weighty and comforting; although sight failed him, he could still get lucky if a Jerry decided to attack. Beneath his army jacket, the hot-water bottle from the last sentry warmed his skin. The exchange had been a short one after Norington crawled and felt his way along the ground, whispering the password every few feet until he bumped into a pair of legs, and a voice gave the countersign.

After the sentry handed over the hot-water bottle and crawled off to the shelled house where the rest of the company hid, Norington felt his way along to a pile of debris and laid his stomach down upon it. From what he remembered, it would cover two of the three roads entering the abandoned village.

A slight squeaking jolted him from his thoughts and Norington tensed, crushing himself down even more into the rubble. Various edges and points from the pile prodded him, but he ignored them. His eyes flicked back and forth, head hunched into his shoulders and his rifle aimed in front of him. *Bloody dark!* he thought. No good. He still couldn't see anything. Holding his breath, Norington listened harder.

There! The squeak sounded again. Closer. The trigger felt smooth, tempting against his fingertip. Suddenly, a tickle at his ankle brought a shiver across his body, and he clenched his teeth to keep from yelling. *Just a mouse*, he thought, letting out a measured sigh as the squeak faded. *Just a wee mouse.*

HARPER NORINGTON, born in the Yorkshire Dales of England in 1919, never thought he would travel much beyond the borders of his sleepy little village, or England, for that matter. This is not to say he would not have jumped at the chance. His family owned a small bookshop. During his childhood, he spent hours pouring over the works of Shakespeare, Milton, and other great minds. Customers in the bookshop often found him reading in the oddest places, acknowledging nothing else but the printed words his eyes followed behind thin spectacles. He longed to visit the places described in the books, but he felt bound to run the bookshop. Due to his father's ongoing health problems, it was Norington who ran the store during his early teens while his mother tended her husband.

World War II broke out as Norington finished secondary school. The same year, Norington's father succumbed to his illness at last and passed away. His widow and her sister took over the bookstore, and Norington decided to enlist to bring in some extra money in service of Queen and country.

The army physician poked and prodded, declaring him of average physique and wondered if Norington's eyesight

would prove a hindrance on the battlefield. A special operations officer, who happened to be passing the examination room, took a hard look at the nineteen-year-old and asked if the glasses meant he was brainy.

"I graduated high school, Sir. Four years of English, mathematics, science, fencing, and the like," replied Norington.

Raising an eyebrow, the SAS colonel humped. "Can you handle a rifle, man?" he demanded. "Ever gone on a camping trip? Slept in the rough? We can train you to do all that, but experience is welcome."

Norington shook his head. "No, Sir. My family runs a bookstore. I can categorize books, repair them, run a register, do the accounts, and I know a few other languages."

"Which ones?" Now the colonel looked interested.

"Latin, French, and German." Norington replied.

The colonel turned to the army doctor, "Bugger his eyesight. He's in."

FRESH GUSTS OF WIND ruffled Norington's black hair. Against his ears and forehead the freezing metal of his helmet bit at his skin. He wanted to wear his old stocking cap, a black woolen article his aunt gave him before he shipped out, but the sergeant told him to wear his helmet. Norington complained. The sergeant fixed him with a stern glare and said headquarters reported Gurkha deployment in the area.

Before Norington could ask what Gurkhas were, the sergeant sent him off on sentry duty.

As the cold wind wafted around his ears, Norington let out a hiss of frustration. His stomach gurgled in tandem, and he remembered his dinner. Due to the squad's lack of direct contact with the main army, supplies were restricted to travel bread and water. Adding this to their orders to hold position, one soldier in the company joked it was like prison without the walls.

The wind died down, and the night turned quiet once more. If he weren't lying on a pile of rubble and couldn't smell the death of leaves and the dampness of wood, Norington would have thought he floated in a void. Suffocating darkness pressed down upon him and feelings of claustrophobia gnawed at his mind. The wind had not shifted the clouds, and the stars remained cloaked.

He swallowed, the powdery taste ofhardtack still in his mouth. A cough broke in this throat, and he buried his face in the crook of his elbow to muffle it. Tears sprang to his eyes at the tickle. Coughing again, he shifted on the pile and nearly swore aloud as the jagged edges found new tender areas on his body to prod. Something fell down the mound with a small clatter. Norington froze. *Blast it, man! Pull yourself together and stay quiet!* he swore to himself.

For the next few seconds, he held his breath and listened. Nothing. Not even the beating of his own heart. Fumbling, Norington reached down and touched his numb fingers to his chest to make sure he was still alive. This darkness was unnatural; combined with the silence, it was ethereal, an enormous creature enveloping him in a heavy embrace.

The fact his heart still bumped against his ribs comforted him slightly. He grasped his gun with the other hand again, wanting to run his hands over the heap to assure himself of space and objects close by. *Better not*, he thought. *If there are Nazis out there, I've made enough noise. They won't be able to see me either, but they won't hesitate to fire at noises.*

Across Norington's legs, a sensation akin to bouncing needles spread across his calves. *Of all the times for my legs to fall asleep*, he growled in his mind. Now he faced a dilemma: either move and attempt to rid the feeling and risk giving away his position, or stay still and risk not being able to move when trouble came. *I wish Sarge told us how far away the lines are.* Speculation among the company generally agreed they held the village on the extreme right of the British Expeditionary Force. According to headquarters, the main clashes with the Nazis were happening forty-three kilometers northwest of the company over a series of bridges. Since deploying here a week ago, their company had yet to see any action.

Still, that doesn't mean a thing, pondered Norington. *I wouldn't put it past Hitler to confine his troops to one area. On the other hand, if I'm careful....*

Before he could talk himself out of it, he wiggled around carefully and moved his knees back and forth. The feeling subsided, and he even felt bold enough to move over on the pile to find a place with less sharp bits.

No such luck. As Norington lay back down, what felt like an iron spike pierced through his jacket and punctured his water bottle. The now-cooled liquid seeped through his uniform. It was the last straw. With darkness, the wet, and the cold ears, he had enough. Reaching into his jacket, he pulled out the stocking cap. The darkness and wet he couldn't change, but as for the ears, Gurkhas could wear tap shoes and dance on Broadway.

"THOSE BLADES ARE SO BLOODY SHARP, YOU'LL NEVER KNOW YOU'VE BEEN CUT UNTIL YOUR 'EAD FALLS OFF. ONE SWIPE IS ALL IT TAKES."

Without warning, a hand reached down and traced the rim of his helmet. Paralyzed, all Norington could do was lie there as the unseen fingers rubbed around the cold metal. He had not heard the person approach. In the darkness, he could not tell if it were friend or foe, although if it were a Nazi, Norington would have a pistol digging into his ribs by now. Confusion and terror fought for control as he wondered who it was.

The hand stopped feeling his helmet.

"Good," muttered a man's voice in accented English.

Norington couldn't place the intonation. It wasn't a German accent, but neither was it English or French.

"Hello?" he rasped, regaining his voice at last.

"Englishman, where is your leader?" A rustle followed the question, then a click as the unseen person turned on a flashlight, keeping his hand over it to shade the beam. In the faint light, two obsidian eyes gleamed at Norington set in a square tanned face that looked as if it could stand up to several blows from an iron bar, and certainly, it was not European-looking, but Indian.

"Who are you?" asked Norington, unable to keep the fear out of his voice.

"I am a Gurkha," the man replied simply. "Where is your leader?"

BACK IN THE HALF-DEMOLISHED HOUSE that was their makeshift base, Private Norington watched with the rest of his squad as the Gurkha conversed with the sergeant. When Norington brought in the man, the sergeant showed no surprise, merely sending someone to take over sentry duty. Mutters ran through the group as the Gurkha introduced himself as "Santosh," a corporal in the Indian division of the British Army. Norington observed several dark glances pass among the veterans in their group. His confused look drew an explanation from one of them, Corporal Henderson.

Gurkhas are from Nepal, originally. Excellent fighters back in the last war. Can't imagine what they're doin' this far west," muttered Henderson, running a nervous finger across his unshaven chin. "They're fair shots, but y'see that knife on his belt?" The corporal pointed at the blade the Gurkha carried. "That's what really makes 'em dangerous, those kukri. They use those for everything: whittling, choppin' up meat, clearin' away brush, you name it. Now, the army types use 'em when sneakin' up on people. Those blades are so bloody sharp, you'll never know you've been cut until your 'ead falls off. One swipe is all it takes."

Norington moved his trembling fingers away from the trigger of his Enfield. "I never heard him coming."

Nodding, Henderson pulled a grim smile. "Neither do the Nazis, I 'ear. One minute, they'll be waitin' in the fox'oles, the next minute," the corporal reached up and ran his hand around Norington's helmet. "They'll feel some bloke feelin' their 'elmet. The Gurkhas can't see bettern' the rest of us, but they know the difference between a Nazi 'elmet and a French or English one. If they feel a Nazi 'elmet, they won't 'esitate." Henderson made a graphic motion with his hand to emphasize his point and raised a wise eyebrow. "Now, aren't you glad you didn't wear your Auntie's cap?"

The fear long surpassed the cold in the shiver-inducing department for Norington. "Good Lord," he murmured. "What is this war coming to?"

With a soft chuckle, Henderson stretched his legs out in front of him. "Welcome to 'uman nature. Forget about honor, respect, and love for your fellow human. When you're out there, the night playing tricks on you; your stomach clamoring for a hot meal, the smell of your chum's blood on your

jacket, you find out it doesn't matter so much anymore. The Gurkhas know it and they knew it long before we did in the last war.

"Still," the corporal grimaced. "I wouldn't want to spend more time than I had to around those blokes."

Norington nodded in agreement. Just then, the sergeant and the Gurkha finished their discussion and rejoined the squad. "Listen up, you lot," the sergeant ordered. "Corporal Santosh here tells me the Nazis plan to advance early tomorrow. Headquarters hasn't sent word either way, but we all know where the general staff is right now, eh?"

"At the rear, sleeping on real beds and drinking brandy, Sarge," piped a soldier.

"Right. Now, we'll be moving closer to the next unit tomorrow evening, sixteen hundred hours at the latest, if we don't get orders otherwise. As for Santosh, he and his squad are going behind enemy lines for reconnaissance. One problem: their translator was shot two days ago, and they'll need a new one."

A clammy hand seemed to finger its way down Private Norington's throat and rest in his stomach. Its limp digits tickled his gut as the sergeant turned to him and finished, "Norington, congratulations. You'll be expanding your education and broadening your horizons. Leave all your nonessential gear here; you leave in twenty minutes."

The dryness of his throat defied a nervous swallow as Norington nodded, straightening and saluting. "Yes, Sir."

"Good. The rest of you buggers get some rest. Wake up call 0600. That gives you four hours." The sergeant returned Norington's salute and moved over to sit against the wall. Most of his command followed suit, some shooting sympathetic glances at Norington.

With a sigh, Norington bent down to tie his boots tighter. Standing up again, he nearly fell over backwards as he came face to face with Santosh. The Gurkha held his glance in silence for a moment, then pointed at the English soldier's gear belt, waving a dismissive hand at his blanket, torch, and shovel.

Norington understood and obeyed, cutting a square out of the woolen blanket to shove into his shirt for extra warmth and to dry off from the broken hot-water bottle. He tossed

his pack of playing cards to the sentry who gave him the bottle as an apology for breaking it. Norington kept his flask of whisky tucked away, but he relinquished his cigarettes. When he pulled out a few letters he wrote during off-duty time, he hesitated. Still watching, Santosh shook his head and the Englishman sighed. "Let me finish the one to my mother, and I'll give them to Sarge."

Santosh nodded without speaking, then moved to stand at the doorway to wait, looking off into the night.

Pulling open his most recent letter, Norington took out his stubby pencil. In his last note home, he'd written a poem and his mother sent it to the local village paper, which published it. For this letter, he'd written another, but it was unfinished. So far, it read:

This struggle, a titanic wave against another,
With us, the bubbles in foam, the men, striving to overwhelm
The other.
And yet, when we stand, and watch the sky,
And all is quiet with doubts surround us as mist
We'll cry.

Norington stared at the smudged words on the paper. He looked up at the Gurkha, standing in the doorway, then at the kukri knife on the man's belt. Memories of the darkness and silence of sentry duty flooded back, bleak, eerie. He wondered how it must be for Santosh, who did his work in the dark, the sensations of hearing, smelling, and touch standing between him and sudden death. Before he knew it, Norington's pencil was moving, his eyes squinting in the faint lantern light nearby.

As he crossed the last "t," he looked up to see Santosh turn and stare at him. "Come," the Gurkha rumbled.

A minute later, Norington crept through the darkness, one hand on Santosh's broad shoulder for guidance, the last verse of the poem fresh in his mind:

We weep and question and clench our fist,
Asking, "Why?" of the darkness, the unanswering silence,—
The antagonist.



Dustin Zerkel **PATRIOTISM ON INAUGURATION DAY** Digital Photograph



(OPPOSITE UPPER) Brenda Pereboom
CROSSWALK SHHH! Digital Photograph



(OPPOSITE LOWER) Kaitlynn Wickersham
BICYCLE SEAT Digital Photograph

Young and Stupid

By Casea Peterson

The train looked like a giant candy cane on the outside. It was red with white stripes all over the caboose, and I absolutely loved it. I always enjoyed taking train rides, because it was my time to sit and watch people who probably didn't want to be watched, and it was always a nice way to relax for a few hours. I stretched my legs out and propped them up on the seat directly across from me. The booths were crafted out of wood and covered with a layer of red paint. The paint had faded and cracked over the years, flaking off at places where passenger's fingers had picked and peeled in anticipation. This train was very old, but to me it held a warmth only a home could hold.

I turned and looked out into the station when I noticed a sticker tucked into the corner of my window. It read, "Keep Feet Off Seat." I started smiling and couldn't stop. I felt like a little kid who just stole Grandpa's last cookie, but no one else knew. My feet proudly occupied the seat across from me, and they weren't about to give up their spot. A woman with a baby in her arms came bustling past my booth with two boys in her wake. The boys looked around seven or eight, and I'll be darned if Trouble and Mischief weren't their names. They had wicked grins and their eyes darted from here to there, thinking of something destructive or exciting to do. The mother called her kids into a booth a few down from mine, but before they slid out of sight, I swore Trouble looked at my feet resting on the bench across from me and gave me an approving nod.

It was about a half hour into the train ride when I decided it was time to people watch. I placed my hands behind my head as if I were stretching and took a long look around the train cart. No one seemed interesting at first, until I spotted him, the guy who built me up and didn't stick around to watch me fall. What a coincidence that the man who'd made my first few years of adulthood the most memorable as well as the most painful was on the same train ride.

His arms folded tightly across his chest, and every few seconds he would lift himself onto his toes and lower himself slowly back down onto his feet again. This was Wyatt's impatient dance. He was speaking to some woman

whom I had never seen before; maybe she was a family member I had never met, or maybe she was one of his new "things." Wyatt always had "things." It wasn't too hard for him, with his dark brown eyes and lengthy body pouring out his confidence for him. He always had a woman or two nipping at his heels. The thought made my stomach twist. I was jealous of her, whoever she was, but either way I knew he wasn't interested. I smiled to myself as I watched him nod slowly to her every other sentence and glance lazily around.

My booth was tucked into the far end of the train, and at this time a large man obscured his view of me. But I didn't mind. I wasn't sure what I would say to Wyatt. It had been years since I saw him last, and my normal cool self was a ball of nerves, itching to get out of the situation. I wanted to move to a different train car, but I also wanted to listen to their conversation to see if she really was a woman in Wyatt's life, or just a person he met on the train. Either way, I didn't quite know how he would react to seeing me.

I slid out of the booth and hugged close to the wall until I was out of Wyatt's line of sight. A cluster of middle-aged women gossiped behind the small blonde Wyatt was talking to, and if I were careful I could blend into the group without being noticed. I grabbed a brochure that read Renowned Restaurants in Seattle and opened it at eye height as I slowly drifted towards the gaggle of women. I lowered the brochure and peered past the faces of the women to look directly in Wyatt's eyes. He was smiling, smiling at me. My heart stopped then thudded hard against my rib cage. I looked down, then quickly up again. *Maybe he hadn't seen me, maybe I was just paranoid.* His eyes focused back on the woman in front of him with no sign of surprise on his face. I allowed my heartbeat to settle as I strained my ears in their direction.

The woman asked him where he was from; my mood lightened considerably, knowing they must not be together if she didn't know he was from Manhattan. As I leaned in closer to hear Wyatt's response, something else caught my ear.

"God, he is some kind of handsome, isn't he, girls?" said a woman from the group where I attempted to blend.

Giggles erupted all around me. *How could this happen to me?* I planned on taking a quiet trip up to Seattle for the weekend, and I ran into my ex-boyfriend. That wasn't too horrible, but now I was standing in a group full of women who wanted to jump my ex, and it was unbearable. I was appalled and completely frozen.

"He's the kind of guy you want to take out on the town and show off, you know? Then maybe take him home afterwards," mused a tall redhead with long legs.

More giggles. I was jealous and kind of disgusted; I shoved past the group of women and made a beeline back to my booth when a hand caught my arm. I whirled around on the spot and found myself less than a few inches from Wyatt's chest. My head was instantly woozy. His scent was spicy, but it was also that familiar sweet smell I knew so well, and I was still fully aware his hand hadn't left my arm.

"Emma. Fancy seeing you here." His voice was even better than the phone messages I used to play over and over during the first few months after he left me. He was grinning from ear to ear, taking me in with his dark eyes, cocky.

"Heh, yeah, such a coincidence, right?" I pulled my arm back to my side, smoothed out my shirt, and tucked my brochure neatly under my arm. He snatched the brochure from me and studied the cover.

"Ah, a trip to Seattle? What for? Business or pleasure, my lady?" He opened the brochure and covered his face with it, then slyly peered over the top. Of course he saw me peeking at him earlier. My cheeks flushed as I plucked the paper from his fingertips and swatted him with it.

"I am visiting my mother, Wyatt, unless you forgot all the weekends we vacationed up here to see her."

I instantly regretted the words' leaving my mouth. *What if he had forgotten? What if our relationship had meant nothing to him at all? After all, he was the one who just stood up and left without warning.* His face fell at my comment, but instantly perked up again. Gently, he grabbed my arm and pulled me closer to him, so that his mouth was a breath away from my ear.

"How could I forget those trips, Emma? Do you remember that one time in train car fifty-two?" A small laugh hummed across his lips.

My mouth was dry. Instead of reminiscing, I felt like being mean. How could he just expect me to be okay with everything he did? How could he expect me to understand? I loved every bit of our life together before he left, and here he was, ten years later, still capable of sweeping me off my stupid feet when I just wanted to keep them on the ground. I pulled away from him one last time so his hand was no longer against my skin, and his warm breath along my neck was just a memory.

"I suppose I do remember them. We were young, Wyatt, and we were stupid." Each word coming from my mouth

was a lie and I wished to take it all back, but there would be no point now; there was nothing between us to salvage. Looking up at him with what I hope were determined eyes, I finished, "I hope you have a good trip."

I turned on my heel, squared my shoulders and walked briskly back to my booth. Dodging one of the two mischievous children running through the train car, and squeezing past the large man, I settled back into my seat. I felt a sore, familiar tug take the place of my wildfire towards Wyatt. I missed so many things about him and just seeing him brought it all back again. I missed how, instead of buying me flowers for Valentine's Day, he drew me a picture. Or when I felt sick, he brought me soup and a book to pass the time. All of those memories felt so far away now. Wyatt and I had been apart for over ten

years, but there is always going to be something there for the one you loved. I knew this would put a damper on my weekend and possibly the next month, but there was nothing I could do about it.

There were still a few hours left on the ride up to Seattle, and my mind buzzed with everything that just happened, as well as what I wished could have happened. I felt exhausted and weak; I let my eyes slide slowly shut, but not

before I glanced once more in Wyatt's direction. He was nowhere to be seen. The blonde lady had turned to join the group of woman behind her. He must have left her hanging, too; he was good at that.

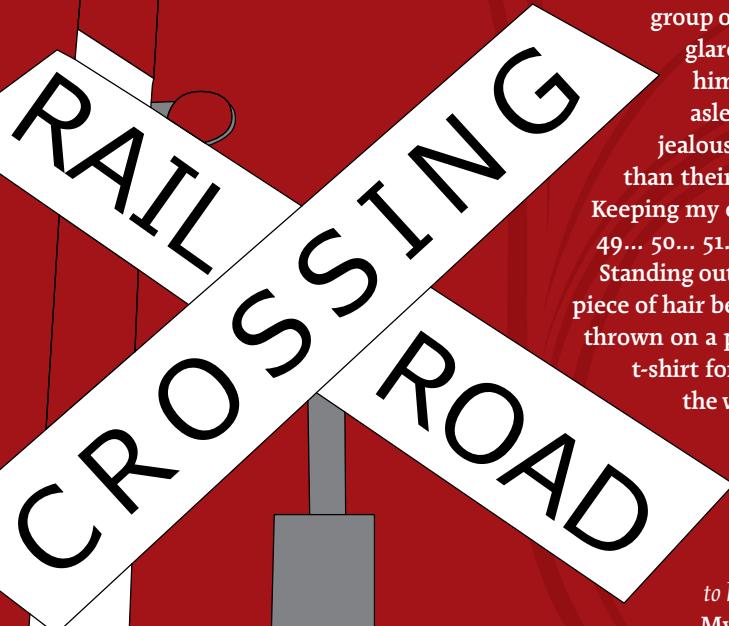
The scenery outside still flew by when I opened my eyes. I checked my watch to see how long I dozed off. Only forty minutes. Pulling my bag closer to me, I dug my book out and flipped open to my marked page. I wanted to keep Wyatt off my mind as long as possible; if I let my mind wander I would be a mess by the time I got to my mom's.

That's when it caught my attention. A small folded sheet of paper lay in front of me on the table. I glanced around to see if anyone else noticed this lonely piece of paper. No one

looked my way, so I quickly slid the note off the table into the folds of my book pages. I'm not sure why I was being so sneaky, but it felt necessary at the time. I opened the paper and instantly recognized Wyatt's horrible penmanship; the note simply said the number 52.

My hands shook as I folded the paper and tossed it back on the table. I knew if I went to Car 52 Wyatt would be there, waiting to talk to me about anything.

As I leaned in closer to hear Wyatt's response, something else caught my ear.



because that's how he was. He would draw me in, make me feel special again, and then leave me at the end of this awful train ride. My mind was trying to reason with my heart. *If I don't go in there, I won't be able to stop asking what could have happened; if I do go in there, I'll wind up regretting it. At least I know I can get over it since I've gotten over him before. I think.*

I placed my hands on the table in front of me and pushed myself into a standing position. I tossed my book into my bag while clutching the note close to my chest and plodded my way through the crowd. As I walked past the group of Wyatt-obsessed women, I received angry glares and jealous looks. They must have seen him drop the note on my table when I was asleep. I almost felt bad for them, because my jealousy and anger would be, if anything, larger than theirs if I knew they were going to see Wyatt. Keeping my eyes down, I left the train car.

49... 50... 51...

Standing outside the sliding door, I nervously tucked a piece of hair behind my ear, feeling self-conscious. I had thrown on a pair of crummy jeans and an old Oakland t-shirt for the trip, but Wyatt always said he loved the way I didn't care about looks. He would say he still thought I was beautiful. *That's the classic line isn't it? You're beautiful no matter what, Babe. Well, news flash: I'm sure that Miss New Boobs, the blonde bimbo you ran off with, looks great in faded, gray sweatpants, as opposed to her tight-fitting jeans and Jimmy Choos!*

My anger made me see straight, and I knew I was making a mistake; I took one longing glance at the number 52 stamped above the door and walked away. The hallway was musty and bright light flooded the area from the windows. I despised how old this train was and all the memories it held. Then I heard the door swing open and Wyatt's voice follow after me.

"Emma, I would like to talk to you." He sounded serious and almost pleading.

"Wyatt, it's been ten years since we have last spoken. Does it not occur to you that I might have a life now? And that whatever there is for us to talk about doesn't concern me?"

I still had my back to him, hoping he would believe I had someone else and let it be. Maybe then I could find some closure in the fact he realized I had gotten over him and none of it mattered. In reality, though, I hadn't and it all still mattered.

His voice was small when he replied. "You probably do have a life now, and what I have to say will probably bore you. But I know what I did was wrong, and I screwed up the best part of my life. Emma, I don't deserve another

chance, but that's what I am asking for. You and I, well, we were just young and stupid, like you said, but I've grown up in the past ten years. I want to be able to wake up to your face again, I want to be able to make your eyes light up when I ask you to something as simple as a movie." He moved closer to me, he was only a few feet behind me and I no longer wanted to turn and face him. I wanted to walk away, because I knew there was nothing left.

"Em, I know this seems a bit ridiculous, but I think there was a reason we met on this train today. I think we should have another shot," he finished, almost triumphantly.

Was that the best he could come up with? He'd stepped all over me and expected me to crawl back to him because it was 'destiny'? I rolled my eyes and stood up a little taller. I knew exactly what I needed to do and it was exactly what I needed all those years. Closure.

"Wyatt, for the longest time I asked myself why you left. Was I not good enough? Did you just lose interest? Were you afraid of commitment? But I think I finally know why you left; it wasn't because we were young and stupid. It was because you were young and stupid."

I didn't turn my head to look back into those eyes; I wasn't curious whether he was hurt, surprised, or just pissed off. All I cared about now was that I knew it was a waste of time ever to care at all.



Brenda Pereboom **NAIL BITER** *Digital Photograph*



Willie Ross **THE PEDDLER** *Digital Photograph*



Willie Ross **SATURDAY STROLL** *Digital Photograph*

Fricia Grande **ME, IN MY DAUGHTER'S TIME** *Silver Gelatin Print*





Alex Grengs
INDUSTRIAL REVOLUTION
Ceramics



Kaitlynn Wickersham
YOU NEED A PLUMBER
Silver Gelatin Print



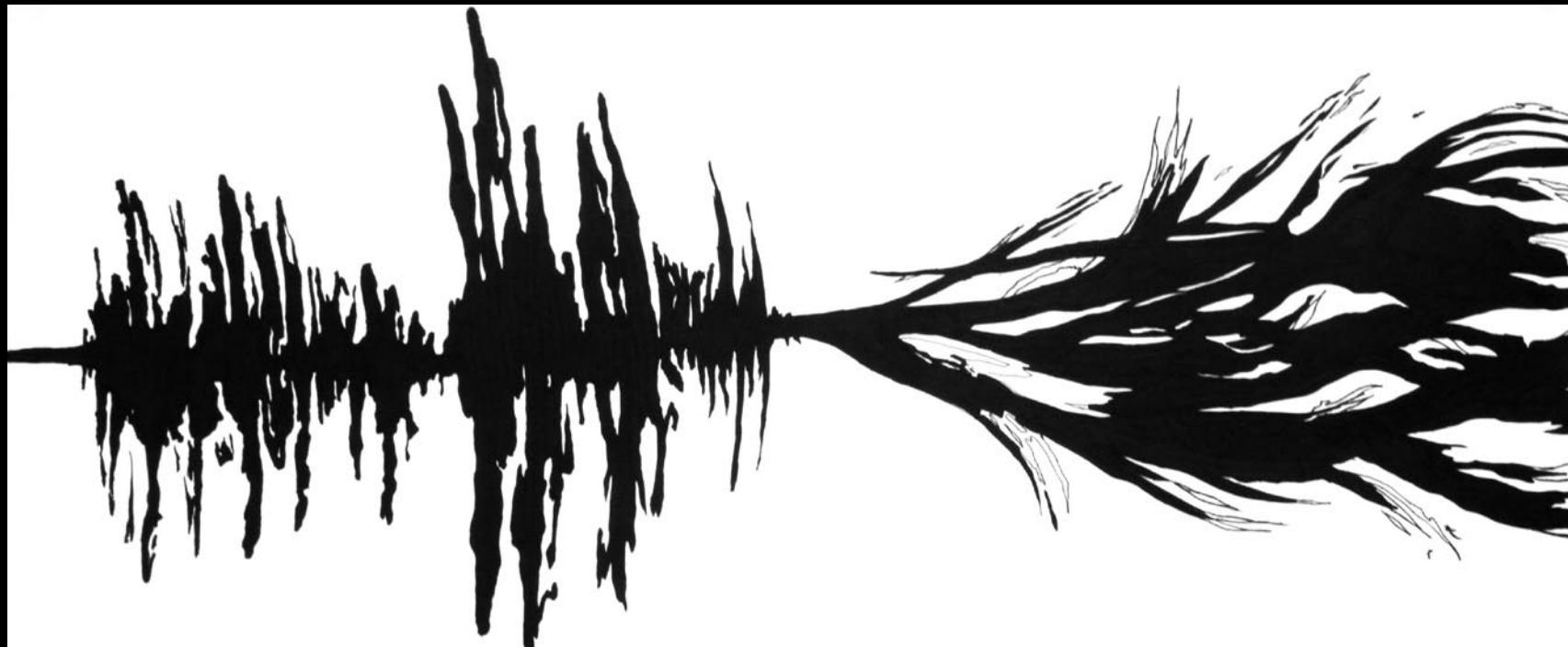
Jacob Hallenbeck
SYNECHODOCHE BLOSSOM
Metal, Plaster and Stone



Kaitlynn Wickersham
SHINE
Silver Gelatin Print



Rachel Logan **MUSICAL RHYTHM** Watercolor on Paper



Nick Dummer **MUSIC IN A LINE** Ink on Bristol



Jessica Astle **SELF PORTRAIT** Graphite on Paper

(RIGHT)
Carolin Keppeler **PEACE**
Acrylic on Canvas

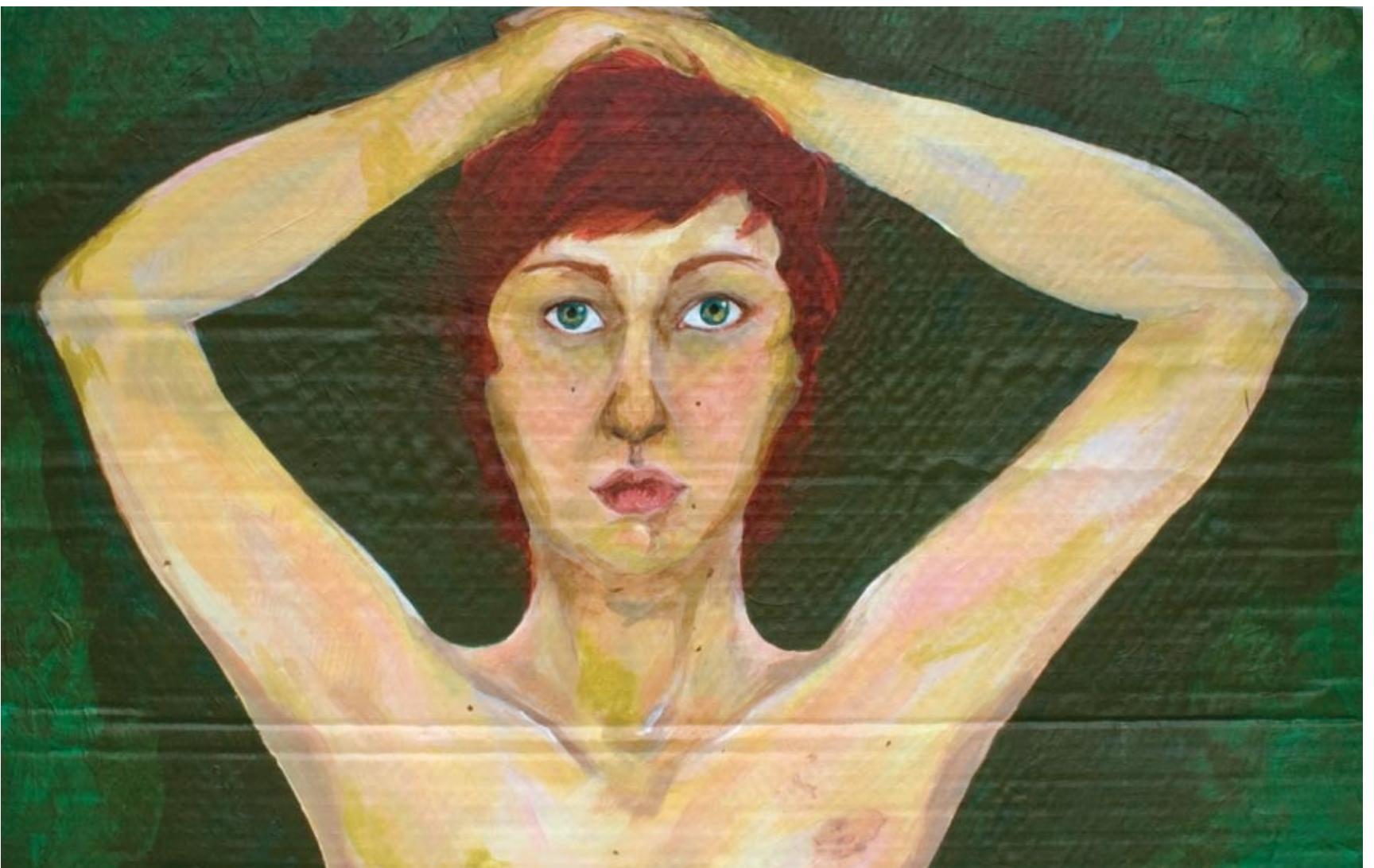


(BOTTOM)
Hailee Hunter **MOLE**
Acrylic on Cardboard

(OPPOSITE UPPER LEFT)
Jason Curl **BOUQUET**
Digital Photograph

(OPPOSITE UPPER RIGHT)
Mira Boumatar **CALA LILIES**
Colored Pencil on Paper

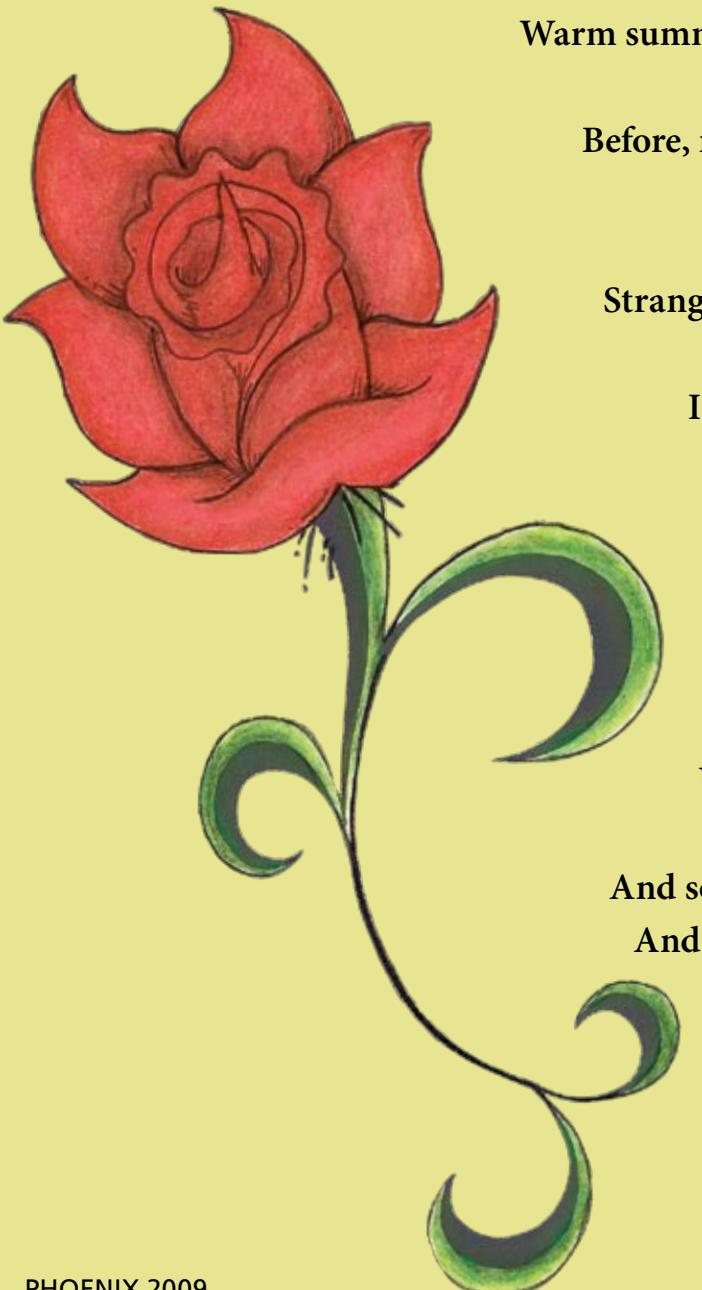
(OPPOSITE BOTTOM)
Tricia Rohm **SPRING TREASURE**
Ceramics



FOR YOU

Bianca Santino

Warmth, retreating sun
Nervous
Touch, secrets
Mouth moistens
Moths whisper in the trees around us
The dark forest calls at twilight
Silence
Serene
Chest exposed
Warm summer air lingers in the mature evening
Mellow, curls
Before, remember, the wilderness knows
Protector of the road
Fire, muscles fixed
Strange, we understand the unknown
Eyes, bravery
I knew that you were mine
When we languished
Dripping desire
Back then
Humidity, humanity
When you were him
And I was she
Under that solemn moon
We knew we would be
And so the dark did leave unexposed
And carry on we did undisclosed.



ADAM

M. Tyler McCabe

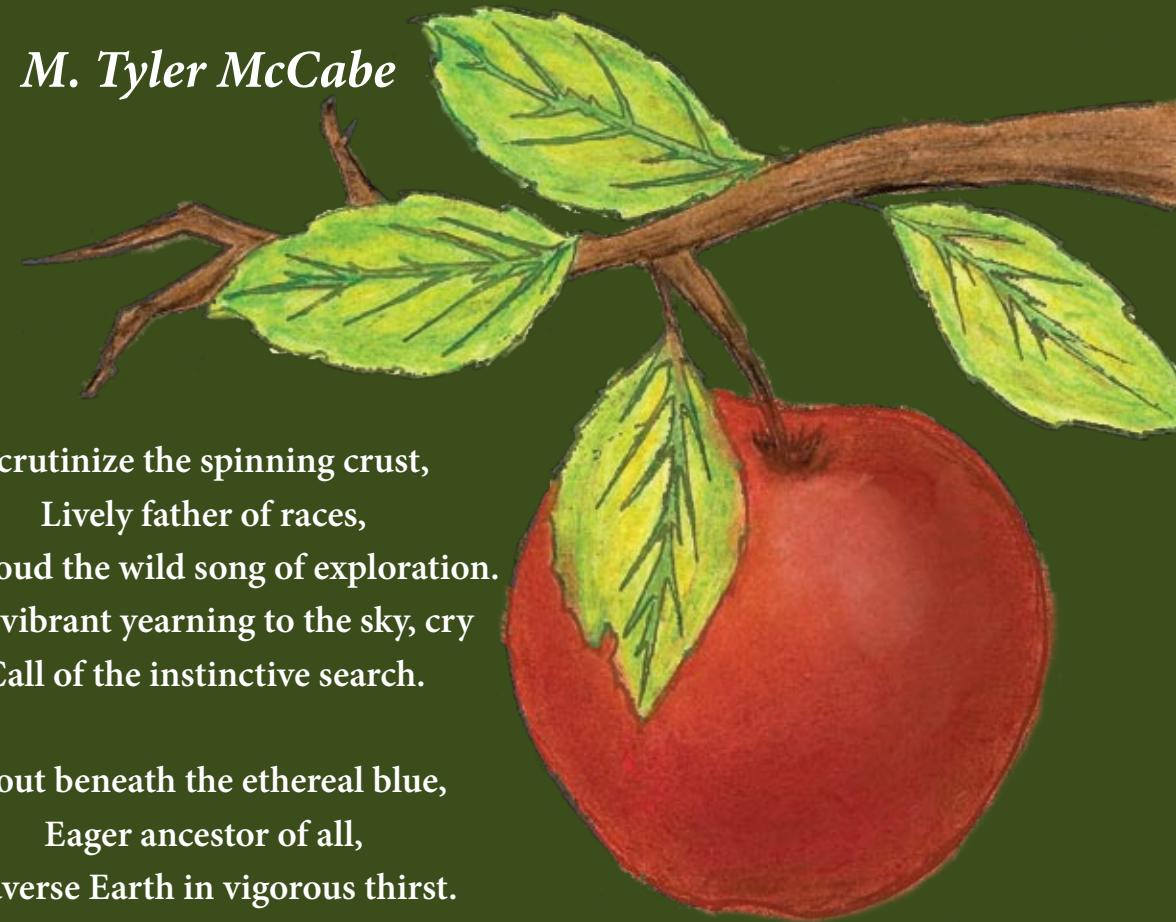
Scrutinize the spinning crust,
Lively father of races,
Sing loud the wild song of exploration.
Cry vibrant yearning to the sky, cry
Call of the instinctive search.

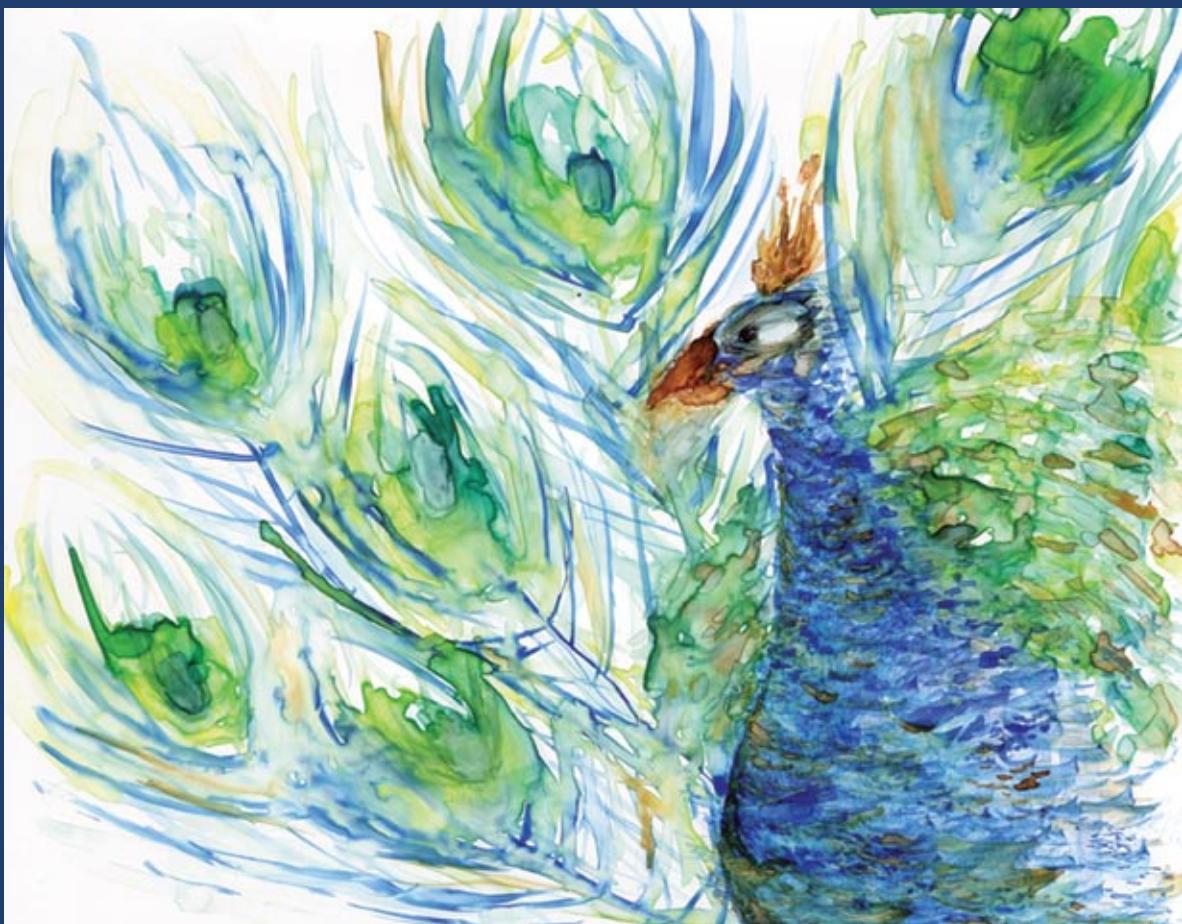
Scout beneath the ethereal blue,
Eager ancestor of all,
Traverse Earth in vigorous thirst.
Discover tempestuous tide, discover
Violent waves upon shifting sand.

Feel with innocent heart,
Bright forebear of humanity,
Search out nuance in earnest question.
Taste fruit of succulent duration, taste
Fruit of forceful wanderlust.

Breathe in air of unbridled glory,
Kind parent of men,
See with virgin eyes; see
Dynamic life in lusty abundance.

No momentum can compare
To the catalyst of your desire.





Allison Lee **HENREY** Watercolor on Paper



Artem Popov **THE SPECTACLE** Charcoal and Pastel on Paper

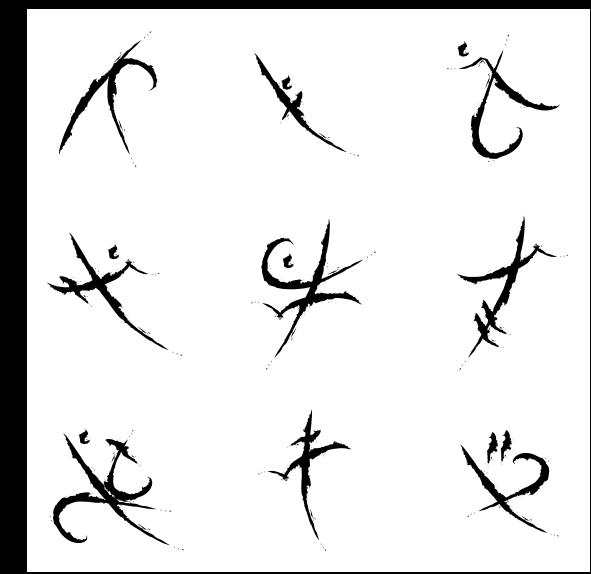


Jordan Jones **UNICORNS** Cyanotype and Van Dyke

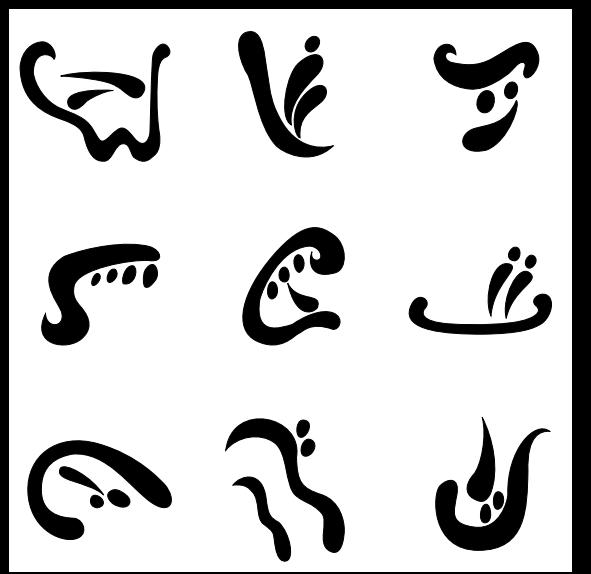
Sarah Campeau **LITTLE BOYS, BIG FISH** Cyanotype



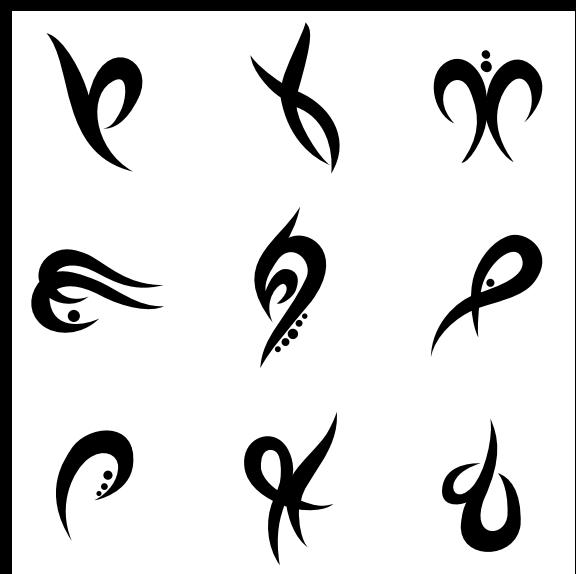
Sarah Campeau
INSERT PEACOCK HERE
Digital Photograph



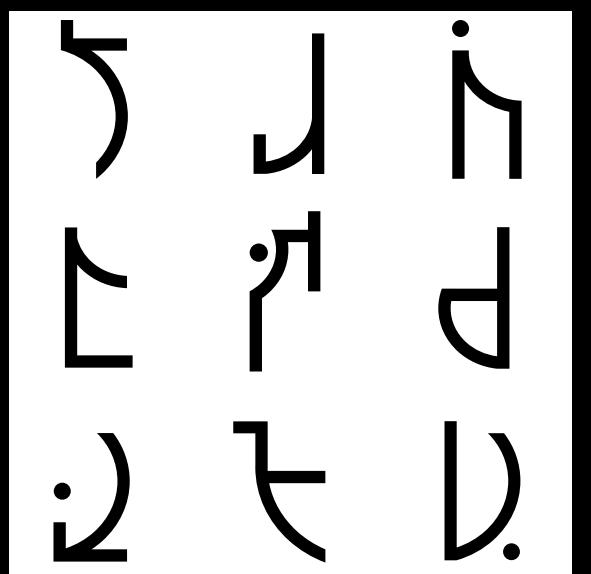
Angela Service
MOTHER & SON
Ink on Paper



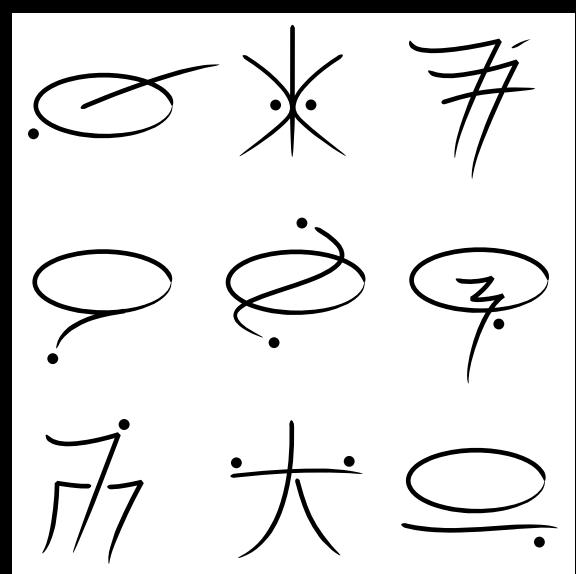
Minako Aoki
TYPE SETS
Ink on Paper



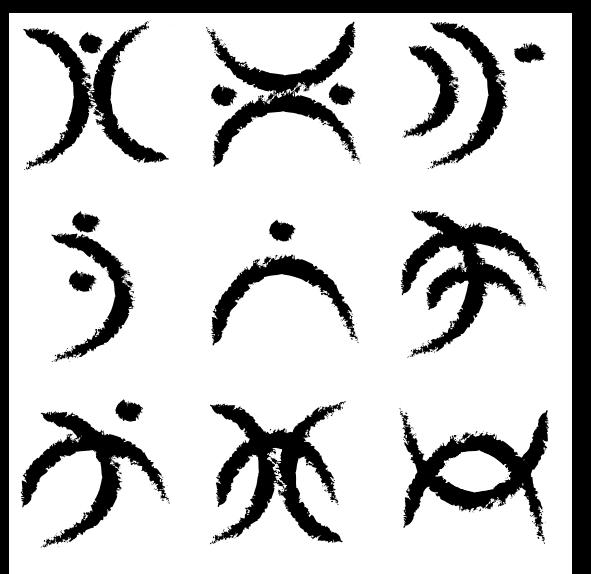
Lisa Dykes
LETTERFORMS
Ink on Paper



Whitney Anderson
WAPENTAKE
Ink on Paper



Jacob Laurila
JACOBIC
Ink on Paper



Hui Hsin Lo
PRIMITIVE
Ink on Rice Paper



Anne Baghdanov **SEOUL** Digital Photograph



Jason Curl JASON BEFORE AN OPEN MIC Digital Photograph



Illustrations By Nathan Childs

- Somehow in the deepest, dirtiest, most acid-drenched pit of my gut, I knew I had to have seen this coming. I knew you craved an audience wherever you could find one. I knew you ached to be heard over the constant din of a thousand other hopeful, capable artists who felt they had something pertinent to say. Your soapbox wasn't a facade so much as a trampoline from which to reach your pedestal. You always held true to the artist, the unbiased, objective, passionate musician, and it was true. But it wasn't the full picture, right?

I still remember the day you left us all in the dirt, wide-eyed and slack-jawed.

We were in Hank's cluttered, musky, mildew-encrusted basement, complete with fake oak-paneled walls, one vomit-hued yellow and green bamboo shade on the one window, and grapefruit shag carpet. It was our sanctuary, our safe haven, all of our home-away-from-homes, our default gathering nest, and most important, our quintessential jam space.

Hank and I could only sit in cold silence, watching you pack up your gear that hadn't left the basement since freshmen year of high school. Like us.

"So, this is it, huh," Hank grunted from behind his drum kit. "You're giving up your loyalty to your friends and to your, no, to our music, because some corporate monkey who bought you lunch said he believed in you?"

"You know what, man? You can't understand what's happening right now. I'm doing what every ground-breaking, influential musician has done before me. I'm working my way into the system, then working my way up, and then I'm going to blow everyone's faces off," you declared without a shred of remorse, just pure, untainted resolution. "And when I get to a certain level, I'll have the power to pick my own band, and we'll finally do what we always dreamed of. Just because the dude said I'd be better on my own doesn't mean I'm going to leave you guys in the dirt. You know me better than that."

"Don't feed me that bullshit, Nate! You're going with them because you want the nice amp sets, and hundreds of guitars, and a private fucking jet, and ladies galore, etcetera, etcetera!"

"No, he doesn't," I muttered from the corner. I was reclining in the black shag lounge chair, lightly plucking the strings of my guitar for some background noise, trying to keep my mask of complete nonchalance and apathy on straight.

"Thank you, Ang," you said, with a faint note of surprise. You hesitated to look over at me and smiled that beautiful crooked smile that, before, would've molded me into Silly Puddy. You wouldn't get the best of me today.

"He's doing this for the attention, for the power, the thrill of climbing up the ladder and looking back down. Our silly 'garage band' scene was never enough for him. He wants filled stadiums, singles on the radio, international tours, music videos. He wants interviews, biographies, hell, maybe even a cameo in a movie one day. Isn't that right, babe?"

You just scowled at me for a moment, and we locked eyes. I only hoped my expression resembled the face of an emotionless Greek warrior, etched in marble. You shook your head and went back to business, winding up amp cords and shoving them in your brand new gym bag. Your shaggy hair fell over your eyes like tattered ribbons and shadowed your face, the way it did when I couldn't help but stare and daze off.

"God, everything we worked for," Hank barked, "everything we said we believed in! I can't believe I actually fell for your act, man! You were the guy who protested against following musicians as false idols like the rest of society, because that's not what it should be about! You were the guy who went in to a rage when he saw musicians use their popularity for propaganda! You were the guy who almost disowned Angie here, because she bought a ten-dollar watch with Kurt Cobain's face on it, because 'it's just another ridiculous merchandising ploy, which went against everything Kurt stood for!' What do you think Kurt would say about this? What would you tell him right now, Nate, huh?"

"I'd probably tell him the same thing I'm about to tell you." You shoved your bass into its gig bag and violently zipped it up. "Fuck off."

Ten seconds later we heard the front door slam. Hank and I stewed silently in the moment for another minute. You really meant it. He finally looked up at me like a kid who just watched his mentor roll an ounce of cocaine off of his mother's stomach. "So, what happens now?"

Goddamn it, fucking shithead, asshole, I thought. Why the fuck am I even here humoring him? He surrendered to the dark side; he's the one who hasn't made any form of contact for three fucking months! I should just get up and walk out right now. I sat dormant on my stool and stared into the depths of my coffee mug like a fortune teller reading tea leaves. I thought maybe if I stared hard enough into the brown and beige swirls of coffee, it would foresee this encounter going as smoothly as I hoped.

I heard a girl to the left of me start cackling over something funny her date must have said, and I returned my large, studio headphones to their comfortable roosts over my ears and turned the volume up. This was the only noise I could tolerate in a tumultuous time like this.

I stared at the shards of painted glass scattered and molded into the cement of the high-top table I sat at, the popular look of assembled disarray. I tried to envision each piece sliding around and linking together like magnets, eventually culminating into elaborate pictures—the face of a sad old man, the death stare of a ferocious dragon, the timeless emblem of a dove. I'm pretty sure I found a turtle in there somewhere.

I let another big gulp of luke-warm coffee slither down my throat, and

"I let another big gulp of luke-warm coffee slither down my throat, and looked down at my Kurt Cobain watch impatiently."

but I was determined to follow through with it this time. *Ten minutes. Ten more minutes, and then I'm gone. He can go drown his sorrows in another ridiculously sappy love ballad. He was the one who asked to meet me in the first place, dammit!* I pulled my sleeve over my watch.

I made a peripheral scan of the trendy, chic café. Every wall seemed like an accent wall, each a different, dramatic color. The wall I currently perused had an array of paintings from different local artists, stretching all the way to the back. *Probably the silly mock art of the people who work here, trying to make an extra buck*, I thought, *definitely not from the real ones out on the streets.* It was all too modern, too abstract. Like somebody decided to fling drips and splotches of random paint across a canvas, or strange geometric shapes arranged in peculiar ways.

I heard the little bell over the door jam ring and my eyes instantly shot over. His posture was better than I remembered: shoulders back, neck perfectly aligned with his spine. He scanned the crowd and our eyes finally locked. The sullen, introspective, gray-green eyes I remembered were now a brilliant emerald and his most dominant feature, apart from his blinding white smile. No more blemishes, no more discoloring, no more constant five-o-clock-shadow. I couldn't even tell if he had pores anymore. He still had his shaggy, dark hair, but it had obviously been touched up. Arranged disarray.

He took four long, proud strides to reach me, and it took me a moment to acknowledge his embrace. His clothes smelled like he'd bought them about an hour before. I assumed I probably wasn't too far off.

"How've you been, Angie-babe? God, it's good to see you!" Not an ounce of despair or weakness in his voice. It had been finely tuned to a strong, healthy, masculine baritone.

"I'm good, man, I'm good. Just fighting the good fight, you know," I stammered,

and patted his shoulder. This was not Nate. This was a badly made dummy of Nate. This was Ken-Doll Nate.

"Yeah, I know, I heard you've had a few gigs. That's awesome, good for you!" He slid onto the stool across from me and rustled his hair.

"Yeah, nothing big, but it's a lot of fun." I paused. I was so busy fuming earlier I hadn't rehearsed what I wanted to say to him. "So, um, you're looking good, man. Looks like they set you up really nice."

"Oh, yeah, they got me sponsoring these indie-punk labels now. Not really me, but I think I pull it off pretty well," he purred, "You too! I'm really digging the hair and everything, it looks great on you!"

After the "band breakup" I decided my long, stringy hair was just another fascist symbol of conformity, so I took a pair of my mom's cloth scissors and went to town.

"Thanks," I muttered. I wanted to believe he was being sincere, but I didn't know this person's eyes like I did Nate's.

I listened patiently to all he had to tell me with as much enthusiasm as I could muster. He told me about the record label executives and their stupid monkey suits—how some of them seemed to understand what he was trying to do, but most of them didn't care. He told me about the euphoria and wonderment of being in a recording studio and how the backup band they set up for him had a really tight sound but lacked the raw energy we used to have. He told me about his new studio loft in the city and how I needed to come by and check it out. And then he told me about the tour.

"It's gonna be amazing, Ang. Twenty cities in a month and a half. Fully-loaded tour bus and everything!"

"That's incredible, Nate. I'm really happy for you," I squeaked. All this time, I'd hoped that my assumptions for his excuses were completely wrong, when I was right on the money. He cared about the music, but not enough. He cared about having the power to say something important, but not enough.

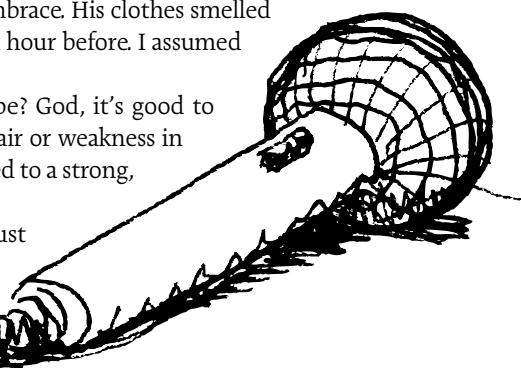
I stared back into my coffee mug, screaming for an answer to some question I couldn't muster. Only a sip's worth of mostly creamer floated daintily at the bottom.

"Angie," he muttered. His strong voice broke and it made me look up. "I want you to come with me. On the tour, I want you there with me. It'll be great, we'll hang out in all the clubs, jam like we used to on the bus, meet tons of cool people, and drive around the country. What do you think?" I studied him for a moment longer. His eyes shown a gleam of weariness, and apprehension. Maybe even a hint of fear.

We just looked at each other for a moment that stretched on longer than it should have.

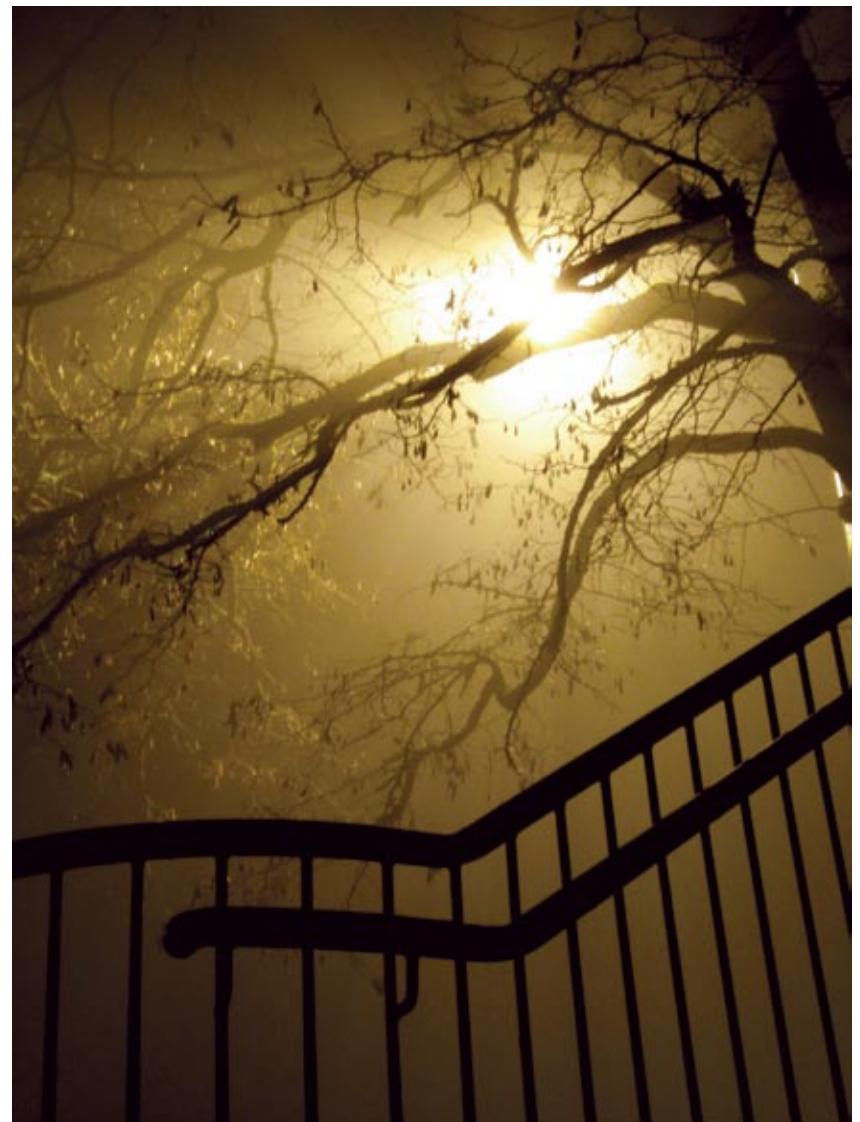
I smiled, stood up from my stool, leaned over and kissed him on his pursed lips, like I always wanted to.

"Good bye, babe."





Jason Curl **GIL SINGING** Digital Photograph



Cindi Lou Kunkle **WONDERMENT** Digital Photograph



Stacy Hargis **ONEONTA** Digital Photograph



Angela Service **YELLOW** Digital Triptych



Angela Service **OLYMPIC NATIONAL PARK** Digital Photograph



The Rain Will Come

Michael Evan Adent

The Cast

The Husband

A lover with a wife on the side.

The Wife

A victim oblivious to the affair.

The Mannequin

An audience in plastic skin who sees what
The Wife can't see.

The Mistress

A cigarette with a dash of apathy.

The Foreshadowing

The sky is welling up.
This is definitely a tragic affair.

The Story

The Husband stands outside the store window.
His love in one hand and his wife in the other,
He kisses his insatiable iniquity as he draws
The Wife close.
His adulterous hold sickens The Mannequin,
An audience in a floral dress.
The window keeps The Mannequin from speaking,
So she watches a betrayal unfold
In silence.

The Wife loves the Husband more than anything.
With every breath taking her further away,
She exhales to bring them closer.

The Husband wishes he could say the same.
With each drag of his nicotine, he holds
The Mistress; He holds in the sin.

The Wife, in a familiar floral fabric,
Prays for a little of the affection.
So, he tucks his love where it belongs,
Behind her back.

The Mannequin, in the same floral fabric,
Prays for a little animation.
Yet, she remains unmoved
And holds back the tears until the sky cries first.

The Wife doesn't see the Mannequin's face,
She's blinded by the shoulder of her husband.
But the Husband sees the downcast expression.

The sky can't hold back the tears anymore.
The forecast didn't call for evening misery...

The Husband sees the tears of The Mannequin
Falling down her face.
Conviction too strong for love, he drops his lust
And holds his wife a little tighter.

His eyes apologize to the Mannequin's,
But are left unforgiven.

The Husband and The Wife leave the scene of guilt.
And The Mannequin is left with a used stick of lust,
An ember still glowing where The Mistress was
left unkissed.

The Epilogue

On The Husband's back patio,
He and The Mistress sit pleased and satisfied,
Shaded from the crying eyes of the sky.
As a fool in a floral fabric dreams of her
Oh-so-lovely
"Lover."



Robert Novak **LADY BLUE** Blue Chalcedony and Sterling Silver



Nicole Tolmie **MORNING SKY AT THE BUS STOP** Digital Photograph

Stark Weather

Story by Jennifer Lewis
Illustrations by Robert Cramer

JANUARY 29, 1958. The year, still in its infancy, raged like a petulant teenager. Dean and Roger were left with no choice but to concede defeat to the blizzard they raced to stay in front of. Despite a V8 engine and a valiant effort, the storm finally overtook them and now held them hostage in the tiny town of Moran Junction, Wyoming. Togwotee Pass, located on the Continental Divide in the Absaroka Mountains between the towns of Moran Junction and Dubois on Highway 26, closed thirty minutes before their arrival in the town that marked the base of its west side entrance. The pass was experiencing white out conditions, making passage dangerous. It was their only route east.

In a burst of anger, Dean slammed the palm of his hand into the steering wheel three times before resting his forehead on the cool, hard wheel.



"We had it! Goddamn it, we had it," he bellowed.
"Please, do not take the Lord's —," Roger whined, before Dean cut him off.

"Oh, Boy Scout, shut the hell up. I've had a gut of you and your preachin'! All your prayin' and rubbin' your pretty cross and our asses ain't in Douglas are they? No, cuz they're *here*, on the wrong side of the pass instead, ain't they? Well thank you, Jesus!!" Dean hissed, grabbing his Navy issue pea coat from the backseat of his '57 Buick Roadmaster, just as Hank Williams faded on the radio.

No matter how I struggle and strive, I'll never get outta this world alive.

Dean loved his job working as a track repairman for Union Pacific Railroad, even though the travel took him away from his family, sometimes a couple weeks a month. He was skilled and good at teaching the new guys how to do the job and do it well. Normally, he liked spending time with his trainees and enjoyed getting to know them. It excited him to think he could be meeting someone who might become a lifelong friend. Dean believed strangers were just friends he hadn't met yet and, as a rule, he could find something to like about almost everybody.

Roger, his new trainee, was proving to be one of the rare exceptions to the rule. The only thing Dean disliked more than a hypocrite was a Christian hypocrite. As the only son of a Baptist minister, he learned early in life that *claiming* to be a Christian didn't make a man a Christian anymore than *being* a Christian meant a man wasn't an asshole. Roger *claimed* to be a Christian. He wasn't. Roger did not, however, *claim* to be an asshole. He was.

Dean reached for the key to kill the engine just as Roger's hand shot out to stop him.

"Stop," Roger blurted. "Listen, they're sayin' somethin'." "Turn it up," Dean ordered, as Roger twisted the radio knob.

Authorities now confirm the bodies found in the home of C. Lauer Ward of Lincoln, Nebraska yesterday afternoon, in fact to be those of Mr. Ward, his wife Clara, and Lillian Fencl, the couple's maid.

The announcer delivered the latest update on the rampage holding the nation in a state of near-panic. The alert continued:

Authorities also confirm that the three were killed by nineteen year-old Charles Starkweather and his fourteen year-old accomplice/girlfriend, Carol Ann Fugate. A letter left at the scene, written by Starkweather and addressed to "the law only" is said to be an illiterate attempt at self-justification. The pair are believed to be driving the Wards' black 1956 Packard. As reported earlier, they were last seen heading west on Highway 26. Nebraska Governor Victor Anderson has called in the National Guard."

The fear, beginning six days prior with the announcement of the first bodies including, that of a two year-old baby girl, was palpable. The Wards and their maid brought the death toll to nine.

Dean reached down and clicked off the radio. "Weatherman says it's cold and clear in Nebraska. On 26 west, that son of a bitch will make good time," he reasons.

"They found those bodies yesterday," Roger says traced his finger across a Texaco roadmap lying across his lap, tracking Starkweather's route. "He's been on the move for more than a day now. If he's makin' good time..."

"He'll cross into Wyoming today," Dean interrupted, exploding from the car, the door latching with a throaty thud.

"Hey, wait," Roger called, slamming his door and struggling to cram his portly body into his too-small beige coat.

Nickel-sized flakes came down in a rapid flurry, creating a hypnotic vortex of spinning white, so cold it made his face sting. With visibility at only three feet, even navigating on foot became challenging. At any other time Roger would love the storm. He loved the way foul weather made a day feel special. But this storm made the day feel dangerous, out of control. This storm could keep him handcuffed and helpless for hours. All he wanted to do was get home to Elly, his wife of nearly ten months, to protect her from harm as he promised. Roger would sit by the front door with a sawed off 410 across his lap all day and all night if he had to. He'd shoot that maniac on sight, no warnings proffered, no questions asked, just do the Lord's work and take out the trash.

Roger could not understand how anyone could fall prey to a guy like Charles Starkweather. Everything he heard about the guy told him the killer was an idiot. If Starkweather and his jailbait Jezebel came to pay a visit, they'd get a belly full of twelve-gauge retribution. Roger was a hunter; he knew he wouldn't miss. Bear, moose, maniacs, just aim for their sweet spot. It was all the same to Roger, just taming God's creatures.

"Damn it, would you get over here!" Dean yelled in exasperation. Roger, following the sound of Dean's voice, appeared out of the flurry like an apparition walking through a wall. Pulling the collar on his coat up around his ears in an attempt to keep the icy blasts from blowing a hole through him, Dean yelled above the whine of the

wind, "We need to get to a pay phone, fast. There's a diner over there," he told Roger, pointing in the direction of the snow veiled destination. "They have a phone."

Roger nodded an affirmative.

"Follow me, and try not to get lost this time, Boy Scout!"

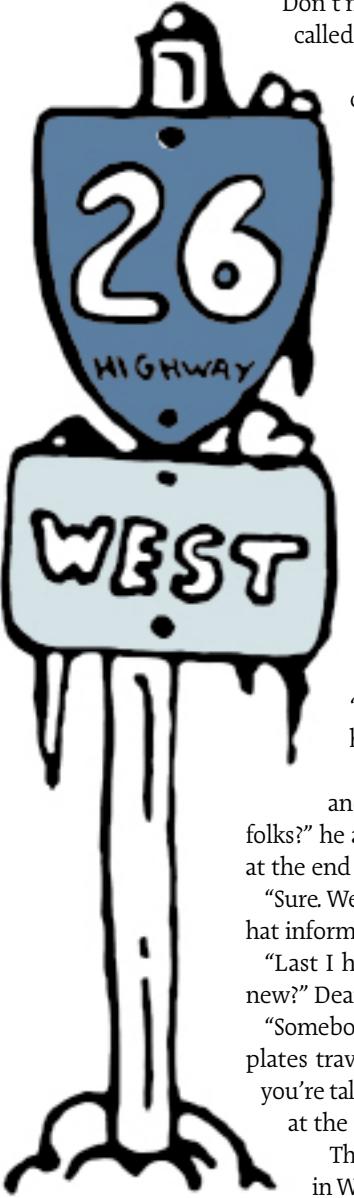
Dean was already making swift work of the space between himself and the diner, the boot prints left behind his black Wellington ropers quickly filling in with the violently falling snow. If he couldn't get to his family to protect them, then he at least needed to get to a phone to warn Rowena, and arm her with a plan so she could do it for him. He needed the sound of her voice to assure him that she and their babies were safe.

Dean wasn't normally a worrier, but it wasn't every day that a known killer was on a collision course with his backyard. In 1951, he and Rowena bought a little place on four acres, three miles east of the eastern most outskirt of Douglas. It was the first house right off Highway 26 West, secluded and quiet. All of the features that made it seem like the perfect place to raise a family, now, under the circumstances, made it seem like the perfect place to get your family killed.

We had it. Goddamn it, we had it.

Reaching the entrance to the diner, Dean pushed his way through the door and let go, allowing it to swing shut in Roger's face. The diner was warm and alive with the sounds of dishes clanging together and patrons discussing both the storm and the Nebraska murders. Wafting from the kitchen, filling the warm air, was the mixed aroma of coffee and vegetable soup. Dean could hear the command, "Order up!" coming from the kitchen on the far side of the





L-shaped counter. Adding to the normal clattering of dishes and the conversation of the locals was the whine of the wind coming from the blizzard outside as well as the buzz and crackle from the small community of transistor radios. The patrons of Bob's Dine and Dash not only had nothing better to do with their day, but thanks to the blizzard, there was nothing they would rather be doing than drinking cup after cup of Bob's questionable coffee and listening to the latest updates of the nation's first spree killer. The atmosphere sizzled with the spark of good people experiencing the gruesome thrill of living through the horror show vicariously, together.

Roger walked in while Dean was stomping the snow off his boots, and simultaneously brushing it from his coat and out of his thick, dark hair.

"Where's the phone?" Roger asked, before his hand had even left the door frame.

"On the back wall, over there," Dean pointed.

Clipping Dean's shoulder as he shoves past, Roger beat a soggy path to the back wall, arriving at the phone first.

"Don't mind me, Roger. By all means, you go first," Dean called after him sarcastically.

Roger, thickly mistaking the admonishment for courtesy told him, "Thanks."

"Asshole," Dean muttered under his breath.

Pulling a nickel from the front pocket of his jeans, Roger dropped it into the slot, dialed, and waited. Dean, not wanting to eavesdrop, picked out a spot at the counter and sat down, draping his coat over the red vinyl topped stool next to him to dry. Leaning forward, with his elbows on the stainless steel counter, he rested his forehead on his clenched fists.

"Hey Deano," Sally, the waitress, greeted him. "New rookie?"

Sitting up straight, cracking his back with an arching stretch, he answered, "Yup. Can I get some coffee, please?" Then, noticing a particularly active group of patrons huddled together in a corner booth, "What's that all about?"

"They're listening to news about Starkweather on the radio," she told him, finishing pouring. "Look around. Several tables got 'em. I'm sick of hearin' about it."

Before she could finish, Dean spun off his stool and strode to the corner booth. "Mind if I join you folks?" he asked, his knees audibly cracking as he squatted at the end of the table, not waiting for an invitation.

"Sure. We're listenin' to the hunt," a man in an Elmer Fudd hat informed him.

"Last I heard they had identified the Wards. Anything new?" Dean asked.

"Somebody reported seeing a black Packard with Nebraska plates travellin' west of Lusk, shortly after the broadcast you're talkin' about. That's the latest," another man sitting at the table told him.

This confirmed Dean's worst fears. They were already in Wyoming. Unfolding his six-foot-two frame, he told

the men, "I gotta make a call."

Roger was still on the phone. Dean arrived at his side, gesturing for him to hang up, but not before he heard Roger reiterate his plan to Ely.

"Yeah, pull the car in the garage, pull the drapes, hide your ring, turn the lights out and wait for me to get there," he told her.

"Don't tell her to do that," Dean scolded, shaking his head.

Roger put a halting hand up to Dean's face and continued, "You do those things, little girl, and if that maniac comes by, he'll think nobody's home and go right on by. You do those things, and you ain't got nothin' to be afraid of."

"They are already in Wyoming," Dean whispered as loud as he could. "You need a better plan."

Roger put his hand in Dean's face again to gesture, "Shut up." It was one too many times.

Through gritted teeth, stabbing a finger into Roger's chest to emphasize his every word, Dean ordered, "Then-hurry-up!"

Leaning his right shoulder against the wall, he crossed his arms and glared at Roger, punctuating his anger.

Finishing his call, Roger fought back. "There! Was that fast enough for you? There's a killer out there, and that may be the last time I ever get to speak to my wife, and I gotta listen to you buttin' in!"

Dean dropped his nickel in the slot. Dialing, he told Roger, "It just may be. With that little plan of yours, you're fixin' to get her killed."

"What the hell is that supposed to mean? You got a better way?"

"Of course. Right now, Boy Scout, I want you to go over to that table," Dean instructed him, indicating the corner booth, "and listen to their radio for anything new. Think you can do that?"

"Nothin' doin'. You think you got a better plan, I wanna hear it," Roger sneered, screwing his baby face into the most menacing scowl he could muster and mockingly striking the same pose Dean held only moments before.

"Ya know, Roger, you got a way of makin' a man wish he had a good place to hide a dead body," and in the next breath, "Hey Darlin'. How are y'all doin'? I know. It's a heck of a thing, ain't it? Listen honey, I've got a lot to say, so I need you to let me say it. Togwottee Pass is closed, so I won't be home 'til the weather clears. I suppose you've heard they're in Wyoming now."

Roger, hearing this news for the first time, mouthed the word, "What?"

Rolling his eyes, Dean continued, "I think you need to get a few things in order, just in case. We don't want 'em to come in the house under any circumstances. That's bound to end badly. Tell Dennis to start making some PB and J's and tell him to be quick about it. I don't want 'em comin' in just cuz they need a snack. All right? Is he doin' it? Good."

Ignoring Roger's presence altogether, Dean moved on to the next step of his plan, "Now as soon as we hang up I want you to get the checkbook, the emergency cash, the Bank of America card, and your jewelry together. Write that down.

All right? Get all that stuff, including the sandwiches, and take it out to the car. Then I want you to drive the car down to the end of the driveway. Leave all that stuff layin' in plain sight on the front seat along with the key. Leave it unlocked and you high-tail it back in the house. Lock up, pull the drapes, and you and the kids get to our bedroom. Get my shotgun and wait for me to get there. I'll blow the horn five times when I get there so you'll know it's me. Anybody comes through the door without you hearin' that horn first, blast 'em."

The din of the diner clang lulled as the latest update squawked through a half a dozen three inch speakers.

Dean drummed his fingers on top of the phone box while he listened to Rowena's response. Nervously, Roger ran his fingers through his thinning, curly, red hair, the tension in the back of his neck building as he measured the size of the hole in his plan. The tension that only increased as the table in the corner erupted in excitement.

Dean, covering the receiver with his hand, told him, "Go find out what's goin' on."

"In a minute. I need to hear the rest of your plan," Roger whined.

"The rest of this conversation ain't for you. Now go."

Shamefaced, Roger, turned and slunk over to the corner booth.

"Well if it ain't Starkweather you shoot, we'll just have to sort it out later," he told her, mild exasperation entering his tone. "I'm sorry, Baby, it ain't you. I should be there; I should be the one takin' care of things."

A whining, wintry gale force slammed against the glass front of the diner, banging the door open. The ensuing startled chatter of the diner's other patrons made it difficult to hear Rowena. Dean poked his finger into his ear and told her, "I don't care if it gets stolen. I think it's the best way. If he stops at our house to get those kinds of things, one way or the other, he ain't leavin' without 'em. He's gonna take what he wants, so I say just give it to him. If he's gotta come into the house to get what he wants he's gonna... he'll..." His voice cracked; he swallowed hard. "Well, I say just give the S.O.B. what he wants and get shed of him. We can always get another car. Maybe not right away, but it ain't nothin' but a thing."

From across the room, Dean saw Roger returning, moving faster than Dean had ever seen him move before.

"I love you, too, bigger than the sky. You do what I said. I'll call again later," Dean hung up, leaned over to put his hands on his knees and exhaled deeply.

"Dean! Dean!" Roger hollered as soon as the two made eye contact. "They seen 'em again!"

Dean straightened up as Roger continued, "State Troopers found the Packard, abandoned, about forty miles

east of Douglas."

"What does that..." Dean started to ask, confused, before Roger cut him off.

"Troopers think they stole another car. Where they found the Packard," Roger told him, pulling a chair out from under a small table for two and seating himself. "It looks like there use to be another car there, too. There are tracks. So, now nobody knows what they're travellin' in."

"Great!" Dean slammed his hand down on the little table top, the loud slap startling the patrons seated nearby. "They're getting' closer to Douglas and they may as well be invisible."

"Hey, um, what I said about, earlier, ya know, what you was sayin' to Rowena about your plan, well I was thinkin' that maybe, uh, do you maybe got a nickel I could borrow? I better call my little girl."

Dean pulled another coin from the front pocket of his jeans and tossed it to Roger before making his way back over to the table in the corner to listen to their transistor radio. His casual, momentary friends in the booth were busy tuning it when he arrived to resume his former position, squatting at the head of the booth. "So they found the Packard, anything new?" he asked, flat and matter-of-fact.

"Well," said the man in the Elmer Fudd hat, now removing it to scratch his balding, freckled head while he spoke to Dean, "there's a feller claimin' to have seen 'em out on 26, lurchin' around in a Buick, drivin' like he don't know how to drive." After relaying his information, he placed his hat precariously back on his head and returned his focus to his pork chops, smothered in coagulating gravy.

"What the hell does that even mean, 'lurchin' around?'" Dean asked, his increasing volume conveying his frustration. "If he's tryin' to make a getaway, why would he be out lurchin' around? That don't make sense. They don't know where he is," he stood up, nervously shifting his weight again from foot to foot. "They don't know what he's driving."

"Young man," the eldest gentleman sitting at the table addressed Dean compassionately, "all reports are sayin' that 'ol boy is as good as a moron. Now that little girl he got with him," he continued, removing a silver flask from the inner pocket of his coat and pouring a splash of its contents into his coffee, "she can't be much better. If she's a hostage and she can't escape from a moron after all this time, well, she can't be much better than a moron her own self. They'll get 'em. I know it."

The radio jangled out a Brill Cream jingle as Roger returned to Dean's side.

"Any news?" were his only words.

"Same," Dean gruffly answered. "This'd probably be as good a time as any for you to start rubbin' your cross again."

**"Ya know, Roger,
you got a way of
makin' a man
wish he had a
good place to hide
a dead body."**

Roger stared at Dean, dumbstruck. Not knowing what to say, he took a seat at the counter on the red vinyl topped stool nearest to Dean. Finally, formulating the question Dean had been barring from the forefront of his mind for hours, Roger asked, "What if they can't find 'em and they get to..."

"Shut up!" Dean shout, standing and spinning around to face him. "You shut up!"

"I just..." Roger sputtered, his lower lip struggling against a pout.

"You're just sayin' stuff that don't need to be said," Dean told him, reinforcing every word with a rhythmic jab of his forefinger into Roger's chest.

"Wait, they're sayin' somethin'," the older man with the flask informed Dean, pulling his attention away from Roger and back to the transistor. The short order cook and dishwasher in the back lean over the radio sitting next to the sink. The transmission was buried under crackling static, making it difficult for more than just a few to make out the report.

"Somebody thinks they spotted 'em headin' east on 26, but they ain't sure it's them," relayed the man with the flask, sopping up the last of the gravy from his hot roast beef sandwich with a piece of bread.

"Well, that don't make a lick 'a sense. How is headin' back the way ya just come makin' a getaway?" Roger implored no one in particular.

"Maybe it's true what they are sayin'," Sally said, slicing up fresh apple pie before putting it in the case, "that guy's dumber than a box of hair."

The diner erupted in laughter. Dean stepped back from the table and gazed out the window to his left at the continuing storm. *It's over.* The knot that remained in his throat made it difficult for him to swallow. He could not feel part of the laughter around him; it contrasted starkly with his tense, tentative feeling of relief. Pulling a package of Lucky Strikes from his shirt pocket, he put one between his lips, hands shaking, and lit it with the silver Zippo Rowena gave him as a wedding present.

Turning back toward the counter to face Roger, he said, "Well, I guess that's that. We should eat something so as soon as this storm clears we're ready to go."

Roger gestured to get Sally's attention. Laughing, she made her way down the length of the L-shaped counter toward the men, the diner now alive with the excitement of bemused superiority.

"What kind of jackass...."

"Even his own daddy says he's dumb as...."

"She ain't no hostage, she...."

"Hell, yeah, she's helpin' him...."

Dean and Roger were quietly relieved, while the rest of the patrons reveled in the apparent stupidity of Starkweather and the girl that most people in the diner now believed to be his accomplice. The laughter and the loudly proffered opinions bouncing from table to table nearly drowned out the red-sweatered woman in a side booth calling, "Hush! Everybody, listen, there's more."

All attention turned back to the radios.

The state trooper, pulling up behind the Ward's Packard, witnessed an altercation between two men. The men were fighting next to a '54 Buick for control of a revolver. Upon getting out of his car, a young girl claiming to be Carol Ann Fugate ran over to the officer screaming, "He's killed a man, he's killed a man!" Hearing her shouts, Starkweather is said to have run back to the Packard and sped away. He is now heading west on 26 toward Douglas. Officers are giving chase at speeds reported to be reaching over one hundred miles per hour. Found dead in the Buick, shot through the neck, was the car's owner, Merle Collison, a traveling shoe salesman. Fugate relayed that Starkweather could not figure out how to use the Buick's console shift.

"That would account for the lurchin'," Dean acknowledged, the ash from his Lucky growing to well over an inch in length and threatening to fall to the floor. *Moron.*

Roger, with elbows on the stainless steel counter, put his head in his hands and rubbed his temples. His lips prayed silently as the people around him listened to the rest of the broadcast.

Realizing he wasn't going to get very far in the Buick, Starkweather drove back to the Packard.

Geologist Stan King stopped to help the young couple, thinking they were having car trouble. Starkweather pulled a gun on him and told him to hand over his car. Seeing the dead man in the passenger seat of the Buick, King told the officer he knew he would have to get the gun away from Starkweather if he wanted to stay alive. It was this struggle the Wyoming state trooper came upon.

The chatter of excited listeners rose in volume to a new level. Unable to wrap his mind around this new development, Dean paced up and down the aisle dividing the counter from the front booths. The ash from his Lucky fell to the floor;

absentmindedly, he stubbed out the butt in an ashtray on the counter and lighted another, his brief respite of calm long gone.

"Mister," Dean said, addressing the man with the flask, "my family is back in Douglas. I sure would appreciate a hit off of whatever it is you're drinkin' there."

"Sure," the man replied, reaching into the pocket of his coat. "Here ya go."

Dean took a healthy pull off the flask and returned it to the man. "Thank you," he said, sweat beading his upper lip.

"I said a prayer. I just thank God I live further in town," Roger told Dean. With all he had to worry about, Dean couldn't help but chuckle at Roger's inability to be sensitive. *What a piece of work.*

Tension in the room built as everyone hovered in the limbo of uncertainty, ready for the whole ordeal to be over. The knowledge Starkweather was killing someone while they were all listening to their radios closed the distance between themselves and the horror with light speed. This was no longer happening outside; this was happening to their neighbors.

Dean returned to the phone to call Rowena. He just wanted to hear the sound of her voice again. His shaking hands dropped the nickel on the floor before he could deposit it in the slot. Retrieving the nickel and dropping it in the slot, he listened to the lonely sound of what seemed like interminable ringing. After what felt like an eternity, Rowena picked up.

"Hi, Babe. How's everybody doin'?" he asked, relief washing over him. "Yeah, we heard. So you've got a radio with you. What? What? Honey, talk to me, I can't hear you. Talk to me," he called to her as she moved away from the receiver.

Roger returned to Dean's side and motioned to him that he would like to call his wife, too.

"Boy, if you're askin' for this phone the answer is no. You live in town, remember."

"But...."

"Ro, why don't you put the radio up to the receiver, then we can both hear it."

Dean listened to what came through the receiver from his son's radio and relayed the information to Roger.

"They got a roadblock up about fifteen miles east of Douglas."

"Good," Roger responded.

Poking his finger into his ear to drown out the excited voices in the diner, Dean continued, "They shot out the back window of the Packard with a carbine."

A loud cheer is let out all over the diner as it was announced that, upon having his stolen car shot, Starkweather immediately pulled over to the side of the road and got out crying, "Don't shoot me! Please don't shoot me!"

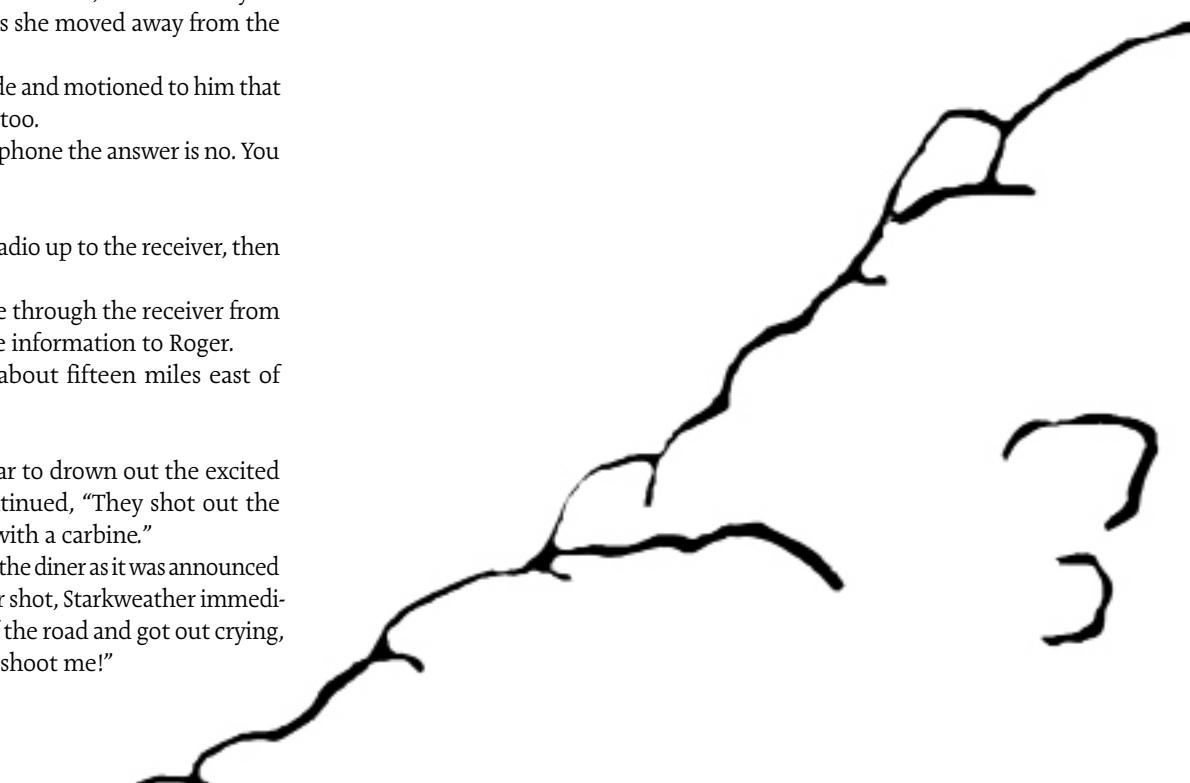
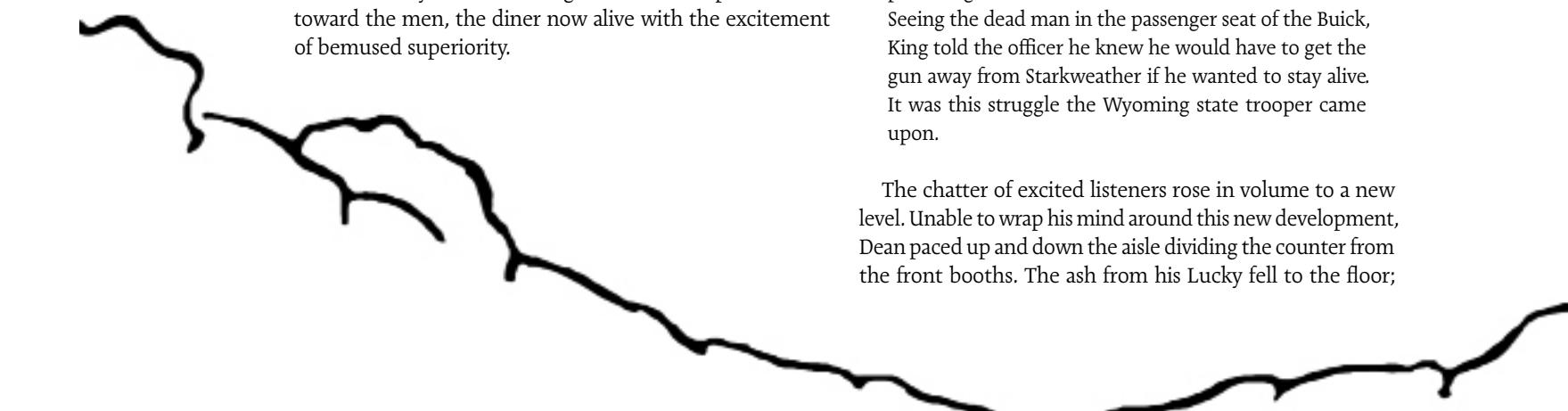
Dean pressed the phone tighter and tighter against his ear in an effort to hear his wife on the other end of the line. "Thank God! Are you and the kids okay now? Yeah, yeah, I'm okay now too. You tell those kids as soon as that pass opens up I'll be coverin' ground. You tell Dennis I won't call him my baby anymore; he acted like a real man today. I'll call you again before we leave, if it ain't too late. Just don't shoot when I come through the front door. Hey, what do you say we never do this again? I love you, too. Bye."

"How's that for deliverin' us from evil, huh?" Dean asked Roger, playfully punching him in the arm.

"That was close. Too close," Roger said.

"Listen, why don't you order us a couple of burgers with the works, on me? I want to be ready to go as soon as we get the okay. I've got to go to the bathroom."

Roger turned to head back up to the counter as Dean walked toward the bathroom. Walking into the only stall, he bolted the door, sat down on the stool and folded his hands to pray.





Mira Boumatar **DOWNTOWN BEIRUT** Graphite on Paper



(LEFT)
Allison Lee **RUSSIAN AMERICAN**
Ceramics

(LOWER LEFT)
Jasha Lottin **SILLY**
Ceramics

(LOWER MIDDLE)
Kaitlynn Wickersham **SPIRIT HOUSE**
Ceramics

(LOWER RIGHT)
Jennifer Gilmore **DESPAIR**
Ceramics





Crystal Loreth **GRANDMA JENNE** Acrylic and Mixed-Media on Board

Devout Impulse

By Emily Antoine

*Born into this piety
Directed
And bound unto its celestial fold
Brought up to take my first steps
As a believer in the lord*

*With hands clasped tight
Head bowed
Reciting rehearsed oaths of faith
A symbol of devotion,
Or a habit of condition?*

*King James' word reigns supreme,
Binding
Although his literature is a revision
Stories passed down through the shifts
Fact with no citation*

*Doubt floods in with logic and sense then
Terror
Takes the guilty current
A conscience of fear, I pray that in death
I never sail to hell*



Allison Lee **NORMAN** Watercolor on Paper



Jennifer Gilmore **BIRD BOWL** Ceramics



Annie Knight **THANKSGIVING HARVEST** Acrylic on Canvas Board

Deep Dive

By Leah Kooiman

Layout by Whitney Anderson

He'd let it go too long again. An ache that started deep in his throat soon spread through his veins until it burned in every capillary, tearing at him from the inside. A slow, excruciating dialysis replaced every fluid in his body with something that felt akin to ethanol. Virgil gripped the railing of the Millennium Bridge with white-knuckled fingers, staring out into the night-black waters of the river below him, trying to get a hold of himself. The visual world around him blurred. He closed his eyes for a moment and took a deep breath.

The glow of the city reflecting off the Thames provided a multihued lightshow for the amusement of tourists and photographers alike, especially when offset by softly falling rain, as it was that night. The streets of the inner city were less crowded than the bustling metropolis of Greater London, but there were still too many people, too many beating hearts, too many pulsing veins, parading past him, oblivious. They had no idea the danger they faced, how close they were to being a supposedly fictitious creature's fodder. Feed he must, but seclusion was necessary, oh yes. His life in the city was sufficiently precarious without calling unnecessary attention to himself.

One young woman brushed past, laughing at something her companion said. Virgil's eyes, by now haggard, bloodshot, fierce, locked upon the major artery in her neck, throbbing so close to the surface of her skin. He forced himself to turn away. *Not here.* Too many people. He looked up, spotting the three domes of Saint Paul's Cathedral. Evening Mass long-since ended; he would find there, at least, a moment of peace, to gather his thoughts.

He tucked his chin and turned up the collar of his jacket, trudging toward the old cathedral. If anyone observed his downward gaze and hunched posture, the observer might think he was simply trying to avoid the rain. In truth, the

hunger was getting to him, and he worried what might happen if he made eye contact with any one of the unsuspecting humans passing by. He feared losing control. Holding his breath so as not to breathe in their scent, he kept his gaze to the ground in front of him. They came so close, took such little care. How did a species so clueless, so sheeplike, survive for thousands of years? All the better for his kind; they made hunting easy. Even so, the lack of care such a delicate creature should have for its own existence always baffled him.

Peter's Hill led to the Great West Door of the Cathedral. Rainwater ran off the pillars on either side, trickling down the statue depicting the Conversion of Paul. Virgil paid the intricate designs no attention as he shouldered open the large wooden doors and slipped into the abrupt stillness of the cathedral. He crossed the vestibule, silently leaving wet footprints on the black-and-white checkerboard floor; he stripped off his damp jacket, tossed it onto the back of a pew, and surveyed the still, softly-lit sanctuary. Away from the bombardment of scents on the street, Virgil was allowed a moment to breathe, to observe his surroundings.

Candles ensconced on the walls imparted a flickering, inviting glow. Contrasting the gentility of the candlelight stood sweeping archways supported by towering, bold pillars. Figures cast in gold climbed the pillars: cherubs testing their young wings, holding miniature trumpets to their lips, aiming tiny bows, arrows cocked. Rain drummed the stained-glass windows between the arches. The artwork was a sight to behold in the daytime, and Virgil allowed himself a moment's self-pity. He had not seen it during the day in nigh two centuries and would not again as long as he lived.

As his eyes trailed back earthward, Virgil spotted her. She kneeled before the altar, engrossed in prayer, eyes closed and lips moving rapidly. She was thin, frail-looking; a ragged,

patched jacket nearly drowned her in its volume. Wisps of dull blond hair draped to her shoulders like gauze, and worry creased her face. She was not yet past her prime, but older than Virgil usually preferred; although for one as desperate as he, she would do.

It appeared he was not the only one desperation plagued. Anxiety lined the corners of her eyes and mouth, and as her mutterings increased in tempo, her hands clasped together more tightly. Genuflecting in front of the altar, immersed in pleadings to her deity, she took no notice of Virgil's approach until he kneeled beside her.

"What troubles you?" he asked, lips barely moving. The woman jumped, startled. Her eyes snapped open wide. Fear replaced worry on her soft, fretful face, and she scrambled to her feet. He fixed his eyes on hers and immediately she relaxed.

"Don't be afraid," he murmured, making his words smooth, like honey. His gaze and his voice took hold of her, seeped in, smothered her fear, and she sank slowly back to her knees. "What troubles you?" he repeated.

"I am asking God for guidance," she answered candidly. "I am in a hole I can't seem to dig myself out of."

There was still tension in her voice, and he moved closer, touched her cheek, smoothing the wrinkles from her brow.

Relax, my dear... You have nothing to fear from me...

"And what," Virgil continued, his fingers still on her face, brushing a lock of hair behind her ear, "do you believe God can do for you?"

She sighed softly, closing her eyes. "I don't know. I need someone's help. God seems as good as anyone else."

"You are in pain?" He curled one arm around her back, supporting her thin frame. She sagged slightly, letting him take her weight.

"I am tired," she answered slowly, as though drugged, "and, yes, in pain."

"I can take away your pain," he murmured, "if you will let me."

She stared into his eyes then; to her, he knew, they appeared soft, warm, inviting, like the candlelight surrounding them, and, above all, trustworthy.

Come now. You have to give me permission.

"Let me take away your pain," he repeated, honeyed voice just bordering on forceful now.

At last, she surrendered, "Yes."

Yes. A steely glint flashed to his eyes, replacing their hypnotic warmth. He moved quickly without giving his chosen victim time to register the change; the fingers that caressed her cheek seconds before now dug under her jaw, forced her head to the side. Hunger erupted in flames from his throat, and he tore her coat from her shoulder, sinking his fangs into her neck.

A weak cry of pain let him know she was now aware of what he was doing, but he pushed the information aside in favor of the sensory bliss of feeding. Hot blood hit the roof of Virgil's mouth, and he let it pour down his throat, revelling in the taste, the smell, the sensation. In the beginning, as always when he waited so long, the blood did not

satiate but rather sharpened the inferno deep within him. He gripped the woman's shoulder with vice-like fingers, felt the delicate flesh yield, heard the cracking of bone, and yes, the ever-distracting whimper of pain. Only a whimper. She was already weakening, fading. As her strength diminished, his grew, and a natural high, unlike any other sensation, rose in him, replacing the fervor and desperation of hunger with feelings of greatest power. Virgil's eyes rose to the elaborately painted ceiling of the cathedral, and he could almost feel himself lifting off the ground; he was there, some fifty meters in the air, cavorting with the divine beings of the old frescoes. In that moment, he felt there was nothing he could not do.

What is human life? I am a god! A bubble of laughter rose from deep in Virgil's gut and spilled over his lips. He could no longer recall why he'd been so careful, or why he'd waited so long to feed. Surely, this was the reason for his existence, this summit of power and sensation.

As the sanguine flow from her jugular waned, the blaze in Virgil's throat slowly died. The woman in his arms was all but a dead weight, limp, her heart thrumming softly, weakly. Slowly, he came back to Earth. Things other than the life flowing from the woman and awareness of his own strength made themselves known. The blood he'd missed, trickling over his lips and down his chin, dripped on his shirt, crimson drops on white fabric. The candles on either side of the nave melted, wax pooling at their bases.

Her heart thudded to a stop. Still kneeling on the hard, tiled floor, Virgil lay the woman down gently, almost tenderly. It was in the silence following his feed he heard a sound that made him pause. It was then he noticed the slight bulge around the woman's middle on her otherwise skin-and-bones body.

It was then he heard—tiny, quick, and erratic—a second heartbeat. The rhythm skipped, fluttered, and at last, failed.

"Virgil's eyes, by now haggard, bloodshot, fierce, locked upon the major artery in her neck, throbbing so close to the surface of her skin."

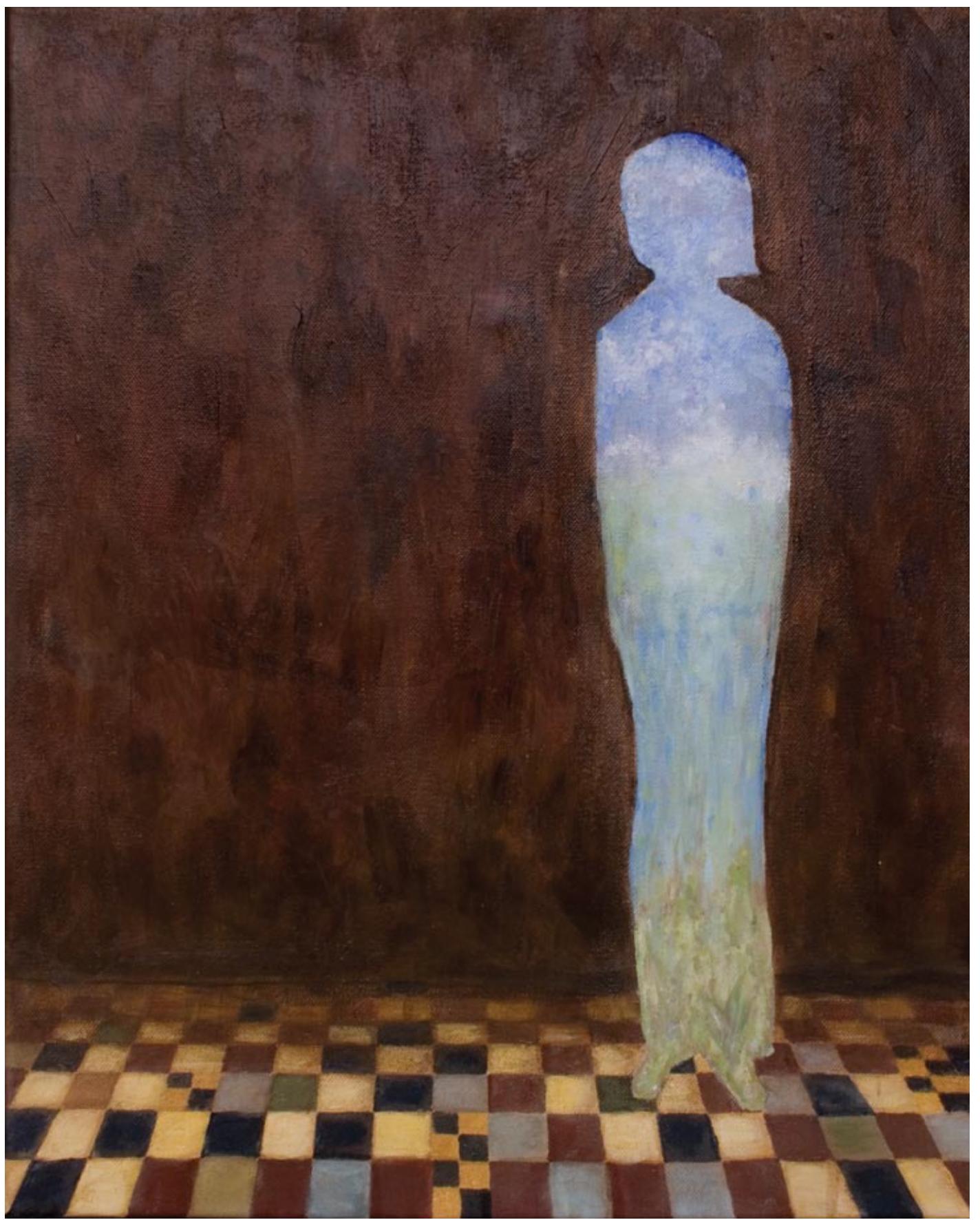


(ABOVE)
Jennifer Gilmore **FEAR** Ceramics

(RIGHT)
Alex Grengs **APOLLO ONE** Ceramics

(OPPOSITE)
Dominique Horn **DOLLS I-III** Ceramics and Mixed-Media





Sally Filler **ABSENT AGAIN** Acrylic on Canvas



Kristen Weigand **MY MOM'S HAND** Digital Photograph



Sarah Campeau **FIRST INFUSION** Digital Photograph

Discarded

LINDA WAGAR

I placed the memories tenderly in the box, sealed it up, and placed it on the stack.

"GINA, WHERE ARE MY MEDS? I need my meds, now!" His tone was gruff and abrasive, covering up a low moan.

I cringed at the sound of his aching voice. No matter how hard I tried, I still wasn't gauging it right. I made a mental note that now only three hours had passed since the last dose. I set aside the medical paperwork and his list of things to do as I stared at his tiny, cramped home. There

were unfinished projects, excess furniture, and boxes of miscellaneous objects in every corner. I, too, have unfinished projects, I thought. I wondered about the stacks that would be waiting for me when I returned to my job; if it would still be my job, that is. I considered the task before me and wondered what he wanted me to do with this accumulation of belongings he amassed over fifty-nine years.

I grabbed the half-full bottle of medication from behind the breakfast clutter and walked to the living room.

"Sorry," I said tentatively.

He popped his pill into his mouth without taking his eyes off of *Wheel of Fortune*. "Great fishing boat there," he said, grimacing and pointing at the screen.

"Anything else?" I inquired, not taking my gaze from his face as our eyes met for just a moment. The dark circles seemed deeper today. I reached for his pillow to fluff it up a bit.

"Nope," he grumbled as he leaned back on his pillow, his shoulder brushing aside my hand. I stepped back as his gaze turned quickly to the television. He straightened his spine and adjusted his shoulders. "You can go back to what you were doing."

Dismissed, I headed for the confusion in the kitchen and looked out the window at the flowers just beginning to bloom in the yard. Dad always had a way with plants. Unlike children, they grew almost without effort for him. I turned my attention to the pile of dishes that had accumulated on the counter. Dad's instructions were to keep only what was necessary, so I stacked several plates next to his slow cooker in one of the boxes on the table.

"Gina, you're too loud in there," he hollered. "Come here and turn up the sound."

"Coming." I was never going to get anything done this way. "Are you going to change these sheets soon?"

"Yes."

"Good. It sure has been a long time."

"I changed them yesterday, Dad."

"No, I don't think so."

With the kitchen back in some order, I grabbed the sheets for the bed out of the linen closet and headed to the living room.

"It'll only take me a minute, Dad. Do you want to go take a shower now?"

His brow wrinkled as he gazed at the television. "Not yet. Why don't you just clean out the hall closet," he said callously. I clutched another box and opened the closet. His eyes followed me as I located some old clothes, his hunting vest and fishing hat. I ran my hand along the rim covered with his expertly created fishing flies. As I closed my eyes, it was easy to picture him relaxing in his boat with a can of beer in one hand, his pole planted firmly between his legs. I placed the memories tenderly in the box, sealed it up and placed it on the stack. Only a few more closets to go, I thought.

With the exquisite fishing boat now in the hands of the winner, Dad headed off to the shower as I quickly made his bed. At least this one wasn't up against the wall like the first bed. That made it easier to walk around it amid the other pieces of Early Victorian and Well-Used Garage Sale furniture.

I walked to the porch and sat in Dad's orphaned recliner, soaking up the early warmth of May. The chair's familiar form was still comfortable and useful to me on these long days. I was glad we found a spot for it after the furniture shuffle. As Dad emerged from the bathroom, I watched to see if he needed a hand. His cane seemed more bowed than ever as he entered the living room and shuffled past the boxes. For just a moment, his hand stroked the colorless wooden corner shelf as he gradually raised his chin and set his cane in the corner. Looking in my direction, he valiantly made his way to the bed.

"What's for lunch?"

"Your favorite, Dad. Sloppy Joes."

"Good. It's been a while."

I left the comfort of the chair to pull out the Tupperware bowls containing the leftovers from the refrigerator. There

was enough left for one, but I wasn't hungry anyway. I was just glad he still had an appetite and set his lunch in the microwave.

The television blared with another game show as Dad settled into bed.

"Gina, did you change these sheets?"

"Yes, Dad," I said, and placed the lunch in his lap. His hands trembled as he held the plate. Unsure of what to do, I paused until he clutched his sandwich and brought it to his mouth, turning his attention to the television.

My mind was elsewhere as I sat at the kitchen table, mounds of paperwork before me. I stared out the window as the tepid spring sun shone down on the purple blooms bursting from clusters on Dad's lilac bush.

LILACS NEVER SEEM TO LAST long enough. One day they are in full bloom and before you know it, they fade away. I looked at the summer bouquet on the table and thought about cutting a few more, but the blooms on the bush had already faded, and I lost the opportunity.

I listened to Dad's staggered breathing while I added another box to the stack near the door, nearly knocking over his uneaten breakfast. The wheel was spinning on the television, but Dad was dreaming of other things. I looked at my list and crossed off another responsibility. Grabbing some fresh sheets from an open box, I tossed his medicine bottle on top. I knew there would be no pithy comments from him, as his frail shell seemed to melt into the mattress. Tipping a pill into my hand from the nearly empty bottle, I stroked his arm until he opened his eyes. I reached out to place the pill in his mouth.

"Didn't I just take my pill?"

"No Dad, it's been a while." I carefully put the pill on his tongue and raised the straw to his lips. His eyes met mine. "Are you hungry?"

He shook his head. "I'm glad you changed my sheets."

I gazed at the fresh bundle under my arms. With a sigh, I repacked them in the open box near the bedroom as I looked around at the bare rooms. Without the clutter, my mind recalled my canopied bed against the wall and posters of pop stars filling every extra space.

"You really should have better role models than these," he had chided whenever he came into my room.

"OK, Dad."

I stared out the window at the tree fort we had built into the old oak. I wanted stairs, but Dad said a proper fort only had a rope to get up and down. He'd told me: "If you can't climb up it, you shouldn't be in it." And I'd responded: "All right, Dad."

I gazed at the porch and remembered all the photos we took before I headed for graduation. Dad stood in the entryway and watched me go out the door. "I hope you're planning to go to college," he had quickly interjected, as he looked at the hills in the distance. I told him, "Yes, Dad."

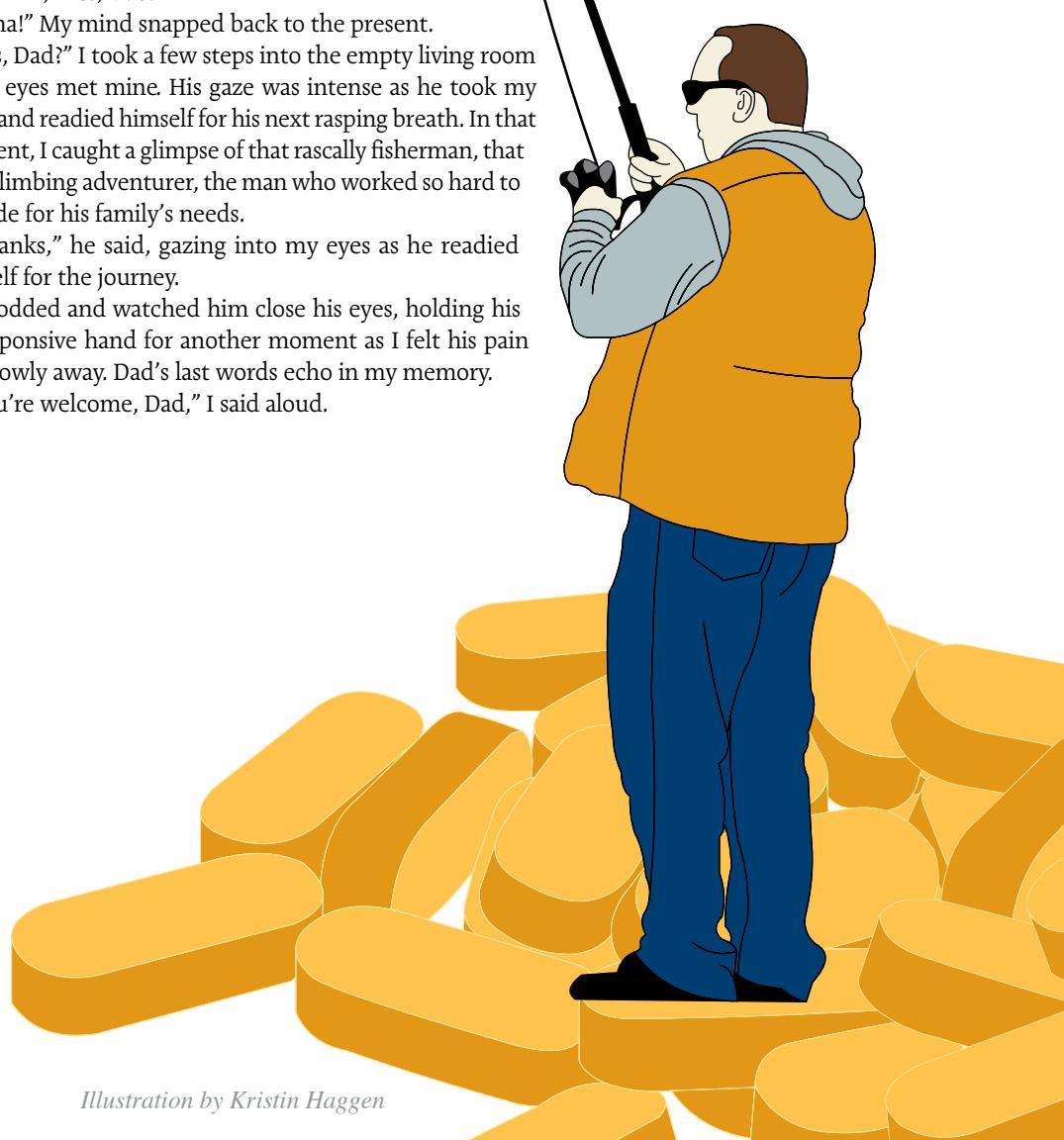
"Gina!" My mind snapped back to the present.

"Yes, Dad?" I took a few steps into the empty living room as his eyes met mine. His gaze was intense as he took my hand and readied himself for his next rasping breath. In that moment, I caught a glimpse of that rascally fisherman, that tree-climbing adventurer, the man who worked so hard to provide for his family's needs.

"Thanks," he said, gazing into my eyes as he readied himself for the journey.

I nodded and watched him close his eyes, holding his unresponsive hand for another moment as I felt his pain slip slowly away. Dad's last words echo in my memory.

"You're welcome, Dad," I said aloud.





(ABOVE)
Greg Liston **BLUE PINCHED** Ceramics

(BELOW)
Derek Spencer **JUJUBEE** Ceramics



Robert Novak **DAYLIGHT DELIGHT**
Opal and Engraved Sterling



(ABOVE)
Amanda Deal
HAPPY TEA TREE HUGGER
Ceramics

(LEFT)
Greg Liston
WILTED FLOWER
Ceramics

Tanner Casey **INTERVENE** *Ink on Paper*



Tanner Casey **INTERVENTION** *Ink on Paper*



"It is not the strongest of the species that survive, nor the most intelligent, but the one most responsive to change" – Charles Darwin.

COLLAPSE

By Emily Antoine

Chapter 1: Aden

The pale orange light of the early evening sun scarcely reflected off of Andy's Pawn Shop window. I pressed my fingers closer, feeling the window grime dig underneath my nails. I wiped the filth off with the sleeve of my cargo jacket, pressed my nose against the glass surface, and peered through, trying to get a glimpse. It was still there. A tiny gold band with a single diamond, barely larger than the head of a pin, remained nestled in its velvet casing. I stared at the tiny thing, my nose pressing harder against the glass, imagining how perfect it would look wrapped around Naioma's finger.

"Hey!" said the shopkeeper, banging on the window. "Either buy something or move on!" He gestured something, but only his large, hairy arms were visible through the grime.

I dug my hands into the pockets of my cargo jacket and pushed the door open with my shoulder. Two months I'd stared through the window, and this was the first time I stepped in to the pawn shop. A buzzer rang somewhere in the dark margins of the dusky room. Guns were stacked on shelves, thrown in piles along the wall, nailed up, and crammed into cases. The shopkeeper grunted, running his thick fingers through his greasy hair and hiking up his pants.

"What do you want?"

I stuck out my right palm to shake his hand.

"Hi, my name is Aden," I said, hoping he missed the slight inflection in my voice.

He raised his eyebrows, shooting his gaze towards my outstretched hand before he chuckled and tottered behind the counter.

"I seen you around here before," he said, his every feature stating he found me amusing. "You're the kid who comes by every couple weeks or so."

His reference to me as a kid, although a blow to my ego, was not an uncommon label for me. Barely twenty, I still retained my boyish physique, complete with spaghetti arms and chicken legs. My facial hair had now grown into an awkward set of dark patches, jutting out at random angles, and my clothes often looked too big. Pushing my shoulders back to look more masculine, I sauntered to the only container not showcasing a weapon and pointed to the ring.

"How much is it?" I asked.

The shopkeeper looked confused, finally erupting into a short fit of laughter.

"That relic?" he chuckled, "What do you want it for?

"It's for someone," I said, determination coming through in my voice.

The shopkeeper's laughter subsided abruptly. A look of contemplation came over him as his fingers slowly rubbed his jaw line.

"I couldn't take less than five," he said.

"Hundred?"

"No, magic gumballs," he said caustically, leaning his elbows against the glass, "Yes, Kid, it's five hundred. It's practically an antique."

Flecks of white were now visible in his thin brown hair. He reached up to scratch his nose, digging his nails deep into his swollen red flesh.

In my pocket, my fingertips found a neatly folded roll of cash, three hundred and fifty six dollars: two years' worth of saving. I'd scrounged for that, thrown myself into work, lived off the bare minimum of my meager wages, and still it wasn't enough.

One of the President Rutherford's re-election campaign ads streamed in on a television somewhere in the back office. Through the window, I saw I had just about half an hour left of daylight.

"Look," the shopkeeper said, "you got the money or not?"

I dug into my pockets, untied my roll of green paper, and set it down gently on the counter. It was mostly fives, but some tens, even a twenty or two.

The shopkeeper's mood improved instantly. Attempting to contain his excitement, he clenched the cash, folding each bill out evenly along the counter. From the hungry look in his eyes, it was evident the wheels in his head were turning. I paid close attention to his hands. When he finished counting, he stood up, snorted deeply, and wiped a few beads of sweat from his upper lip.

"It's not enough," he said. "You got something else? Something to trade in? I am running low on the old AK-47's. There is a market for antiques nowadays."

I hunched my shoulders and stared at a stack of rifles in the corner. "I don't own a weapon," I said.

From the corner of my eye I saw the shopkeeper searching me, studying, his dark eyes penetrating. How I must have looked, scrawny kid like myself, with no weapons, looking to buy a ring of all things with an unusual amount of cash on hand.

I looked at the ring, its gleam becoming dimmer in the setting sun. I thought of Naioma and the way her autumn hair cascaded down to her shoulders delicately. The ring would have complemented her. Hanging my head in disappointment, I started to collect my cash, but before I could pick up ten dollars, the shopkeeper slapped his thick hand over mine.

"Wait there, Kid. I'm feeling generous today," he said focusing in on the few twenties he still had in his other hand, "it's being President Rutherford's birthday and all. So, I will take your cash and give you a deal on a good gun. You're better off anyways."

His voice wavered. The shopkeeper was losing his dominant role, and we both knew it. What interested me more, however, were the fresh bruises on the underside of his left arm, as well as the yellowish remnants of those not quite healed. When he saw my eyes rest on his collapsed veins, he drew back his arm quickly.

"I think we can come to an arrangement," I said opening my jacket and pulling out a tiny sack from the inside pocket. Out of habit and paranoia, I glanced twice around the room before sliding it across the table to meet his anxious hands, allowing him the proper time to examine the Brown Sugar himself. He nodded, tucking the Opioid behind the counter, and smiled.

"Misjudged you, Kid," he said, reaching into the glass case and pulling out the gold band. It was dusty, and as I looked it over, I noticed a slight chip. When I finally held it in my hands, the simplicity of the band struck me as unique, and

somehow the flaw made the ring more beautiful. I thanked the man, leaving him to count the money once more and revel in his swindle.

I tucked the tiny loop into my breast pocket, pushing the grime-caked door open and striding down the sidewalk towards The Night Owl. Naioma was working that night, and as I walked along the crowded sidewalk, I planned every detail of the upcoming proposal.

The sun cast its final orange blush along the horizon. Already, I saw the neon signs developing a contrast against the night sky. I checked the cloud cover above. *It would be a clear night aside from the smog*, I thought, *black and bottomless*.

Empty beer cans, newspapers promoting faith in the government, and flyers to the opening of the latest strip club littered my path. Before me was a valley of asphalt, concrete and lost morals.

Dusk closed in as I tread faster, anticipation and nerves building. All around me, families ducked inside the safety of their buildings, their padlocked doors ready for the evening. How foolish I was to be out so late. My pulse escalated. The neon sign of The Night Owl was just visible in the distance,

and as I saw the sun lightly dip below the horizon, I ran toward it, propelling my legs faster. From the shadows of a dark alley, a man emerged and a large fist clouted me along the temple, halting my sprint. Disoriented, I stumbled sideways before my head collided with the sidewalk. I felt my body being dragged and my shirt riding up, exposing my skin to the unforgiving cement.

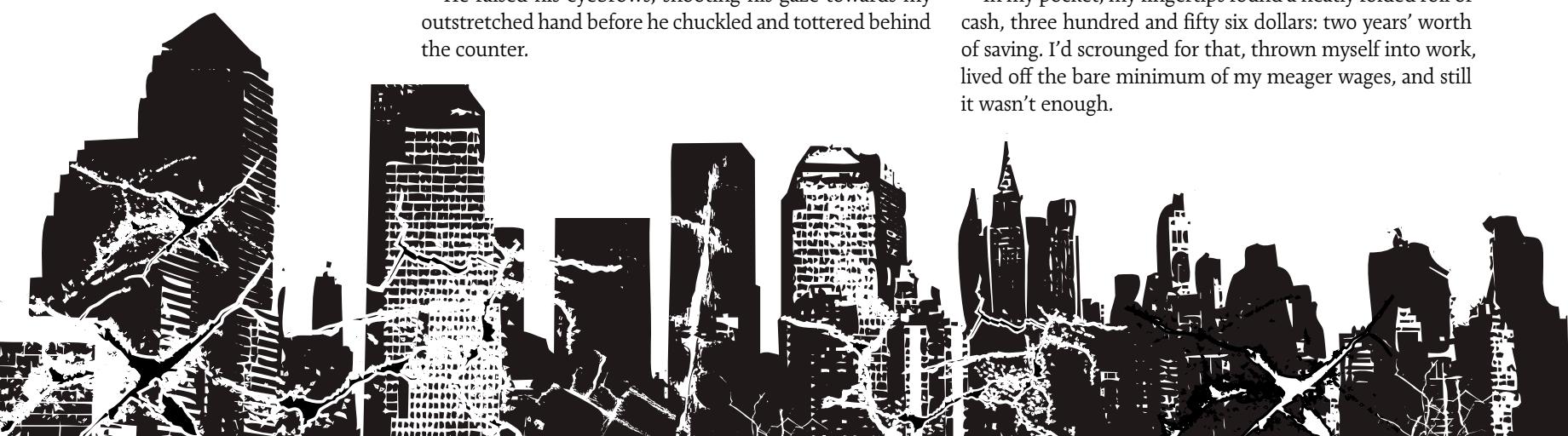
I struggled to make out who hit me as two figures shifted in the shadows. One propped me up against the brick wall as another searched my pockets. A flash of red from their jackets said enough. Patriots by profession, RIOTS by name. It didn't take long for them to find the ring. Whether or not the small ornament amused them more or baffled them, they found it reason enough to beat me. As they each took turns kicking me, the night gangs walked by without a word. They whispered to each other and pointed. Some even laughed. No one showed sign of stopping. I lay crumpled on the ground, coughing up blood, broken and alone with nothing but the grunts of my assailants in my ears.

I closed my eyes, thinking of Naioma, the ring, and all the life I would never spend with her. One RIOT squatted down to look me in the eyes, pulling out a handgun and thrusting the cold barrel to my forehead. His eyes were as dark and bottomless as the night sky, hard, and devoid of sympathy.

He opened his mouth to say something, maybe a farewell. I will never know because at that moment, the city siren ricocheted against the buildings, pounding violently against our ears drums. A splitting migraine joined my already-present head trauma, and as the city became enveloped in screams, the two RIOTS scrambled to their feet and ran into the shadows.

"BEFORE ME WAS A VALLEY OF ASPHALT, CONCRETE AND LOST MORALS"

Illustrations by Angel Hayes and Robert Cramer



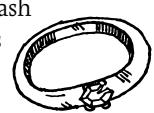
As they fled, I could just make out through my swollen eyes the distinct glitter of a very small metal object hitting the pavement.

I crawled, blindly throwing my palms against the ground, fingers feeling for the ring. I grasped it finally, pulling the band from the shallow depths of a muddy puddle. The shuffling of feet echoed around me, as people flew by, ignoring my bloody body. I used the wall to brace myself as I slowly centered myself and stood up. Leaning against it for support, I used the wall as a guide, following it around the alley corner and down the street. Several times, I was knocked to my knees by the rush of bodies, agitation and pain driving me further. From the neon sign casting its artificial light through the streets of the city, I found The Night Owl. Swinging the glass door open, I rest against the frame for a second before running into the strip club.

I loped through the tables and the scattered chairs, looking around the stage for Naioma, throwing obstacles to the side as glass bottles teetered and crashed to the floor with a crash. Frantic, I called out her name, but the siren outside was too loud. I stumbled into the back room, every nerve in my legs aching. I kept going, hurling each dressing room door open until I found her. Her knees were folded up against her chest, covering her sequined body. Mascara ran down her face as she held a needle to the underside of her elbow, crying as she injected the elixir into her arm. Autumn hair cascaded down her shoulders. Even in the worst of conditions she looked stunning.

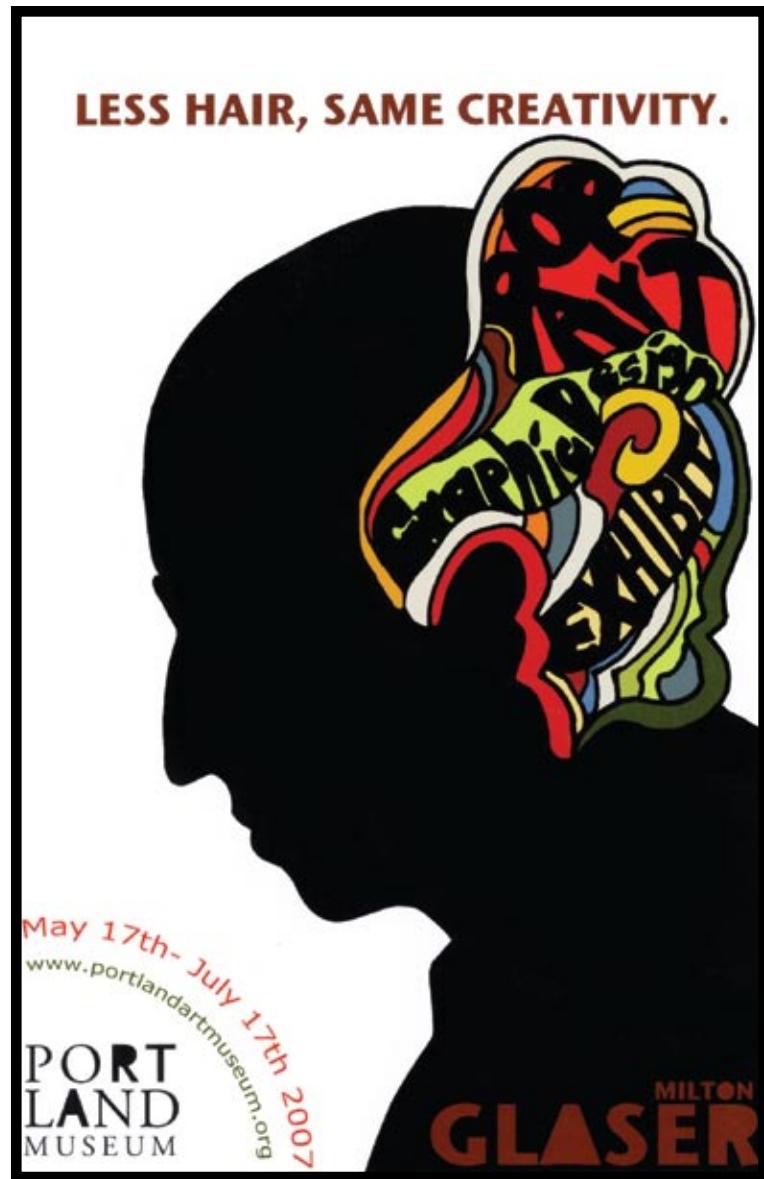
Desperate, I flung my coat around her and grabbed her hand, pulling her up with all the strength my skinny arms allowed. Reluctantly, she followed. I heaved her forward and we ran out the door and onto the streets, the siren continuing its brutal drone. Something white etched across the sky, arching through the clear air, as everyone stopped to watch it descend and fall. The ground shook and the sky lit up. Running across the crowded street, we ducked into a parking complex just as the blast reached our ears. I found the stairwell and, holding her tight by the wrist, propelled Naioma down to the bottom floor, two stories below ground. The lot was vacant. Our footsteps echoed against the cement walls as we ran to the nearest storage closet, threw open the metal door, and pushed our way inside. My knees finally gave out as I dropped to the ground, pulling Naioma close to my chest and holding her head against the thud of my heartbeat. We sat there in the dark, heaving, stricken with fear. I stroked her soft autumn hair from the frame of her face and rocked her back and forth.

"I love you," I said, slipping the ring on her finger just as an explosion reverberated in the distance. A flash of lighted up the terror in her eyes. There was another explosion, a flash of white light, and then the collapse.





Travis Clinton **CONVERSE CITY** Ink on Bristol



Carolin Keppeler **MILTON GLASER POSTER** Digital Illustration



Whitney Anderson **HUMAN TRAFFICKING** Digital Illustration

about the editors

Daniel Acosta Business Manager

"Not enough hours in a day. Too many hours in a week." In addition to his duties as Business Manager, Daniel did double-duty as an assistant literary editor. A talented writer, Daniel can whip up alluring alliterations, always alleviating alarming allegories in our promotional materials.

Whitney Anderson Co-Layout Editor

Whitney is a graphic design major in her second year at Clark College. She loves to act, draw, sing, play piano, and use high-powered computer programs.

Emily Antoine Literary Editor

Emily is a PHOENIX veteran this year, and writing is her absolute passion. When she doesn't have a pen in hand, she is usually dancing, with or without music, or rocking out with ROCKBAND on easy mode. She HATES "to be" verbs and loathes punctuation, but she does love a good tragic death every now and then.

Sarah Campeau Design Editor

Sarah dislikes writing about herself, particularly in third-person. She is an avid TV watcher and enjoys collecting wrapping paper. Sarah agrees with Bruce Nauman that, "...it's the intention that turns a staircase into a staircase as a work of art..." and battles her inner Pollyanna, who just wants to take pretty pictures.

Nathan Childs Fine Art Editor

Nathan strives constantly to rest in a place of equality, justice and understanding. He has convinced himself there must be an undiscovered form of communication that will break down this insurmountable wall. Only through study, dedication, and a fearless desire to strive for this new form will he conquer this barrier. Mistakes are only a measure of the immeasurable, and success is temporary relief, a glimmer of comfort, and a sneak peak of what lies behind those walls confining his ideal world.

Robert Cramer Illustrator

When he isn't illustrating pictures for the PHOENIX (or doodling in class), Robert is a track athlete at Clark and a singer in his own band. One day, he hopes to become a sound engineer or music producer.

Jason Curl Photographer

Jason is a bag of surprises. Got some time? He's got a story. Little would you know this Special Forces Officer is a beautiful ballroom dancer? From parasailing in the Caribbean to throwing grenades in Korea, Jason Curl has done it all, taking time off from his world travels to grace us with his presence at the PHOENIX. A lover of photography, Jason looks forward to shadowing forest firefighters this summer and hopes one day to become a photo journalist.

Chris Flanders Co-Layout Editor

Chris is a recent transplant from California, but we won't hold that against him. A quiet and mysterious individual, he is glad to be out of the automotive design business, especially at this point in time. He is an overqualified perfectionist and would like to point out he is still out of work and will work for pizza.

Kristin Haagen Designer

Kristin loves making life beautiful through art and design. She enjoys photography, interior design, sewing, and animal rescue. Kristin earned a degree in sociology from Western Washington University and is presently pursuing a Web Design and Multimedia certificate at Clark. Kristin currently works as a graphic designer with a local design agency.

Stacey Hargis Designer

The latest addition to the PHOENIX team, Stacey joined the program hoping to gain some experience in her chosen field of graphic design. The veterans at PHOENIX have worked hard to ensure Stacey is experienced in the art of going over budget, working overtime and redoing the same layout about five dozen times. She claims she even managed to have fun!

Angel Hayes Designer

She came...she designed...she left...Angel joined PHOENIX to hone her skills in the application of design principles. Her ultimate goal is to become an independent graphic designer and operate her own business, so she can avoid the humdrum existence of a cube farm.

Leah Kooiman Editing Assistant

Leah has always loved to write, from the second grade when she composed stories about what her teddy bear was doing while she was at school, to the slightly more mature novel she's working on now. She hopes to be a published author someday, but for now she's working towards her Associates in Arts degree so she can get a day job.

Jennifer Lewis Editing Assistant

Jennifer agrees with Sarah wholeheartedly. "Unless you are Stevie Nicks," she says, "it is unnatural to write about oneself in the third person." She is honoring a life long interest in writing and music, an adulthood interest in small press publishing, and continuing a life long quest to overcome her immaturity.

Kristen Weigand Web Editor

Kristen is overly dramatic, stubborn, willful, mouthy...with a creative flare, a penchant for photography, and a devious mind. She is obsessed with all things Warhol, playing cell phone scrabble, and being photographed during medical procedures. Often referred to as, "Picture Framer to the Stars," and "Mother" of "World Famous Gunther," the painting dog. Kristen is the owner of a fancy, yet worthless, Bachelor's Degree.

typefaces

Cartier Pro
Distro
Kepler Pro
Myriad Pro
Univers

paper Productolith Gloss Cover 120lb.
Pacesetter Matte 80lb.

This publication was laid out in Adobe InDesign CS3® on an Apple Macintosh G5™. Artwork reproduced either with an Epson Expression 10000 XL Photo® scanner or with a digital camera. Artwork was then prepared for publication in Adobe Photoshop CS3® and Adobe Illustrator CS3® and publication printed at Paramount Graphics in Beaverton, Oregon.

contributors' statements



Kevin Abhai
Charcoal Still Life, p. 15
I like how you can tell which direction the light source is coming from and how the objects are three-dimensional.

Michael Evan Adent
The Rain Will Come, p. 65
In a less dramatic sense, I watched this very scene unfold. A man hugged his "love," but held a tighter grip to his still-lit cigarette. In a separate instance, a mannequin stared me in the face, as if it were going to cry, like I did something wrong. This is what it would be like if the two moments met.

Whitney Anderson
Human Trafficking, p. 96
This *Human Trafficking* poster was a social awareness campaign assignment from my graphic design class. I chose the Statue of Liberty as a symbol of America and created the artwork in a distressed style to evoke a response. The contrast of black and white was used to symbolize the stark reality of this problem and the color red was used to link the font and the chains to the blood of the lives Human Trafficking destroys.

Wapentake, p. 56
These letterforms were created for typography class. It was a great way to learn to analyze letterforms. I wanted to create a sans serif letterform based on classic display types like Helvetica.

Emily Antoine
Collapse, p. 92
This piece is the result of insufficient sleep, thinking way too hard about the future and an imagination on the loose. It was the first time I dove into writing without a clear outline in mind and it became an adventure in progress.

Devout Impulse, p. 77
This piece is important to me because I think people can relate to a similar experience in their lives when they stopped taking everything at face value and finally started to question what they had previously been expected to believe. There is a feeling of betrayal, of curiosity, and above all a fear of being wrong.

Drinking Volumes, p. 24
The only way I have ever been able to express what literature means to me is by comparing it to alcohol. I love the imagery of a nice long book being compared to sipping a glass of wine; the book and the poem are quicker but no less effective, than a shot of rum.

Minako Aoki
Type Sets, p. 56
I really like the one in the center because it is unique, and because it inspired the other letterforms. My favorite one is the one on the right, because it looks like a face.

Jessica Astle
A Gathering of Unreality, p. 64
I feel the best aspect of this piece is the contrast between the very tight, detailed figures and the looser, more ambiguous detail. It holds the piece together and gives the figures personality.

Enter Cyberspace, p. 28
The Prologue is special to me because it is the first serious piece of fiction I worked on. I had written often before, but this was the first time I set about writing something that could be published in the future for people other than family to read. This project has been a six year process and I feel a sense of accomplishment for what I have created.

Self-Portrait, p. 49
I am proud of the way I captured the eyes. Eyes have always been my specialty, because of the expression they emit, and I feel I captured them well.

Anne Baghdanov
Seoul, p. 57
I like how the rows of paper lanterns reach into the distance, obstructing the sky. It serves as a memory for both my travels abroad and my time at Clark.

Mira Boumatar
Cala Lilles, p. 51
This piece is important to me because it was inspired by Georgia O'Keeffe's amazing flower paintings; these inspired me to draw my own versions. I consider this piece a tribute to her inspiration.

Downtown Beirut, p. 74
This piece is important to me because it is my native country. I was inspired to draw it after visiting Lebanon in 2005. Every time I look at this picture, I feel as if I am back in downtown Beirut among all the shops and the people.

Ryan Brouwer
To The Light, p. 32
This piece shows how, just as in life, it is easier for some people to get to the light than it is for others.

Sarah Campeau
Evergreen Hotel, p. 34
It was getting dark, so I set the camera on the ground to steady the long exposure on my thrift store camera.

First Infusion (from the Various and Sundry Medical Procedures series), p. 85
After three years, she was finally given a diagnosis. Her neurologist says that the feeling she fleetingly experiences is just a side effect of the infusion therapy.

Insert Peacock Here, p. 55
I took this at the zoo; perhaps his name is Henrey too?

Sarah Campeau
Little Boys Big Fish, p. 54
The title says it all. Seriously.

Tanner Casey
Intervene, p. 90
This was an exercise in comics for me to play with inking and a variety of other elements such as facial expressions, break-up actions, emphasis and lines.

Intervention, p. 91
I put this page together as an exercise for myself in inking and panel composition. I was intensely satisfied with the last panel, especially.

Michael Chapin
Thorn, p. 19
My style for this piece was based on the Fauvist concepts of painting.

Travis Clinton
Converse City, p. 96
I was inspired to create this piece while noticing the bottom of a classmate's shoe resembled a city map. The tread of the shoe appeared as perfect little city streets.

Eric Cummings
Silence the Antagonist, p. 36
An assignment for Fiction Writing class, "Silence the Antagonist" is a fictional account of one of my friend's relatives. He actually encountered a Ghurka in much the same way as Norington. I am a fan of historical fiction and enjoy this piece as one of my attempts at writing it, although certainly it's not the best or the last I will write.

Jason Curl
Bouquet, p. 51
To me, this picture seems elegant. The simplicity of the image is what makes it strong.

Gil Singing, p. 61
This image is one of hundreds of images I photographed while following two Bohemians for five weeks. In this picture, Gil performs at a political party's event.

Jason Before an Open Mic, p. 58
I used available light to get this shot of Jason, a 32-year-old Bohemian from Arizona. Living out of his car, Jason performs on the street or at open mics; "busking" to make enough money to eat and drive to his next location.

Amanda Deal
Happy Tea Tree Hugger, p. 89
I really like how all the different elements of this teapot came together. I especially like the happy tree hugger at the top.

Nick Dummer *In Memorium (12.20.1989-04.19.2009)*
Music in a Line, p. 48
Not only does this piece have good movement and flow, both vertically and horizontally, it is also very interesting to view. It is my best attempt at showing music visually. Editors Note: Nick passed away just days before this, his first and only publication. His father describes Nick as being "jazzed" at the achievement and adds, "We are so proud of you Nick."

Lisa Dykes
Letterforms, p. 56
I had fun creating these original letterforms, but I found it difficult to unify all the elements.

Riley Eoff
Socks, p. 21
I wanted to see what spikes would look like in hair: a prototype for future sculpture. All my prototypes are childlike. The more I learn, the more my pieces mature.

Sally Filler
Absent Again, p. 84
Inspiration is found easily in nature and especially at the coast. I enrolled in painting so that I could have more excuses to spend time and study the beach.

Jacob Force
King Penguin Arcade, p. 21
While making this piece, I was influenced by the pop surrealist artists Jeremy Fish and Greg Simpkins. This was my first project that encompassed both pop culture and surrealist qualities.

Formal Engagement with Alice, p. 21
A tribute to the tea party in *Alice in Wonderland*, this piece made me uncomfortable at first because its style was totally different from anything I had done previously.

Edgar Ford
Mask, p. 31
I wanted to see if I could inject personality into metal.

Weathersed Tree, p. 15
I've always enjoyed trees with character from age and weather.

Renee Gensler
Techno Opera I and II, p. 10
I listened to the fast beat of the music, and let it flow through my body and out my hands onto the board.

Jennifer Gilmore
Bird Bowl, p. 79
Originally, this was a disaster bowl, but I was able to put it to great use by making a bowl with a handle; it is lovely to look at.

Jennifer Gilmore
Despair, p. 75
This vase is my representation of a part of my life I needed to cope with and, thus, from which to learn. The crack in this piece and the detail inside tells the entire story.

Fear, p. 82
My favorite thing about this piece is the colors in the glazes. I tried something new and it turned out amazingly well.

Frida Grande
Life is Very Hard at Times, p. 35
I love how my son is open to expressing himself. I think this photo captures his feeling of disappointment.

Me, In My Daughter's Time, p. 45
I want to share my daughter's moments, wondering how my moments would have looked in her time.

Sadness of Losing my Candy, p. 35
I love to capture my son's emotions in photos.

Spinning the Wheel of Time, p. 35
Beautiful expressions can be captured in black and white photographs. Here, a dartboard and my son create the expression.

Devin Gregory
Dead Beat, p. 12
I really like my piece because it's the first piece of fiction that has shown my range. I usually write poems or memoirs and this I'm really proud of.

Alex Grengs
Apollo One, p. 82
I named it "Apollo One," because it reminds me of an astronaut's urn. *Apollo One* was destroyed by a fire and took the lives of three astronauts during a training exercise.

Industrial Revolution, p. 46
This piece makes me think of the Industrial Revolution and its impact on the world.

Jacob Hallenbeck
Synecdoche Blossom, p. 46
I love the process of transforming lifeless material into seemingly organic items.

Kristen Hamman
Portland Skyline, p. 33
My artwork is structured on a grid and inspired by my driving to downtown Portland with my roommate in the early hours of the morning. After many mishaps, a ruler slicing through the Bristol board, markers running out at 11:00 pm, a million eraser marks later and tears of stress, I finally finished what I think is my best work.

Stacey Hargis
Oneonta, p. 62
I took this picture while hiking along the Columbia River Gorge on the Oneonta Trail.

Reflection, inside cover
Sometimes the best pictures happen when you least expect them to. For instance, here, I was merely testing out my new camera.

Angel Hayes
Wrapped in Wrinkles, p. 14
My favorite part of this piece is how well the wrinkles and shadows add depth.

Tatibitha Hojnawski
On a Good Day, p. 2
This piece shows insight into the person I am as an artist. I am a calm and content person, so I painted myself in a way that would display this.

Dominique Horn
Two Heads, p. 26
These heads represent the relay of communication. Instead of passing their thoughts verbally, they pass them through a scroll.

Dolls I-III, p. 83
These dolls were my way of expressing the labels we inflict upon each other.

Hailee Hunter
Mole, p. 50
While painting this self-portrait I became focused on the profusion of moles. I like how the straight-forward gaze confronts the audience.

Andrew Jans
Monolith, p. 15
The negative spaces make one question the solidity.

Jordan Jones
Unicorns, p. 55
This was an experiment in mixing cyanotype and Van Dyke brown chemistry.

Carolin Keppeler
Milton Glaser Poster, p. 96
A Bob Dylan album cover designed by Milton Glaser was the inspiration for this piece.

Peace, p. 50
This painting has a very calming energy. Especially, I love the colors.

Annie Knight
Thanksgiving Harvest, p. 79
This still life in the Pointillist style taught me how the mind is capable of mixing color. I love how mere dots and dashes of different colors can be placed next to one another so that a flat surface appears to take on three dimensions.

Leah Kooman
Feeding, p. 80
Vampire stories have fascinated me for quite some time, because the supernatural element is undeniably cool. The concept of vampires is so old and has been toyed with so much. Understanding the history of previous vampire writing, I can make up my own rules and include some of the old lore along with the new I create.

Cindi Lou Kunkle
Wonderment, p. 62
We were asked to look for the beautiful where most people would interpret the ordinary. This image found me on a foggy night; it keeps me company there.

Jacob Laurila
Jacobic, p. 56
Based on pictographs, this piece shows nine of the eleven invented letterforms. Among the words to describe this piece would be "life," "war," "progress," "heaven," "joy" and "justice."

Allison Lee
Russian American, p. 75
This piece is a take on an idea that has been around for decades; I combined that idea with a piece of my personality and style.

Henrey, p. 54
What I like best about this piece is how loose the peacock is and how vibrant the colors are. I really like that the painting plays up what YUPO can do.

Norman, p. 78
What I like best about this piece is that the owl appears to have a round, fluffy texture that makes me want to hug him.

Jennifer Lewis
Stark Weather, p. 68
This piece is important to me because it is loosely based on an event that actually happened to one of my family members. It is a story I grew up hearing. The dialogue was important to me. My family comes from Colorado and Nebraska. There are colloquialisms and a rhythm to the way they speak that I hope I captured here.

Greg Liston
Blue Pinched, p. 88
Though this piece could have benefited from more contrast between the inside and the outside, I do enjoy the simplicity of the colors.

Willow Flower, p. 89
I did not have a detailed idea for this piece, I just tried a new form. I don't often use yellow when glazing, but the combination seemed to work well.

Hui-Hsin Lo
Primitive, p. 56
I like this piece because of its old appearance. Not only is the tribal style of letterforms interesting, but so is the manually wrinkled rice paper. By creating this piece, I understand the thoughts of our ancestors when they were creating symbols.

Rachel Logan
Musical Rhythm, p. 48
To me, this piece is a visual expression of music.

Kaela Long
Emerald Dragonfly, p. 21
A dragonfly husk inspired this piece. Made up of over three hundred paper clips, the "Emerald Dragonfly" is just another example of the normal household items I use as a medium for my art.

Crystal Loreth
Grandma Jenne, p. 76
While I was able to capture the beauty of my grandmother's face and her heart, her skeletal body and porous black lungs reflect the ugly truth of smoking.

Jasha Lottin
Silly, p. 75
I didn't really like this piece, but after I glazed it I actually think it's nice. I liked how the designs on the sides came out.

Amber Mabrey
Napoleon, p. 59
I originally based this story as an expanded story of Ani DiFranco's song "Napoleon." Music has been the foreground for all bursts of my creativity. I hope you enjoy reading it as much as I enjoyed writing it.

Kayla Mayer
Figure, p. 27
The human body is full of the most beautiful forms imaginable.

Patches of Vision, p. 95
This was very much an exploration of color. I tried to create intrigue with as little concrete information as possible.

Self-Scape with the Artist Included, p. 9
We live in strangeness, a world tailored to our whims and wants. A world of half-built Towers of Babel, blue puddles on seas of concrete, and green in the setting sun sky.

Kayla Mayer
Still Red, p. 18
There seems to be a mystery between the pot and bottle that evolved as I painted this series. I can see it most clearly here.

M. Tyler McCabe
Adam, p. 53
Usually the story of Adam and Eve focuses on their fall. Instead, this poem places the focus on the time before the fall, of the glory of being fully alive, the purpose of discovery and exploration.

Today, p. 7
I wrote this poem on a napkin one morning while I was making waffles. It is significant to me because it is an imperfect attempt to define myself at a single point in time. It is a struggle to define and remain undefined all at once, a sentiment I believe most everyone can relate to.

Youth, p. 23
Stare into his eyes and you will see his reservation and his fear, his secret struggles and his uncomfortable coming-of-age. Yet, you can also see quiet strength beneath the pain. This portrait expresses what it means to grow up, the awkward transition from potential to potency.

Magree McCarney
Infinity: An Invitation, p. 33
I am fascinated with space, dimensions and imagining a possible conceptual connection with optical illusions. In this piece I wanted to capture the illusion of vast space beyond the known Third Dimension, where further dimensions might meet infinity.

Robert Novak
Daylight Delight, p. 89
This was my first attempt at engraving. It inspired me to develop my skills further, and I have since continued to create engraved jewelry.

Lady Blue, p. 66
The beauty of the blue stone allows me for a nice contrast against the simple setting.

Brenda Pereboom
Crosswalk Shhh</