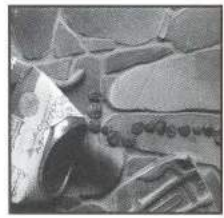
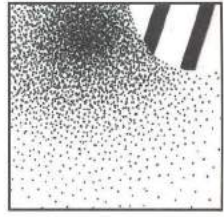
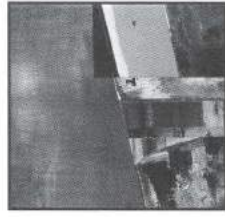
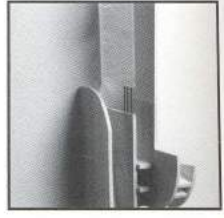
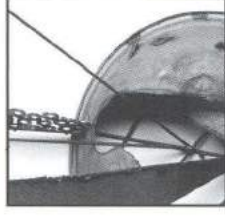
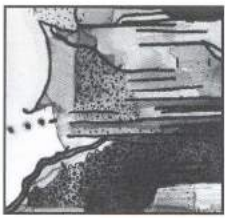




Jessika Olejniczka
17.5in x 36in
"Orange String"
Clay and sea grass



Jessika Olejniczc
"Orange String" 

Ashley Koeckritz
untitled


Gwendolyn Rodig-Brown
"Fantasy Chicken Armor"

Judith O'Neill
"Peapods"

Daniel Kurnick
"Self Portrait"

Nick Kohler
"The Anonymous
Population"

Nick Kohler
"Lone Soldier"

Viki Claus 
"Positive Void"

Gene Zielnicki
"Analogous Still Life"

Josh Kuffel
untitled

Elizabeth Walter
"Parade"

Karen Moorhead
"Experiment in porcelain"


Krissy Singer
"Six Corners"

Ricky Tran
"Rise"

Janice Kostelny
"Wall Flower in Sunday's
Best Dress"

Fausfino Guadarrama
"Buitres"

Angie Consalvo
"Money"

Judith O'Neill 
"Gorilla"


Josh Kuffel
"Banquet"

Mia Ishiguro
"Obje"

Molly Williams
"Black Moor"

Dianne Batzkall
"Foraging"

Katherine R. Grover
"Drapery Study"

Thomas R. Donat 
"There Were
Better Times"

As a boy in
church, I
remember
sounds most
of all during

"From this
foundation
create art.
Rather, prog-
ress art,"

Margaret
is the wind
the Arkansas
River across
the field

Still I wait
amongst
the limbs
To see the
broken

when I
told you,
altitude
alters
perception.

I wore my
mother's
aging pearls
Tight around
my neck

Red hum-
mingbird
feeder,
cracked is
thrown out,

The babe
crawls over,
hand,
knee, hand,
dragging,

What songs
do your
nickel-
beaten
fingertips

The sun
smears
light on the
yellow walls.
Mystep-father

The
Duchess's
authority was
supreme in
the house

the panting
of the lay-lazy
dog sprawled
across the
pine needles.

light arcs into
our moment
and blinks

n o s e s
flaring and
bomb colored
eyes flick-
ering wicks

Abner Machorro
"Revelations"

Hubert Marciniac
"Flailing"

Michael Gillis
"Doodle eulogy on
Margaret at a bar in
Tulsa"

Audrey Wilson
"Midnight"

Adam Pitak
"The Rooftop"

Audrey Wilson
"Haircut"

Michael Gillis
"Interlude"

Sung Yim 
"Storybook"

Adam Pitak
"Ode to the Old
Guitarist"

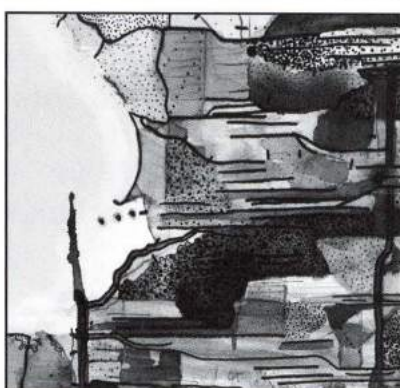
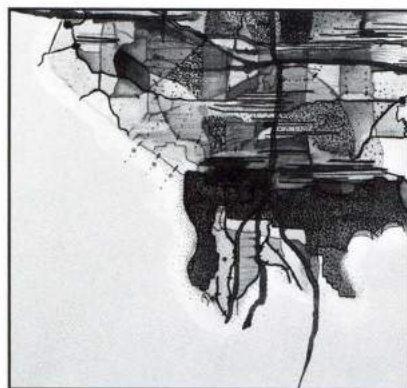
Abner Machorro
"Marquette Drive"

Hubert Marciniac
"In the Late Summer"

Todd Tosi
"daybreak, June 2010"

Todd Tosi
"glint"

Mike Franzen 
"Cruelty"



Ashley Koeckritz
24in x 32in
untitled
Watercolor and permanent
marker on paper

Abner Machorro

Revelations

1.

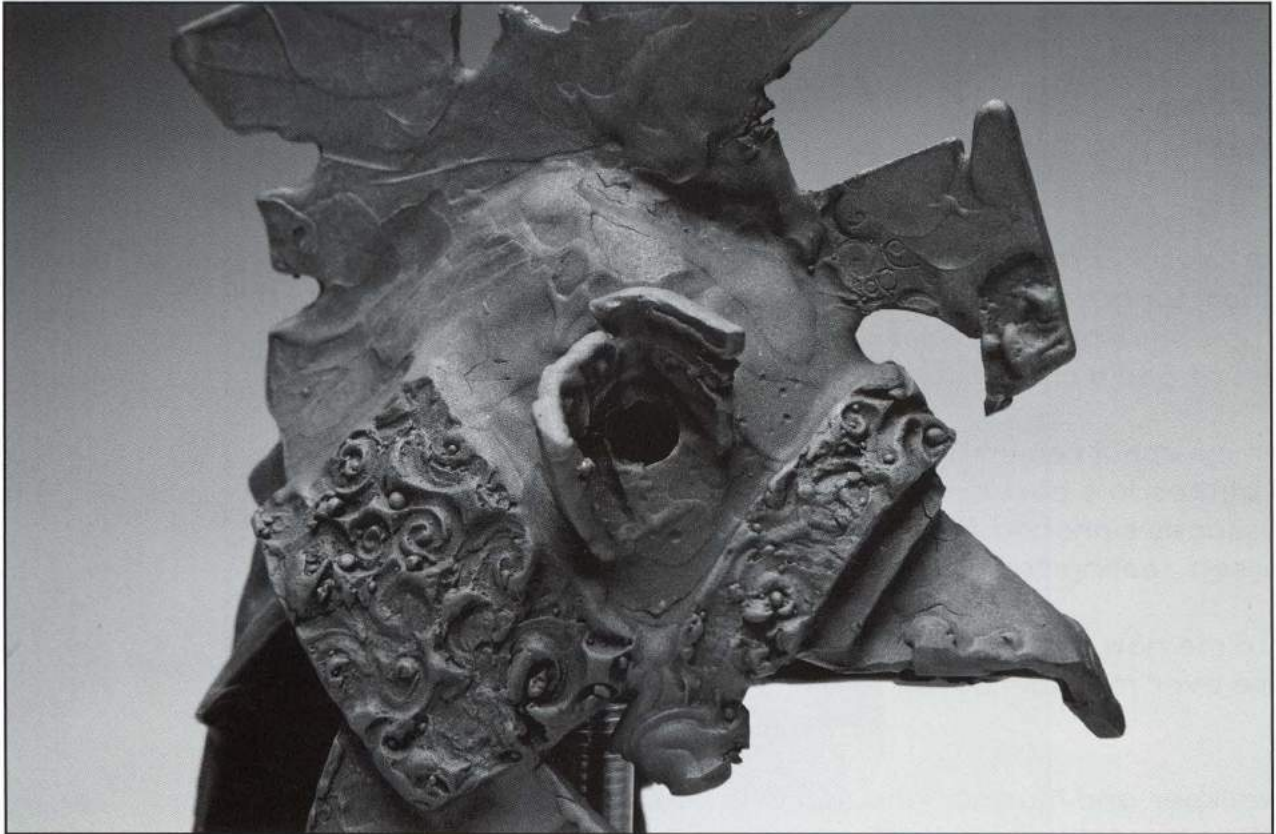
As a boy in church, I remember the lavish elite wives
clucking their tongues at my secondhand Sunday vestments
scooping up their righteous noses at the destitute hispanic trash
at the least of god's chosen

As a boy in church, I remember sounds most of all during prayer
the same bethesda's best braying in unfamiliar dialects
coded messages siphoned from on high
I found myself feeling reproach

it occurs to me now that they were masquerading
that we are ever masquerading

2.

One can whisper and murmur and coo at the heavens every waking hour
but I say they are only muttering to the sky
one can stand at a pulpit and holler and shout and damn and scour
but I say they are only speaking to themselves
one can assure and assuage and appease their fears and unease with ideas of a god
but I say this is the mask of a coward



Gwendolyn Rodig-Brown
5in x 12in
"Fantasy Chicken Armor"
Bronze

Hubert Marciniac

Flailing

I walk as with determination.
I write as of a subject.
I think as toward grasping.
But when to the best of my ability
I attempt to witness myself,
I witness flailing.

I say to myself,
"Find work that is fundamentally necessary,"
As though it would give me roots
in an objective reality.
I say,
"From this foundation create art.
Rather, progress art,"
as though I can attempt truth.
Flailing, flailing, flailing...

"Fashion ourselves!"
we command us.
Flailing.

We don't evolve.
Rather, evolution takes place upon us.
At a rate determined by the coldest,
the most inorganic, we *change* –
and we have changed into spectacular things.
By spectacular I mean
things of which spectacles have been made.

We have become thinking things,
thinking things over.
We have thought about how we change
and our freedom to change that
and often concluded,
"Certainly, we have that freedom!
Perhaps we should act upon it?"
And at times we've thought a resounding,
"Yes! Perhaps...we should."
Flailing, flailing, flailing...

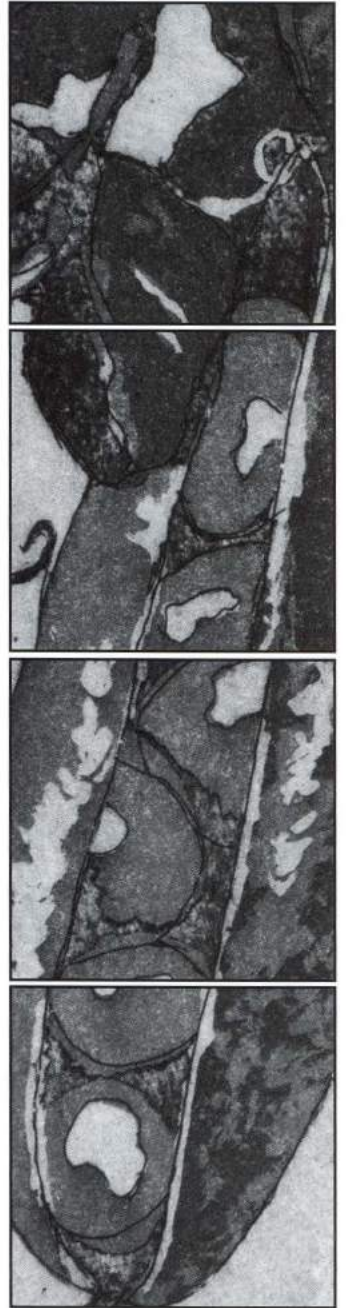
When those we look upon as inferior
are finally *permitted*,
by the coldest, by the most inorganic,
to extract from us their equality
we smile at the world and proclaim,
"We have acted upon it!"

We wouldn't know equality if
it was the same size as us.
We wouldn't know fairness
if it was distributed amongst us
in precise accordance with our
respective needs and entitlements.

When our means are halted
we find others and proclaim,
"We, the organic, have freely changed,
evermore increasing in goodness!"

We wouldn't know goodness
if it was good to us.
We wouldn't know freedom
if we were free to.

In fact, most of the time,
I'm not so sure
I'm even flailing.



Judith O'Neill
8in x 10in
"Peapods"
Intaglio

Michael Gillis

Doodle eulogy on Margaret at a bar in Tulsa

Margaret where is what is she it ? Today I
picked Pecans on the side of a road one tree out of place
here in Tulsa only a year ago I saw Margaret's wrinkled hands
cracking shells in Georgia Now ? Margaret is the wind
the Arkansas River across the field, over a levy the
electrical surge pop sizzle in the wires above my head, while I bent
to fill the flimsy plastic bag with hard shells is she anything
yet or is there a time between death and decision
before you become, before you begin again before it
begins again a time to be nothing unfinished finished

I sit inside to avoid rain
I sit in a converted Garage turned German beer Garden on land
Confiscated hostile on bar stools too heavy to move
they swivel bolted to the concrete floor music sways
from Petty to country to new age to metal to the hum of
people clouds the German Warstein Dunkel sloshing in my gut

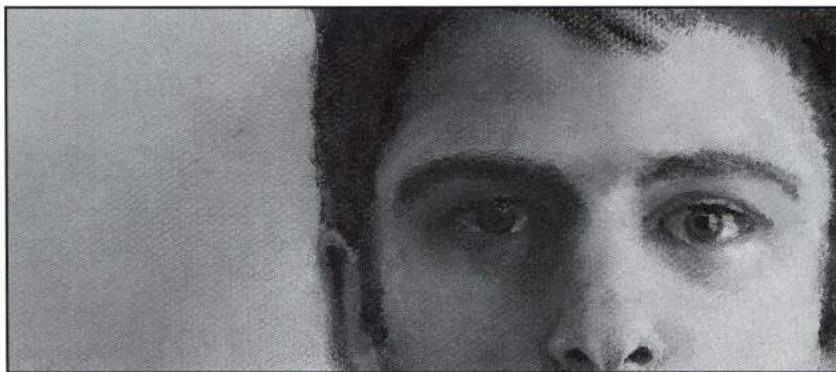
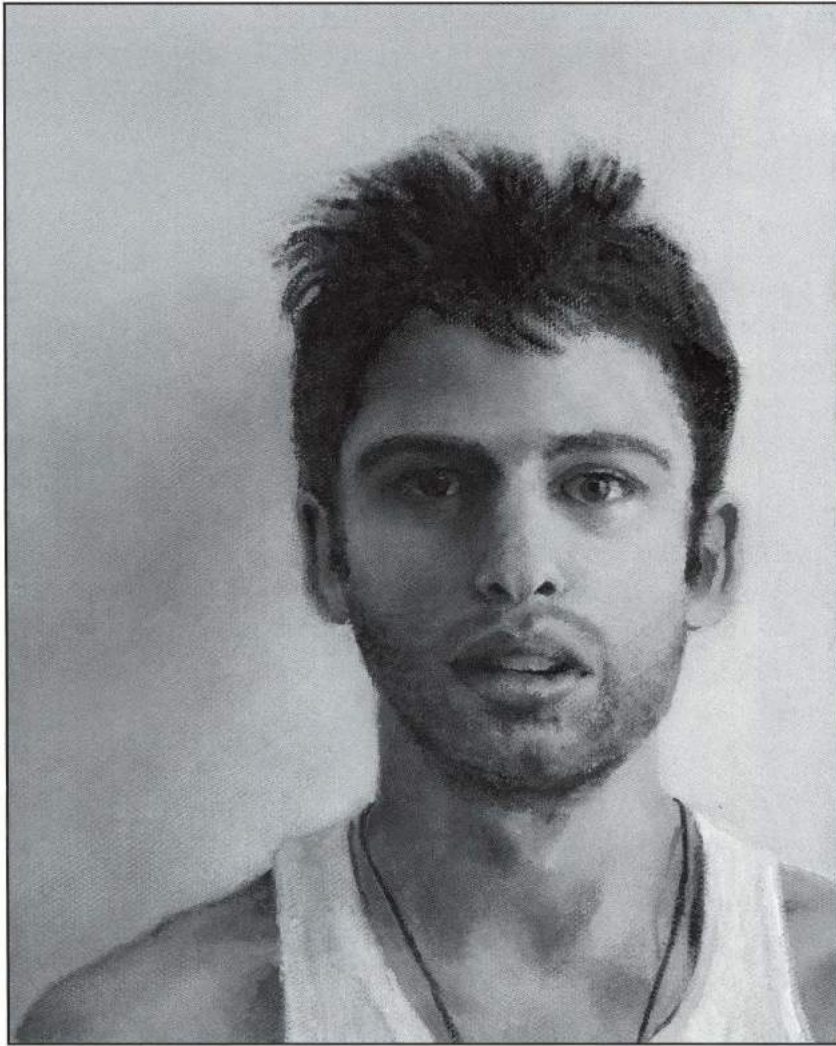
I run dry washed fingers through dust-covered grit hair
Itch my nose
Wonder if the lesbians three stools away have
consummated their
flirtations
Whether this bar was always lacquered
Whether the flat screen is always off black mirror reflecting those
behind me my glasses face uncomfortable stares

The galley kitchen belches a load of fries grease air
changes Margaret is charged sputter bubbles of grease and
browning Two flannel shirts argue at the jukebox I was
told these didn't exist anymore One is in a John Deere hat
opposite a skull cap They pick Phil Collins' "In the Air Tonight"
Margaret disagrees a goatee orders a beer Dunkel
dark sweet same as me Phil croons the
crowd rumbles

I've heard this song driving Arizona painted desert
smeared my windshield my hand beat out the drum fill on a
leather steering wheel now the lacquered bar rubs my
exposed palm as I glide back and forth along this small paper

Another Dunkel sip breaks my flow gives a respite during
the swallow I am swimming against a flood memories pushing
forward up my throat I clench my jaw force them down with
Dunkel

A pretty blonde in riding pants members only jacket joins
the bar next to a balding paunchy middle aged man
Margaret doesn't like the last phrase snickers about



Daniel Kurnick
"Self Portrait BW"
9in x 11in
Oil on canvas

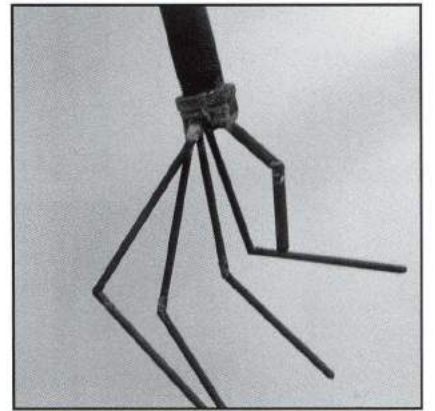
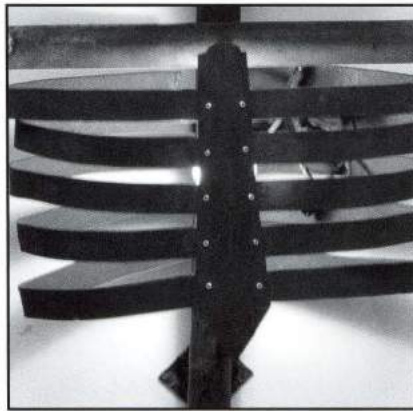
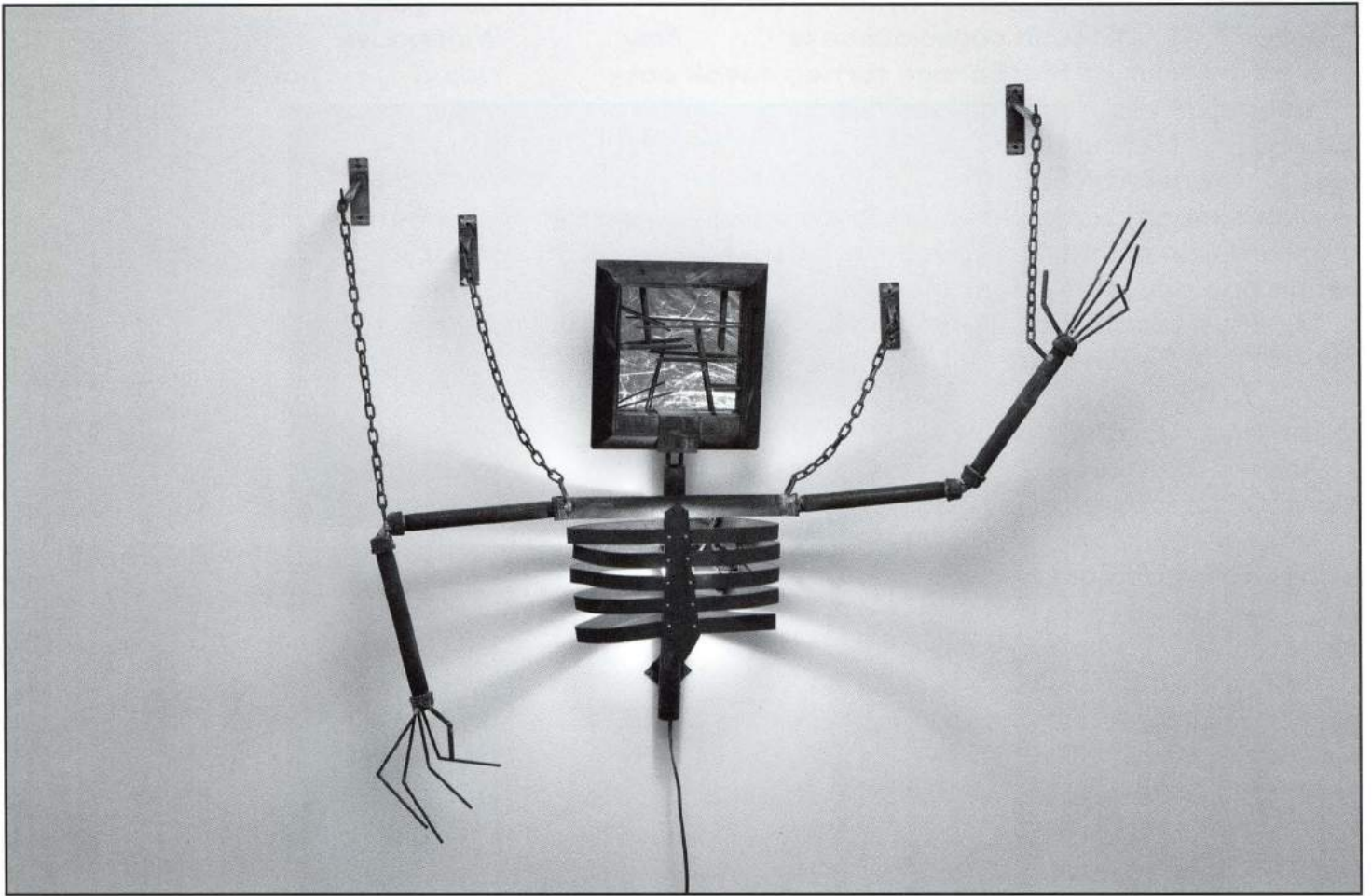
nice things in defense of the salon blonde with the nose and
makeup Billy Idol blurts out "White Wedding" how music ebbs
flows through consciousness Amy Winehouse
croons the interior of this Garage turned speak easy riding pants
flapper dress bald pate fedora Margaret sits
next to me young alive jokes about Cole Porter Al
Jolson Winston Sinatra chemists mixing post WWII
concoctions meant to bolster plant production or reverse father time
mixed with mortar and pestle fixed inside a paper
envelope and doused in clear glass water drunk drained shot
up My brain plants it all in imagination dirt and the LCD screen
bursts out of a Pecan shell

Down the bar a flexed jaw muscle under a low slung taxi cap
Across the street, through the open garage door sits a satellite
dish searching for myths heaven high alien life death
Margaret sits on the dish listens talks runs through
the computer read out

Margaret climbs under the lacquer bar top, amidst wood grains
centuries old grown flown in imported
Tulsa my eyes glance left black stomach
and low sung jeans with belt I pound out a rhythm while
James Brown screams frantic lacquer death Dunkel
what would Margaret think?

Nothing

She doesn't have to anymore. She lives in the sun she sails
through the hollow moon ringing bells amidst asteroid showers
she settles within the shell of a pecan she slides down
my throat on a Dunkel raft



Nick Kohler
56in x 45in
"The Anonymous Population"
Mixed media

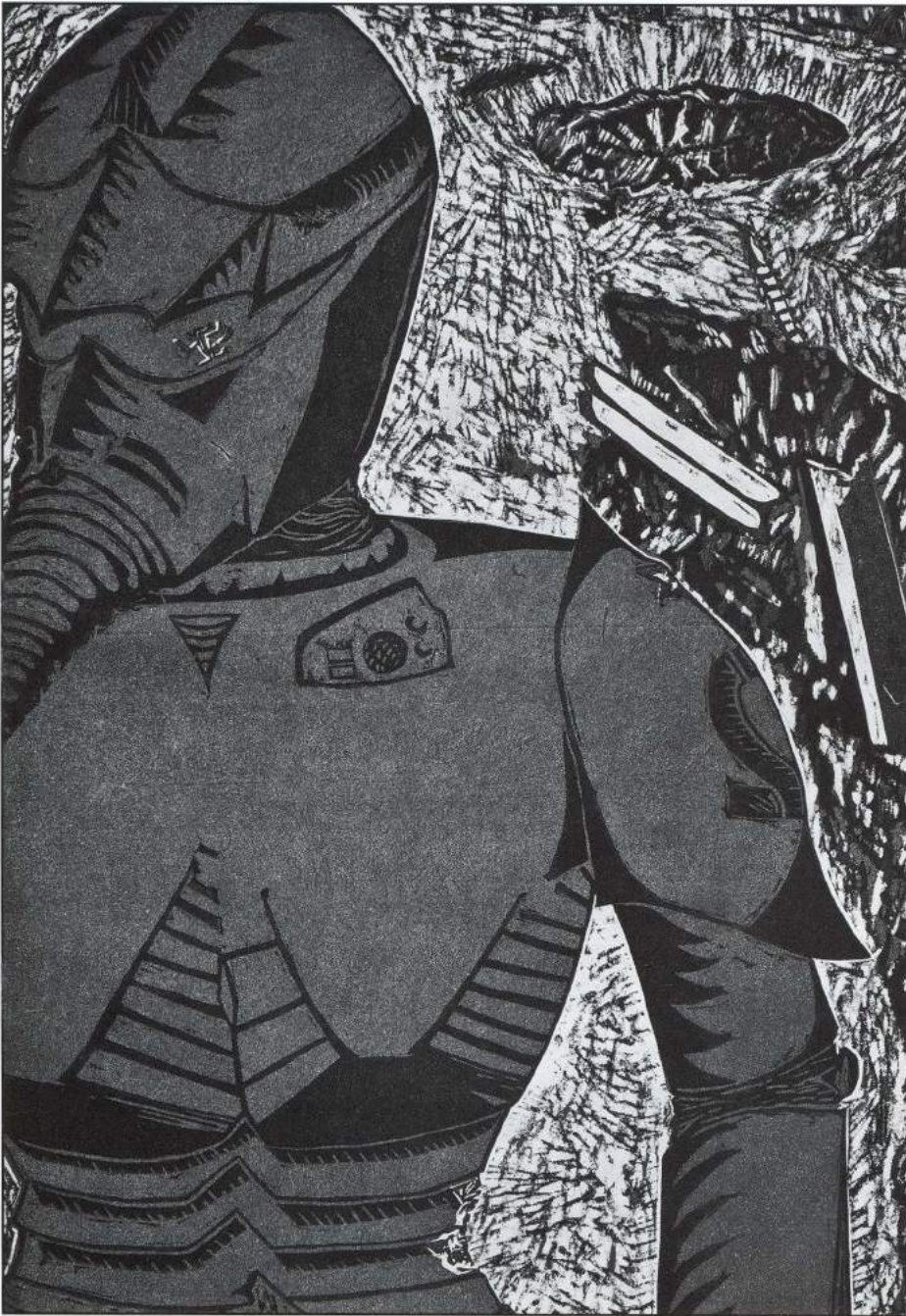
Audrey Wilson

Midnight

Bare trees scratch
At midnight's darkest hour,
The hairs of the branches
Hitting the grass
In the moon's broken lamp.
Without sound or fury,
The air hangs still,
Waiting for sunrise
To wash out the flames placed
So perfectly
In the blackness.

Still I wait amongst the limbs
To see the broken pieces
Burned into the stars.
To see the eyes that bring out all I know
To be good and honest and true,
Shattering all falsities of blind reality.

And although filled time has passed me by
I have not yet found that piece of you
That touches something in me,
But I do know, with all truth,
That the place I hold in your heart,
Is not the same in mine.
Naked limbs crossing path for path
And fire against the night sky.



Nick Kohler
24in x 32in
"Lone Soldier"
Woodcut print

Adam Pitak

The Rooftop

There's nowhere to look but up,
a bulwark of brick spills
from far too high above
to witness what transpires below:

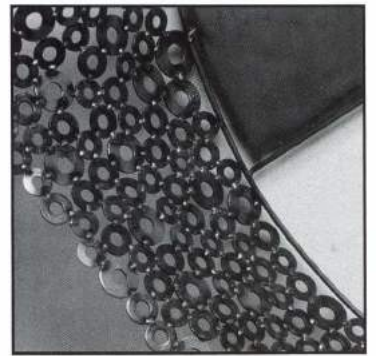
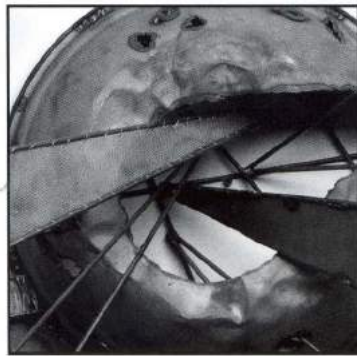
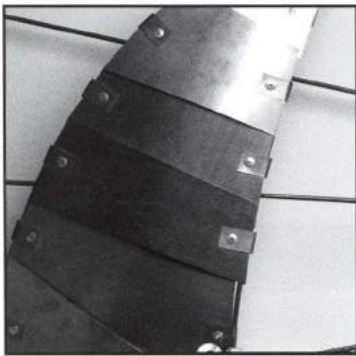
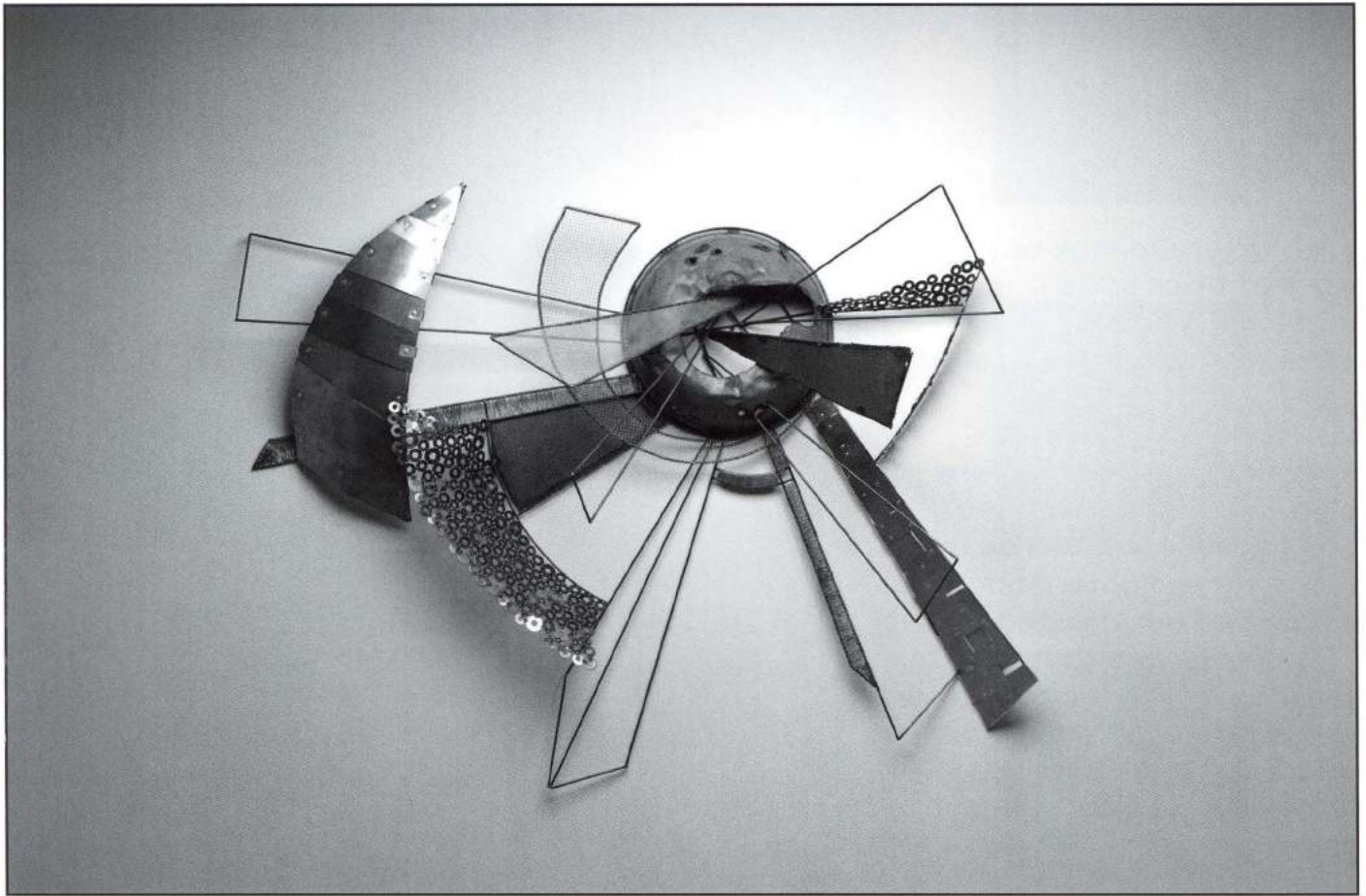
The cars roll
through red lights, cherry glare
bends on wet, sable pavement.
The lone pedestrian clutches at
the black leather ligatures belted
to the flanks of her designer purse.

They must have cleared the entire city.
Even those threadbare clunkers
seem placed with purpose.
The stillness of motion
bleeds like soup –
staining the flannel
elbows of this landscape.

This rooftop
was once our private cathedral.
We'd steal surreptitious glimpses,
with your high-tops raking
across our graven names,
etched deep into asphalt singles.

You laughed, your smile
sheared cleanly when I told you,
altitude alters perception.

The people,
these grains of animation
spin in perennial vortex –
unaware we saw them all
without watching



Viki Claus
54in x 36in
"Positive Void"
Mixed media

Audrey Wilson

Haircut

I.)

I got my hair cut today
By a lady in a blue dress.
She smelled like Mommy's powder
Daddy's cigarettes
And hairspray that stickies my face.
I watched the cut ones
Hit the apron around my neck
And made sure to bounce them off
Each time they landed.
With my secret hands under the sheet.
I didn't tell the lady
The collar was buttoned up too tight
Cause mommy always says
The stiller I sit
The quieter I am
The sooner I can go outside and play.

II.)

I had my hair done today
At the corner of State and Madison.
Thirteen women around me
Talking fast
Telling me how beautiful
I was going to look in white.
The man with the flat-iron
Talked faster than the girls
His hands dancing with each word he sang.
I wore my mother's aging pearls
Tight around my neck
The newest band of silver
Circled my finger with a promise
My sister's favorite anklet
Hung loosely near the ground
And in my hair a flower of teal
Attempted to mimic something blue.

III.)

I had them cut it first
Before the electric razor began its hum
Because secretly I'd always wondered
What I'd look like with a boy-cut
And now was as good a time as any.
All but an inch of the dark brown
Was chopped and styled.
I looked at myself in the glass
My eyes, for the first time, open
To the beauty I'd never seen.
But as with any form of beauty

The patches were still visible
And I had them shave it all
And take away the mirror.
With a primary blue bandanna
Wrapped around my head,
I took the hand beside me
And walked outside through glass to light.

IV.)

My silver hair was done today
By a man with tender hands.
He rolled each strand
With perfect care
And placed the white flower
Behind a curl.
They laid me down
In a bed of silk
With a frame of deep cherry wood
Beside a vase of red roses
And mourners dressed in black.
I wore my favorite blue dress
And my mother's aging pearls.
A reel of film played
With songs from nine decades
Of a lifetime, unheard by my ears
But playing all the same.
And with time still passing
I held on to all I had
Selfishly wishing
I could have held it all a little tighter.



Gene Zielnicki
8in x 10in
"Analogous Still Life"
Oil paint

Michael Gillis

Interlude

Like a dog sitting next to a grave
the backyard waits for Bob, but
Bob died. His heart stopped
at night and no hose gurgled next morning.
Five years of mist, rain, dry-spells
left it half alive, for me to find.
That first morning, under San Francisco fog
I toured the tiny space pushing a channel through
the upper deck junk yard to stairs down.
I stood on the fourth step, before the ground
obscured by weeds waist high.
The fence around the tiny bottom courtyard
pulsed with flies, dead
morning glories, rotten wood beams,
and stench which caught my breath.
So much green.
So much death.

Forty hours of chipped fingernails
sore back, cut hands,
broken pots, swept dirt,
ripped weeds crunched, balled up
thrown into the gulley up the hill
late at night so nobody saw.
I massaged water into hard packed
dust dirt and warily carried plastic pots with
smells of death and maggot larvae
out and away, dumping them sewer bound.
Amidst my working hustle a beautiful mosaic
floor takes the place of waist high weeds.
Potted dwarf trees materialize.
A tropical, broad-leaf, potted plant
appears beneath an overturned chair.
Phosphorescent bugs land near my bent head,
sucking droplets, their tiny bodies
heave with every gulp.
Hummingbirds stand mid-air
dart, gaze, feed, inside
tiny purple flowers.



Josh Kuffel
untitled
10in x 10in
Card stock, marker, and tape

Bob becomes tangible
with each discovery
backyard bar-b-que king sign,
St. Francis statue, dirt crusted,
one-armed blesses the backs of
morning glory leaves, and Siddhartha seated
beneath an overturned fountain are released.
Red hummingbird feeder, cracked is thrown out,
replaced at the Asian hardware store, then filled.
Rusted inactive clocks, stuck in time
with WD-40 spin.
Empty paint cans, thrown about
help coat the grey fence.
Half opened cement bags,
now cement blocks are used for topography.
And fertilizer, so much fertilizer--
red rose packets, dirt pills,
sprinkle, spikes, tablets,
Scott's, Jobe, Lilly Miller--
are finally put to use.

Cesspool becomes sanctuary
now Bob watches through
winged hummer's eyes
browns to green.
Does he like his backyard?
Buds of magenta, scarlet
Does he appreciate the work I've done?
ginger, honey, lavender
Have I overstepped my bounds?
caress walls, hang on air.

Siddhartha sits beside
a makeshift meditation bench.
I sit cross-legged, imitating,
eyes closed, silent.
Back straight, let my ears relax
past the leaf rustle, and wood deck creak.
Past the street car honks, and city hum.
Past the business hustle, and taxi rush.
Out to the bay, just four blocks.
I dip into the ship horns, and sea gull call.
The open water expanse, imagining

A sparkle twinkles upon a leaf.
I turn two white moths flit and flirt
flying spastically through greenery,
they trace my wandering thoughts.
Chimes vibrate and clatter
a hummingbird feeds, gasping
perched above me.
I inhale exhale



Elizabeth Walter
"Parade"
15in x 25in
Etching aquatint

Sung Yim

Storybook

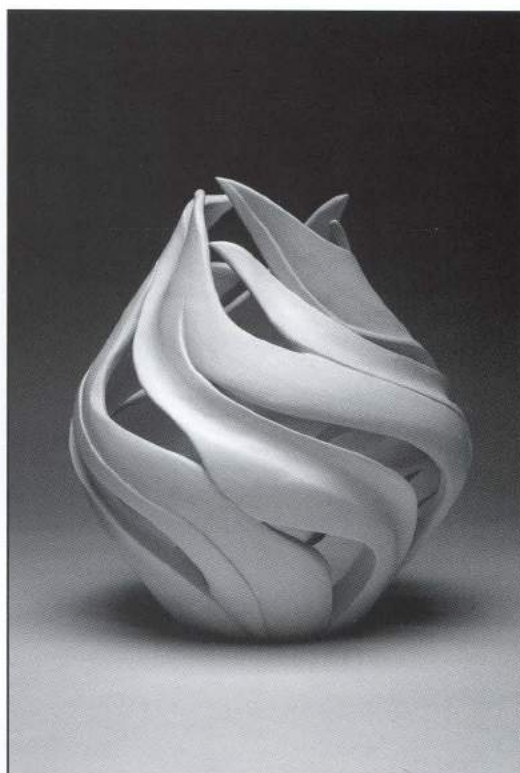
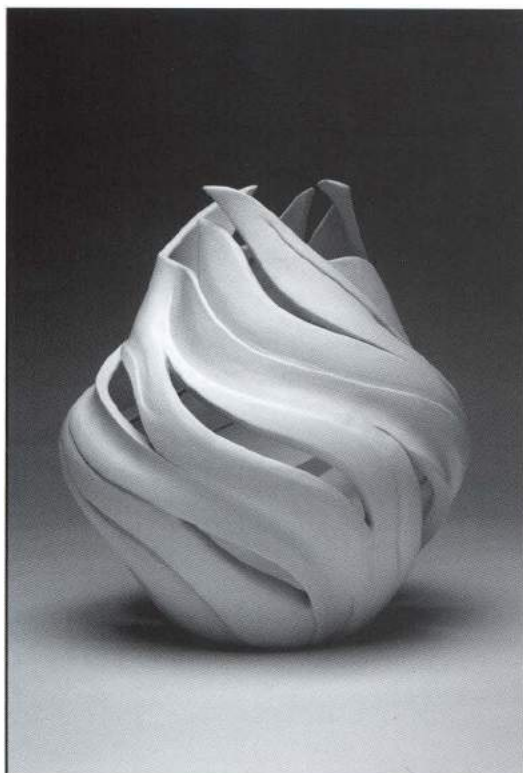
The laughter of a young child
peels off the walls,
layer by high,
squeaky layer
as I wait for her,
Pill-Pusher
Witch-Doctor
Never
early
Doctor Goldman, the dealer.

The babe crawls over,
hand, knee, hand,
dragging,
dexterous,
across the dank, dark carpet,
babbling happy nonsense
as I tap my foot,
impatient.

It's my turn, so I rise,
just as the mother hands her child
a cardboard storybook
full of
colors and numbers and letters
all those basic things
that color the world for young, sweet daughter,
so that she may now know what to call them.
But there are colors that blind,
numbers and words that scream and choke,
about which she knows nothing,
and one day will learn

In that small and weathered storybook,
She will find nothing at all
about the rattle of pills
against the orange surfaces of
plastic bottles
or even those days
when the only path
to Mother's peace and quiet
is through the bottom of a scalding bath,
where no one will hear Baby bawl

The storybook says nothing
about jagged edges
softened by thick Vaseline,
sharp shards digging through skin,
lodging into sinew



Karen Moorhead
6.5in x 8in
"Experiment in Porcelain"
Porcelain

Inside her musty office
waits Goldman,
 Jewish doctor
with a tattooed ankle, and
golden curls that match
her wireframe glasses
She,

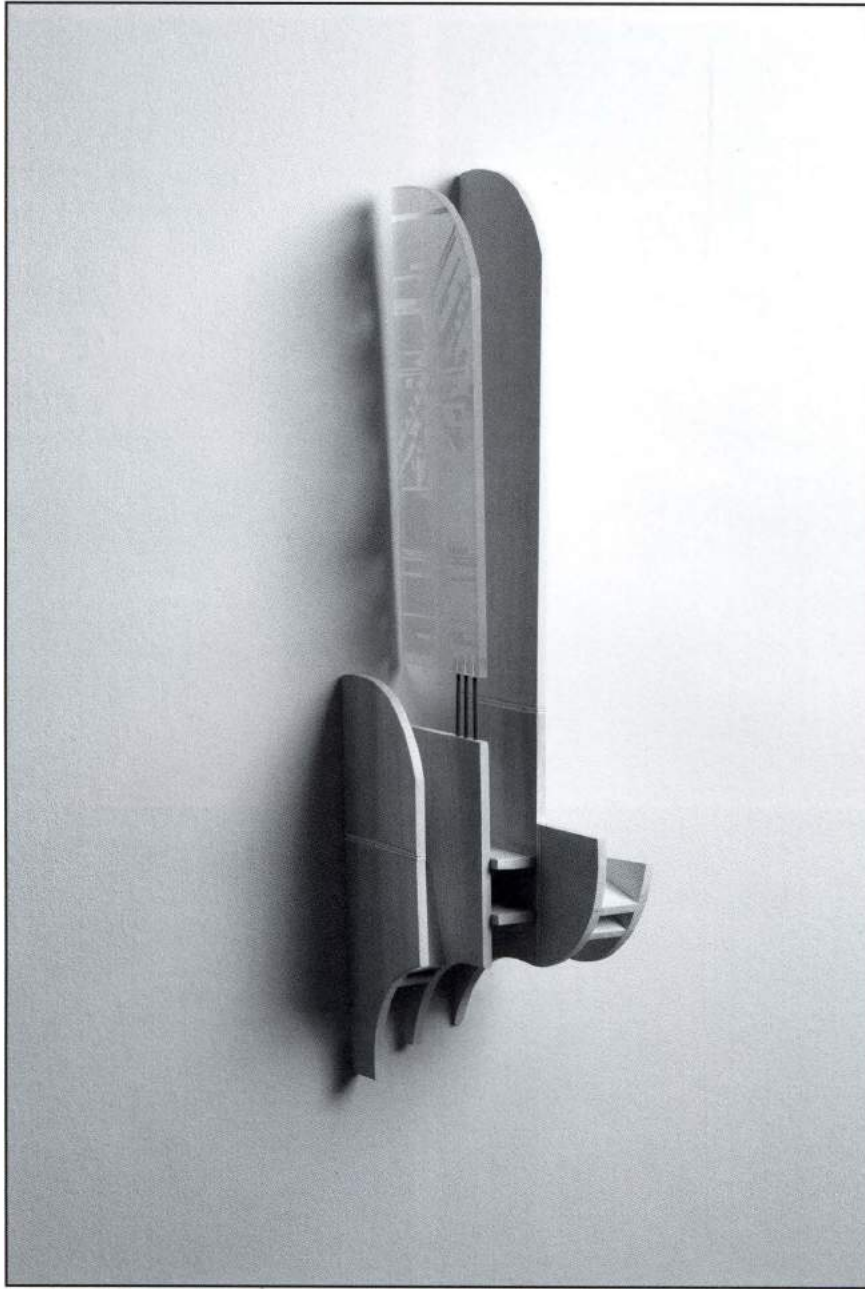
 Bender of Minds

Creator
 of artificial balance
scribbles,
scritch-scratch,
with a pen,
for more pills, more
 poisons,
to untangle my brains.

I shake my head, disapprove,
but she says,
"It's my job,"
and hands me a script

Anticonvulsants.
To steady my shaking thoughts,
to level out the hills
of my dreamy, jagged moods
To make everything
less
 real,
to dig low,
 even valleys
in the shriveled almonds
of my unfortunate
 cerebellum.

As I leave, I see the child again.
In her mummy's arms,
 laughing still,
she chews
 on the blunt corner
of her storybook. Storybooks say nothing,
nothing about how one day,
child too, will be broken
by a world full of stories that
ring too true
and she will find herself
in a place much like this,
looking for answers
that were never written
in her brightly
 colored
 storybook.



Krissy Singer
"Six Corners"
8in x 23in
Wood, plexiglass, map clippings, and
copper-plated steel rods

Adam Pitak

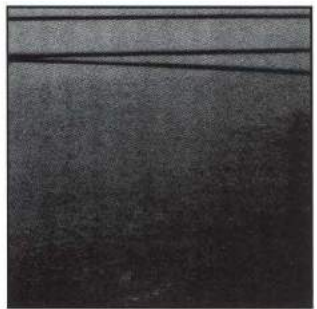
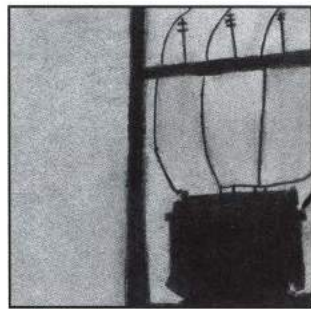
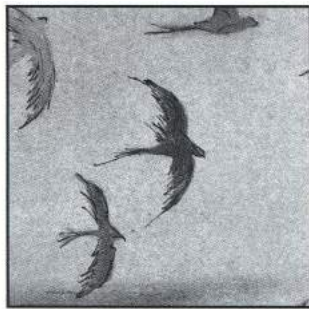
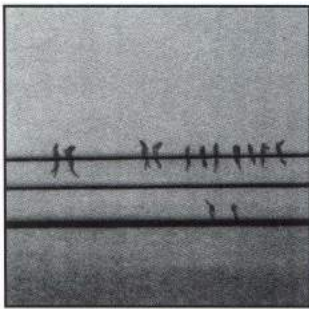
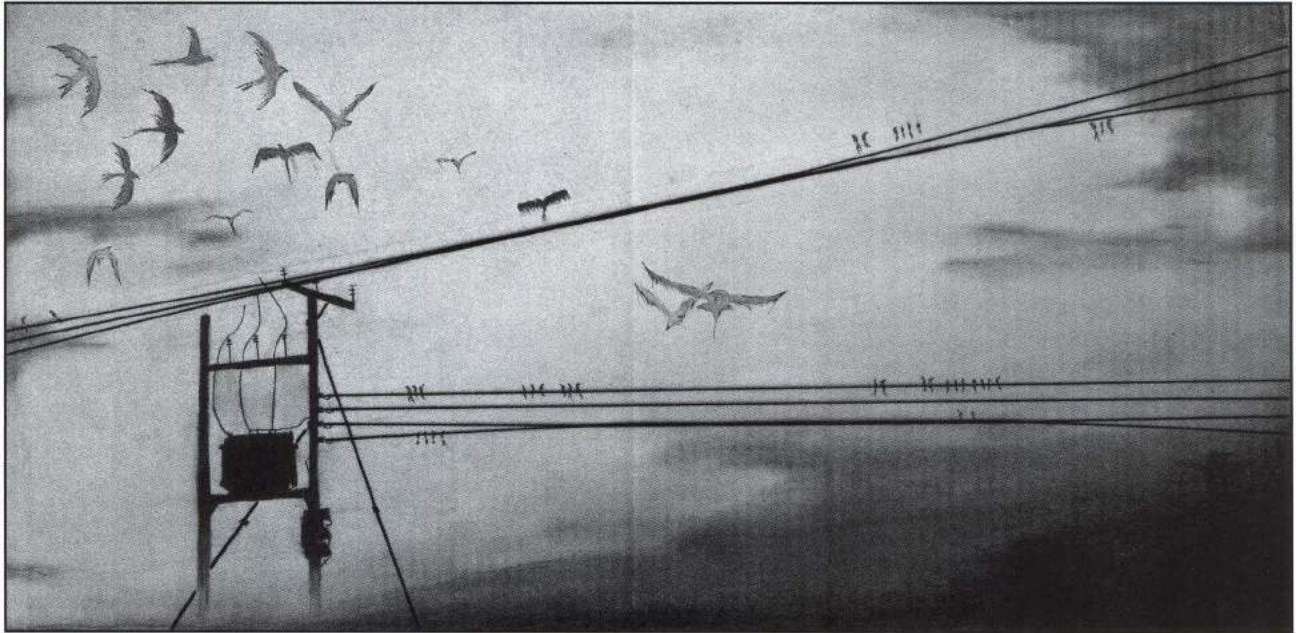
Ode to the Old Guitarist

What songs do your nickel-beaten
fingertips drum into existence?
Each note is the flash of a synapse;
Every chord a forgotten memory

No coins bathe
in blue moonlight,
eager to plunge
into the pool
of velvet crimson
that clings like cobwebs
to the contour of your
unseen guitar case

Plucking idly for
the pleasure of none,
you sing silent dirges
for Madrid, her barren
buskers seeking out
the tumbled copper inked
across blank page yesterdays

The Muse
rests her cheek against yours,
sailing those broken, sinuous digits
across the delicate nape
of your fretless neck

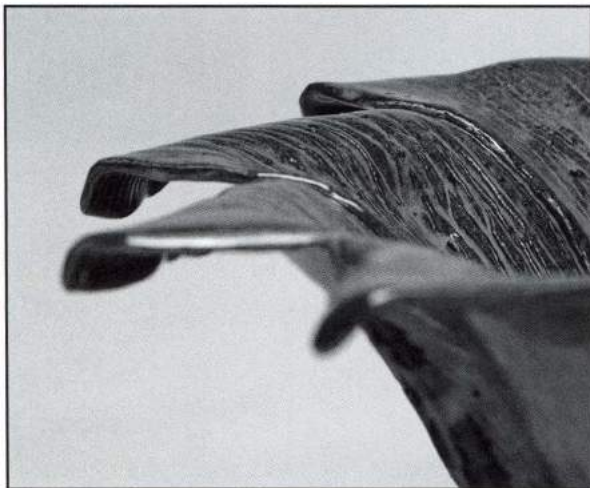


Ricky Tran
"Rise"
15in x 30in
Mixed media

Abner Machorro

Marquette Drive

We never lived like the rich did:
it was always changing apartments,
it was sharing a room with my two younger sisters,
it was runny egg soup and stale tortillas.
This year, another bad neighborhood
in a four-apartment building
without a backyard.
The railing escaped from the stairwell.
The carpet and walls scrape my elbows.
The tiles crack in the bathroom.
The sun smears light on the yellow walls.
My step-father tells us horrors
of dead criminals and drug dealers
in the places right across the hall,
and my sisters and I hear the
laments of ghosts every other night.
The back of the building leans against
a mangy thicket
where we find a severed deer head.
My youngest sister shrieks her way back to the door.
I watch
a bit longer;
The flies suckle at its sores
for sustenance.



Janice Kostelny
"Wall Flower in Sunday's Best Dress"
22in x 8in
Ceramic

Hubert Marciniac

In the Late Summer

The servants snuck the Duchess's blood by night-- she paled slightly.

Marietta had been a nurse and David acquired the needles from a doctor. They would follow a close routine, puncturing (alternate veins each night) around two o' clock in the morning when she was well asleep. Marietta was aware of how much could be drained. The spoils were stored in jars which they scattered throughout the house to ensure that the treasure would not be found in its entirety--periodically, the Duchess would stumble upon a jar and become boisterous, demanding to know whose blood it was, whose blood it was...but she would soon forget during the course of the evening's abuses. Lately, she had been partaking in an opium solution.

The Duchess's authority was supreme in the house, as she was the last of the family, and the servants were the remainder of what the estate could afford. As she woke each morning she attempted to express fury at her drowsiness, but could not raise her voice to its usual monstrosity until after a breakfast and a recuperating stint of reclining and strolling through the courtyard. She was reduced, then, to the wordless gesticulations of commoners, even beggars on especially weary mornings, imploring her servants to assist her to the kitchen and prepare her

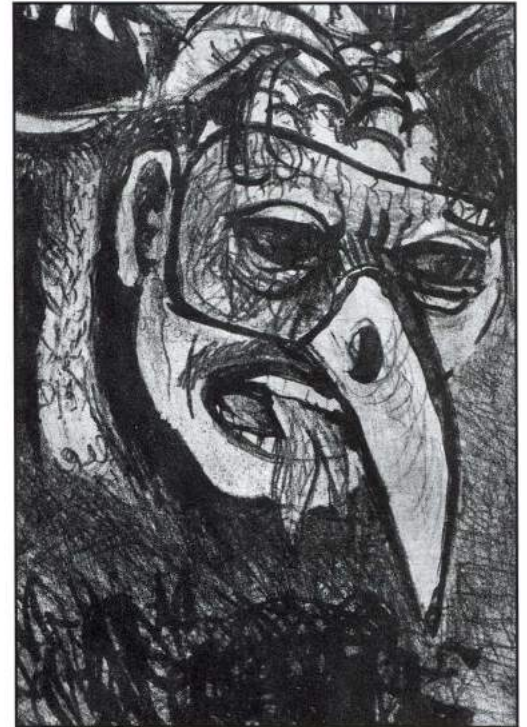
a meal. They had, of course, little difficulty in interpreting her needs and quickly incorporated the morning routine into the whole of their procedures. It was a tensing sight to watch her consume the breakfast with increasing voraciousness as her strength returned; the color flowed into her cheeks as if siphoned from Marietta's and David's.

Standing on her own, her fury doubled by her inability to act upon it immediately, she stormed past them to the courtyard. She muttered and swatted at invisible these-and-those. David and Marietta followed at a distance, somehow making their movements appear rushed yet maintaining the Duchess's walking pace. That year the sky was grey (the clouds could be made out if the time was taken) and so it always seemed dark, but the air was warm and the odorous cocktail of the season's wilderness relieved the gloom. She settled briefly by one of the weeping willows, and brushed its curtain. They stopped just within earshot of her speaking voice, a distance they had memorized years ago on the only occasion she used it, the first night of her abuses, and one they now adhered to due to a principle. They eyed her for a moment anticipating a demand or perhaps a glare to which they would have to react accordingly. Having received neither, they focused their efforts on shooing the bats.

At that point the bats

were merciless to them from the moment they left the house. They swarmed from all directions and fluttered about screeching and swooping at intervals. After she regained her strength, the Duchess found their torment by bats mirthful and she often remained outside longer than intended to delight in their efforts of repulsion. Marietta and David grew paranoid of the bats' intent to reveal their practice. They felt the Duchess would eventually make the connection between the bats, the jars, and her morning frailty. During the day they had no time for discussions, but contained in the cloud of bats the others' eyes seemed to communicate what needed to be done to spare themselves the animals' wrath.

One night, as Marietta was carrying out the procedures, David opened the window and leaned out as far he could, shivering in the cold. The chill spread through the room and Marietta was stricken with horror when the Duchess began to stir. Needle in hand she reeled around to implore he shut the window. David's lips trembled as though to say, he couldn't, and that Marietta knew that; he remained still. Soon, a small group of bats fluttered into the room and landed on the bed. Their mouths were widening and claspings, emitting screeches into the night. Mosquitoes, flies swarmed in as well, nearly covering the walls. More and



Fausfino Guadarrama
"Buitres"
20" X 28"
Lithography

more bats poured in, many carrying leeches in their paws or on their backs. Marietta and David shrunk in their places as the bats crawled around the bed. Slow flutterings slid the coverings off. The leeches left tracks of moisture and dirt on the sheets, writhing through the unknown terrain. The bats then crawled gently upward, clenching the night gown in their jaws, slowly revealing the legs and inner thighs, on up to the stomach. The servants were desperate for the courage to back out of the room.

She lay bare on the mattress, the animals sniffing out their entry points. One at a time with their precise methods and efficient tools the incisions were made. They caressed her flesh at every crevice. Anesthetic, anticoagulants, vasodilators flowed into her bloodstream, mixing with her own fluids. Once the bats and leeches found their places, the insects filled in every speck of white, taking turns, ultimately swallowing up the eyes. As individuals became satiated and cleared, the paleness of the ravished flesh suggested to Marietta that the Duchess had never woken, but drifted seamlessly into the conclusive exhaustion from the illusion of it one undergoes when asleep.

Considering the creatures occupied by fulfillment, the servants finally shook themselves into exiting the room and began running frantically through the house, collecting the jars. After reaching their load they

ran to the stables, depositing them in a wagon David used to transport supplies. Marietta instructed David to prepare the horses while she returned to the house for whatever she could manage of the remaining jars. David woke the horses and hitched the wagon, menaced by his gut's imagination. Marietta came running. They boarded and the horses were whipped into action. As they pulled away from the stables, the cloud of blood-suckers billowed from the window behind them.

* --- *

Now they have the blood and there are no other humans. David thrashes about, whips the horses, envisions more speed, and suppresses the image of the parasitic horde overtaking them, engulfing them, turning the horses on them. The servants know that even now the horses are obedient only from habit, but growing tired and slowly forgetting their loyalty. With each stride, dragging them all from the estate, the animalism returns. Marietta moves very little. They are in a wagon, bewildered by the passing images.

The servants forget about each other at this point. They forget about the blood. They recall only that some horrific events have brought them here. They cannot recall if they chose it, if they could have chosen otherwise, or if they stood to gain anything. The shape of everything is vivid but offers

nothing. Wolves catch the scent. They begin to sprint along with the horses on either side, numbers growing steadily.

* --- *

The Duchess will not die. The lingering animals will pass into a gluttonous slumber, but she will awake. She will become a specter of nature. She will resemble a sheet in color and thickness, her body will stretch. She will release a shriek without lungs, her mouth unhinged. With no muscles she will leap from the window. With tremendous speed, seemingly above the ground, she will travel through the trees. Without eyes in her drooping sockets she will overtake the hordes and send the wagon careening as if by a violent wind-it will be overturned. Another shriek and the jars will shatter, releasing the blood into the soil. The animals will devour the forest's youngest creation and she will drift down, ensnaring its final moments of awareness. There will be neither Marietta nor David.



Angie Consalvo
"Money"
20in x 20in
Acrylic and mixed medium
on canvas

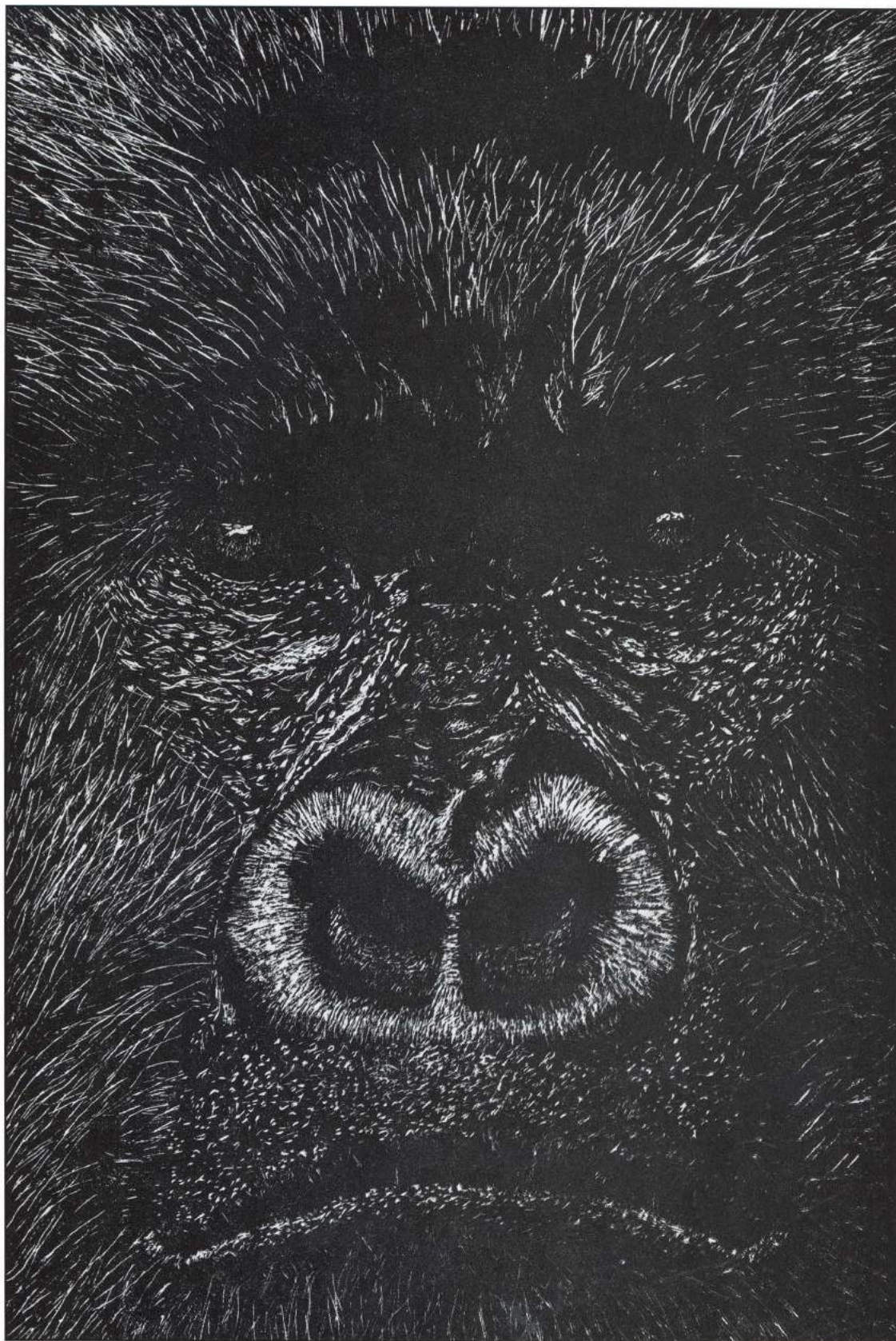
Todd Tosi

daybreak, June 2010

It is early morning, June, I am
hunched over my work, tedious.
The yard is silent, the sun muted by clouds,
Only the electric din
generated by sleepless hours
keeps me charging within.

I see, but cannot hear, the panting
of the lay-lazy dog sprawled
across the pine needles.
Only the internal, infernal ozone
snaps and crackles
of thoughts shorted to one another.

The burgundy brushes on smoothly but unevenly.
It dries without complaint.
The sweat on my brow,
buzzed-borne and more, dries, too.



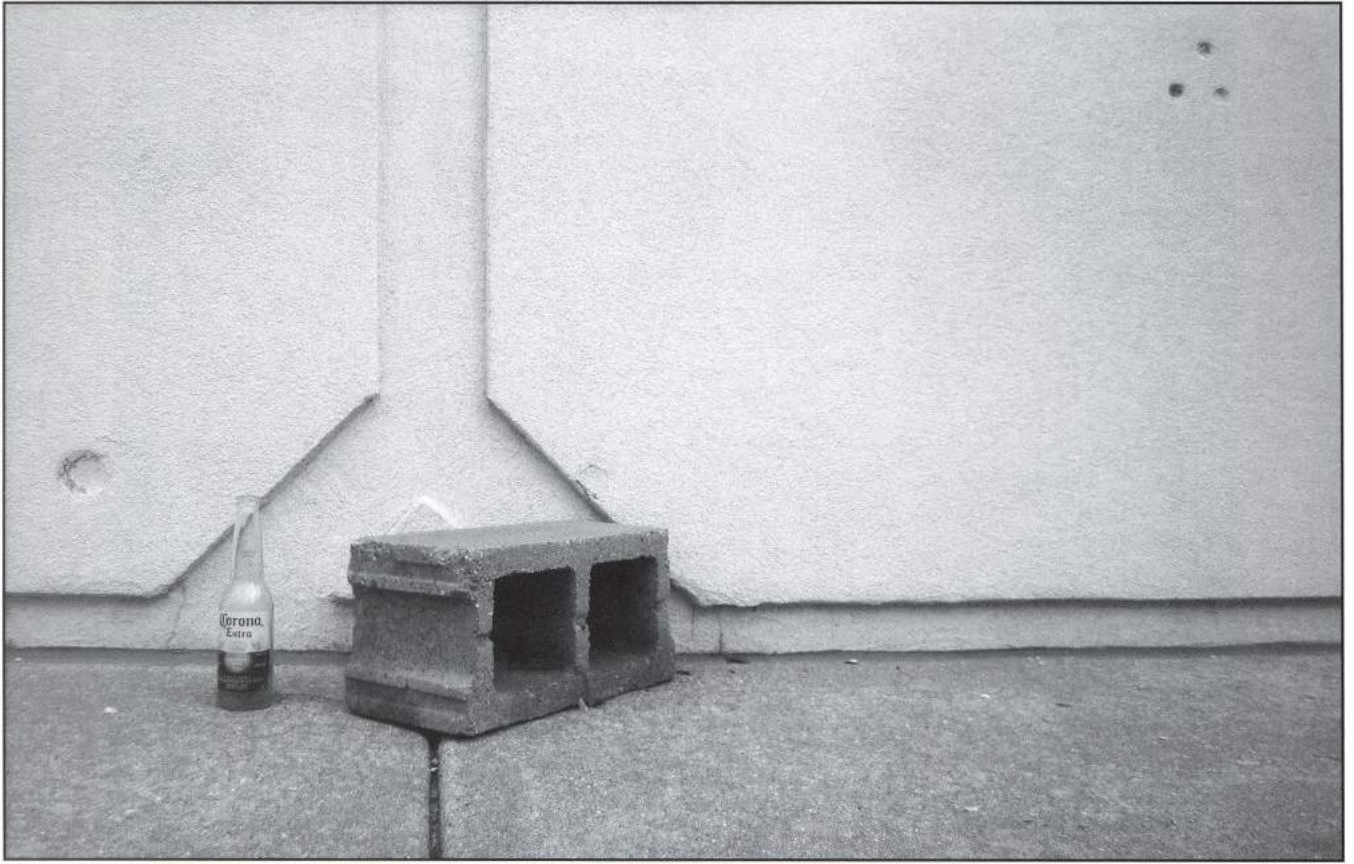
Judith O'Neill
"Gorilla"
24in x 36in
Woodcut

Todd Tosi

glint

in a hushed hallowed gallery
among scattered young minds
(and mine, yours);
surrounded by Jasper Johns
who, like we, is only a guest here,

light arcs into our moment
and blinks
exits.



Josh Kuffel
"Banquet"
12in x 18in
Photograph

Mike Franzen

Cruelty

The words I've come to love are slowly dying
and the saviors have closed their eyes
lost in the cures of alcohol and aggression and the clock
rocking on wicker chairs propped by rotted deck boards under firefly night lights
noses flaring and bomb
colored eyes flickering wicks
contemplating the last time Robert Mondavi barreled into them for not understanding the
quality of
 moderation.

Lost they all are
And our words are left dying while saviors look for time;

Lost to Timothy in the bonfire cornfields of Dekalb finding
 five dollar cups and mushroom baggies wandering the length of Illinois
 and emerging in Iowa spitting out teeth and bleeding
 into his open mouth dreaming of rain.

Lost to Amy on 16th Street Denver streetcars with Trisha and hoop earrings, legs folded next to
 Jim who works in the building on the corner with the mirror walls gliding up poles
 like waves in the sun, he tells her he respects their courage for holding hands.
 Amy lets go.

Lost to Eddie traipsing in the lights of Clark Street,
 running with the blood of money
 booze clogged laughter piles up in the smoke
 the lady killer develops pedophilia
 the fox kills the hound,
 and ecstasy bound leatherheads wrap Eddie's head into asphalt
 for saying he was sorry to the girl bounding for the trash can.

Lost to Anthony in Nebraska sunsets behind the wheel of the Ford he lives in,
 charging down I-80 through coffee flavored buzzes headed for the next gas station
 before prices rise and he loses another job to the wayward wandering men
 of years before who give him a name worth forgetting.

Lost in shades pulled down on toy soldiers broken not by plastic bullets;

 A young man fights for his country
 and dies for his family hangs the flag and medal
 on photo albums and drawstring sweatpants
 from the days of high school gymnastics where the rings stood above and as character,
 and ghost girls weep in silence under band posters they no longer like
 clutching pieces of him they found in their pillows--
 his country files a name and mails dog tags.

 A retired police officer named Thomas
 was found dead in his home wrapped in a blanket
 of John Wayne movies and Jack Daniel melodies; cause of death is
 old age and Vicodin.

 He is buried next to stone names
 with an authentic pirate's hook and disgraced memories
 of the boy and his pocketknife lying in the grave beside him.

 A paramedic lies on the floor gripping her chest in Orland Square, cell
 phones griping, and skylights glaring beams of light onto polished tiles
 where she can watch her reflection terrorize the minds



Mia Ishiguro
"Objé"
11.5in x 11in
Clay

of pedestrians wishing for someone to climb the pedestal
of not knowing how to die.

Lost in a bride and her groom lying side by side before the altar in Arizona sweat
amidst an audience in a silent theater stricken with tears,
and the penny stirring priest wallows in the grief of mothers and fathers and sisters and
brothers,
pallbearers to fiancés forever in matching caskets drifting away in matching hearses
to the dance of fallen angels where they will live together eternally inside a shattered
Lumina.

Lost to Andrea in the jazz of the toilet water in Taylor Street's stalls
waiting to taste the velvet burns the throat and corrodes the teeth,
waiting for the days spiral down the bowl
and eat her reflection away,
waiting for the acidic smell tumbles down the drain,
waiting for she pushes hair like chopped leaves
from her face enough times for her to
remember the pattern of her curls before they are gone,
waiting for the mirror to speak one more time.

Lost to Abel in stumbling bar fights in contempt
of double vision and women in short dresses,
wandering down the Chi-town lakefront where the
fish will talk to him and the waves
sing clashing tunes of whitewater lullabies that pull
him into stars
reflecting upon the night sky chill of winter where he
can empty the frozen thoughts of his voice
and wake up in rivers of Ireland where the shore
rocks flake like pastries,
where the grass glazes his bare feet, where bagpipes
play chords of history.
Where Abel will go in his mind some day.

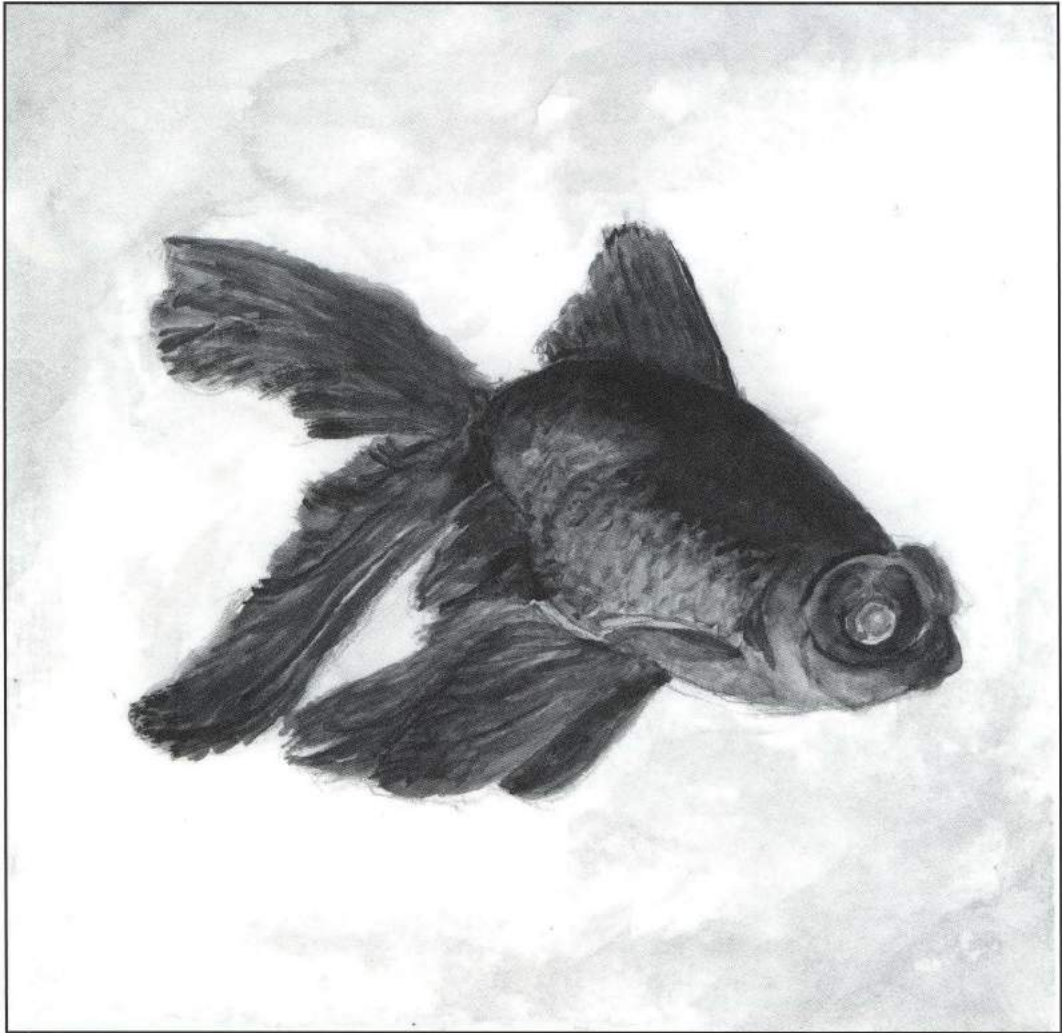
You'll find me
smiling at a bartender downtown behind a counter carved out of the names of past patrons,
who
smirks with his upper lip.

You'll find me
handing Nathan the point he needs to drill another hole in the collapsed vein of his arm so
he can
hang his head behind Reliant Stadium.

You'll find me
nodding at a naked girl sobbing in the closet holding a coat hanger twisted unrecognizable.

You'll find me
shaking the hand of a pizza parlor owner with shotguns cocked in his face while he fumbles
for the keys.

You'll find me
in San Francisco dropping change and flasks in front of Alicia who crumples under Gold-
lettered
restaurant windows.



Molly Williams
"Black Moor"
8in x 8in
Watercolor

You'll find me

ruffling the hair of a man asleep in a Publix shopping cart with paint smeared on his mouth and his boy raising a hand to every question the teacher asks.

You'll find me

reflected in John whose words run from his mouth like lava and burn the dreams of dancing in Juilliard bestowed in his daughter.

You'll find me

waking Joseph who fantasizes of Tanya in the shower while she imagines his face at the dinner table.

You'll find me

pondering Samantha in cut-off overalls outside the gas station off I-75, who lives with her mother and a different father every few months that she prays can fill her prescriptions.

You'll find me

in pursuit of David who pays mortgages pushing carts in Queens and folding laundry for string cheese and court orders on behalf of a baby girl.

You'll find me

crying for Patricia alone with the boy she loves and a dead telephone wondering if the tears will take the barrel from his mouth.

You'll find me

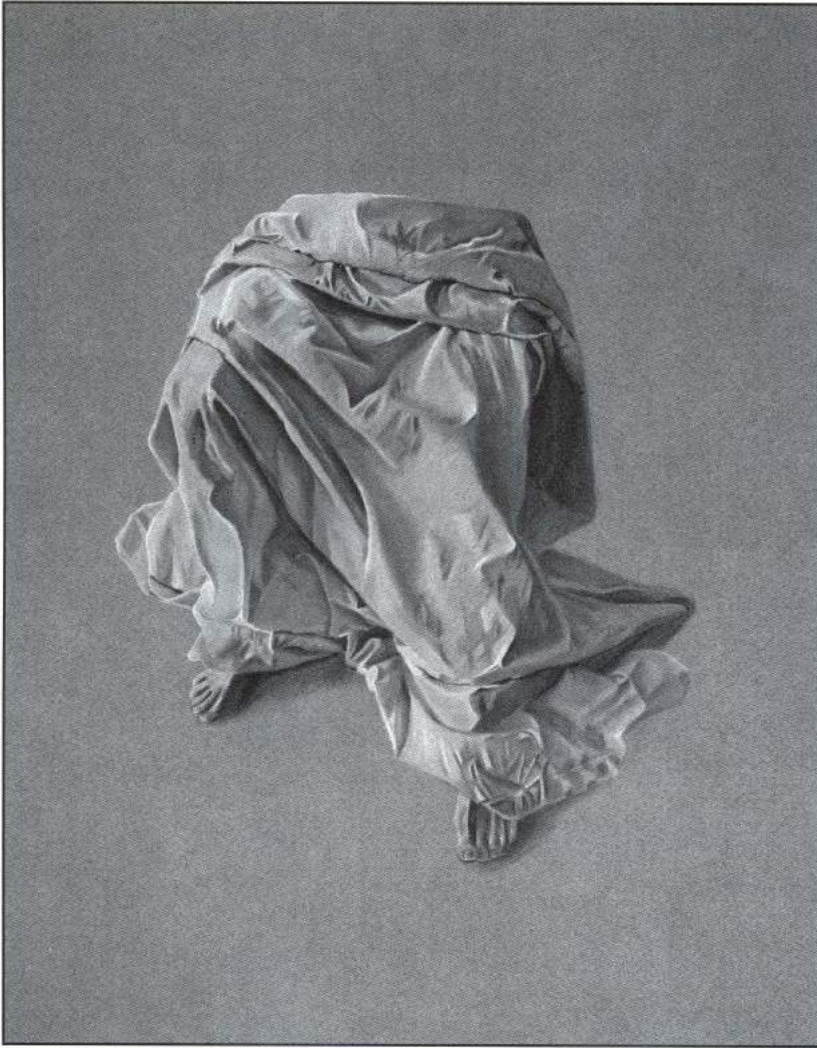
mourning a rifle owner in Baldwin, Kansas, haunted by a wife who cuts out pieces of pictures and pastes them onto others, making her own memories, breaking his.

You'll find me

in my city, where the lampposts shine glitter across the sidewalks and the fragrance of pale-faced workers and sleepwalkers cuts through the sewers, dreaming of when the streets and traffic reports still seemed so foreign and the night lights still reminded me of when the carnival came to town.



Dianne Batzkall
"Foraging"
15in x 25in
Woodblock print



Katherine R. Grover
"Drapery Study"
11in x 15in
Charcoal

Faculty Advisor: Anne Davidovicz

Art Editor: Michael Mikho

Literary Editor: Anthony Strissel

Award winners:

Vivian Stewart Award: Michael Franzen

Point of View Award: Sung Yim

Ray Mills Award: Victoria Claus and Judith O'Neill

Student Judges for Vivian Stewart Award:

Michael Franzen

Abner Machorro

Adam Putak

Carter Schultz

Sonia Sherwani

Matthew Smith

Anthony Strissel

Faculty Judges for Point of View Award:

Barbara Butler

Alica Tomasian

Jessica Walsh

Student Judges for Ray Mills Award:

Sarah Benea

Victoria Claus

Lauren Gaeding

Sharen Kiss

Nick Kohler

Michael Mikho

Sonia Sherwani

Destiny Jasper Wagner

Special Thanks To:

Susan Borchek-Smith

Sharon Elbert

John Kurmant

Michael Nejman

Amanda Nielsen

Jason Peot

Perry Pollack

Maryellen Riley

Sam Rosby

Dennis Weeks

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Every attempt has been made to include all contributors and ensure accuracy of information.

We apologize for any mistakes or omissions.



Michael Mikho: Art Editor



Anthony Strissel: Literary Editor

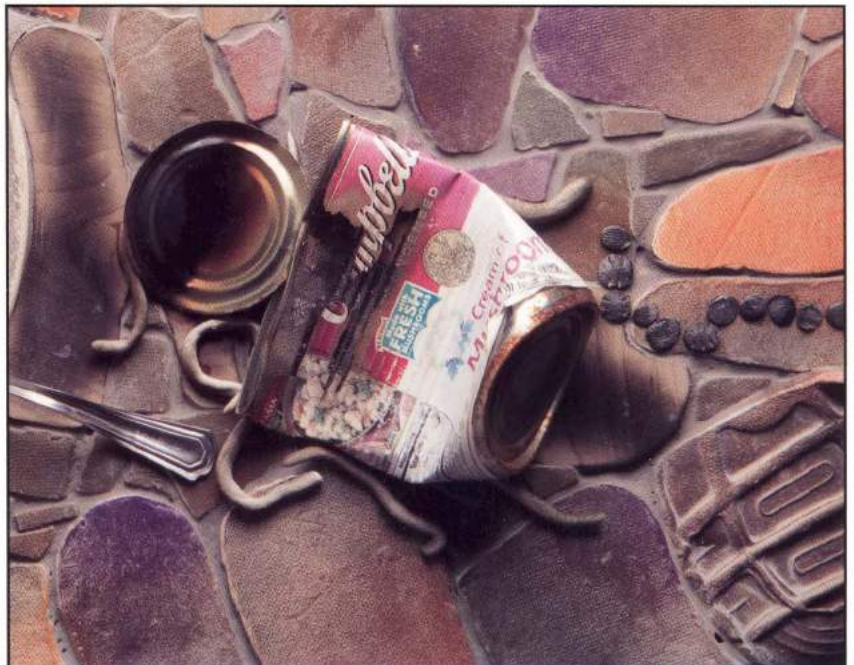
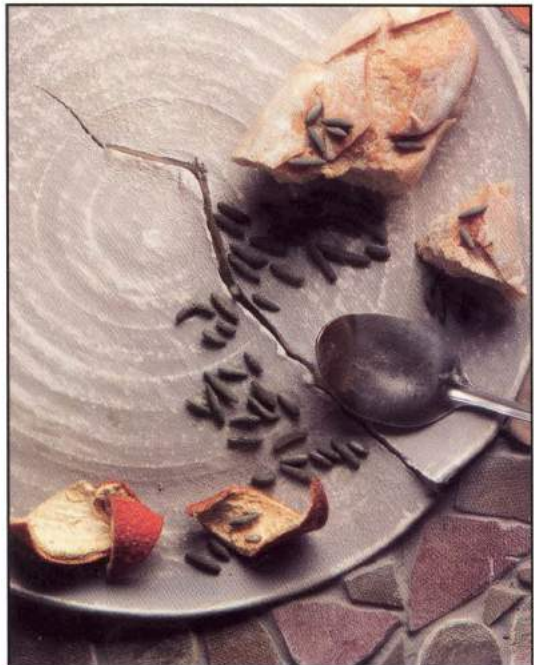
We put ample thought into this issue and we made a lot of changes from the conventional layout. Things like no page numbers, a bare bones design, and multiple thumbnails all had purpose in this issue's design.

My main goal for this issue was to create the feel of not a magazine, but of a gallery book. I wanted the readers and viewers to feel as if they were flipping through the walls of an art museum with a flick of their finger. Each page was designed to look like the art work is hanging on a wall at a gallery; taking out page numbers made that possible. One would not see numbering or something implying an order on a wall. Because of the lack of pagination, I simply designed the table of contents to be in chronological order with the names and titles aligned with small thumbnails of the pieces. The thumbnails allow the viewers to appreciate the detail and craftsmanship implemented by the artist, giving the viewer a more realistic experience.

•Michael Mikho

Sincere thanks to all who submitted, and to everyone who contributed their time, effort, opinions and expertise to this issue. To the reader: the work speaks for itself. I hope you enjoy.

•Anthony Strissel



Thomas R. Donat
"There Were Better Times"
22in x 13.5in
Mixed media