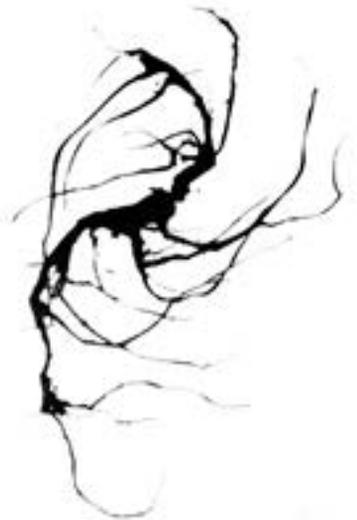


PHΘENIX

The Art and Literary Magazine of Clark College
Volume 26



Phoenix
The Art and Literary
Magazine of Clark College

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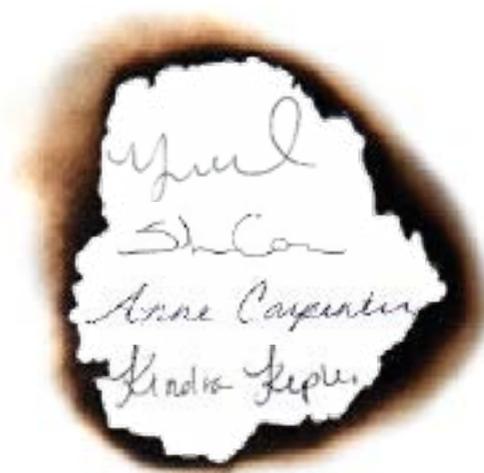
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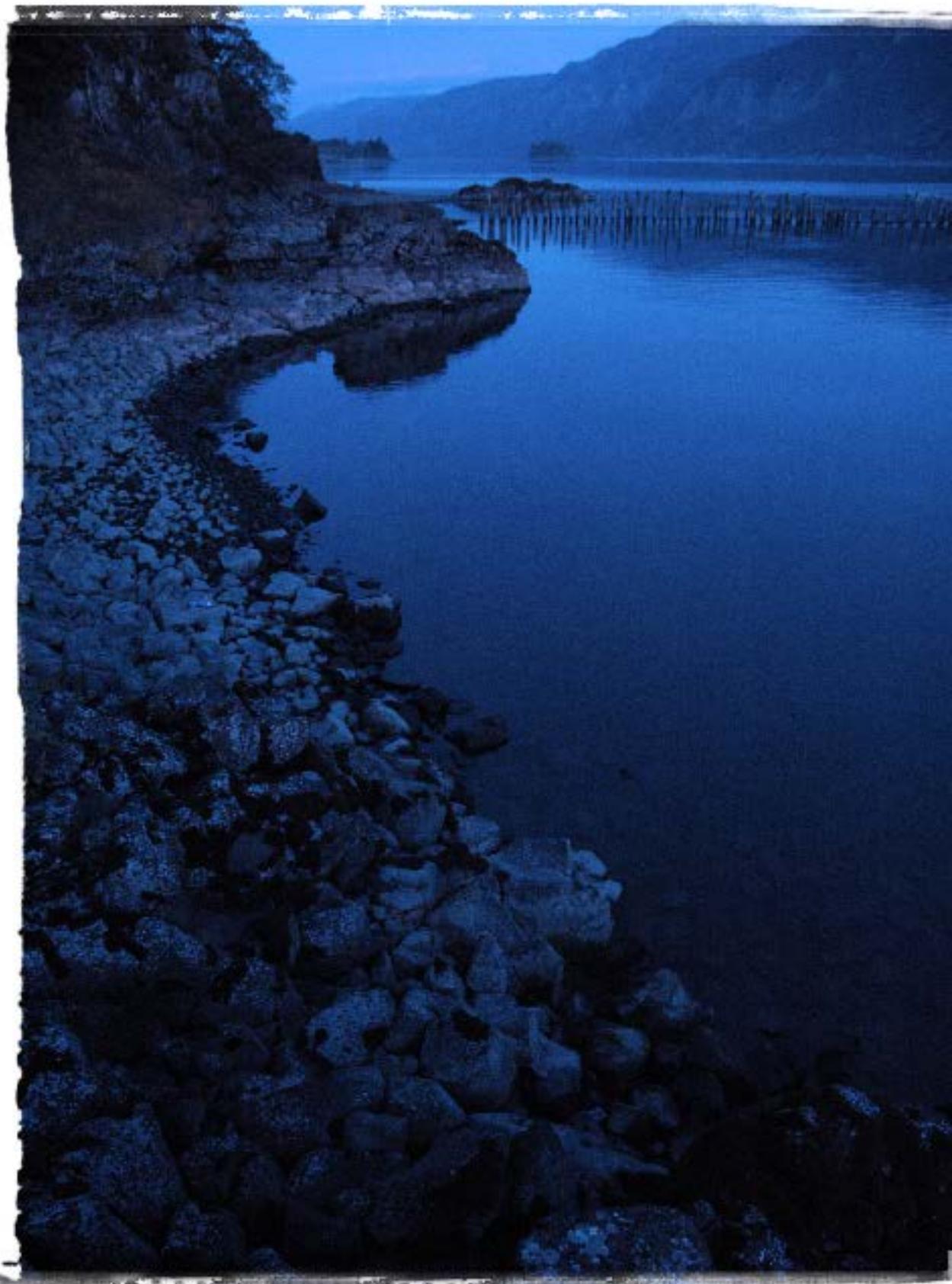
Editors' Note

Phoenix advisors begin considering student editors for *Phoenix* in early summer. By fall, the staff is set and the team develops a strategy for selecting and compiling art and literature, editing rough drafts, and distributing the finished project. The selection committees, which include editors and student panels, pour over hundreds of submissions, considering myriad factors such as quality and uniqueness when deciding what should be showcased in *Phoenix*. Once the committees decide on final pieces, editors undertake the formidable task of putting together a cohesive magazine; they spend countless hours editing, cropping, color correcting, formatting, designing pages, mastering layout, all in an effort to strike the perfect, appropriate balance. Now that you're holding *Phoenix* in your hand and reading it, the process truly is complete.

The *Phoenix* staff is pleased to present the student body with the 2006 edition of *Phoenix*, Clark College's student art and literary magazine; we've worked to craft an edition of which everyone will be proud. This year's *Phoenix* contains over one hundred pieces of art and literature, comprised solely of work from Clark students, making it one of the most diverse and inclusive programs on campus. To raise awareness of the talent Clark showcases year in and year out, we've printed and distributed more copies than ever before, hoping to garner well-deserved attention in the community for Clark's artists. Relax in your favorite recliner, grab a cup of coffee, and take a look at the impressive, absorbing masterpieces created by your fellow Clark students. We think you'll be as proud as we are.



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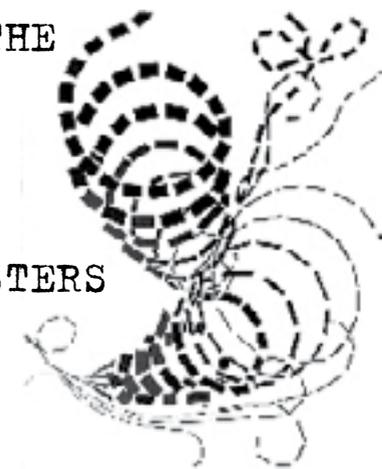
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All Square

Thomas R. Higdon

Ed Griffith had gone deaf. The judge banged her gavel again and again, but he heard nothing, absolutely nothing. People murmuring and milling around, briefcases snapping shut, spectators filing out nothing. Around him had closed a separating silence. Movement on the left drew his attention; Stubbs stood there with a grin on his face as a deputy busied himself unlocking the handcuffs. *He's going to walk right out of here. He got away with it!*

A roaring in his ears brought him to his feet, not sound but white noise; it came from his soul. He knew if he opened his mouth, the noise would escape, so he stood on unsteady legs and watched Willie Stubbs stroll out of the courtroom amid exploding strobe lights, his attorney patting him on the back. He sat down again heavily as his legs gave way. One of the detectives came to his side and put his arm around Griffith's shoulders saying, "This has happened before; it'll probably happen again. I'm sorry."

How he got home he didn't know, but he suddenly discovered the kitchen table beneath his forearms. He had to relieve himself, but still couldn't stand for long without support, so he sat on the toilet and felt his trembling body begin to respond more normally as though emerging from a coma. With little hope of sleep, he went to bed anyway, knowing he badly needed rest. In the darkened room, he lay quietly with his eyes open, hearing Stubbs's lawyer say, "...the fruit of the poisoned

tree,” and the judge say, “...inadmissible.” Incredibly enough, it had all begun fourteen months ago, in a night club.

Beth Ann had always wanted to visit a comedy club so, for her birthday, he'd surprised her with a visit to one. They'd been listening to a rather good routine which he somehow remembered almost verbatim.

“Did you ever wonder how some people pick an occupation? Take a proctologist for example; in case some of you don't know, that's a butt doctor. He's got this instrument about so long with a little light on the end of it, and he sticks it up your backside so he can see what's goin' *on* in there! Now you gotta figure he *likes* doing this; I mean he *picked* it, right?”

The laughter muffled the first shot, but then people began screaming and hitting the floor. Two men wearing masks yelled at everyone to get down, and then robbed the patrons of their cash and jewelry. Beth Ann had been frozen with fear; a wide-eyed child-woman, her gentle nature simply could not comprehend such evil.

As they left, one of them pointed his weapon at her, thrust his head forward, mimicking her aspect in apparent contempt, and pulled the trigger. Most of what followed, he could not remember. That night, he'd met detective DeWitt for the first time, and learned that scorn for working people ran through the criminal world like rot through an apple; DeWitt had relayed one story about a burglar who'd defecated on a family's kitchen table after robbing them.

Only three days later, the cops learned who had pulled off the robbery, and one of the perpetrators had tried, unsuccessfully, to shoot it out with the arresting officers. After the man's funeral, Griffith had walked up to the freshly turned

earth and, with great satisfaction and in front of several shocked bystanders, unzipped himself and pissed on the grave; he'd purposefully drunk four large mugs of coffee that morning. They'd taken him into custody, but hadn't had the heart to file a charge.

The rest of that day, they'd kept him at the station house just so he'd have some company, and he'd begun to understand how their world functioned. Once, almost a year before, DeWitt had pronounced the current crop of street thugs “witless and worthless”. By the next day, one of his fellow detectives had dubbed him “DeWittless.” Many in the squad had such monikers; it evoked the kind of humor that kept them from going mad in the face of so much mayhem.

The second suspect had recently moved his family to a small house on the outskirts of town across from an industrial park, and his teenage daughter had given the police permission to enter and search the dwelling. Stubbs's lawyer had contended the daughter had lacked authority to permit the search, and had asked the court to exclude the weapon found there as inadmissible, calling it “the fruit of the poisoned tree.” The court had agreed, saying the officers should have obtained a warrant before conducting their search, and had ruled the gun, now revealed by ballistics tests as the murder weapon, inadmissible.

He'd never known a woman like Beth Ann. Staring up at the ceiling in the darkened room, he replayed some of his favorite images. Stray animals, even deer and raccoon, visited her back door, knowing they'd receive food and affection. Children gravitated to her instinctively; she'd always given of herself without restraint. He never found out what she saw in him, but he'd tread carefully lest she find fault. The pain of an intimate memory suddenly seized his heart; he sat up and turned on the light. First her death and funeral then, finally, the farce of a trial.

For the next few weeks, he immersed himself in house-keeping chores and simple activities designed to keep his mind occupied. One day, cleaning out the refrigerator, he came upon her medications and, hesitantly, began to throw them out; it felt like a betrayal. In the rear of the shelf, he found one from two years back. Curious, he checked the date and discovered it had not yet expired. She'd no longer needed it, but couldn't bring herself to throw out anything useful. He remembered the doctor telling them to be careful with it.

"It's an anti-coagulant called Coumadin which, oddly enough, is the medical version of a powerful rat poison known as Warfarin. It's designed to combat blood clots like the one your wife has in her thigh. This tiny 5mg pill is a daily dose; any more and there's a risk of serious bleeding."

He tossed it into the garbage and finished wiping down the inside of the refrigerator. Closing the door, he picked up the trash bag and tied off the top.

As he ate dinner, he finished reading the evening paper and learned that a major local employer planned to put on a third shift. He slowly put down his fork, realizing that the location faced Stubbs's residence. The diner next to the factory had also come into his mind. He got up from the table and walked over to the trash bag, retrieving the bottle of Coumadin. He didn't know why yet, but something made him keep it.

Three months later, in the early evening of a weekday, he sat in his car and waited for Stubbs to emerge from his house. In the pocket of an old raincoat, he carried a dispenser containing almost an inch of sugar.....and forty-two crushed 5mg tabs of Coumadin. He'd watched Stubbs enter the diner every day for the last two weeks and order a large coffee to go;

the man had always upended the sugar dispenser over the coffee container, liberally sweetening it.

As the door to Stubbs's house opened, Griffith hurriedly left his car and entered the diner, positioning himself by the dispenser closest to the cash register. He pretended to look at the menu and made the switch just as the man entered and placed his usual order. Stubbs used the entire contents to dose his coffee, took a sip, and covered the container, tearing out the tab in the lid to permit drinking. While the counterman busied himself getting Stubbs's change, Griffith switched the dispensers back and went to the newspaper machine. He bought a paper and followed Stubbs out the door. The large floppy hat and old raincoat had effectively disguised him; Stubbs had shown no signs of recognition.

The hat and coat, along with many household items (including a well-scrubbed old fashioned sugar dispenser), went to Goodwill Industries early the next day. The night following his adventure, he celebrated with a bottle of champagne and a large porterhouse steak at the town's best restaurant. As he swallowed the last bite, someone drew out a chair and said, "Mind if I sit down? I didn't want to disturb you until you'd finished."

DeWittless slid the morning paper under his nose and said, "Have you heard what happened to old Willie?" The paper described an accident on the Interstate in which Stubbs's vehicle had slammed into a support column at high speed. "They did a tox screen to see if he'd ingested any dope, and guess what they found? His body was loaded with rat poison."

Griffith slowly turned and looked at him.

"There was so much blood in the car, the seat was saturated with it. Coumadin will do that in large doses; that's

why your doctor told you to be careful with her medication.
Dinner's on me."

Griffith stared at him, open-mouthed. DeWitless took out his wallet and dropped two twenties on the table. Putting his billfold away, he rose and pushed the chair back in. Then he looked directly at Griffith and asked, "All square?"

Slowly, the vaguest hint of a smile appeared on Griffith's face.

SPINEL PENDANT

Whitney Woodland | Sterling Silver



Jan Harris | Brass and Copper

STONE MADONNA



Oscar

Deanna Bredthauer | Digital Photograph

Not Humanly Possible

Ruby Murray

For six months, I begged for light and heat. Even on the late summer days when the sun shone, the house was dark. I felt like a piece of film in the center of a metal canister protected from the slightest ray. The mistake I made was telling Tom that maybe the quality of light where I had lived on the East coast was different, when I knew quite well the 1950's-era drapes that ran the perimeter of the living room made me feel I lived in a padded green box.

"The sun is up there. We'll go up to Mt. Hood this weekend and you'll feel better," Tom said, conciliatory as always. He ate chunks of Belgian waffle I had made using whole-wheat flour he had ground himself. This was our connection; we were anachronisms, pioneer re-enactors in modern clothes. No matter how magic our friends thought it was that we had found each other, midway through lives of spinster and bachelorhood, I was beginning to think otherwise. I had pulled a chair into the kitchen near the built-in nook, which was now sufficiently clear for one placemat. Yellowed newspapers and mail filled the other side.



PROTECTION OR OPRESSION

Shamarie Kepler | Mixed Media on Paper

"How can the house be too dark? No one ever said anything like that." His frame of reference was narrow, but generations deep. He had been away to college and traveled, without disturbing an idiosyncratic local perspective.

"You don't understand because you've lived here so long," I said.

I kept my back to the living room, tipped the chair back on two legs and drank coffee from a gold melmac cup, which made me feel I'd wandered thirty or forty years into the past. Before he left he pulled me close, his arms tight across the small of my back, and I rested my cheek against his shirt.

Peering through the two foot gap in the curtains in the living room, I watched the red farm truck with the two blonde Labs in back turn south on the road, toward the mill and the cabinet shop his family owned. I stood with my hands in the pockets of the bathrobe wrapped tight around me, feeling adrift, an east coast transplant, an artist with nothing to paint. I found my hands moving toward the curtain. I started to the right of the dining room window, bending the stiff fabric so that the sharp crooked pins unhooked from the plastic holders that pulled the drapes open. Dust was imbedded in the pale green fabric like the cancer cells in my mother's lungs that killed her the previous year.

Soon yards of the curtains lay over the dining table as I made my way toward the corner. I climbed onto the piles of magazines that lined the walls, *American Rifleman*, *Commercial Fisherman*, and *Scientific American*. The magazines would have formed a solid window seat, had they not been stacked four rows deep. I tossed the curtain hooks into a red Folgers coffee can with a rusted edge. The possibility of redoing the room kindled my energy, even as I avoided thinking about Tom's

reaction. When I had gently offered to “organize” his reference collection, years of magazines, newspapers that filled the house, he had declined.

“I could put them in order for you. I won’t throw anything away,” I had used as non-threatening a tone as I possessed.

“I wish you wouldn’t,” he had countered.

As I approached the corner and pulled the curtain free, the original gold of the wall emerged. Nice color, Mrs. Erickson, I thought. She had been dead when I arrived, but I imagined my mother-in-law had her hands full with Tom and four brothers.

I folded the curtains into a large lumpy bundle. The obstacles in the living room were more challenging. In order to reach the curtain rod, I wedged the kitchen chair between sports equipment, a Nordic track machine and a camping stove and lanterns that I worried about falling on. I reached toward the rod, struggling to get enough height to remove the pins.

Generally, Tom was a generous and kind man. I sensed stubbornness about him, unavoidable in anyone who had chosen to remain single into his late forties. I tried to stop rehearsing the conversation we’d have later, to stop muttering, “Too bad. Just too damned bad.”

With the fabric free from the largest window in the living room, a curtain of green outside came into focus. As the mounds of blackberries and the flat, feathered branches of the cedars that shielded the house from the road came into view, I questioned the wisdom of taking down the drapes. A mottled orange and yellow barn cat passed then, turning its head up to look at me, like a swimmer turning his face for air.

While opening the jumble in the house to the few people who passed seemed unimaginable, some instinct told me

not to return the sharp hooks to the plastic holes. The aluminum-framed picture window had replaced the paned original built in the 1890’s by Gunder Severson or was it Sigrid Gunder-son? I did not stop to consult the chart I had made Tom draw and post on the refrigerator. The early Norwegians had accommodated the officials who recorded their names, adopted the new country and its conventions, releasing namesakes from the old villages with apparent ease.

Gathering speed, I cleared the dining table, piling the assortment of debris that had been stored on it into doubled grocery bags on which I wrote the date in fat black marker numbers. The bags landed on the couches in the living room, on top of the clothes, books, papers and mechanical implements already filling them.

I understood Tom’s dilemma. “There’s no place for my things,” he had said. The house had been stuffed with two generations’ possessions before he was born. Tom liked to say he had warned me. “You lived in your family’s house. You know what it’s like.”

But when my grandmother Maureen died in Virginia, we cleared sixty years worth of foil Christmas decorations, tater tot fryers, sandwich grillers and electric foot soakers. We laughed, but we kept cleaning among flyspecks and mouse feces.

When I was introduced to people at Tom’s church who knew the Ericksons, they asked if we were going to live in the house. Their eyes sparkled when I said “yes” their lips curled tight in half-grins. Then they said, “Tom is a *great* guy. Seriously, you couldn’t meet a nicer guy.”

I knew these same people were now asking themselves and each other, six months later, “How can she live like that? How can she live in a place like that?”

By three o'clock, all the drapes were down, assembled into loose bundles. When Tom came home, he stood in the living room, while I waited for his reaction like a child in elementary school.

"You're not making this easier," he said, glancing at the walls in the living room.

I knew I had tested him, diving into the house as I had. I wanted to say, "You're not making it possible."

"The heat is going to radiate out the windows," he said. "I've explained that."

"I understand about heat. I wanted light," I said, deflecting his Mr. Encyclopedia persona. Tom looked into the corner of the dining room. He liked to tell people that we would each have to make adjustments, since both of us were "used to doing things our own way."

"Some things we should decide together," he said.

"We haven't decided anything together. It's 'No. Not now. Not yet, I wish you wouldn't.' Nothing's changing." My voice rose and I felt the fabric of my life dissolving like a saltine cracker eroded by tears.

"I want you to like our house," he said. "It's going to take some time to get it in shape."

"It's been six months," I said.

I saw him looking at me, the skin around his left eye twitching.

Maybe this was "the first fight" my sister, Gina, had said to wait for. She said, "Don't marry him until you have a really bad argument. That's the part you need to know you can tolerate."

I wondered if any of his relatives had failed in America, worn themselves out and returned to the old country. Been so lonely they couldn't stand it or hated the climate, the language and the optimism of those who were succeeding.

"Did any of your relatives ever go back to Norway?" I asked.

Tom looked at me as if the distance between us were growing.

"Did anyone hate it here and go back home?" I repeated.

"My great-uncle Lars went back to Ulsteinvik. His wife wouldn't come after him," he said after a pause.

I raised an eyebrow, my lips curving.

"Do you want to go back?" He choked the words out.

"No," The word binged like a pistol retort; I had nowhere to return.

Tom leaned on the back of the couch and looked around the room, his face softening.

"So, you don't mind so much that I moved the drapes?" I asked.

"I'll get used to it, I guess," he said, his voice a little spongy.

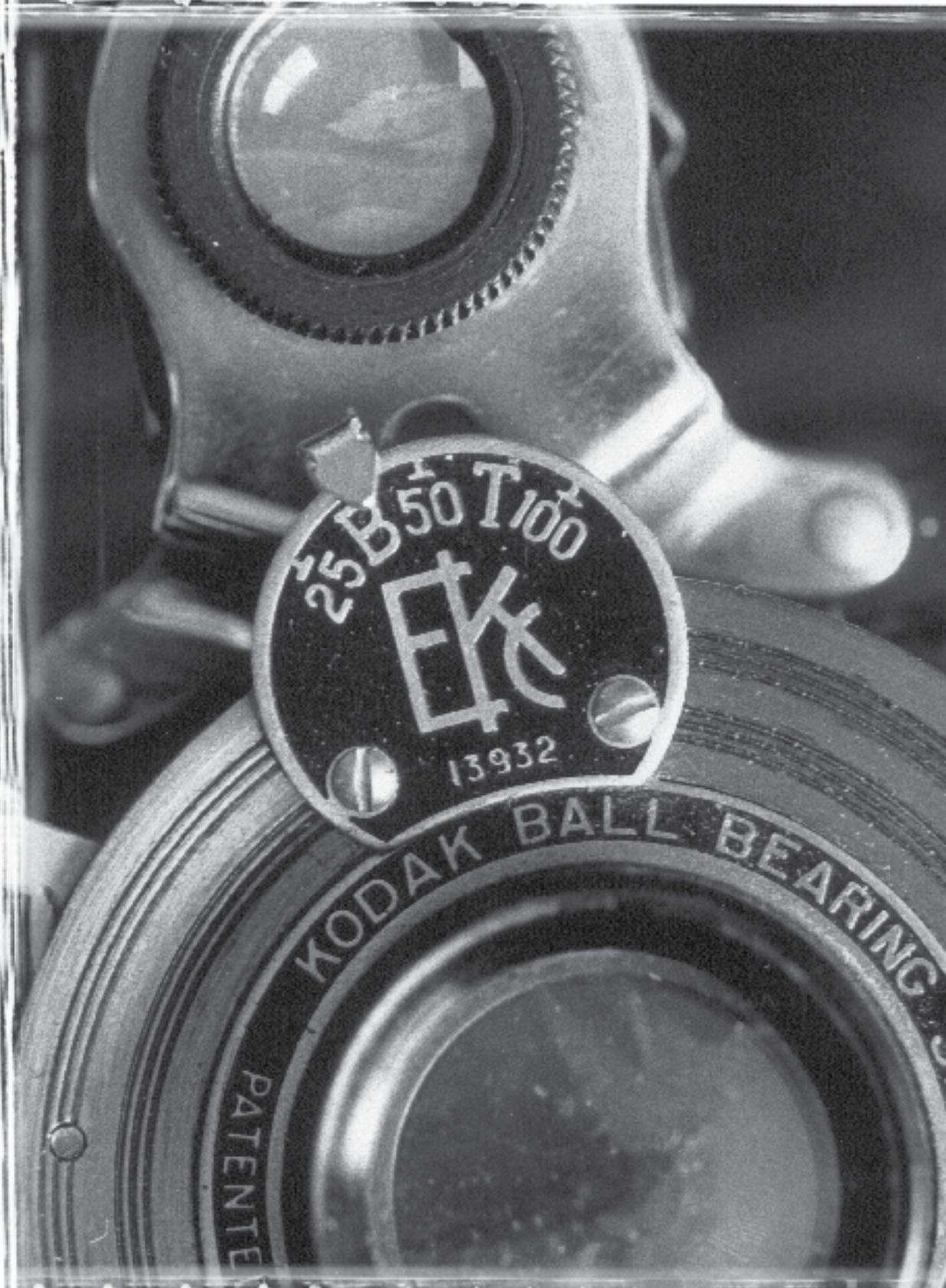
"I have to change things," I said, gaining ground.

"I know. I know," he said.



STAY INBETWEEN THE LINES

Jeremy Testerman | Digital Photograph



Pocketful of Nuthin'
by Cuttin' Onion

Bobby Castaneda

I've got enough humility and unemployment blues these days to qualify as a genuine bluesman. Oh yes, I can write the lyrics and holler the tune. Hell, I even figured out a great name... Cuttin' Onion.

Damn, that's blue! Guaranteed to make you cry, no matter what kind of mood you started out with. Now if I could only transcend the singer/songwriter quagmire and play the slide. Granted, I'm not black. But I'm certainly darker than the average white guy, especially when I tan in the summer. Well, at least the top half anyway.

Blues is one of the only musical genres that reward you with credibility if you happen to be suffering from some sort of physical malady. Or if you're just plain old and ugly. In twang (country), all you really need is an alcohol issue, a big hat, and the coordination to sport a gel-infused mullet with confidence while shaking your tight, Wrangler-hugging ass. Where's the honor in that?

In rock and roll, you've got to have the right AR man, a current or past drug addiction, and a working knowledge of groupie appreciation.

But with the blues, you've got to be sufferin' – both past and present. And your woman's got to really do you wrong. Not just the woman you're with, but every one you've ever been with.

Wait a second. What if she done you wrong...and then on her way out the door, while you were on your knees beggin' her to stay...poked your eyes out?

Oh my god, huge points for blindness! Not to mention the elevated nomenclature – Blind Cuttin’ Onion. Can you imagine? I can’t believe no one’s thought of this. Is there anything bluer than an unemployed half brown/half white guy playing bad slide, while tears drip from his empty sockets? That’s what I’m talking about. It wouldn’t even matter how crappy my singing was. That would just add more credibility. I’ve got to get to work on this. So much to do.

Speaking of unemployment blues, my best friend and motorcycle riding buddy, Suede, just found out that his job as an on-air television operator is going to be phased out in a year and a half. On-air operators are the people who work in the dark caverns of any broadcast entity and actually put the shows and commercials on the air. They are the last degree of separation between the unimaginative overpaid commercial producer and the viewers sitting on the couch trying to explain to their inquisitive children the benefit of wings on panty liners.

At our age, something like this comes first as a shock. Then, once that wears off, the realization that one has invested nearly twenty years in a very specialized and shrinking occupation turns into a sense of hopelessness and skewed self-perception. Who wants to hire and retrain someone over forty? Far and few between, that’s who.

Suede stopped by the house for a bit of encouragement. I poured us some coffee and started batting around a couple of career ideas. We got as far as truck driver, and then we were stumped. But then, after three more cups of coffee, we came up with a brilliant idea. Even though middle age is chasing us down a dark alley, he and I are still in relatively good cardiovascular shape, we possess some lingering muscular definition, we’re not too proud, and have a couple of really nice Harleys. We could be strippers.

Picture it – we ride into the dance club in full leathers and chaps to the thumping soundtrack of Taking Care of Business by Bachman-Turner Overdrive, rev up the engines, step off and start busting our best moves. I’m not exactly the best-looking guy, but I can dance. As a matter of fact, in addition to teaching Argentine Tango, I had a rarely-mentioned stint as a male dancer during one financially desperate Idaho summer. Times were tough and it was a long time ago. That’s all I’m saying.

On the other hand, Suede is ugly and he can’t dance. But in a pair of tight-fitting chaps and a leather thong, who cares? Especially if the crowd of middle age women have had a few drinks. Ok, maybe a lot of drinks. We could work the happy hour shift when well drinks were half price. I could shave off a few years with a little Grecian Formula and maybe a navel piercing. Suede’s always been considerably less self-conscious than me. He could shave or pierce whatever. It could work. We’ve only got a couple of good years left so I suppose we’d best get started on it.

Until then, there’s life in the suburbs, bills to pay and garbage to dump.

It was the dusk of summer and I was just minding my own business, mowing the lawn when the neighbor kid stopped by. He’s in his early twenties and was home for the weekend from college. I suppose the fact that he’s twenty-something and I called him a kid is testament to my impending geezerness. Sometimes I shake my head in disbelief, trying to figure out when this happened. After all, I still feel the same age. I still do the same things. I don’t get it.

I shut off the lawnmower and asked “How’s it going, Tyler?”

Since he’d asked for employment guidance months earlier, I assumed that’s what he was following up on so I asked him to come in the house. We walked upstairs to the computer

and looked up his resume, which he had posted online. I then began to bestow sage advice and showed him a couple of job posting sites. Of course, out of the one hundred-plus resumes I've submitted to posted jobs I would have been perfect for, scant few have given as much as a rejection letter. He mentioned a job search seminar at Workforce – the local unemployment affiliate. I knew the place well. It was in my neighborhood and always had a group of grubby people huddled and smoking outside the front entrance. He asked if I was interested in going with him the following morning. Of course I had nothing going on and nothing to lose, so I agreed to go.

Tyler showed up at my door the next morning in his 1984 Toyota Celica. Before I sat down, I wiped a small puddle of water from the passenger seat without questioning where it came from. I dressed nicely for the occasion in shirt and tie, and the first dose of cold rainwater that spilled from the leaky sunroof onto my crotch was a real eye opener. My physical reaction was instantaneous. I can't afford that kind of shrinkage. Anything less and I'll be in debt.

"Dude, what the hell?" I exclaimed as I looked down helplessly at my wet crotch.

"Oh, sorry about that. This thing leaks. Water collects under the headliner through the sunroof I guess."

"You guess?"

I could tell by the expression on his face that he wanted to laugh, but held it in out of respect for his elder.

"You want to take your car instead?" Tyler asked.

I thought about it for a second as we sat at the red light.

"No. Let's just go. We don't have time to go back and get the Jeep. I'll just keep my briefcase on my lap. Maybe if I look like I'm suffering from a weak bladder, they'll work a bit harder to get me a job just to get rid of me."

Tyler laughed. "That's a good idea."

At this point I figure whatever it takes. The light turned green and as he turned the corner, another half cup of cold water dribbled out and hit my shoulder.

"Dude!"

"Yeah, there's a lot of water in there. It only comes out if I really step on it or turn a corner too sharp."

"Son of a bitch!"

"Sorry about that." He pointed to the edge of the sunroof above my head. "If you press right here with your palms, it won't spill out."

So I placed both hands against the split in the headliner next to the sunroof's edge for the remainder of the drive. It looked like I was either being held up, or raisin' da roof like a hip hop concert fan. When we got to our destination, I realized it wasn't the Workforce that I drove past every day but another one in the same building as the local community college annex at a dilapidated strip mall. Now that I think of it, it makes perfect logic to place the unemployment affiliate just down the hall from the college classrooms. Given the inflated degree/experience expectations listed in most job postings, it's a natural progression.

Once we walked past the smokers in the entryway and into the overcrowded lobby, I knew I didn't belong there. At least I hoped I didn't belong there. It was a vast room full of people standing in lines, sitting in chairs and feverishly pecking away at computer terminals. Now, I'm no fashion model, but I do have some business dress-code sense, social protocol, and self-awareness. There were serious hairstyle and wardrobe violations as far as the eye could see. People were walking around in sweatpants, baggy jeans, tennis shoes, dirty laundry, mullets, untucked t-shirts, whatever. I couldn't wrap my head around the possibility that these

people dressed like that thinking it might help them land a job. Wasn't that what they were here for? Isn't personal presentation a big part of the job search process? Maybe not.

Maybe I was overdressed. Maybe I'm just a fashionist. Maybe I'm just an arrogant asshole. In my Kenneth Cole shirt, hand-painted vintage tie and dress slacks, I felt seriously out of place. Either way, I was floored by the extent of the NASCAR/cheap date/single-wide trailer vogue that I'd stepped into. It was just too much sensory assault for that morning hour – like getting up at six a.m. after a party, grabbing that warm, open can of Pabst setting on top of the speaker, and slamming it down before discovering someone had also used it as an ashtray. Or like cold water on the crotch.

We were directed to a room at the end of the hall where I had to endure the looks usually reserved for privileged Ivy League boys and wealthy prom princesses. But then maybe they were just suspicious of my strategically placed briefcase, like I might be concealing an erection. Once we walked into the orientation room, I realized that unemployment was also synonymous with bad hair. In a group of approximately twenty people, there were four mullets, one shag, two greasy ponytails, and three Clackamas Claws. Clackamas County is one of several white trash ports of call in the Portland area. There's that thing some women do where they generously glaze their bangs with hairspray and sculpt it into a threatening claw shape, while completely ignoring the back and sides. Like Tonya Harding. I call it the Clackamas Claw.

There were anywhere from three to five people seated together at each table. I took the lead and found a table at the back that was still empty in the event we might be asked to do

some sort of group exercise. God I sound like an asshole. It's just that, as I've gotten older, I've become increasingly intolerant of ignorance. My ability to assess a situation has served me well all my life, and I was definitely sensing that a meaningful, intelligent conversation was scarce in these parts. Then I had to ask myself if this is where I belonged now – if being among the desperately unemployed meant that these were now my people. I let out a deep exhale as I sat down.

We were a few minutes late and the instructor made a point to let us know it was ok that we were late. Other than his crewcut, aviator-style prescription lenses and ill-fitted polyester slacks with the bulging wallet in the front pocket, he seemed like the only normal person in the room.

“Ok everybody, let's get started. My name is Mr. Brown” he said as he wrote it down on a dry erase board. So that's how “Mr. Brown” is spelled. I made a note of it.

“This class is an orientation to set you on the road to getting the job of your dreams” he said.

The job of my dreams? Alright! I always thought that I'd have to know somebody on the inside in order to be a well-paid bra and panty fitter.

He continued, speaking slowly I assume, so that no one got lost in the conversation. “Ok, I see there are several cell phones in the room. I'm not going to tell anyone to turn them off because it just might be someone calling to offer you a job. Whenever you hear the bell ringing in the main lobby, that's because someone was offered a job while they were here. We don't want to stand in the way of that because, after all, that's what we're here for. So I'm just going to ask that you put your cell phone on silent alarm or vibrate.”

One of the women sporting the Clackamas Claw, dressed in sweat pants and a t-shirt piped in, “I don’t know how to put my phone on silent alarm. So if it rings, I’ll just have to answer it or something.” Her voice sounded like she was pushing it up from the very back of her throat. I thought about walking across the room and showing her how to shut her phone off.

The instructor acknowledged her issue and continued, mentioning that we we’d take a fifteen-minute break after the first and second hour. Three hours? Is that what he was saying? I shot Tyler a glance of horror. Then it happened.

“Ok, now I want everyone to get together with two or three other people and exchange personal information. Learn each other’s names, reasons for being here and strengths. Then I’m going to ask each of you to introduce the person on your left.”

A group exercise? I knew it! The table in front of us had the only other person who was seated alone. Looking around the room, he immediately decided that we were his guys. He appeared to be in his mid-fifties, wearing a flannel shirt (in summer) and had a quarter cup of pomade in his hair. I figured he was a truck driver and a George Jones fan.

“Hi, my name’s Chuck” he said in a surprisingly nerdy voice as he extended his hand. “What’s your names?”

We introduced ourselves and began to exchange information. Unfortunately, we received much more information than we gave.

“Yeah, I’ve been looking for a job for a while now” he disclosed. “The last job I was laid off from. Well, they called it a lay off, but actually, I was fired.”

I interrupted, “Uh, Chuck, don’t you think that it would be better if people remained under the impression that you were laid off?”

“Well, I guess so. But actually I was fired. And before that, I was fired from there too. Same thing with the job before that one. But on that one job before that one I just told you about, I quit before I was fired. I guess you could say that I’m a people person. Yeah, that’s what I am. . . a people person. I like people.”

I didn’t know how to respond. When it finally came time to introduce each other to the rest of the room, I’d completely forgotten what Tyler told me so I winged it. I pointed to him and said, “This is Tyler. He’s a recent college grad who’s skilled at graphic design and has an uncanny ability to assess any given business challenge and come up with a measurable plan of success.”

Tyler looked at me with his mouth open, but recovered his footing and introduced our new friend. “This is Chuck and, even though he was laid off from his last job, he’s a real people person.”

Chuck raised his hand and corrected Tyler. “Actually, I was fired. They called it a lay off, but I was fired. Same thing with the job before that one. Oh, and the job before that one too.”

Most of the room nodded with empathy. Then, just as he was about to introduce me, that woman’s cell phone began to ring. It was the theme from Star Wars. To our utter amazement, she casually answered it.

“Hello? Yes? Hey, how are you? I’m fine. Yeah. . . yeah. . . uh huh.”

The entire class went silent while she talked.

“Well that sounds great. Good for you! How much are they gonna pay you? Eight dollars an hour? Nice! Hey look, I’m in a class right now. Yeah, a class. It’s about unemployment and stuff. Uh huh. Yeah, unemployment. No, I’m still looking. That’s why I’m here in this class. Oh, I don’t know. I guess it’s gonna go on for a couple hours or something. Yeah, I’ll call you later, ok? Yeah, ok, buh-bye.”

She hung up and absently looked at Chuck.

He hesitated for a moment and then picked up from there. “Ok, like I was saying, this is Robbie, and he’s a real people person.”

I never said that.

Another woman in her mid-thirties with two inches of black roots showing through bleach-damaged hair, and also wearing sweat pants, chimed in. “I have an ex-boyfriend named Robbie, and let me tell you, he was no people person.”

I was caught in The Twilight Zone. I struggled to correct the situation.

“Actually, my name’s Bobby.”

She crossed her arms and picked at her cuticles. “Whatever.”

Mr. Brown broke in, “OK, now that everyone knows each other, let’s talk about resumé fundamentals.” He restated the word slowly as he spelled it on the dry-erase board. “Re... suuu...maaaay...fuun..da...mmmen...talllzzz. Alright, everyone look at the booklet I passed out and read along with me.”

I wasn’t in the Twilight Zone. I was in hell. I spent the next thirty minutes trying to figure out what it was I was being damned for, but there were way too many possibilities. My thoughts were jarred again by the theme from Star Wars. I hate that theme song. I spent over twenty years avoiding anything to do with the entire Star Wars phenomenon. Finally, while I was living in Norway and reasoned that no one would ever know, I capitulated and sat through most of the first movie. It was crap; nothing more than a cosmological cowboy flick. Watching it did nothing to satiate my curiosity or annoyance of the Star Wars buzz. And either did that ring tone. Again, the entire class sat in silent disbelief while she nonchalantly picked up the phone and answered it.

“Hello? Yes? Hey, how are you? Good. Are you still coming out at the end of the month? No, to hell with him! He can move out if he wants, but I’m keeping the apartment. Yeah...uh huh...yeah. No, I’ll just toss his crap out into the street if it comes to that. There’s plenty of other fish in the lake. He needs to listen to that ‘if you love somebody, let them go’ poem. I know. I love that poem. Yeah. Hey look, I’m in a class right now. A class. Can I call you back later? What? Oh, it’s a class about unemployment. Yeah, unemployment. I dunno. I guess they’re going to teach me some stuff about getting a job and stuff. You know... resumé and stuff. Yeah. Where? It’s out by the community college. Yeah, I’m a big college girl now. Yeah. Alright, I’ll have to call you back later. Ok, buh-bye.”

She struggled to find the disconnect button, hung up and looked at the instructor with boredom. I contemplated relieving her disinterest with the adrenaline rush of a flying Workforce instruction booklet.

By the second hour we were discussing areas of industry growth. Mr. Brown talked about the nursing field and said that nursing was a real growth industry. Chuck leaned over to tell me how bad he’d look in a nurse’s uniform. I agreed and said he’d probably get fired because of it.

The woman with the damaged hair interrupted, “Nah, nursing’s not growing anywhere.”

Did she say it’s not growing anywhere?

“Well, actually I believe it is,” Mr. Brown countered.

She continued to talk while absently picking at her fingers, “Nah, it’s not growing anywhere. Oh, trust me on that one. I’m not actually a nurse, but I know people and it’s not growing. I think that there’s like twenty percent unemployed or

something like that. Maybe it's fifty percent. I don't remember for sure but I know people who do. Trust me."

It was a sound argument. I mean, she certainly had all her facts in order. Chuck, who had the annoying habit of confirming almost every sentence with an audible "uh hum" or "oh, yes", was starting to get on my nerves.

I leaned over to Tyler and whispered, "If we ever get out of here I'm going to kick your ass."

We skipped the break between the second and third hour because we were running over schedule, which scrapped my last chance for an early escape. Half way through the third hour I'd lost all sense of decorum and was amusing myself by seeing how far I could push the inanity of my questions and comments.

"Mr. Brown, how do I get to be one of those people that gets their name printed on an inspected by tag?"

"Mr. Brown, what if I get a job as a nurse and it really isn't growing anywhere?"

"Mr. Brown, what job pays the most and expects the least?"

It all backfired. Every question was qualified with a long answer. This was the place where I learned that there really was no such thing as a dumb question. Worst of all, I'd been sucked into the vortex of the people I was surrounded by. I'd become one of them. During the last half hour, I was publicly reprimanded for taking a nap. When I opened my eyes, my peers were all looking at me with disappointment and annoyance.

I had a vibrant and professional work history; chef, veterinary associate, and television writer/producer/editor. Still, after almost two years, I couldn't land a decent job to save my soul. And now I was sitting through orientation in hell's unem-

ployment headquarters. I kept thinking there might be something I'd gain from this experience.

After an eternity the class ended and we were introduced to three resumé and recruitment specialists. Thank God I thought. Finally some sort of payoff for my suffrage. Not knowing what I was in for, I brought a couple copies of my resumé just in case someone might want to look it over or refer me somewhere. I waited for another half hour before I reached the one specialist who appeared sharpest in her wise librarian glasses and suit. But by the time I sat down to talk, her patience was nearly as assaulted and tattered as mine. I handed her my resumé to see if she had any suggestions. She looked it over closely and asked me, "What are you doing in here?"

"Pardon me?" I asked.

"You're clearly overqualified for this place. You don't belong here."

I gave one last look at the other people in the room. "Do you really mean that?" I nearly kissed her. "Gosh, thanks!"

It really didn't matter that she couldn't help me find a job. The best news I received was that I didn't belong there. I grabbed Tyler and we left. As he pulled into traffic a splash of cold water nailed me in the chest. I smiled and apologized about the earlier threat. On the way home I looked out the window and noticed that the sun was shining and there was a big rainbow.

He dropped me off at my house and apologized. "Hey, I'm really sorry about that whole thing. I really didn't know it was going to be like that."

I reached over and shook his hand. "No problemo, Tyler. The most important thing is that I didn't belong there. You're still young. Follow your passion, see if you can make it your

career, and do your best to make certain that you never belong in there either.”

He smiled. “Thanks, I will. You’re going to find something soon. Just hang in there.”

I got out of the car and just before I closed the car door, I leaned in. “Nothing fuels my optimism and tenacity like a little perspective, my friend. I’ve got work to do. See you later.”

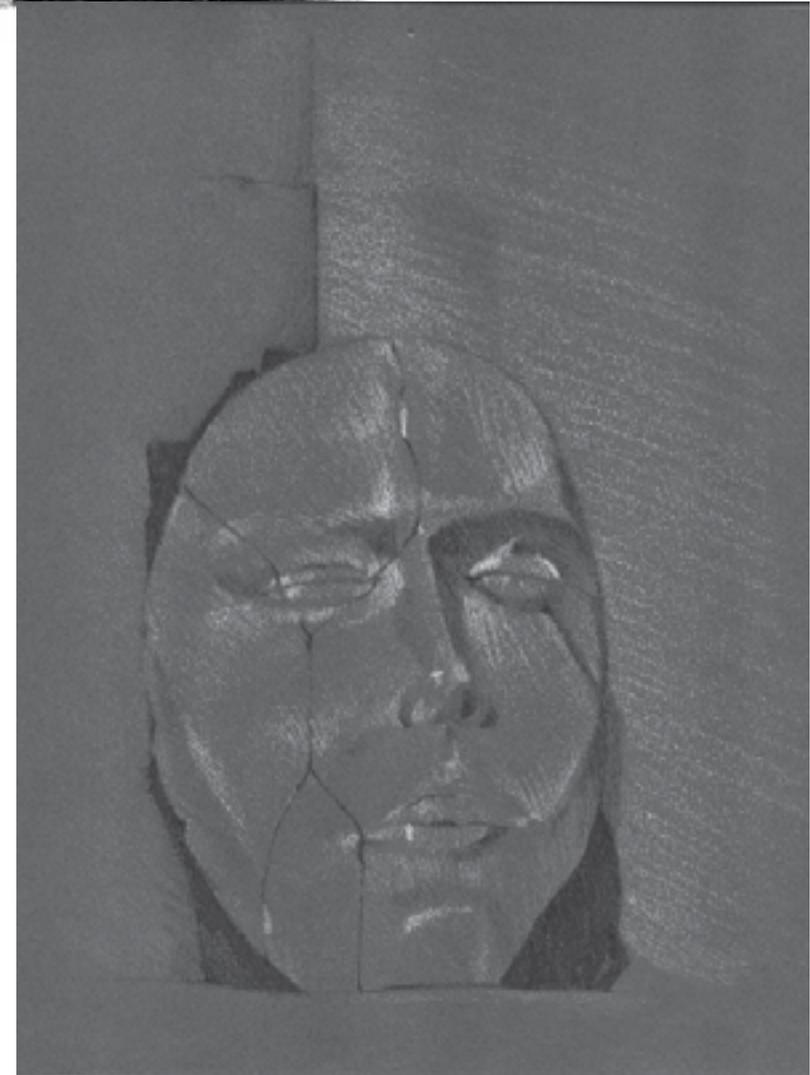
I walked up the sidewalk with a purposeful gait and, as I approached the front door, I was struck by how beautiful my house is. I made myself a hot cup of tea and marched upstairs. I was never so happy to sit alone in front of the computer in a big empty house, and desperately search for work.



UNTITLED

Sarah Campeau | Digital Photograph

BROKEN MASK



AJ Newland | Prismacolor Pencil on Paper

UNTITLED



FOG

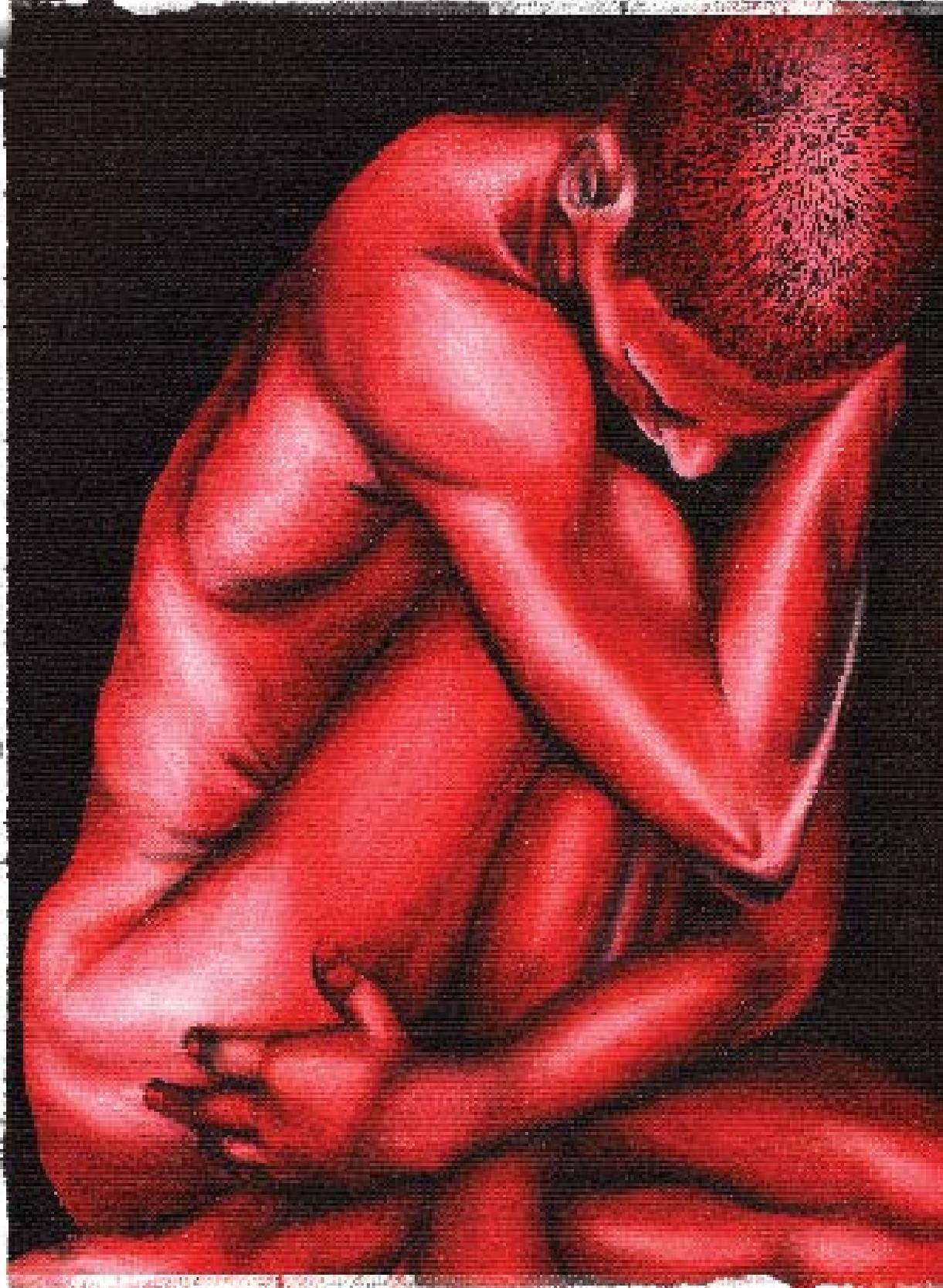


Robert Thach | Digital Photographs

MISTY MORNING CLARK COLLEGE

Rhia Drouillard | Digital Photograph





Shoes

Shane Cone

Ten minutes to nine. Dirt clings to the underside of my fingernails. I can't say the fluorescent lights exactly beat down on me; fluorescent lights don't seem to beat down on anything. Just the opposite, they seem to sap the energy right out of my body. Shoeboxes litter the floor, the leftover carnage from the shoppers' careless rampage through the department—my department.

Canned top forty hits from the last thirty years serenade me from the overhead speakers. Okay, I admit, I like some of the music on some level. I even sing along to it sometimes when nobody's around. Cheesy, superficial, call it what you will, every now and then those guys do what they're paid to do and make something almost universally appealing. No, I'm not gonna go out and buy the CD or download it or anything, but I'll hum along to it while I'm at work.

Another hour and we'll lock our doors, turn out the lights, and leave this two-story dust trap. I shouldn't give a rip. I have nothing to look forward to except another session of late-night TV—talk shows first, then infomercials.

I've almost got the department sparkling, and then she walks in.

She's big, not fat by any means, but big and in her mid to late forties. She walks slowly and feebly. Shuffling her feet, her yellow worn out shoes barely leave the ground and they don't move more than two inches at a time. As I kneel trying to stuff a pair of running shoes back in a box, she looks at me with her big eyes set deep in her wrinkled sockets.

"Can you help me find a pair of shoes?" she asks in a high tiny voice. It trembles so much it seems it takes all her strength to

produce the sound. She clutches a small scrap of an ad in her claw-like fingers.

The now-wrinkled paper shows a pair of mostly white tennis shoes with navy blue accents in such an ugly style not even old ladies should get away with wearing them.

“Yes, I recognize them,” I say, still stuffing the athletic shoes in their box and trying hard not to add the word “unfortunately.”

The shoes had hit the clearance racks almost instantly after we received them. As far as I could tell, most of them still occupied the same hideous territory. I can’t remember ever selling them to anyone or even seeing a customer return them.

“This way,” I motion the direction I think they befoul. With long confident strides I lead the way and she follows behind, making a swishing noise with her feet. As I wait for her to catch up, I glance down the aisle. A gaping hole in the display of shoes catches the corner of my eye. The notorious eyesores have vacated their throne of revulsion. I can’t believe it. All the while she comes closer and closer with an expectant gleam in the yellowish bloodshot sclera of her eyes. The closer she gets the more sour the expression on her face turns.

“They’re not here,” I murmur.

“What?” the muscles in her face slacken. “Where are they?” she looks at me intently hanging on my every word. I can hear her breathing.

I rack my brain, trying to imagine any other place the shoes might be as I quickly scan all the other clearance sections. I see her take a few weak steps behind me. “No, it’s okay. You can wait here. I’ll try to find them for you,” I say.

I race through the department, but to no avail—the shoes have perhaps found their rightful place in shoe hell, along with their designers. I would ask someone else in the store as to

the whereabouts of the shoes, but I am the resident shoe expert (or the closest thing to one) for the evening.

I come back to her, shaking my head.

“They were in the ad for \$14.99,” she says, her voice quavering even more than usual. “My doctor recommended them. I saw them in the ad and I rode here all the way on the bus just to come get them.”

“We do have a newer version of that shoe for thirty dollars,” I say hopefully.

“Thirty dollars? I don’t have that kind of money. I want these ones in the ad. How can you show them in the ad and not have them?”

I examine the ad. In small print in the bottom corner it shows the date of three weeks prior. How can I tell her the ad is no good? I wince internally as I open my mouth, “Ma’am, that ad is from three weeks ago. Even if we had the shoes, they most likely wouldn’t be selling for that price.” I feel like such a jerk.

I have an idea, though it’s not one that caters to my personal convenience or cleanliness. I’m not even sure if my managers would let me do it if they knew about it. No, my managers don’t need to know—not that I would mind getting fired for something that does the store no particular harm and might actually help someone. Is she worth getting chewed out over? She keeps looking at me expectantly as I play judge and jury in my mind. Though not especially genial, she’s no witch, either. Even if she was, I might be a witch too, in her shoes.

“Can you wait here a moment? There’s one place the shoes might be.”

She nods, “I need a size eight-and-a-half-wide”

Swiftly, I march across the tile floor, passing through the women’s department. Some of my coworkers wave or smile

in acknowledgement as I walk by. Is it just my imagination or does Grace flash an especially large smile at me? I don't mind an excuse to walk past her desk. I push open the door with the blue sign that says, "TEAM MEMBERS ONLY," and make my way down the concrete into the dark stockroom. At the end of the long stretch of concrete, between the stair well on the right and the green freight elevator sits the dock. Two or three nights a week when shipments of merchandise come in, chaos rules the dock as my coworkers frantically unload a typically long and overstuffed trailer. Tonight, in comparison, the dock reminds me of an abandoned bee's nest.

As I make my way towards the heavy metal trash compactor door, I have a certain feeling of optimism, though I know the slimness of my chances. I open it slowly, holding my breath. An assortment of trash in varying degrees of sliminess lines the bottom of the compactor, although one seemingly homogeneous odor mercilessly assails my nostrils—a sickeningly sweet cocktail of unfinished Ahab's coffees and cokes covers the entire mass of plastic bags, papers, and cardboard.

At first my trip seems a wasted one. I'm not sure whether to rejoice that I don't have to dig in the mess of bio-hazards, or feel sorry for the lady that I couldn't find her shoes. Just as I grab the door to close it, I see an unmistakably unsightly shoebox peeking out from under a soggy plastic bag. I hesitate for a moment before donning a pair of latex gloves. In a halfhearted attempt, I snatch a shovel and try to lift it out of the compactor. I succeed briefly, but the shoes fall out into the foul pit of trash. Miraculously, neither the box nor the shoes show signs of being crushed by the compactor. I know I have to proceed delicately. I don't want to soil the shoes.

Getting on my hands and knees on the edge of the compactor, I dig gently through the brew of waste. I find a few of the shoeboxes and check the sizes. In the fourth box—never thinking I would be so glad to see a pair of them—I find my treasure. The mushy box squishes easily to the touch, but the shoes shine as a beacon of unblemished bliss as I retrieve them from the wreckage. On a whim, I check the fifth box—also an eight-and-a-half wide.

Before I leave the dock in triumph, I check the damage to my retail attire. I grimace as I realize I chose to wear the lightest pair of khakis I own. Mentally shrugging, I exit the dock toting my prize beneath my arms.

As I walk by Grace's desk a smirk plays at her lips. "I thought I told you to quit trying to shirk off work by hiding in the trash compactor. Gee those shoes are really cute and all, but sadly I just don't think they're my size...so you're still in trouble."

Unable to think of a comeback, I blush and continue toward my objective. I find her sitting right where I left her. "These are the size you wanted, but you should probably try them on just to be sure," I say.

The gleam comes back in her eyes as she says, "Young man, could you help me try on those shoes? My hands don't work as well as they used to."

The last thing I want to do is help a lady put a pair of shoes on her potentially germ-infested smelly feet, but I oblige. Shoe clerks used to help everyone try on their shoes, but most retailers have cut down on staff, making such services nearly impossible. I hold her old yellow shoe as she pulls her left foot out. So far so good. Her sock doesn't seem too sweaty or smelly. I move to her right foot, noticing that her shoe is consider-

ably looser on the laces. Then I see it, something even more grotesque than the rank concoction at the bottom of the compactor. Her sock clings to a red and yellow swollen foot, undoubtedly completely soaked with blood and puss. I barely stop myself from jolting back in shock.

“I’m sorry, young man. I have a condition. I know it’s not pretty. Please help me with my shoe.”

“Of course,” I say, though I’m not eager to come near her foot. I approach, timidly trying my best not to touch it, loosening the shoe as much as possible. Thankfully she slips her foot in without much help from me. The other foot slides into the shoe even more easily. After I tighten up the laces and tie the shoes, she walks around the store a bit in that same shuffling walk, with perhaps a little more gusto than before.

“Oh thank heavens. Thank heavens,” she says, still meandering about. “These are perfect.”

It’s true, I never imagined the shoes would look good on anybody per se, but they seem to suit her.

“How much are they?” she asks.

“Free,” I say, “we couldn’t sell them. We were about to throw them away. You can have both pair.”

“I don’t believe it. Thank you. I needed these,” but her beaming face says her thanks better than her voice can. As she leaves the store, she glances somewhat guiltily over her shoulder, perhaps making sure no one would tackle her for stealing. Satisfied with the legitimacy of her gift, she went her way, almost bouncing out in comparison to her coming in.

The few remaining minutes of my shift pass as usual as I pick up residual bits of debris in my department. Finally the moment I look forward to arrives and Joanne, the closing manager for the night, makes the closing announcement. I head toward the clock room.

“Hey, I got something for you on my break tonight,” Grace’s voice surprises me from behind. “If you’re gonna go digging in dumpsters, you might as well do it in style.” She held out a brand new pair of khakis in her arms. “I can’t really say you ruined the ones you’re wearing. Dumpster diving was probably the best thing that’s ever happened to them. Oh, and don’t think it’s too weird I know your size—I’m not a weirdo stalker or anything—well okay I am. Erica showed me how to use the security cameras the other day and I, um, just happened to zoom in on your pant size. So anyway, here you go.”

I look at her feeling awkward not knowing what to say. I open my mouth to say “thanks” but she shushes me.

“The best way to say thanks right now is to take a shower,” she says.

I agree, then realize the past three weeks of flirting are culminating in this point. “Now’s the time!” my brain screams. “Now or never.” It amazes me, I could never have planned this moment, and even if I could have, it wouldn’t have been necessary. She already likes me. But even with that knowledge it takes me a moment to muster up the courage to ask.

“Would you like to go out for coffee when I smell better?” I ask. “The stuff in that dumpster just isn’t of the high caliber I’m used to finding in other dumpsters and I need someone to hold my ankles up while I slurp from the bottom.”

“Okay,” she smiles, “but only if you hold my ankles first.”

Erica Mitchell | Ceramics

GIFT FROM THE SEA



PONTIAC



Steve Berry | Ceramics

Brooke Danielson | Ceramics

TEAPOT WITH WARMER



ABSTRACT ORGANIC EXPERIMENT



Lindsey Christ | Ceramics

Background Image: Sally Filler | Tavern Traffic | Digital Photograph



RAINY WINDOW

Joe Cole | Oil on Canvas

The Hour Between the Wolf and the Dog

Ruby Murray

The realtor spoke to Berta but he was concentrating on Alan, the river pilot guy, who leaned on a granite island in the kitchen straining to look comfortable. That Alan found himself in kitchen of a four thousand square foot mausoleum struck him as absurd. We can't afford this, he thought.

Berta listened to the blonde in his pink Oxford-cloth shirt, who smiled as he chatted. Alan ran his palm along the bur-nished steel of an industrial stove, thinking about the old house in Pearland, or toxic chemical alley, Berta called it, where they lived the four years since they married. The realtor said something that made Berta laugh, a round, deeper sound that came when something caught her off guard.

Outside French windows, a patio framed by brick arches sloped to the bayou.

"I see big fat wisteria and lacey wrought iron," the man said.

"You can leave the patio doors open and enjoy it year round," he added as Alan moved closer to his wife.

"You're four feet above the 100 year flood level. You've got nothing to worry about from that direction," the salesman said.

"If only hundred year floods came every hundred years," Alan said, almost under his breath.

"You all have a boat to moor here?" the man continued easily.

"We don't have to go," Berta said, as they sat in the driveway ready for the forty-five minute drive to her sister's house for dinner. Alan stared at the rambling pink rose that grew on the fence in the side yard. The neighborhood was an intimate jumble of old houses with rose and honeysuckle climbing everywhere.

"I know you like to relax when you're home," she said, her hand on the key, waiting for him to speak. Alan piloted boats up and down the Mississippi for three weeks at a time.

"I want to see Jill," Alan said. But seated at the long mahogany table in Jill's new house, surrounded by lacquered red walls in an imposing room, he was preoccupied.

It's like we're playing grown up, pretentious and self-conscious, Alan thought. "I just don't get it," he said, not having intended to speak aloud.

"Don't get what?" His brother-in-law asked, a glass of wine half way to his mouth. They'd eaten chateaubriand, cred-ibly fixed Alan admitted.

"Just thinking," he said, giving his self-deprecating smile.

"I guessed that," Andy said. "You're not going to share?" Andy wore horn rimmed glasses and a bow tie if he had to dress up. Tonight, he wore a gray cashmere sweater over gray trousers in Houston's "winter."

“Dessert will knock your socks off,” Jill said, walking toward the kitchen.

“Tell me about the houses out at River Bend,” he said. “We looked at one this morning.”

Berta had stood to go with her sister. Both were thin, busty women who wore slim pants and light tops, but she stopped when she heard Alan.

“Mat Caruthers developed that area,” Andy said, “He’s OK.”

Jill returned with a tray with four champagne glasses covered with lacy gold filigree. The spoons were angular Victorian silver from her grandmother; Berta had a more modern pattern from her aunt.

“Tell me about the house, Berta,” Jill said.

“Three bedrooms. An office for me, and a great space for a studio for Alan. You know,” she smiled at him, “the one upstairs near the live oak, with the bathroom. Water for your painting.”

Berta had Alan showing his watercolors. When they met, he’d been stacking them into a closet.

“Yes! More watercolors,” Jill said.

“Alan’s not sure about the place we looked at today, though,” Berta said. “Not enthusiastic, huh?”

Her words had no pressure behind them, but he felt adrift.

“I don’t get the scale of those places,” he said, before he realized he was sitting in a similar house, a suburban house on steroids. “Andy, you’ve studied scale, how do these compare to Victorian houses? Those had twelve foot ceilings, right?”

“The Victorians feel spacious to me, but I never thought about the ceiling height. In the new houses, everything is at

least a story and a half inside. It’s like living in a hotel lobby. It’s so impersonal, I just don’t get it,” he’d given up ameliorating the effect of his words.

“The place we looked at has a grand foyer, two stories high, and the den slides up at least that high,” he ended without looking at Berta.

“Watch out for water moccasins on the lawn,” Jill said, lightly, and offered more caramel for the ice cream.

“Hmm,” Andy nodded, looking off toward a corner of the ceiling, as if he were analyzing a client.

“I feel good in rooms with tall ceilings,” Berta said. “I think the Victorian era was gracious. There was a feeling of size and space and enough time to live. I felt that in the house we looked at.”

“It feels odd,” Alan said, acutely aware of the three staring at him. “There’s enormous volume in those houses, but it’s wasted space. Goes straight up.” His voice became more strained as he tried to explain.

“Our house has lots of vertical space,” Andy said.

Alan nodded. “It *is* that kind of large, imposing space. Beautiful to look at, but I’d feel lost in one myself.”

Berta looked at him as if he were an atypical client for her to diagnose. In the silence that followed, he felt sure they were thinking what an implausible couple they were.

“We’re all different,” Jill said, quietly.

“So you’d probably like an old mansion down on First Street?” Andy asked.

“If I were interested in investing that kind of time in renovating again,” Alan said. Berta’s eyebrows rose with the strength of his tone.

“I wish I’d asked the right questions before I dragged you all over town,” Berta said, with her slight drawl, and only the pink tinge in her cheeks told him how upset she was.

In the morning, Berta left for work without speaking. Alan leaned against the iron bedstead in the bedroom. A fleur-de-lis hit the knob of a vertebrae and he shifted. He loved this room, almost thirty feet square, that must have been a kid’s playroom at one time. The floor was heart pine, mellow with age, that he’d spent hours sanding, sweating--investing each board with his wishes for the future.

Alan planned to join the neighborhood preservation group, before he met Berta and his work went wild. Her dog jumped at the side of the bed and clung to the side of the mattress, his eyes on Alan.

“Come on, boy,” he said automatically, but he didn’t reach to help him. Buddy’s front paw was a small flapping stump that hurt if anyone touched it.

Buddy’s cloudy eyes stayed on Alan until he fell backwards. “You’re stubborn. You never get up here on the first try, but you never give up,” Alan said. He picked up the dog, feeling bristly hair on the small body.

The white hairs sprinkled through the dog’s long eye lashes made him look like an exotic spider. The dog curled up on the light cotton quilt, his ears pointing like tips of a crescent moon as he kept an eye on Alan.

“I don’t care if you’re on the bed,” he said. I should get a towel for him to lie on, he thought, but didn’t move.

Buddy lay with one paw extending into the sunlight strips that fell over the corner of the bed and onto the floor.

Alan went back to his interior monologue, trying to “be reasonable,” he called it. I’m fifty-two years old. We can afford the house, I do have time to invest in another house. But the thought wasn’t appealing. He shifted against the iron knot that poked his back.

While he worked he listened to younger captains talk about the babes they’d found, the thought ran a basso continuo. I’m too old for her and sooner or later, she’ll decide that.

When they’d met he’d been optimistic, full of a false expansive spirit. He’d been blinded by her, amazed that she went out with him, liked him at all. He had stepped over his doubts.

She’ll want a child and I’m too old. “Age” wasn’t the issue, but a code that slid over the closet where his childhood memories lived, quarantined into a gated community of their own.

I’d never have the guts to raise kids, and I’d rather die than be like my Dad, Alan thought. He lived with Berta on borrowed time, precious moments, months, even years until she realized she needed someone other than him.

He stretched his legs under the quilt, bumping Buddy, who extended his paws and rolled over, exposing a white belly and the steel gray tail tucked between his legs.

I should have gotten a towel, he thought. But she tolerated the aged dog, which could barely chew on stubby brown teeth, treated his increasing decrepitude with solicitous care.

Great the thought, just what I want is her tending me when I'm old. He sat in the room, unseeing. He pulled his legs from under the covers as if he would get up, but he only settled back again, looking at his knobby knees and the tan of his legs, long feet just like his father's.

Maybe his father had a progressive disease, and went away to die of Lou Gering's disease, drooling and babbling, alone. No, more likely he walked out because he knew Alan would be a disappointment.

Alan stared at Buddy's hind legs twitching, as the old dog dreamed. Picking up an index card Berta kept by the bed to record her dreams, he started to sketch, planning to capture the glorious light on the corner of a bed where an old dog slept next to a man's knobby knees. He finished the watercolor, thinking the scale of the dog was off but pleasing against the yellow, and headed over to pilot center.

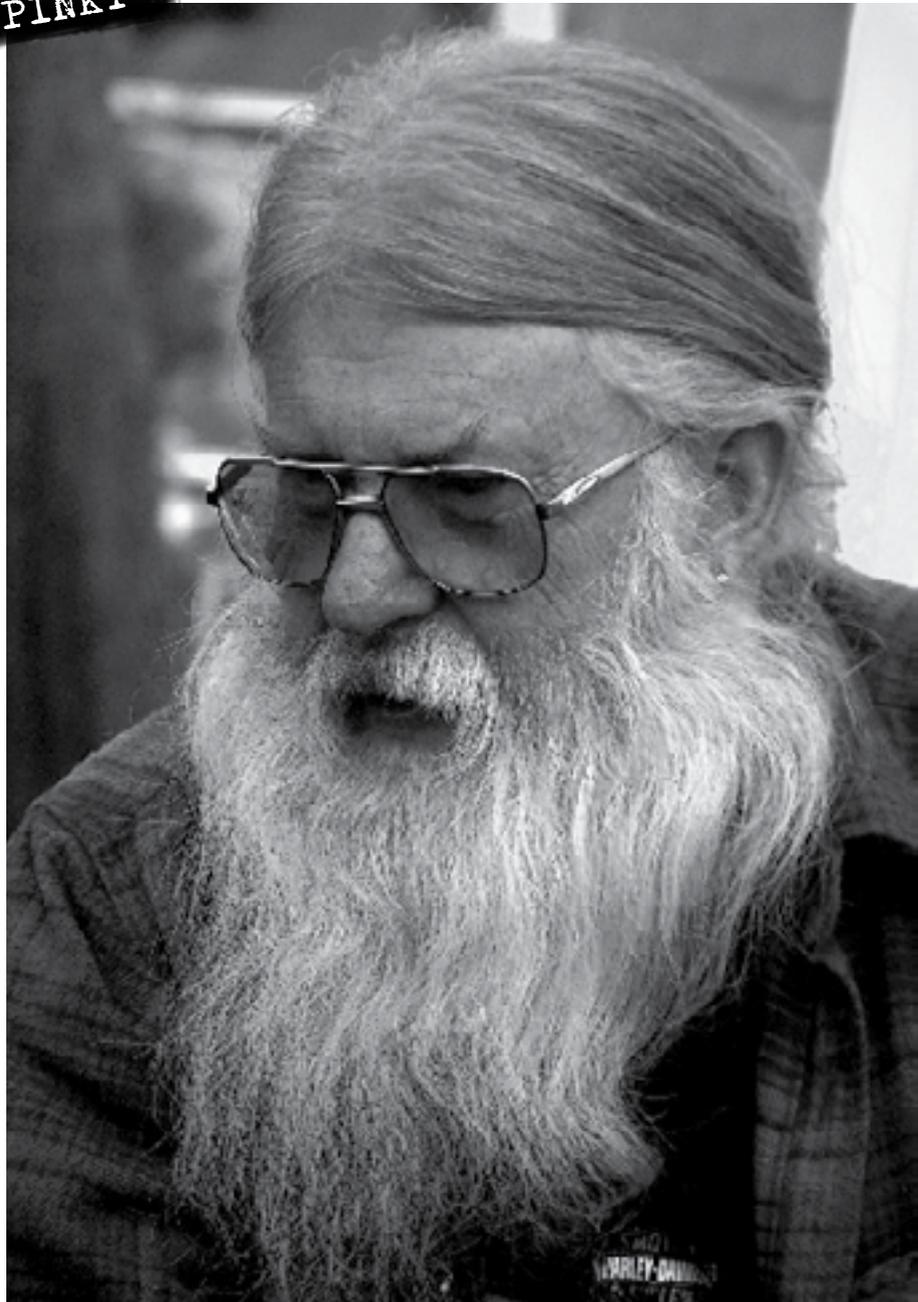


Tiffany Mahikoa | Silver Gelatin Print



Amanda Bishop | Digital Photographs

PINKY



Kindra Kepler | Digital Photograph

THE PEDDLER



Sarah Campeau | Silver Gelatin Print

Death Happens

Aki Green

Death happens.

In my family, death is nothing to cry about.

Instead break out the beer, put in

Some Nirvana or Metallica and

Remember the good old times.

Pour out a bit each round for the fallen

Hell, give 'em their own little glass.

A toast for living life to the fullest;

Everyone gets in a word

Before starting on the memories.

Give up the dirty laundry.

Tell tales of diapers, of Lysol

Of post-puberty bed wetting and

Little white lies that made excellent blackmail.

Don't forget to add in dirty jokes.

Maybe the table is crowded, so pull up some of the floor.

Chips and snack food, anything

Edible pass it around, and pour a little

More liquid sunshine. Remember everything.

Funerals are for mourning.

Before and after however, are for living

And everyone loves a good time.

So remember crummy dates and bad cooking,

Broken bones and hearts and beds.

Remember each day and moment,

From high school dances to

Backyard pranks. Playing bloody knuckles

And setting hair on fire.

Remember the pet fish named Frankie.

Tell all the old tales

'cause memories are all we've got left.

There's nothing more to be done

But try and move past the loss.

Don't forget the beer. 🍺



SELF-PORTRAIT

Amanda Taylor | Silver Gelatin Print



Prologue

Seth Bennett

The Sea Maiden rocked mildly with each gentle wave caressing her bow. A faint mist embraced the crew with its passage through each foamed crest, proof of the ship's Tri-Being design. Standing beside his wife, Karine, on the ship's bow Nariem shivered repeatedly from the cool, salty breeze easily penetrating his damp clothing. His wife's silence gnawed hungrily on his mind, and her sorrowful face reminded him of Shalon's long winter rains, lasting for weeks at a time.

Nariem's stomach gurgled threateningly with each repeated descent. Just because he could design such a craft did not mean he possessed the stomach to travel on one. He almost wished he had not been allowed to join his fellow Adepts, the Tri-Being upper class, but historians would remember this day for centuries. Today, for the first time in hundreds of years, the Tri-Beings would actually make contact with humans, not wipe their ships from the sea.

In the distance, Nariem could see white sails billowing atop the human craft, harnessing the wind's strength, protruding like small teeth from the pale blue horizon. It is quite ingenious; Nariem conceded to himself. Humans can be quite clever. He could hardly believe his people actually intended to allow these humans to live. The Tri-Beings' secrecy served them well, at a price. He turned from the sight to examine his own ship, drawing his mind from his gurgling middle and silent wife.

The ship's metal hull resembled a human craft's wooden one, with two sleek rounded sides fused together to form a bladed edge, allowing the ship to cut through and harness the water with ease. The craft possessed three stories, the bottom level primarily serving as a storage area for cargo. The middle possessed bunks and other necessities for passengers. The top level provided the crew with control of the entire vessel and ample view of their surroundings, without the use of human sails.

"The City Council finally made a decision about Touric's sentence." Karine admitted, jerking Nariem's thoughts back to his wife. Her dark, wet locks clung tightly to her face and shoulders despite the breeze. "They agreed to exile him from Shalon, rather than kill him."

Nariem nodded, pondering this new information. Touric's attempt to take over Shalon had failed, like his attempt to overthrow their marriage. "His supporters will follow him wherever he ventures; I fear this will not be the last time he tries to gain power."

Karine shivered with a sigh, tightly wrapping her arms around herself. "I understand, but I could not just let my brother die."

Nariem wrapped his arms around her, pulling her close, "I know, but we may have to deal with him again, permanently next time." Karine nodded, her eyes downcast. That can not be what truly troubles her, Nariem realized. Touric's survival is better than execution; what is truly wrong? He could only recall seeing her like this once before, when her family expelled her for marrying a blacksmith below her family's station.

"There is something else." Her body stiffened beneath his arms, and Nariem's brow furrowed with worry.

"What?!" He cried, before forcing himself to take a calming breath. Give her as long as she needs, he thought. "My physician wrote yesterday, I received it just this morning." She said quietly, her voice steeped with regret. Nariem silently held her, waiting. She withdrew a folded parchment from her cloak. Nariem pulled it from her grasp with a steady hand, staring at the message curiously, like some strange reptile.

"Shall I read it?" Nariem asked.

"I'll tell you what it says," she answered, continuing after gaining strength in a long, deep breath, "He found a residue of poison in my body."

Nariem's brown eyes crackled like suppressed flames. "What manner of poison?" He growled.

Karine shrugged, her voice hollow, "He is unsure. A rare, slow working poison, administered over the last few weeks. Apparently the damage is done though."

Eyes narrowing, Nariem quickly examined his wife's blue eyes and youthful frame. "You look fine though," he observed, brow furrowed in confusion.

"Of course," Karine said heavily, "I was not the target of the poison. Our future children were."

Nariem's mind froze for a moment, his face blank with shock. Only the whispering breeze and the ocean's sigh responded to Karine's news. His thoughts soon awoke, gradually picking up speed. Faces flashed before his eyes as he mulled over every Tri-Being or Adept he knew, searching for the one

that would wish to target his wife's posterity. One narrow face in particular stood out from the rest, with eyes like daggers.

"I'll kill him." Nariem vowed, his thick hand clenching into a fist to crush the parchment. Only Touric valued her family's upper class blood so greatly he would prevent its mixture with a blacksmith's, while sparing Karine's life anyway.

"We have no proof it was Touric. There's little we can do." Karine assured him, gently trying to tug the letter from his grasp. His white knuckles refused to release the parchment.

"Do you think I have not already thought this through?" Karine demanded, her voice cracking with emotion, forcing Nariem into silence with a single, pained gaze. Nariem released the message with a sigh, his mind numb, watching their hopes of raising a family together vanish like a morning mist before the sun. After a few more moments of silence, Karine looked up into his eyes. "I'll understand if you decide to leave me."

Nariem tried to shrug the thought aside, but failed. I could leave her, he realized, find someone else to raise a family with, or adopt a child.

"I need time to think." Nariem admitted.

Karine nodded, trying unsuccessfully to hide a single tear massing in her right eye.

Nariem headed towards the stern of the ship and the stairs connecting all three levels, trying with all his might to walk in a straight line, despite the ship's gentle tilting from side to side. Leave her? His brain choked at the thought. Never, I love her. Nariem steadily worked his way to the top level, passing thick

muscled Tri-Beings organizing the last of the cargo, and the moderately wealthy middle-class Adepts like himself, their eyes riveted to the white sails clearly visible on the horizon. Adopt someone else's child? It wouldn't be the same, but is that not our only option?

The Sea Maiden's Steering level consisted of a thin steel roof sheltering the resident Adepts from the elements, and all the necessary equipment to operate the craft. danica strengthened windows provided ample protection from the harsh seas of Hiertalia. An Adept stood at the bow of the ship, gripping a steel pole in each hand. The poles, which were fused into the floor, controlled the craft's speed and direction.

The Adept pushed the pole in his right hand forwards to avoid a toothy crag of rock protruding hungrily above the surface of the sea, the ship turning left with the added speed to its right side. Four other Adepts stood behind the helmsmen, adding their own willpower to their comrade's. Nariem grinned at the majesty of his achievement, despite the sorrowful news. Only five Tri-Beings to pilot the entire ship, the craft represented an entire year of labor, the crowning point of his career. If only I had a family to share it with. Nariem thought, his smile fading, my own family.

Karine will remain barren the rest of her life, Nariem admitted to himself, we will not have children of our own. My only option is to adopt a child. Perhaps I should start taking on more apprentices at the forge.

Nariem's eyes lingered on the ancient statue standing in the center of the Steering Deck, taking in the Adept Scholars sur-

rounding it. With deep blue stones carved into its eyes, the jade sculpture resembled a wizened Sight Seeker, leaning heavily on his staff. In a gnarled hand, the figure held an orb the size of a man's skull. The orb, usually green like the figure, had burst into life that morning and the Scholars had commandeered this vessel without delay. The orb pulsed with dark blue light focused in its western side like an eerie pupil. The Scholars claimed the orb looked towards a powerful Sight Seeker drawing near.

A short, gray haired Adept entered, "Ules grek, nok tol!" he said. The Harbor Master's clipped speech drew all present from their thoughts. The Adepts at the helm, members of the Harbor Guild saluted and the Scholars surrounding the statue began to add his words to their notes. The Harbor Guild went to great lengths to protect their economic position among the Tri-Beings, even developing their own language and requiring their initiates to memorize their naval charts of Hiertalia's shores, to prevent any other guilds from obtaining their knowledge of the seas. From the first year of their civilization's retreat into hiding, their guild had vowed to keep Hiertalia a secret from the mainland, with the exception of this expedition, of course.

They were close now; in the distance Nariem could see the humans climbing along their ship's many ropes like the monkeys native to Hiertalia's jungles. The orb pulsed briefly, drawing Nariem's eye as the pupil rotated downwards to aim towards the windowed rooms near the ship's stern.

Nariem walked toward the window, guessing the orb's line of sight. He followed the orb's gaze to the windows near the

rear of the ship, in which Nariem glimpsed flashes of a struggle. Two dark skinned men fought to the death, short swords dancing in the sunlight. Every Tri-Being's eye but the scholars' turned toward the fight. The taller of the two humans proved the faster, plunging his blade into his opponent's heart. The victor disappeared from view for a moment, to emerge again with a small iron chest. Looking up at the Tri-Being craft, he shoved the container into the open air. The scholars screamed together as the orb's pupil shifted downwards with great speed.

It hit the water with a splash, and Nariem's blood froze. The orb's eye had followed the crate. Chaos ensued among the crew, every scholar realizing the chest's contents. But Nariem heard none of it. Not waiting for the Harbor Master's orders, Nariem charged to wrench the lid from a container of murky brown crystalline liquid protruding a hands length from the floor. All his focus lay in plunging his hands into the fluid and manipulating the danica chain in the ship's hull. His vessel groaned as Nariem forced the device from its cache. The tool had a limited range however, and the chest would sink like a rock.

Nariem closed his eyes, focusing on manipulating the water element surrounding the danica chain. He could feel the ocean's depth and focused on locating any large bubbles of air he assumed would come from the sinking chest. His guess proved accurate, and he led the slithering snake-like cable carefully towards the sinking treasure.

Fifteen paces till the crate sank out of reach and as many till he could get a hold. He would not allow the child to drown.

Ten paces till he lost the crate, and ten till he could force the water tension to buoy it up. Cold sweat poured from his face with the exertion of manning the chain's movements and the water around it. The Salvage Chain usually required the unison of two Adept's abilities, but Nariem wielded a greater skill in manipulating water than any other Tri-Being aboard.

Three paces from permanent loss, Nariem pushed with all his strength, feeling the danica chain catch hold. Forcing the water around the chest to recede, he strengthened the water tension to form a bubble around the precious cargo. Nariem knew the rather fragile danica chain alone lacked the strength to hold the chest, and his power over water alone could not suspend its fall, the key to success lay in balancing the two.

Slowly, cautiously, Nariem eased the chest towards the surface. His limbs shook from fatigue. If he failed, the crate would vanish into the depths before a replacement could take over for him. With a sigh of relief, Nariem managed to catch the chest on a wave, propelling the cargo the last few needed paces to the railing of the ship, where he felt someone take hold of the chest and release his burden.

Nariem slowly withdrew his hands from the dark liquid connecting his power to the chain, simultaneously reeling it back into place within the ship's hull, and collapsing to the floor. A calloused hand lifted his head from the ground and eased a few gulps of fresh water down his throat. Nariem doubted he could harness any element for the next few days after so

massive an exertion. Am I too late? He wondered, Water got into the container; did the child drown before I reached him?

A large Tri-Being carrying the chest appeared at the head of the stairs, followed by chaotic footsteps and confused voices. Laying the chest before the Harbor Master, the Tri-Being stepped back to allow the lead Adept room to work. Leaning forward, the Harbor Master examined the steel lock, eyes narrowing in concentration. A thin string of lightning punctured the metal casing easily, blowing it to shreds. A small piece of shrapnel grazed Nariem's cheek, the blacksmith blinking away the pain, his eyes fixed on the chest.

The Harbor Master opened the lid smoothly, a child's wails washing over the relieved crowd. Cradling the child, every Tri-Being witnessed the child's eyes shift from brown to deep blue, pulsing with the same light as the orb, the obvious sign of a Sight Seeker. The light within the orb itself darkened, and every eye turned to watch it fade, leaving two words floating in its center before fading into dull jade stone, "Keevan Stratagar." "It would seem we have recovered the Sight Seeker we sought." The Harbor Master observed, taking in the scholars' nods of approval before turning towards the human craft, his features hardening.

A young Tri-Being behind him nodded, "Onak, achal!" He shouted. In seconds, Harbor Adepts wrenched open bowls of white and dark green substances lining the edges of the third level, plunging their hands into the mixtures. From where he

lay, Nariem could only see the light flashing through the windows as fire and lightning ripped the human craft to smoking shreds. Trying to force the screaming humans and crackling flames from his mind, Nariem watched the infant Sight Seeker pass from one Tri-Being hand to the next. Their hope for reclaiming Narivatari would burn brighter now.

Karine burst from the mass of Tri-Beings to kneel beside Nariem, brushing a few remaining particles of crystal from his hands. "I saved the Sight Seeker," Nariem said breathlessly. Karine nodded, smiling proudly, and said, "It's a boy."

Suddenly, the Adepts behind her fell silent. Gazing over her shoulder, Karine froze for a brief moment, "I can not believe I dropped it." She said in surprise before crawling aside to give Nareim a clear view. The Harbor Master faced them both, the Sight Seeker in one arm, the note from Karine's physician in the other. His eyes traversed the page repeatedly before looking up to smile at Nariem, whose heart beat furiously.

Walking toward the couple, the Harbor Master knelt down to place the infant in Karine's much cleaner, less fatigued arms.



Untitled

Jason St. Pierre | Ceramics



DISORDER

Nicholas Webster | Ceramics

RED ROSE



Danielle Eubanks | Polaroid Transfer

BENCH



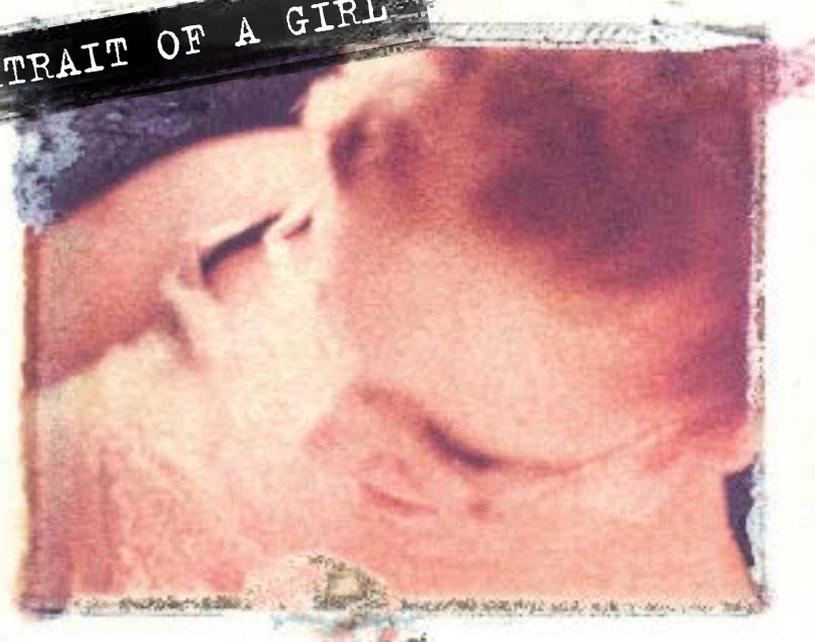
Brian Knopp | Polaroid Transfer

PEARS



Jamie Nalos | Polaroid Transfer

PORTRAIT OF A GIRL



Jessica Horn | Polaroid Transfer

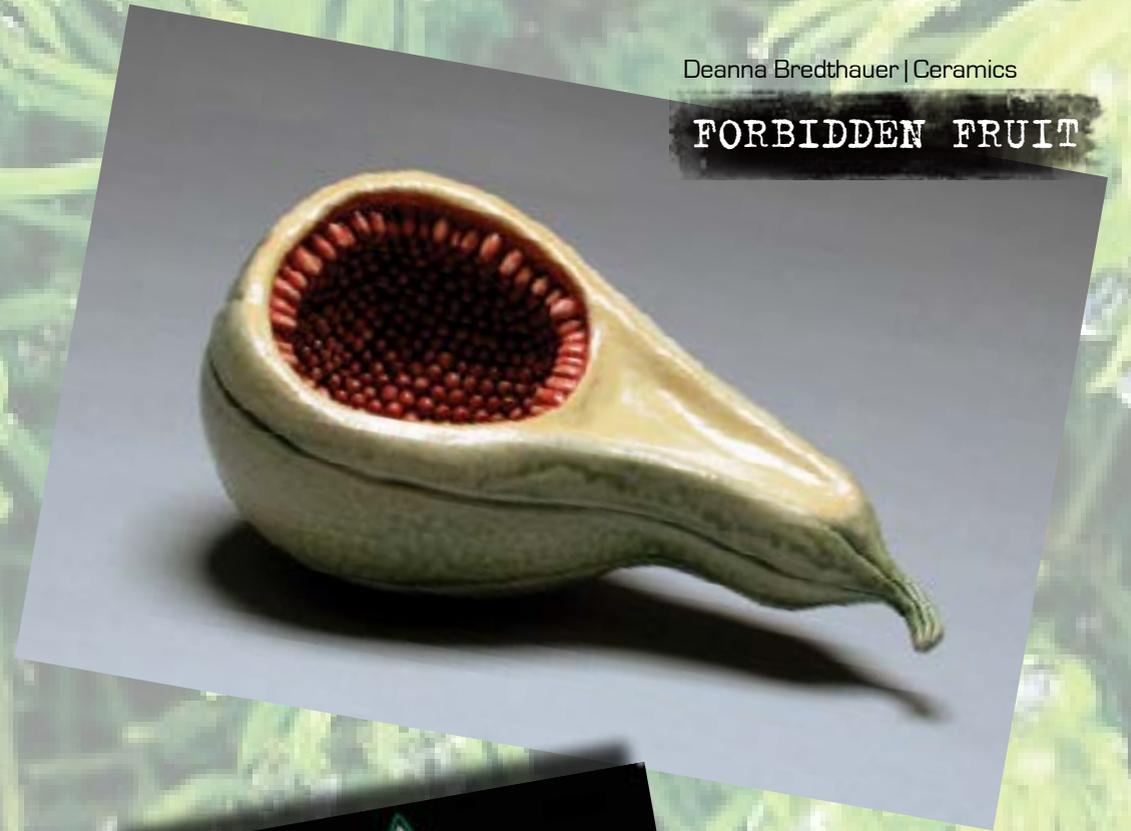
Rachael Gregg | Oil on Canvas

LANDSCAPE NUDE



Deanna Bredthauer | Ceramics

FORBIDDEN FRUIT



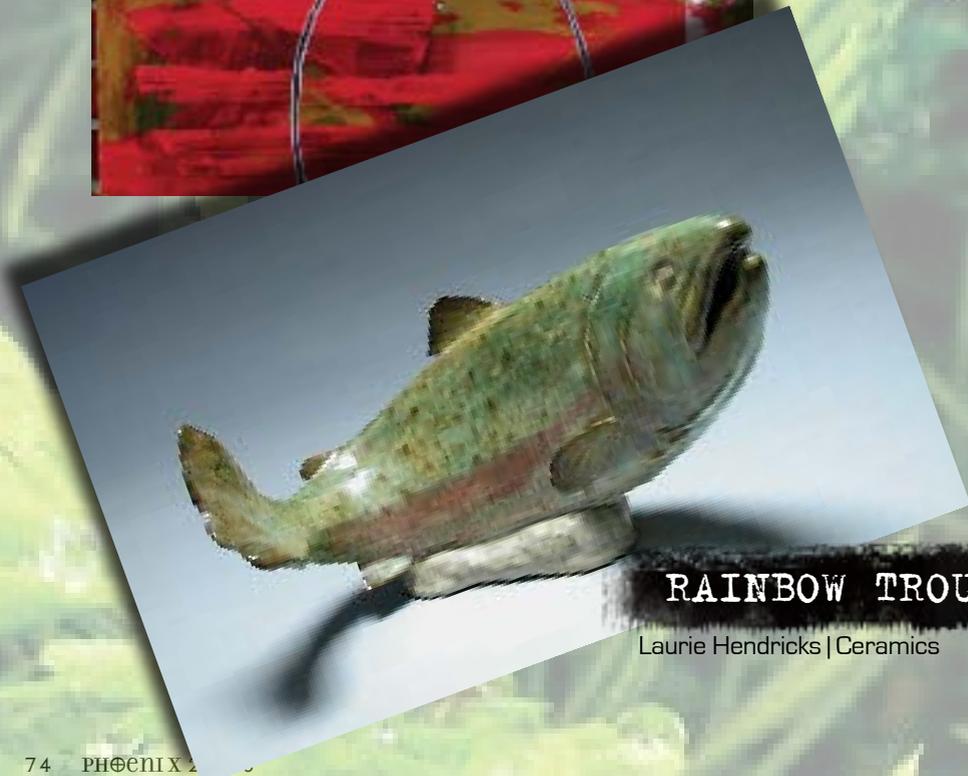
CONTROL

Jeff Wolf | Acrylic on Plexiglass



RAINBOW TROUT

Laurie Hendricks | Ceramics



Background Image: Brandon Kays | Rain Droplets | Digital Photograph

Doug Spitzer | Steel

JUDY WALL SCONCE



PITCHER SET

Joelle Rash | Ceramics

FIGURE 3



Cynthia Bushell | Bronze



Here There Be Monsters

Angela Gibb

I stare out at the cold October sky from behind my oversize sunglasses and watch as the wind blows clouds across the bright blue sky before shifting my gaze to the brown grass whizzing by the car. Simon stops at the light and puts on his turn signal.

“We’re way ahead of the procession,” he says.

I pretend not to hear him and continue looking out the window. He reaches over and puts his hand gently on my knee. I flinch and say nothing, wait for him to move his hand, then jerk my knee away when he doesn’t. He sighs.

“Eventually, you’re going to need to talk about this,” he says, “and I’ll be there when you want to.”

I know Simon is trying to be nice, and I feel a twinge of guilt. I reach over and take his hand.

“I’m sorry, Simon,” I say qui-

etly, even though I don’t mean it.

“I’m sorry too,” he says as he makes the turn into the cemetery and parks the car in the lot.

He shuts the ignition off and unfastens his seatbelt. I pull down the visor to look in the vanity mirror, shifting my sunglasses down my nose to see if my makeup is intact, although there is little reason to worry about smudged mascara as I haven’t cried. People expect me to cry, but I don’t. I swipe a fresh coat of red lip gloss across my pale lips. The color gleams garishly against my white skin.

The hearse drives past and the procession comes streaming in behind. I undo my seatbelt and get out of the car, straighten the skirt of my new black suit and follow the crowd.

The ground is slightly damp from the rainstorm the night before. We have to step off the paved pathway to get to the gravesite and my stiletto heels stick into the ground as I walk. I hang onto Simon’s arm to steady my balance so I don’t fall. At the gravesite, people form a semi-circle around the coffin poised above the rectangular hole in the ground. Pastor Dan stands in front of the coffin, smiles sadly at us, and begins to speak.

I tune him out and stare at Katrina’s white coffin. I want to pry open the lid, jump in, and shake Katrina awake. Or, if I can’t squeeze her cold body back to life, then I want to stay with her in those velvet confines, so I won’t have to deal with being alive while someone who was more alive than anyone I know slowly decays underground. For one moment, I actually consider doing this. Instead, I light a cigarette and shift my feet as Pastor Dan drones on about Heaven and God’s love and being

SILENCE

Leanne Lefebvre | Pastel on Paper

together in Paradise. Things I don't want to hear about because I don't believe them anymore. I take too long of a drag, choke on smoke, and cough loudly.

"Are you okay?" Simon asks as he gives me a pat on the back and drapes his coat across my shoulders.

I nod my head and take another drag. Pastor Dan asks us to bow our heads for prayer, and I throw my cigarette on the ground, grinding it out with the pointy toe of my black shoe. I keep my eyes open during prayer.

"Let's go," I say to Simon after I hear Pastor Dan say, "amen."

He nods his head and we make our way back to the parking lot, only to find Tim leaning against the car. He wears flip-flops and a faded black AC/DC tee-shirt with a holey pair of jeans.

"Where the hell are your shoes?" I ask.

Tim shrugs. Simon climbs into the car and shuts the door.

Tim brushes a piece of dark brown hair out of his red-rimmed eyes. I lean closer to study his pupils. They are pinpoints of black encased by circles of deep blue.

"What are you on?" I ask.

"Vicodin," he says.

"Do you have more?" I ask.

"I have a whole bottle if you want it," he says.

"Yes," I say, my heart beating faster in anticipation.

Tim reaches into his pants pocket and pulls out an orange bottle covered in warning labels. He hands it to me. It is full of white oval pills that I hope will take away my feelings.

"Thanks. This is the best thing anyone has done for me all weekend," I say.

"No problem, Emily. Are you going to the dinner thing?"

"Yeah. Do you need a ride?"

"Nah, I drove myself here. I don't think I'm going to go," says Tim.

"Okay," I say.

"Are you doing okay?" he asks.

"I'll be doing better soon," I answer as I shake the bottle, rattling the medicine inside.

"Well, I'll talk to you later," he says. "Call if you need anything."

"I will. Bye Tim."

I try to hide the fact that I'm about to cry by biting the inside of my mouth. I climb into the car and shut the door and ignore the disapproving look Simon gives me when he sees the bottle of pills in my hand. I undo the lid and shake two out into my palm. I break them in half so they will take effect quicker before swallowing them dry and put the bottle in my purse.

"Be careful," he warns as he reaches to the backseat and grabs a water bottle. "You haven't eaten anything all day. You're going to make yourself sick."

"I'll be fine. Don't worry about me," I say.

Simon shrugs as he gives me an "I'm not going to say I told you so later" look and drives out of the cemetery. I take a big mouthful of water and swallow hard.

"Can we go past Pioneer Park?" I ask.

"I guess so. Why?"

"I just want to," I say. I have my reasons but don't want to tell Simon. There are things I don't plan on ever telling him.

At the next light, Simon makes an illegal U-turn. I

watch the familiar business buildings turn into houses and finally the entrance to the park. Simon turns and drives towards the gazebo where Katrina and I went to study almost every afternoon when the weather turned nice in the spring. Last spring, though, we didn't bother with studying. We sat, talked, smoked, popped Adderall, and sniffed coke until it dripped bitter down our throats. Once we thought we were going to get caught by park security and subsequently stopped going there. We found a new park, but it wasn't as nice as Pioneer Park, so after a week we deemed it safe to return.

"Are you done here?" Simon asks after we have completed the circle drive around the gazebo.

"Yes," I say as I crack the window and light another cigarette.

The "Memorial Dinner" is held in the Walla Walla College cafeteria. Other religions might call it a wake, but Adventists give this gathering ritual other names, like "Memorial Dinner" or "Remembrance Gathering." It almost makes me laugh, thinking about it.

There is a big picture of Katrina at the top of the entryway stairs that looks to be about four years old—taken for her high school graduation. I look away from her huge smile and long chestnut hair and focus on making it up the stairs. The Vicodin has taken effect and makes my knees feel like the Jell-O mold on the buffet table. I grip the railing, and Simon places his hand behind my elbow.

Our freshman year of college, Katrina and I lived in our roller blades. We zoomed from Kretchmar Hall up College Avenue and clattered up these stairs into the cafeteria to get food

we only picked at before rolling back out onto the sidewalk and to wherever we decided to go. When we came back our sophomore year, there were "No Rollerblade or Skateboard Use" signs hung in front of all the buildings. Katrina thought we should ignore them, and I decided she was right, so we continued to rollerblade everywhere.

"Are you okay?" Simon asks. "Your face is really white."

"Yes," I lie.

I feel like I might faint. Simon guides me to the nearest chair.

"Stay here," he commands. "I'm going to go get you some punch. You look awful."

I watch as people come up the stairs and pause before the picture. They say, "She was so beautiful," and "It's such a pity," or "She was just so young." Stupid canned phrases people pull out to use on occasions like these. I want to give them the middle finger as they walk past and give me disapproving looks, or worse, pretend not to see me.

I suppose they blame me for what happened, but Katrina didn't tell me how sad she was and how she was still using to take the sadness away—at least for a while, until she gave up trying and drove her car into a telephone pole at sixty-five miles an hour. And I wasn't there to see how sick she really was. If I were, then I could have done something to stop her.

Simon comes back and hands me a glass of punch. I see Katrina's mother, Vivian, walk in and I want to leave before she sees me, but then she does and it's too late.

"Emily," Vivian says. "I'm glad you're here. You know, you were such a good friend to Katrina. She'd be happy you

came and I certainly appreciate it.”

Vivian puts her icy manicured hand on mine and I catch a whiff of Chanel No. 5.

“Thank you,” I say softly.

I should make a run for the bathroom, but Vivian is still talking. I hope I can control my nausea until she’s done.

“You know, if you ever want to talk, you can call me up,” she says.

What is it with everyone and talking? I take another sip of punch and thank her.

Vivian smiles with her mouth shut and looks me over. I know what she sees: a skinny girl in an uncomfortable new suit who doesn’t belong here. She opens her mouth like she’s going to say something important, but then decides not to and pats my hand instead.

“Well. Take care of yourself, Emily,” says Vivian.

She nods cordially at Simon and walks away. I hop up from my chair, walk quickly to the bathroom, and hope no one is in it. I push the door open, lock it, and throw open the door of the closest stall. I fall to my knees and hold my hair back as pink punch and stomach acid splash violently into the toilet. I spit before rocking back onto my heels to wait. I rest my hot face against the cool stall wall and wipe my mouth with one-ply toilet paper.

At the sink, I reapply lip gloss and pat my nose with compact powder. I stick a piece of gum in my mouth and head

back into the cafeteria.

Simon is waiting for me by the bathroom door. He hands me a plate of food that I don’t want to eat. I hold my plate as I walk around and make small talk with people I once knew. When Simon isn’t looking I dump my plate in the trash.

The cafeteria is crowded now and I can’t catch my breath. I take a pass by the buffet table and grab another glass of punch before escaping outside. I walk around to the outdoor dining area and sit at the table farthest from the doors.

There is a “thank-you for not smoking on our campus” sign in front of me. I ignore it and smoke anyway. I shiver as a cold wind whips around the building and into my face. Tears run down my cheeks and into my mouth, where I taste their saltiness. I don’t bother to wipe them away. When my cigarette is done I light another, put my sunglasses on, and watch the clouds blow across the sky until they disappear into the horizon. 🌧

Whitney Woodland | Sterling Silver

CINQUEFOIL



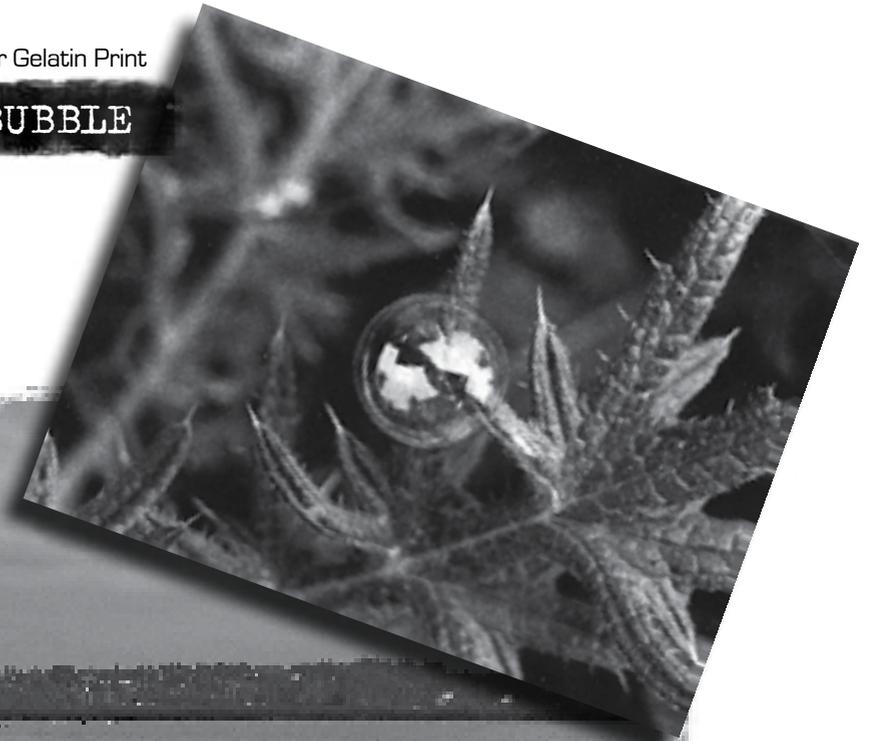
NATURE'S CONTRAST

Terina White | Digital Photograph



Angela Gilman | Silver Gelatin Print

BUBBLE



CANDACE I



Tiffany Mahikoa | Silver Gelatin Print

CANDACE II



Tiffany Mahikoa | Silver Gelatin Print



Lizzy Sue Smith

Gypsy Alderman

Henry Tatum weighed ninety eight pounds sopping wet, the thick patch of white blonde hair on the top of his head like a wad of uncombed cotton, the burs left in. He wore striped tee-shirts with overalls so worn, his round bony knee knobs stuck out. Most of the time, a quizzical look adorned his freckled face. Henry adored Morgan Brown; he followed her everywhere and considered her his best friend. Henry was nine and a half years old.

Morgan Brown, nine and three quarters, reasoned herself to fill the positions of leader, decision maker, and all knowing person, in charge of everything. She did not yet recognize Henry as her best friend. She always knew where to find him, right by her side, when she thought to look. Morgan talked all of the time and Henry listened. She carried a lot of important information in her mind and she found it necessary to think out loud. Once in a while, Morgan remembered the little boy behind her with “What do you think about that, Henry?” although, she rarely waited for a reply.

The pair held full rein over the small camp where they lived, the swamp land surrounding it and downtown Belle Shade, Florida. The adults, busy sorting out their own lives, maintained the hands-off approach in raising children. They already gave them more than enough information about surviving in the swamp, and the town too, for that matter. The busybodies, treacherous as rattlesnakes, needed a watchful eye..

The general feeling of carelessness toward child rearing among the adults stemmed from the fact, they survived growing up around alligators, rattlesnakes, cotton mouth moccasins and, worse yet, the vipers living in town. They did not understand why children, given more information than they themselves received growing up, needed any protection; it made no sense.

The adults in Alligator Cove stayed concerned with the true dangers in the world: local lawmen, the federal government, certain South American interests and rival families in their own backyard producing much of the clan's same product line. Then again, maybe it simply never dawned on them children need supervision or attention.

Most of the children learned early the list of things you just did not want to blurt out if you wanted to stay alive. Example in point: "I don't know how to swim" said too loudly in front of Clive or Uncle Billy could result in your death. The men were all taught how to swim by being thrown off bridges into Tampa Bay or the Gulf of Mexico, usually by their daddies or one of their uncles. PoPo always said the phrase, "Do or die," originated from the clan's so called swimming lessons.

These circumstances led Morgan and Henry to conclude many answers to life's mysteries on their own, unhampered by the cluttered minds of adults. Their ideas and opinions customarily received no validation or correction unless one of them interjected an assumption into adult conversations at the dinner table or elsewhere.

Often, hearing something Morgan, Henry or another child said, the grown-ups laughed, saying "Where in the world

did you come up with an idea like that?" Morgan did not mind this response as much as the icy stare response. This particular reaction required a sensitive child like Morgan Brown to dissolve into nothingness on the spot, knowing she let the wrong thing out of the bag, something not discussed in the open air. Her main objective, to let them see her brilliance, totally backfired. The adult reactions created more than a little caution when trying to join in discussions or clarify information with the grown-ups. Most of the children did not formulate half the questions Morgan wanted answered and they surely did not care about sticking around trying to get into conversations with them.

Henry decided to assume Morgan Brown's information came from the most centered, logical point of view. He knew she spent more time listening to them than anyone else. She preferred lying on the floor in a room full of grown-ups, hanging on their every word, to playing outside. Henry said listening to their yammering got on his nerves, but he found Morgan Brown's retelling of their words astonishingly interesting. She did not embellish one word; her unique opinions about what qualified as amazing, what did not and why seemed completely accurate and credible to him.

At first, it seemed like another ordinary question from Henry. Morgan kept humming Skip to My Lou, My Darlin' and stirring her stick in the sand at the water's edge. "I said...tell me about your mama, Morgan!" He raised his voice in frustration thinking she must not have heard him.

She let go of her stick and watched it float into the lake, getting caught on an old cypress knee sticking up from the water. "Where all did she go? Is she ever comin' back here? Did she ask

you if you wanted ta go with her? Is she as pretty as you?” Morgan realized these were questions Henry Tatum thought about for a while before he asked them.

She turned her back on him and stared out at the sun setting on the swamp. A great big ball of fire slipping out of the sky. The mention of her mother felt as though a ball of fire larger than the sun jumped inside her chest and sucked all the air out of her lungs.

“Morgan, did you go deaf or something? Tell me about your mama. Do you think we ought ta be headin’ back home? The skeeters are startn’ to eat me. Will you remember me the stories about her while we’re walkin’?”

Lord! That’s more words than I ever heard that boy say in a year... and they’re all the wrong ones. Morgan dipped her hands in the water, then ran her fingers through her hair. She parted her hair and let the left side fall over her eyes as she tucked the right side behind her ear. She called it her glamour style. Her blue cotton dress with puff sleeves needed to be smoothed out in front, the lake water came to service again. Painfully short waisted, Morgan initiated alterations by sneaking her granny’s scissors to cut the sashes off, making a bow for her hair. She reached out to pinch a Red Gator Berry off its bush, then spread the liquid on her lips, making sure none of the poisonous juice dripped into her mouth. Now, she felt pretty enough to talk about Lizzy Smith, her mother.

“Oh hush, Henry! How’s a lady supposed to think with all your chatterin’ goin’ on? What made you think about my mama out of the clear blue sky anyway? Oh never mind. It doesn’t matter anyhow. Let’s go home before the sun sits all the way down and we have to feel our way back through the swamp”.

Morgan pieced together the many versions of her mother’s life and departure at a young age with information gained listening to the grown-ups talk. Difficulties hearing any version at all arose as she got older and they whispered more. Morgan tip-toed around corners and stopped to listen under open windows. They did not bother to whisper around baby Morgan. Why are grown-ups so damn stupid, God? Did they have some kind of idiot notion I was borned blind and deaf and you jus’ now remembered to put real eyes and ears in my head?

Adults often make the mistake of equating intelligence with height as in: children are very short, therefore they must not be very smart. Morgan did not understand many adult sensibilities. Do they forget they had brains when they were children? Maybe they really did not have brains when they were little, maybe I’m just an oddball...born with an actual working brain, she mused. Morgan Brown picked her brains up before she left Heaven; she was not going to wait for any special deliveries when it came to brains.

“Keep up, Henry! Don’t you see that lightnin’ over the lake? It will catch up with us if we don’t hurry. Run! I’ll tell you about Mama after dinner if we don’t get struck by lightnin’ and killed before we get home. You remember that Craley boy over in Arcadia? He ran up a tree when it was lightnin’. A big ol’ bolt went right through the top of his head. People ‘round there said it took six months for the smell of fried brains to get off that tree.” Henry nodded and took off like a roaring fire exploded in his pants.

By the time the children ran into camp, the rain splashed to the ground in solid sheets. They heard lightning hitting some of the tall pine trees near by. Morgan laughed and squealed with

delight. She felt invincible. Henry did not; quiet and pale as a tombstone, he ran past her.

Aunt Hattie stood with the trailer door open yelling for Morgan to get inside. She fussed about the mess the little girl made with puddles from her dripping clothes. Morgan knew it all came from pure fright and worry. She knew how much the old lady loved her. Aunt Hattie, the only mother she ever really knew, loved her very much.

Uncle Ebb, Aunt Hattie, Boy and Morgan sat down for a dinner of lima bean stew, rice and sliced tomatoes. Uncle Ebb and Boy took eating seriously, with no time for chit chat. Aunt Hattie chirped away about the day's activities, carrying on both sides of most conversations.

Morgan insisted on having iced tea for dinner; promising not to pee in her bed during the night. Her request fell on deaf ears. No one seemed to pay her any mind at all until she blurted out "I bet my real mama, Lizzy Sue Smith, would let me have ice tea!"

Ebb threw his fork down and walked away from the table and Hattie held her face in her hands. Boy looked at Morgan and yelled "What's wrong with you? Are you stupid or somethin'?" Morgan lost her appetite at that point. Dinner ended as each one of them got up and left the table.

Morgan went the only place left to her for information about her mother, lying on her bed, running a searchlight through her mind, looking for memories, filling in spots with her vivid imagination. She found extra time for this project after Aunt Hattie sent her to bed early.

As she lay there, she squeezed her eyes shut as hard enough to see balls of light in strange patterns. Blocking everything else out, a memory of her mother might appear.

She saw a beautiful laughing lady with long black curly hair, the sides tied at the top with a green satin ribbon. Her bright green eyes fluttered with long thick lashes. She wore a white collared shirt with the sleeves rolled up and a full circle black skirt with sparkling Mexican sombreros sewn on the front.

Morgan heard a man's voice yelling "Com'on, Lizzy! We don't have all day." His face looked blurry to Morgan, but she saw the great big blue convertible he waited in. She recognized the pretty lady as her mother when she walked toward the man in the car. It looked like she stopped laughing for a minute when she turned to look back at her baby. Morgan wanted to splash through her emerald eyes and swim to her heart.

She heard, "Morgan...Morgan!" She tried to move toward her mother, but she felt frozen. Abruptly, she heard her name called again and the vision of Lizzy, like a dandelion blown on for good luck, blew away in thousands of pieces.

Morgan opened her eyes to see Aunt Hattie gently shaking her awake. "Morgan! Morgan, wake up, little girl. Do you want to sleep the whole day away?"

Everyone seemed more hungry than usual. They ate the identical breakfast of fried eggs, grits, bacon and toast with guava jelly every day; they just ate more of it this day. It felt like the rain cleared the air of the yellow pine tree dust and Morgan's outburst cleared the air of tension surrounding any talk of Lizzy.

The pine tree dust and the tension always returned, hanging in the air, waiting out storms that temporarily cleared them away.

Morgan slipped on her pink checked dress. It fit the same as her blue one; the waistline came up four inches above her bellybutton. She purposely noticed only how good she looked in pink checks. As soon as she picked one of the wild pink azaleas from the swamp to put in her hair, acceptance of her appearance shot to one hundred percent. Anything to distract people from her bent mousey brown hair always gave the little girl a boost.

Morgan and Henry did not speak as they walked on the edge of the swamp. After a while, Morgan began to hum “Mack the Knife” and jab a long stick into the palmetto bushes. She figured the way she hummed off-key might scare the rattlesnakes away. The children walked to their secret hideaway and sat down on their secret log.

This place, an area flattened in the middle of a vast palmetto bush forest, required crawling through a tunnel entrance. The bushes forming the tunnel were so thick, they appeared to be solid walls once inside. Morgan never found any reason for the existence of the tunnel or the flat spot, but Henry continued to beg for answers.

One day she told him about the CIA’s book of purple papers concerning aliens landing there to observe human beings. She said they stayed in Florida for seventeen days looking for humans with enough brains to study before deciding to move on to South America. Their search throughout central and southern Florida resulted in almost no bleeps from the brain

meters attached to the alien foreheads. She told him if he ever shared this information with another living soul, he better like living in outer space because the aliens did not give humans a second chance to keep their mouths shut.

Morgan moved from sitting on the log to lying down with her head resting on it. Henry straddled the log facing her, studying the expression on her face. She stared at a blue patch of sky on the horizon like she could see a hundred years into the future or the past. “Turn your butt around, Henry Tatum, and find somethin’ more interesting to stare at while I tell you about my beautiful mama.”

“I call Neeny Rhedd my granny because she’s my mama’s mama, sort of. . . meanin’ she raised her just like she was her own. It was PoPo Rhedd that brought her home to Neeny when she was a tiny baby. I’m not quite sure where he found her because I’ve only heard bits and pieces of the story. I can’t find a single so-called grown-up in that camp that’ll look me in the eye and tell where he found her. She came to be ‘the red rose surrounded by thorns’ in the Rhedd family. I guess they called her that because Neeny and PoPo only had five boys for their family until my mama got there. Neeny named her Elizabeth Margarita Lucille Rhedd. You can well imagine, Henry, how long those little hellion Rhedd boys went along with calling her Elizabeth.

“I think I remember standing in my baby bed, crying, while all these great big people around me were yelling. Lizzy threw something shiny across the room and it broke. . . maybe it was a mirror. . . something like glass crashing. When the sun in the window caught the little pieces flyin’ ‘round, shadows of rainbows bounced off the walls.

“I heard them talking about that night once, when I was still little. My Aunt Hattie and Neeny said Mama, who everybody called Lizzy by then, screamed about Smith being her last name because that’s what every Tom, Dick and Harry put in the book when they took her real mama to all those fancy hotels. My mama found out about a secret they had on her; about where she came from. Anyway, I kind of remember her screaming she was goin’ to get a little banana or something and then she was gone. I guess I was around one or two years old.

“I asked if I had a granddad named Harry, Tom or Dick...at my seven year old birthday party. Well, Henry, you’re probably too young to remember, but Neeny started wailin’ and PoPo jumped up and said ‘Good God Almighty!’ Before long the grown ups that could talk started yellin’ and pointing fingers at each other; while another whole bunch of them stood around lookin’ like they were struck dumb or something.

“I asked Aunt Hattie if I could have my cake right about then. Well, little Charley Rhedd came running straight through the house. He put his hand in my cake and ran off with the part that had yellow roses on it, yelling ‘KowaBunga!’ He dropped a big glob of icing on the floor. When Great Granny ran after him, yelling about him being a child from Hell, she slipped on the icing and flew straight up in the air. Do you remember when they had her tied up in her bed that time? They said they were stretching her bones back in place. Great Granny said the only thing giving her the will to live that summer was knowin’ how good it was going to feel to beat the livin’ Hell out of little Charlie as soon as she felt able to get her hands on him.

“Henry, my mama is so beautiful that if you just say her name, they all go to pieces. I kind of remember her smelling like gardenias. She always jingled and jangled when she walked into a room. I’m pretty sure Lizzy Sue Smith had a real fondness for jewelry and dancin’. If I close my eyes and hold my breath until I almost go unconscious, I remember how it felt to have my hands in her long black hair. It was so full of great big soft curls.

“I guess Neeny felt like she had enough of an experience about raising little girls after Lizzy left and besides her middle boy, Horace, left her with little Charlie to raise. I guess Charlie and me were about two years old when Horace and Linda set off to look for diamonds in buckets of dirt around Arizona. Then, Lizzy left looking for a little banana and Neeny fell down on the ground asking God what in the Hell she ever did to Him to deserve two cryin’ babies after she got her last boy grown and out of the house.

“That’s when Aunt Hattie, Neeny’s big sister, must’ve walked over from her place and picked me up out of our playpen. I remember she felt all soft and warm like one of Neeny’s Sunday dinner rolls. Smelled like them, too.

“I waved bye-bye to Charlie. He was playing ‘pull the baby’s hair’ and feeding me some of his soggy crackers when Aunt Hattie lifted me up and carried me away. He just stood there in his diaper, droolin’ spit everywhere, stompin’ his feet and screamin’ ‘No!’ Babies remember more than they usually want to admit, especially to themselves. That’s all I know or have to say, Henry.”

Morgan shut her eyes and tried to think what might make her head stop hurting. She told Henry if he ever asked her

about her mother again, a hole in her backyard, dug all the way to China waited, with his name on it.

Morgan looked at Henry as the sun beat straight down on the tops of their heads. It felt like concentrated beams of light, sent down from outer-space burned their brains into ashes, just as the aliens planned their revenge. High noon announced the time to go home and give the old fire ball time to begin its slide down to the other side of the sky.

She looked at him with her right eye squinting half way closed and her great big left eye looking straight through him. "If you ever even think about her, much less say her name around me or anyone else, I'll never speak to you again as long as I live. I'm the only one allowed to talk about her. When that happens, maybe never again, I'll let you know if you have my permission to talk. I mean it, Henry, more than anything I've ever said to you before. Now, let's go home and get some iced tea, I'm burnin' up."

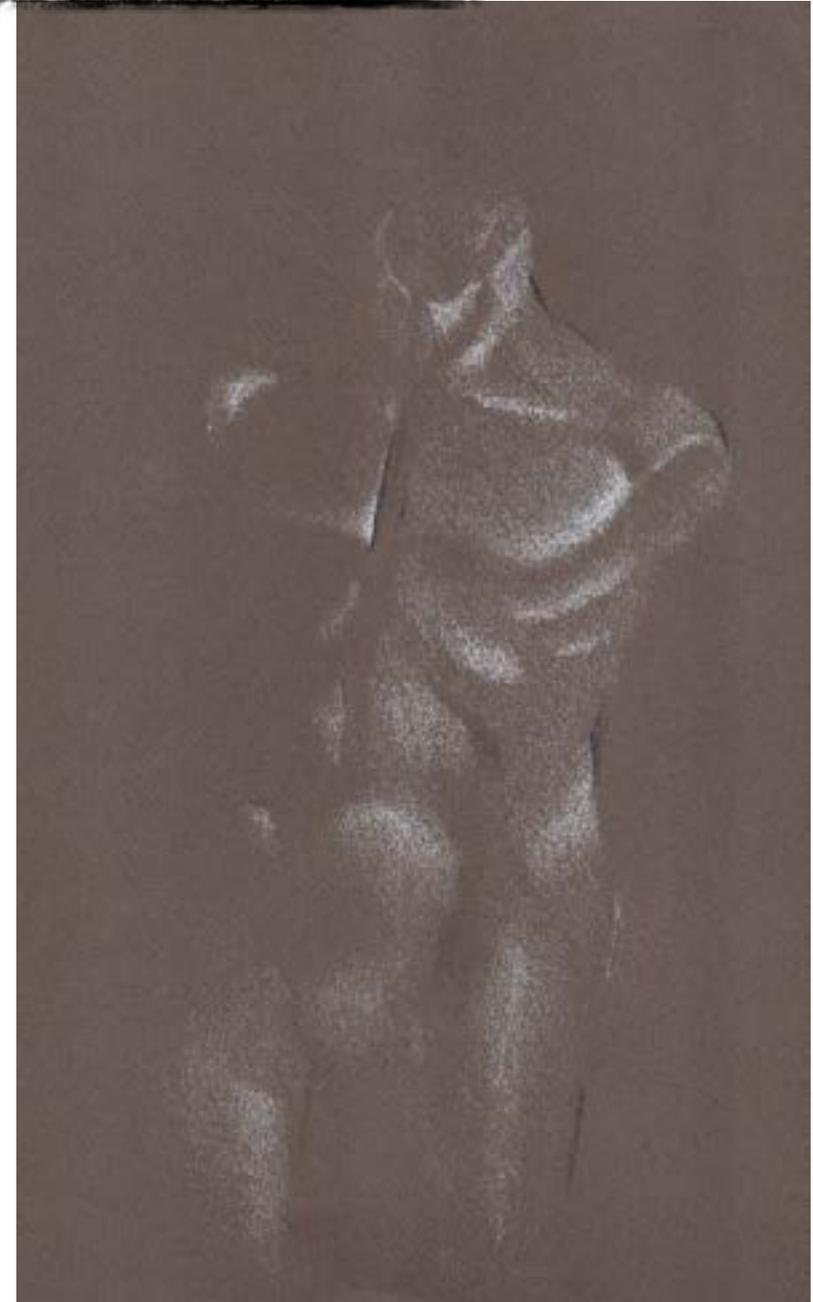
The little boy took her every word to heart.

SUNSET



Amanda Bishop | Digital Photograph

STRONG AND GENTAL



Sheryl Wasson-Howe | Prismacolor Pencil on Paper

THE STRUGGLE OF SKATEBOARDING



Garric Ray | Toned Silver Gelatin Prints



Anthony Fontyn | Glass Rondell, Etched, Mounted in Steel

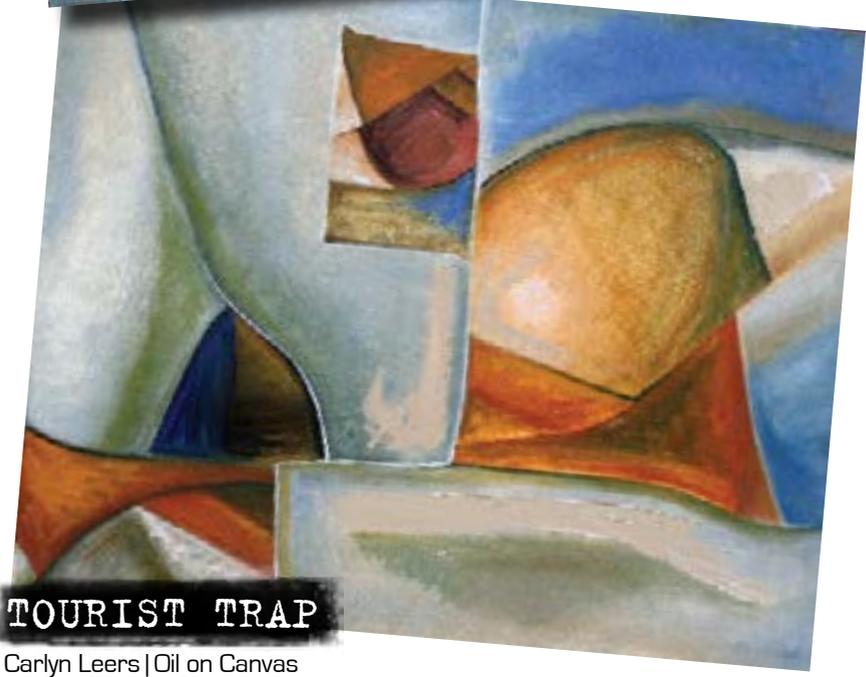
BUST OF ROSES



Brooke Danielson | Ceramics

Dominique Horn | Oil on Canvas

RECEDING



TOURIST TRAP

Carlyn Leers | Oil on Canvas



Paws 'n Claws

Thomas R. Higdon

An old long-handled can opener hung on a leather thong from his belt; it anchored his hip like a lawman's six-shooter as he climbed to his nest beneath the overpass. He'd deliberately avoided a place under the Interstate, knowing the night traffic would disturb his sleep.

His tension drained as he noted the bucket right where he'd left it; the smell alone deterred any marauders. His belongings, for all their scarcity, appeared undisturbed behind the odorous container. He lifted the newspaper mess which covered his possessions, found them intact, and finally relaxed.

Only recently had he made the decision to reposition his lair further out from the city to escape the attention of thieves; they rarely visited locations so far from the center of the target-rich urban jungle. Yet, he remained vulnerable; noises in the night suggested threats still moved about him.

One night, a few weeks ago, while trying to sleep, he'd heard snuffling sounds. He knew from the force of the breathing that a large animal foraged nearby. Suddenly, the moon outlined a huge, dark shape on the border of the embankment. Dread gripped his heart in a steel fist—he suspected a bear. The creature had finally wandered off; the rest of the night, he'd lain quietly, scarcely daring to breathe. In the morning, he'd subdued his fears and had tried to think of a solution.

Finally, he remembered a conversation his mother had with a neighbor long ago. She'd had trouble with animals ravaging her vegetables, and the neighbor lady suggested she get some excrement from large man-eaters like lions or tigers, and spread it around the border of her garden.

He went quickly to a service station close by, and used the rest room to wash himself as best he could to look presentable. The lawn and garden store he knew of carried three different kinds of big cat droppings. No one paid him much attention, so he filled his pockets with all of them and left. From his shirt pocket, he withdrew a plastic grocery bag and transferred the dung into it, leaving it under a tree outside. Re-entering the store, he succeeded again in stuffing his pockets.

Returning to his hideaway, he sprinkled about half his new acquisition in a large circle around the area, careful to keep it under the overpass—he didn't want rain washing it away. Two nights later, he heard the snuffling sounds again, but then he heard the large animal, apparently catching the cat scent, turn and lope away.

There remained the problem of human assault, but a recent inspiration gave him hope. From his meager possessions, he withdrew a bottle of shellac—the recently scavenged item which had birthed his idea. He took some small branches he'd collected and inserted them into the fingers of the work gloves he wore when searching dumpsters; they proved a snug fit. He dunked the fingers and thumbs of the gloves into the bottle, one at a time, and allowed them to dry. Repeating this process several times made the fingers as rigid as the wooden branches

within them. He hung the gloves from an improvised hook to allow them to dry completely.

Only occasionally did he remember he had a name; no one had called him Harold for almost ten years. He looked at his hands—dirty and stained; the other kids used to call them paws because the abnormally short fingers suggested cats' feet. Sometimes the girls “meowed” at him.

Squeezing his eyes shut as he felt them wetting, he sighed and took tin snips from his small kit. At a yard sale, the woman at the table had looked at him pityingly and simply gave them to him.

Usually he removed his refuse to a dumpster three blocks from the overpass, not wanting a pile of garbage to signal his position, but since his inspiration, he'd kept two of the soup cans from which he frequently ate. Now he used the snips to cut a dozen lengths of metal from the cans, four inches long and about three-quarters of an inch wide.

When he'd finished, he took down the gloves and found the fingers hard as stone. Removing a sealed plastic bag of cable ties from his pocket, a rare purchase, he used them, three to each metal strip, to fasten them tightly to the hardened fingers, and two each to the thumbs of the gloves, the rounded strips fitting perfectly over the digits. Again using the snips, he cut the metal back on the smaller fingers, then made angular cuts off all the ends, leaving them pointed—and deadly. Finally, he used the snips to trim the ties.

Now he removed the branches and pulled the altered gloves onto his hands. For nearly an hour, he scraped the metal

strips over the concrete, sharpening them to a fine edge. He felt exalted; now he could deal with any threat. He hid his new claws in a niche in the concrete above his head.

Late the next morning, he took a pair of cheap cotton gloves, one of which had holes in two of the fingers, and slipped them into his trousers. A supermarket flyer had advertised its house brand soup at ten cents a can last week, so he'd used some of his precious change to buy three cans of mushroom soup. Now, as he left for his daily rounds, he took one of the cans and placed it up on the apron of the overpass where no one could see it, knowing the heat of the concrete on this summer's day would warm it in minutes.

It took him over half an hour each day to walk into the city; here, he could usually find food scraps and cast-off bits of clothing. One of his favorite stops, a fast food franchise with outdoor tables, furnished his meal today. It stood next to an office building, and secretaries often ate there.

At one table, an ash tray contained two cigarette butts with lipstick. One of the women had left more than half her burger, and the other had eaten only a few of her fries. Using a napkin from the dispenser to wrap the fries, he refolded the paper over the hamburger and carefully put both into his shirt pocket.

Next, he walked two blocks to a dumpster located behind a used clothing store and, pulling on the old gloves, began to forage within. He quickly found a pair of work shoes which he knew would not fit; he took them anyway—sometimes he traded with others. He discovered, to his delight, another pair, almost new, in his size, no longer in style, but still serviceable.

Using another plastic supermarket bag, he placed both pair of shoes inside and continued his work.

When he'd finished, he'd added a suitable coat with a ripped shoulder seam to his collection. A hot day such as this did not require such a garment, but the future would bring days much colder; the coat went into the bag.

As he closed the dumpster lid, he felt something brush his leg. Looking down, he saw a dun-colored cat rubbing itself against him, obviously begging for food. He smiled and bent down to pet the creature, reaching into his shirt and feeding it a couple of the fries. The animal responded with a loud, surprisingly vigorous purring.

Straightening up, he turned back and noticed a woman watching him from the corner. He could see her clearly; once obviously beautiful, she still had a certain allure. He decided she would look very good if she could bathe regularly and shampoo her hair.

The soup can would have reached the desired temperature by now; it seemed time to take his new finds home and have his meal. As he walked back, the fragrant smell of cooking hot dogs reached him and triggered a memory from his parochial school days.

He'd come from a desperately poor family but, as a practicing Catholic, he'd received a free, first-rate high school education, including three years of Latin. Only his "paws" now kept him from succeeding socially and economically. The nuns had made a big deal about altar boys, so he'd donned the cassock and surplice. One of his duties involved kneeling and praying with another boy in the middle of the church aisle for two hours, during a period in the church calendar called "Retreat."

When he'd missed one of these sessions because a rare family outing had caused him to forget his duty, the nuns had taken him out of class the next day, called him unworthy, and defrocked him.

Whenever a couple married, the boys would run out the back door to the front of the church and, holding a velvet rope, bar the newlyweds from leaving until the groom parted with a contribution. With that money, they'd gorged themselves on hot dogs and soda once a year. He'd absolutely loved those hot dogs but, after they told him he could no longer be an altar boy, the mere thought of one brought him intense pain. He'd enjoyed the uniform and the annual altar boys' picnic.

Walking down the road, he felt a presence behind him and turned to look back. The woman he'd seen in town followed about a half mile behind; when she saw him watching her, she stopped and waited for him to go on. He reached his sanctuary a few minutes later and, as he slipped under the roadway, he collected the soup can, finding it hotter than expected. He sat down, put his new possessions behind the bucket, and opened the can of soup. As he dunked the fries in the can and began to eat, he heard again the loud purring sound—the animal had followed him home.

The cat circled the area, sniffing at the droppings he'd set out days ago, and, satisfied, came to him and curled itself into a ball at his feet, purring so strongly, he couldn't believe a creature that small could make such a sound. Finishing his

meal, he drifted off to sleep with the cat's head on his thigh.

A noise brought him full awake—a sound that didn't belong. He looked in all directions, his ears cocked for the slightest noise. There, on his left, a shape moved in the deepening dusk. The woman stood looking up at him. While he considered the meaning of her visit, another shape, much larger, wearing a bright yellow shirt, stepped in front of her. The man looked at Harold, a smile slowly spreading over his face; the intruder's intent seemed clear.

Harold reached up and took his claws from the crevice, slipping them over his small fingers. Descending to the road from his perch, he heard the mewing of the animal. As Harold reached level ground, a huffing sound behind him made him stop—not the bear.

The man advanced on Harold with a bully's swagger and swung his fist. Harold knew he had no chance against a man who outweighed him by a hundred pounds and stood a head taller, so he ducked under the man's arm and circled to put the moon behind him and give him a small advantage. The man reached out and grabbed Harold by the shirt front, lifting him and painfully tearing out his chest hair.

As he dangled in front of the grinning man, Harold thrust his hands forward and raked the man's midsection again and again with the claws. The man howled in pain and surprise, dropped Harold, and backed up swiftly, colliding with a large dun-colored shape. The roar which sounded from the animal

reminded Harold of something, but then he saw the cougar clearly, standing on its hind legs and biting the attacker on the back of the neck.

The man screamed in terror as the big cat wrestled him to the ground. Then, the only sound in the darkness, a swishing noise as the predator dragged the assailant through the grass. Moments later, the soft summer's night lent its silence to the scene. Strangely, Harold had felt no fear.

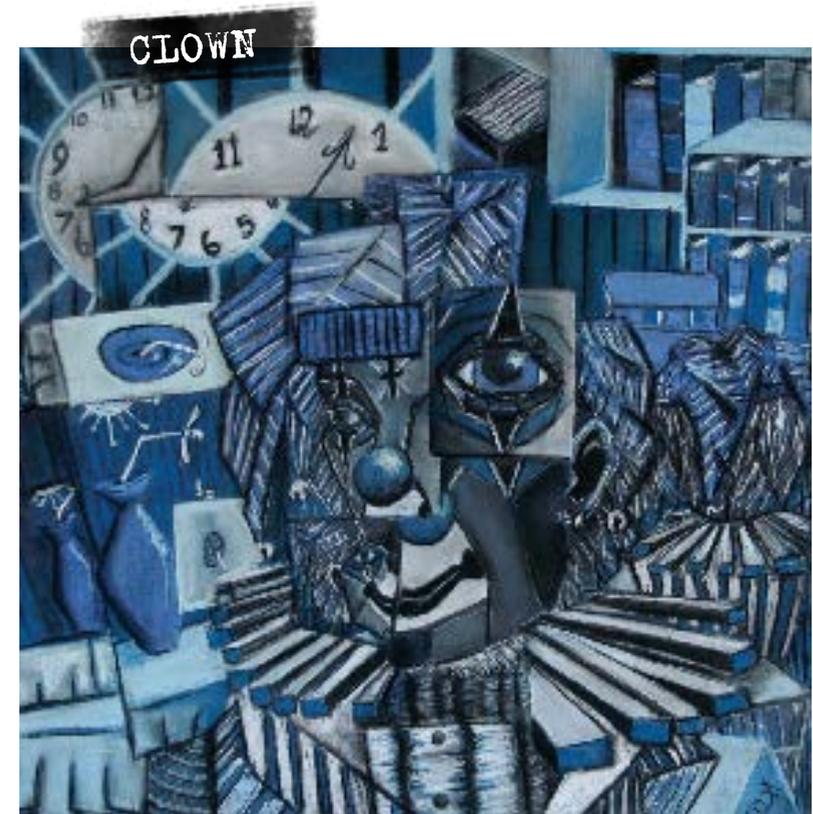
He looked back at the woman and saw her prostrating herself in front of him. She crawled to him on her knees and wrapped her arms around his legs in homage. He could not hide his astonishment—no one had ever treated him like this. Standing, she looked up at him with a smile and he felt himself hardening in her grasp. That night, he lost his virginity. In the morning, she kissed him and left. Although she hadn't said a single word, he knew she'd return to him.

He surveyed the ground where the puma had killed the man the night before and, surprisingly, found nothing disturbed, no torn clothing, and no trace of blood or tissue. As he stood there, puzzled by this odd circumstance, the cat walked up and began rubbing itself against him. He absently picked up the small animal, noted its distended belly, and continued looking over the area. As he put a foot forward, he did, finally, see blood, but in an unexpected place: on his pant leg.

At that point, the cat squirmed in his grasp and, as he reached out with his other hand to support it, he saw its red-stained muzzle; startled, he almost dropped the tawny creature.

Slowly, he placed the cat on the ground and examined it closely. He spotted more blood and bits of bright yellow cloth embedded in the animal's claws.

Stunned, he straightened up and looked at the small, blood-smeared face in awe for a long time, trying to make sense of it. Finally, he turned and mounted to his nest, the cat trailing close, and sat down, the dun-colored creature again curling up and making its customary loud sounds of approval. Some time later, he looked up at the niche and realized that his claws would remain there indefinitely.



Dominique Horn | Pastel on Paper

Brandi Debudey | Oil on Canvas

UNTITLED



CONTRIBUTOR STATEMENTS

~~GYPSEY ALDERMAN~~

"Lizzy Sue Smith"

Writing opened a door, a window, a portal, a hole in the sky and a slot through time for me. After my life took a 180 degree turn, throwing everything off axis, I found myself thinking an interesting first step toward a college degree might be a writing class. Describing Dr. Carey's fiction writing course as simply interesting is wildly understating my experience. Life changing is a clearer description; reminding me to never assume I know what is waiting behind a closed door.

~~SETH BENNETT~~

"Prologue"

For the last year, I've been developing a cast of characters into a novel that one day I hope to publish. While working on this novel, I found it necessary to write a piece pertaining to Keevan's mysterious origins and the nature of his adopted parents. I think this piece works particularly well because it provides the reader with a very personal connection with Nariem, allowing us to see into his head and understand what he's going through, as well as the importance of Keevan in his and Karine's lives.

~~STEVE BERRY~~

"Pontiac"

"Clay Time"

These pieces are a part of my re-creation of pieces in the Art Deco style, with my own interpretation of that period. "Pontiac" represents the hood ornament of a Pontiac, the leading edge of the auto, flowing through the air and space at speed; part of the entire automobile when cars themselves were something of a study of art.

~~AMANDA BISHOP~~

"Sunset"

"Guitar Duo"

I am fascinated by colors and structure found in everyday objects and that's what a great deal of my photos are based on. I was inspired to take the black and white photo by the curves of the guitar bodies, which seemed to fit together quite well. Originally, it was the color that inspired me to take the sunset photo but it was the lines of the clouds and the framing of the trees that made it stand out.

~~DEANNA BREDTHAUER~~

"Oscar"

"Forbidden Fruit"

My art comes from my desire to connect to people in a fundamental way. Whether commenting on the past, pondering commonly-held ideas, or just bringing attention to the often-overlooked, I seek to draw viewers into my subjects and to give them the space to question what they see. To this end, I try to combine color, composition and attention to detail in a manner harmonious with my purpose.



NORTHLIGHT

Cynthia Kenworthy | Digital Photograph



LINES IN MOTION

Elizabeth Dolhanyk | Ink on Bristol Board

~~CYNTHIA BUSHELL~~

"Figure 3"

The beauty and strength of the female figure inspired this work.

~~SARAH CAMPEAU~~

"The Peddler"

"Untitled"

To me, photography equates to searching...searching for answers to the questions I'm too afraid to ask aloud. Searching for connection to those that I distance myself from...searching for meaning, and having faith that in the end, it will all come together and serve a purpose.

~~ANNE CARPENTER~~

"Possession"

"Bauhaus"

I am continually inspired by the strength of the human figure.

~~BOBBY CASTANEDA~~

"Pocketful of Nothin' by Cuttin Onion"

For as long as I can recall, friends and family have asked me to write down the life stories I have shared. But until I spent a winter in the frozen hinterlands of Northern Norway and Iceland, I never had the experience, time, or solitude to focus on the task of writing. In addition, I never really felt anyone would be interested in my life stories.

~~ALPHA GAMBOA~~

"Fullmetal Gauntlet"

Clay doesn't have to look like clay

~~LINDSEY CHRIST~~

"Abstract Organic Experiment"

"Self Protrait Study in Contour Lines"

Abstract Organic Experiment No. 2 is a continuation of my creative organic studies. This piece, by contrast to the first can be interpreted as death. The colors are darker. Some textures imply fossilization. Lastly, there are sharper edges and the piece is generally flatter.

~~JOE COLE~~

"Rainy Window"

This piece was inspired by rain and represents the interruptions that can happen. It is made to flow from one mark to another on a sea of blue made to look like glass.

~~SHANE CONE~~

"Shoes"

I work in retail and one of my worst fears is dealing with someone's nasty feet. I guess writing this story is a way of coping with that fear. Knowing hand sanitizer isn't far away also helps.

~~BROOKE DANIELSON~~

"Teapot With Warmer"

"Bust of Roses"

Art allows me to feely create with an amazing sense of accomplishment when I finish.



MY LOVE

Anthony Fontyn | Charcoal on Paper



DREAMS

Cathy Erickson | Digital Photomontage

BRANDI DEBUDEY

"Untitled"

I started out by being inspired with the simplicity of Stuart Davis' painting style.

HEATHER DIAS

"De Stijl Poster"

De Stijl was made as a Intro to Graphic Design project, and turned out rather well for my first venture in Illustrator. It is inspired by the art styles of De Stijl, Art Deco, and Modern Pop Art.

ELIZABETH DOLHANYK

"Complement"

"Lines in Motion"

Originally reduced to a glaze test, this rather simply shaped bowl has been transformed by the glaze process and is now a pot worth keeping. I chose complementary colors (red-violet and blue-green) purposefully and added a splash of blue-violet to reduce the overall contrast. In a way, this piece brings out my personality in its wonderfully rich colors, contrast, and overall presentation.

RHIA DROUILLARD

"Misty Morning, Clark College"

This piece was inspired by the subject itself, a beautiful, misty, fall morning on the Clark College campus in November. I've been told this piece makes people long to know what is beyond the fog. I think this photo definitely sets a mood.

DANIELLE EUBANKS

"Red Rose"

My class was experimenting with Polaroid transfers; this piece is the result of that experimentation.

CATHY ERICKSON

"Dreams"

"Rothko"

This piece is a pointalized version of a small area in the Portland Japanese Garden.

SALLY FILLER

"Red Leaves Against Sky"

"Tavern Tracks"

My interest in the sand tire tracks was peaked after expressing surprise to a Long Beach resident that beach driving was allowed. She said many years ago there had been talk about outlawing this until someone asked, "But how will people get home safely after drinking in the Taverns?"

ANTHONY FONTYN

"My Love"

"Glass Rondell, Etched, Mounted in Steel"

I have recently been taking my drawing skills and applying them to glass. While I still love the freeness of drawing with charcoal, I also enjoy the challenge of glass. Once the image is etched onto the glass, there is no going back; there are no erasers.

ANGELA GIBB

"Here there be Monsters"

This piece was inspired by the fear of losing someone I love. The title was inspired by the words "Here be Dragons" on old European maps to designate the edge of the known world. My main character is at the edge of her emotional map, trying to navigate through new territory.



COMPLEMENT

Elizabeth Dolhanyk | Ceramics



FULL-METAL GAUNTLET

Alpha Gamboa | Ceramics

ANGELA GILMAN

"Bubble"

These ethereal moments created by nature provide us with time to engage in pictures with meaning left open for interpretation. The subtleness of nature, gives inspiration to stop time in its tracks. The natural lighting sets the mood for a relaxing atmosphere almost to a mystical level. As the photographer, I am able to portray nature's simplicity in this rewarding way

AKI GREEN

"Death Happens"

This poem was inspired by the death of my cousin Jacob. I was trying to look at my family and their views on death and how that affected the way they lived their lives. The ceremonies and superstitions that surround death have always fascinated me, but when I took a look at my own family, I saw that death itself wasn't very powerful. Life is more important than death and remembering that life, celebrating life, gives more meaning and a better connection with those who are gone, than any sad or mournful affair. I guess I just wanted to say good-bye in my own words to a man I loved.

RACHAEL GREGG

"Suicide Prevention"

"Landscape Nude"

Despite criticism, this is still my favorite piece so far.

UNTITLED

Brittany Wilson | Ceramics



LITTLE MAN

Terese Griffing | Ceramics

THERESE GRIFFING

"Little Man"

I work in stoneware clay, paper mache, and mixed media. The Little Man seems to have stepped out of a Dickens novel. Perhaps he is a clerk, feeling sprightly for his age.



JAN HARRIS

"Stone Madonna"

The Madonna/Goddess myths, legends and stories weave and wind around the perception of the female through the ages. Stone Madonna contrasts the simplicity of cloth-imprinted metal with the elegance of stone; the warmth of the copper and brass and the distant coldness of the silver and stone; the anonymous features with the beckoning helping hand. Such is the enigma of woman.

LAURIE HENDRICKS

"Rainbow Trout"

"Graceful Movements"

This piece, Graceful Movements, was inspired by my daughter, Kendra. Her beauty and complete dedication to her art has inspired me to reach for the stars, never stop dreaming and always continue to learn and grow, regardless of my age. The hand-sculpted ceramic rainbow trout was fired 3 times to achieve the glaze effect.

THOMAS R. HIGDON

"Paws 'n Claws"

This piece was inspired by Exercise 10 when I registered for English 125 last winter ("Write a scene in which the central character does something palpably outrageous— violent, cruel foolhardy, or



Tavern Traffic

Sally Filler | Digital Photograph

obscene. Let us, because we see into his/her mind, know that the character is behaving justly, kindly, or reasonably). What works best in this story is the plot, in which the crime victim's own medications become the instrument of the killer's demise.

~~SHARON HOFFMAN~~
"Napolean"

Unlike most, I have virtually no photographs of family vacations. In "Napolean", I have not blended the characters into their environment intentionally. People on vacation are only passing through, leaving no meaningful stamp of their presence. Just as I don't have a family heritage to reference, these characters are out of time and touch with their descendents.

~~DOMINIQUE HORN~~
"Clown"
"Receding"

Receding was inspired by the flood in New Orleans after Hurricane Katrina. It reflects an interest in textural paint surfaces. Clown explores spatial relationships and ambiguity. It is a study in monochromatic cubism.

~~JESSICA HORN~~
"Portrait of a Girl"

In this picture I was trying to capture what a true blessing my sister is.

~~SHERYL WASSON-HOWE~~
"Strong and Gentle"

Strong and gentle represents the strength and gentleness of the male, and the beauty of lines and curves that make up the human figure.

THISTLES

Tim Cogley | Digital Photograph



CLAY TIME

Steve Berry | Ceramics

~~CASEY HOWARD~~

"The Dove and the Cross"

Art has been my favorite hobby. I can spend an entire day working in Photoshop and never notice the time passing.

~~BRANDON KAYS~~

"Rain Droplets"

I was taking photos outside, just as a downpour had ended.

I noticed all the plants had beads of rainwater on their foliage. The pine tree grabbed my attention with its emerald green needles and droplets about to descend to strike the drenched soil. I captured the photo slightly before it fell.

That's what I call good timing.

~~CYNTHIA KENWORTHY~~

"Northlight"

My images are about elusive moments of natural light and subject matter. A striking lapis blue on a scrub jay, a stunning composition caught at the spur of the moment, or the softness of Vermeer's light caressing a teapot. I think it is not so much what I photograph as how I use the light that makes a stunning image. I want people to feel what I feel when I capture a moment of light. It is important to me to have instructors that force me to think outside the norm.

~~KINDRA KEPLER~~

"Pinky"

"Animal Violence"

Animal abuse and neglect is a very strong issue for me. I am very much against it, so in Animal Violence, I wanted to convey my feeling of anger for it and try to make people see it is a very real problem and shouldn't be overlooked. In Pinky, I wanted to show how old someone can look, but at the same time be so youthful and energetic.



~~SHAMARIE KEPLER~~

"Protection or Opression"

This was a piece inspired by a special project class on surrealism; the hand that holds her down is for protection or oppression.

~~JESSICA KEIRN~~

"Genocide"

The names on this poster represents 90,825,000 innocent people who have died over the last 100 years from genocide. The poster was created to bring awareness to this still existing problem.

~~BRIAN KNOPP~~

"Bench"

I saw the bench in the photo while walking to class at Clark College. The strong lines are what drew my attention. They looked like they were jumping out at me with the sun catching the lines of the bench.

~~LEANNE LEFEBVRE~~

"Silence"

"Grapes Still Life"

My two boys inspire a lot of my art. Life drawing is what I enjoy most.

~~CARLYN LEERS~~

"Tourist Trap"

The challenge here was to capture not only the three-dimensional quality of this wicker ball, but also to capture its tonal values in a vibrant, bigger-than-life manner.



~~THE DOVE AND THE CROSS~~

Casey Howard | Digital Photograph

~~TIFFANY MAHIKOA~~

"Candace"

"Untitled"

I have always been interested in the depth of human personalities and characteristics. I'm usually a writer, so any explorations tend to manifest in that medium. But since I was in a photography class, I figured I might as well try a subject that would catch my fancy. I'm not very happy with the way the printing went though.

~~ERICA MITCHELL~~

"Gift from the Sea"

I loved the smooth inside of this piece contrasted against the weathered outside.

~~RUBY MURRAY~~

"The Hour Between the Wolf and the Dog"

"Not Humanly Possible"

I am inspired by the efforts people make to understand and live in the world around them, particularly when it feels like an alien landscape.

~~JAMIE NALOS~~

"Pears"

I like photography because it allows me to see the world with eyes that are awaiting images of beauty I may want to capture.

~~A.J. NEWLAND~~

"Broken Mask"

I wanted to display an understanding of mass line drawing style.

~~VALERIY NOVITSKIY~~

"Untitled"

Originally painted with a shoelace dipped in ink then enlarged to poster size. The intent was to create a whirlpool of movement bottom to top, in 3-D.

JOELLE RASH

"Pitcher Set"

These are a few of my first pouring vessels I created while also experimenting with shape and size; the designs and colors tie the sets together.

GARRIC RAY

"The Struggle of Skateboarding"

"Eiffel Tower"

Photography is my way of documenting my life and my way of communicating to others what I see and how I feel. I love how I can tell stories with the photos I take. I love the fact that photography is a guarantee I will never have a dull moment in my life.

BETHANY ROBINSON

"Untitled"

My photographs are inspired by life. I focus on the objects that surround my everyday existence. I photograph objects found in my own home, yard, neighborhood and town. I photograph my adventures and my travels.

SHATYRA ROGERS

"Rushing Wind"

I'm using diagonal lines to create movement. I was thinking of a harsh wind.

JUDY SANDERS

"Modigliani"

Modigliani was a poster designed in Intro to Graphic Design. It was done in as a study of his original work in an effort to portray his style in advertising.

GRACEFUL MOVEMENTS

Laurie Hendricks | Ink on Bristol Board

NAPOLEON

Sharon Hoffman | Photo-Illustration



MICK SEPPALA

"Elephants Never Forget"

I made this sculpture as a reminder for my drummer to goto band practice. His favorite animal is the elephant, they have great memories

TONY SMITH

"Blue Cape"

My photos are series pictures I started in digital photography class, showing how man is taking over nature, to a point where there is an imbalance between man and nature. And this imbalance is causing the new changes in our weather conditions around the world.

DOUG SPITZER

"Wall Sconces"

For these wall sconces I wanted to use a variety of metal-working techniques. I tried to make them look old and worn like they were dug up from somewhere long ago.

JON STEINER

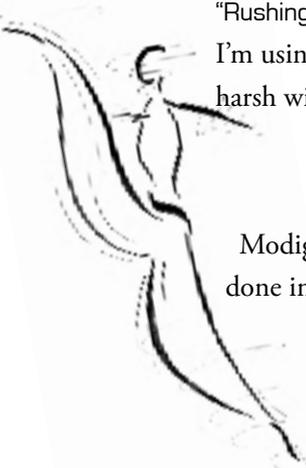
"Untitled"

This photograph represents an amount of empty time, where I have nothing else to do but photograph, while also attempting to re-know the place, re-learn family, and accept changes however small or large they may be.

JASON ST. PIERRE

"Untitled"

My goal as an artist is to create a subtle design that communicates some feeling or interest to the viewer. I like the minimalist idea of simplicity as art's purest form. I feel that there is a greater focus to it.



ELEPHANTS NEVER FORGET

Mick Seppala | Mixed Media



~~STEPHEN STUM~~

"Homophobia"

"Blue Ink in Water"

This piece was inspired by the intricate detail and whimsical nature of the Art Nouveau Era. I wanted to capture the weightless yet stable effect that Mucha has incorporated in many of his works during that era. It was also a challenge to work in only three colors. The finished piece works well and reflects the time spent.

~~AMANDA TAYLOR~~

"James Dean"

"Self Portrait"

When you are told to take a self-portrait without direct representation of your face, a challenge arises; however, if you spend ten minutes exploring who you are, you can surprise yourself with amazing results.

~~JEREMY TESTERMAN~~

"Bright Lights in Dark Times"

"Stay Inbetween the Lines"

For this picture I wanted to stay as simple as possible, with very little going on in the picture yet still having a strong impact. My favorite type of art is minimalist so I thought this would be very easy. I soon figured out that the world is a very busy place. So I looked up and caught this picture by surprise. It's very simple, yet has multiple messages.

~~ROBERT THACH~~

"Fog"

Nature, the most mysterious and versatile creature on Earth. Fog, the emotion of Nature itself, expressing passion.

~~MELIZA TILLEY~~

"Dear Darling"

Dear Darling is a comic strip inspired by zombies, the heart, and the beautiful city of New Orleans. It explores how tender memories of the heart become ugly and disturbing as time and circumstance change.

~~DAVID VAHN DIJK~~

"Textured Abstract"

This picture was one of those instances where looking through the lens of a camera makes something ordinary like a rusty fire pit basin look different and can take your breath away, like a stunning vista or sunrise might. When examined closer it becomes more worthwhile to look at. You see things differently.

~~LUIZA VASILIU~~

"Cataclysm"

This piece contains black ink, twisting counter-clockwise; it looks like roots. I was exploring line quality and motion.

~~NICHOLAS WEBSTER~~

"Disorder"

I love this piece because it looks like all different chunks of clay coming together to form something beautiful.

BRIGHT LIGHTS
IN DARK TIMES

Jeremy Testerman | Digital Photograph



TERINA WHITE

“Structure”

“Nature’s Contrast”

This piece was harder to capture than I originally thought. Because it is a self-portrait, I couldn’t see the angles until after the photograph was taken. This photograph was inspired by a Finnish photographer whose series of self-portraits never showed his face.

BRITTANY WILSON

“Untitled”

My intention when creating pottery is to transform the purpose of the clay and assign it a new personality.

JEFF WOLF

“Control”

Pin striping has intrigued me since I was a kid growing up around hot rods and classic cabs. I have been pin striping for nearly two years.

Whitney Woodland

“Spinel Pendant”

“Cinquefoil”

Art is the most personal, ultimate expression of ourselves. It gives others an insight to what we find beautiful, grotesque, funny, or sad. It demonstrates our points of view and makes the audience compare their points of view with ours. Art emotes and the audience interprets; the audience takes a piece of it with them in their minds when they leave.

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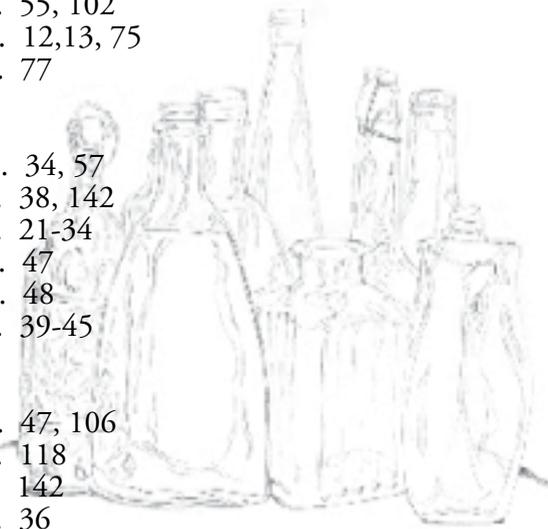
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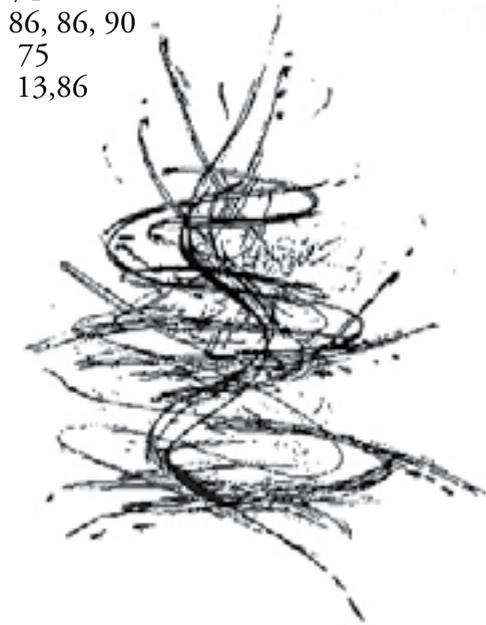
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About the Editors

An unabashed lover of “The Full Monty”, **Anne Carpenter**, art editor, plans to move her considerable DVD collection (and artistic prowess) to Central Washington University, where she’ll major in graphic design. An artist in her own right, her keen eye helped beautify the art in this year’s Phoenix. When not pouring herself into art and academia, Anne loves taking her canine companion, Mali, out for long walks on the beach. She also loves sipping a fine merlot in front of a roaring fire while perusing personal ads on Comcast’s Dating on Demand.

Shane Cone has been involved with fiction writing at Clark College for two years. Published in last year’s Phoenix, he jumped at the chance to work as literary editor on this year’s edition. When finished at Clark, Shane plans on transferring to Multnomah Bible College. When not dancing in the rain to slow jams (and adding misdemeanors to his rap sheet), Shane spends time honing his considerable skills in the challenging world of indie rock karaoke. Shane also hopes to one day master the culinary arts.

Never missing a step, **Mary Hammond** filled a last minute vacancy and stepped in as photo editor for this year’s Phoenix, turning down offers to be Pepsi’s new “it” girl. When finished working her fingers to the bone taking pictures of all Phoenix’s art, cropping and editing photographs, Mary will wash her hands of all things Phoenix and begin Clark’s highly respected and competitive nursing program. She doesn’t want people to know she’s addicted to romantic comedies starring Jennifer Lopez.

Addicted to metal and the cinematic masterpiece “Legend”, **Kindra Kepler** plans to get her degree in graphic design and go right to work. When she’s not knitting scarves and snuggling with her cats (and unsuccessfully hiding unabashed love for Tom Cruise), Kindra, art editor, works to master her own artistic prowess; she’s an accomplished artist, working in painting, drawing, and digital painting. She’s happy Mariah made a comeback and she wishes only good things for her in the future. One day, Kindra hopes to find her long lost love by searching through the “I Saw You” ads in Portland’s premiere indie magazines.

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Kindra Kepler..... Graphics Editor
Anne Carpenter..... Graphics Assistant
Shane Cone..... Literary Editor
Mary Hammond..... Photography Editor
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Dear Darling



Meliza Tilley | Ink on Paper

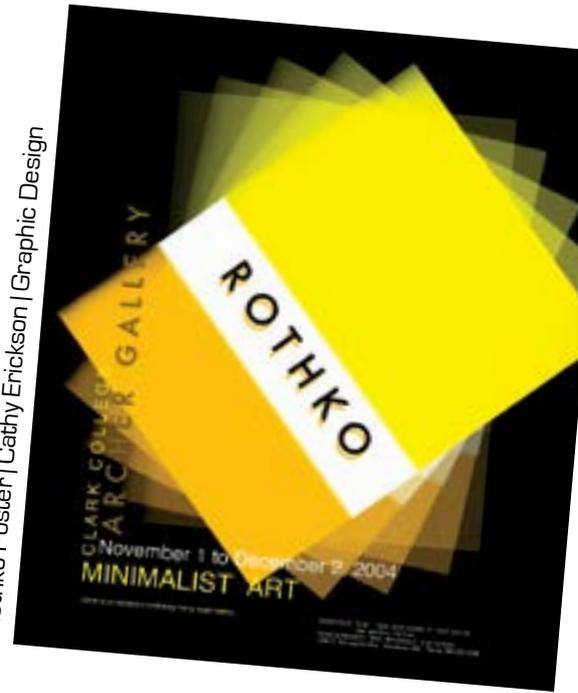
Animal Violence | Kndra Kepler | Graphic Design



De Stijl Poster | Heather Dias | Graphic Design



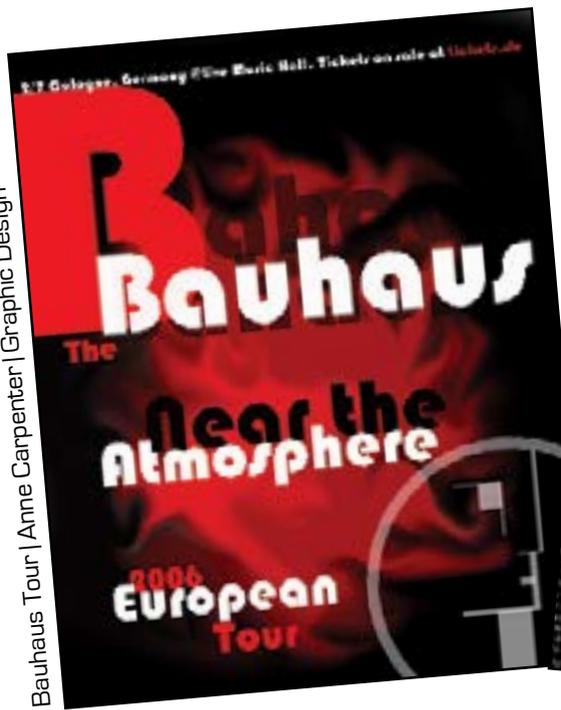
Rothko Poster | Cathy Erickson | Graphic Design



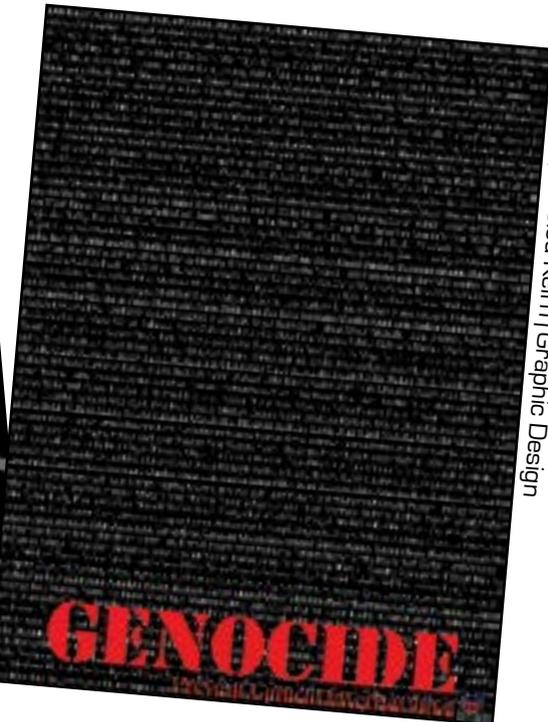
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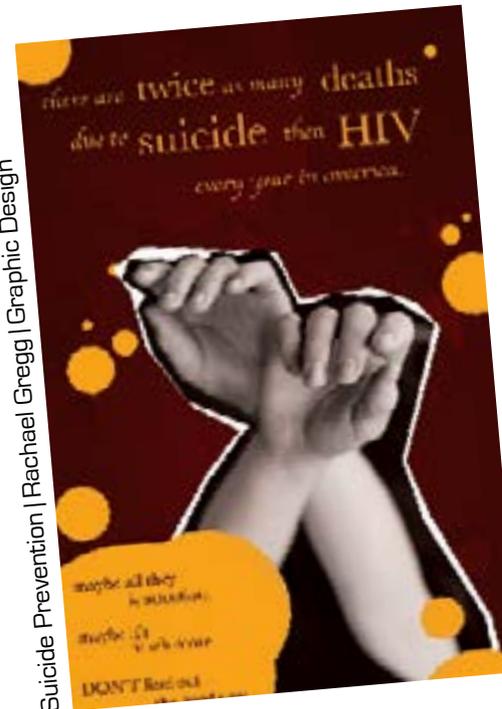
Bauhaus Tour | Anne Carpenter | Graphic Design



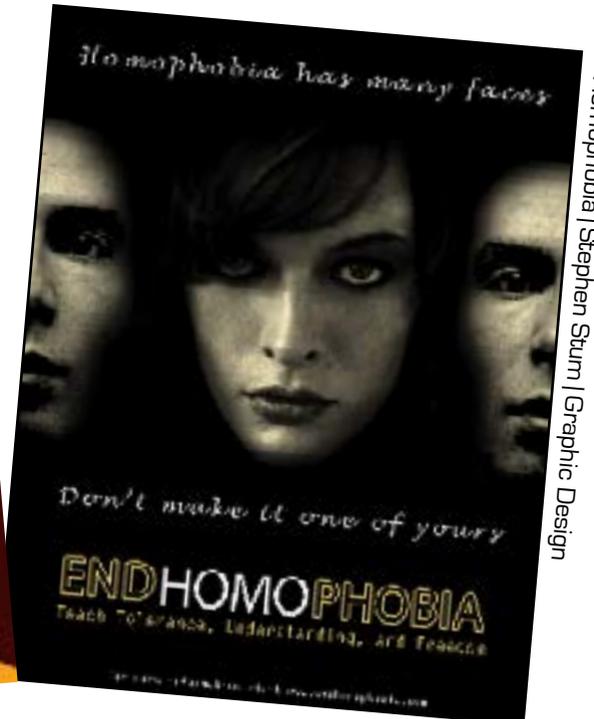
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Suicide Prevention | Rachael Gregg | Graphic Design



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Colophon

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- You get every dollar in your pocketbook, but you don't get every dollar in your pocketbook. (Original text: You get every dollar in your pocketbook, but you don't get every dollar in your pocketbook. Original text: You get every dollar in your pocketbook, but you don't get every dollar in your pocketbook.)

Kelly Spicer | Graphic Design