



# Editor's Note

I am honored to present the 50th anniversary issue of *P'an Ku*. In this issue, we showcase the work of students from the past and present. This issue is also longer than the usual issue, with 128 pages; at the beginning, it looked like it was plenty of pages to work with but as time progressed we discovered how hard it was to bridge the last 50 years into one single issue. It's been a difficult task to choose only a couple out of the thousands of pieces of work that the students have created throughout these past 50 years, but we've done our best to choose those pieces which represented the past and the present.

One of the things that I've learned while working on this issue is that even though people change as the years go by, there will always be something inside of them that will never disappear, and that is the spirit of creativity; it will always be there no matter what, and it can be manifested in countless ways, and I firmly believe that our entire student body is filled with plenty of dreams and creativity which has been showcased throughout the years at *P'an Ku*.

Since 1964, hundreds of students have worked here at *P'an Ku*, and it has been a pleasure to be one of them. I am grateful for the opportunity that has been given to me, which has opened doors that have previously been closed; it has also been a pleasure to work with such an amazing staff; working here was always something that I looked forward to every week, and it has been an amazing adventure that I'll never forget. I'd like to especially thank those in the staff that have always encouraged me. And like the leaves changing throughout the seasons of the year, it is time for me to move on.



Minerva Moreno

Special Thanks to Julius Robledo, Neil Cohen, Richard Vom Saal and Jim Holloway

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Moon  
Photography  
Miana Graeis / 1997



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# Cover

A través del universo by Kelly Rivera - 2010

Additional Photography  
Teo Genao - 2014



# Where's Noodles?

Halie DeLoach - 2014



Apple of my Eye  
Charcoal  
Laura North / 2014

It wasn't until the doorbell rang that I noticed the dog was gone. "Dammit, Angie is gonna be so pissed." I walked to the door and looked out the peephole to see who it was: a Mormon, clad in a black suit holding a stack of pamphlets. I opened the door and screamed, "Not interested! Get lost!" I saw the look of disappointment as he walked away. I slammed the door shut. I don't have time to feel like a prick...if Angie's Yorkie escapes far enough this time, she'll definitely kick me out. "Noodles! I've got a bone, come here girl!" I yelled as I power walked around the neighborhood. I considered calling Angie and just telling her the truth. I decided against it when I recalled the fight we had this weekend over the bottle of rum I downed while watching Dexter. My thoughts were interrupted by the sound of tires screeching at the end of the road. "Oh shit no!" I turned around; it was some guy breaking for a kid on roller blades. I ran down the street screaming her name like a lunatic hoping she'd come running out of some bushes, her tongue out, wagging her foofy tail. After looking for the dog for two hours I decided to head home. I had sweat soaked through my t-shirt and I was scared shitless of how Angie was going to react.

Sitting on our curb was the Mormon guy holding Noodles.

He was petting her, casually. He looked like he was waiting for someone to pick him up. I ran over. "Hey man, you found my dog! Thanks so much!"

He looked up at me, "This is your dog?"

"Yeah, well actually it's my girlfriend's dog."

"She will probably be pretty upset knowing you let her get out."

"Uhh yeah she will and she's gonna be home soon. Mind if we cut this short and I get her inside?"

"Seems as if you are in desperate need, my friend. Do you have a moment to talk about our Lord and Savior Jesus Christ?"



# Witness

Ashley Oge - 2014

Hands that graze the soles of my feet  
Winds that dance echoed by laughter.  
Cheeks ablaze, until the morning after.  
Cradled are the songs recorded in memory,  
Ancient are the rhymes written in reverse.  
Calming are the breaths shared in time.

Time stretched about as an accessory.  
Stained are the feet influenced by many  
Hushed are the voices played in reverse,  
Bathed in laughter; crippled by the day.  
Ash nestled in the afterglow.  
Memory shelters the end of the day.



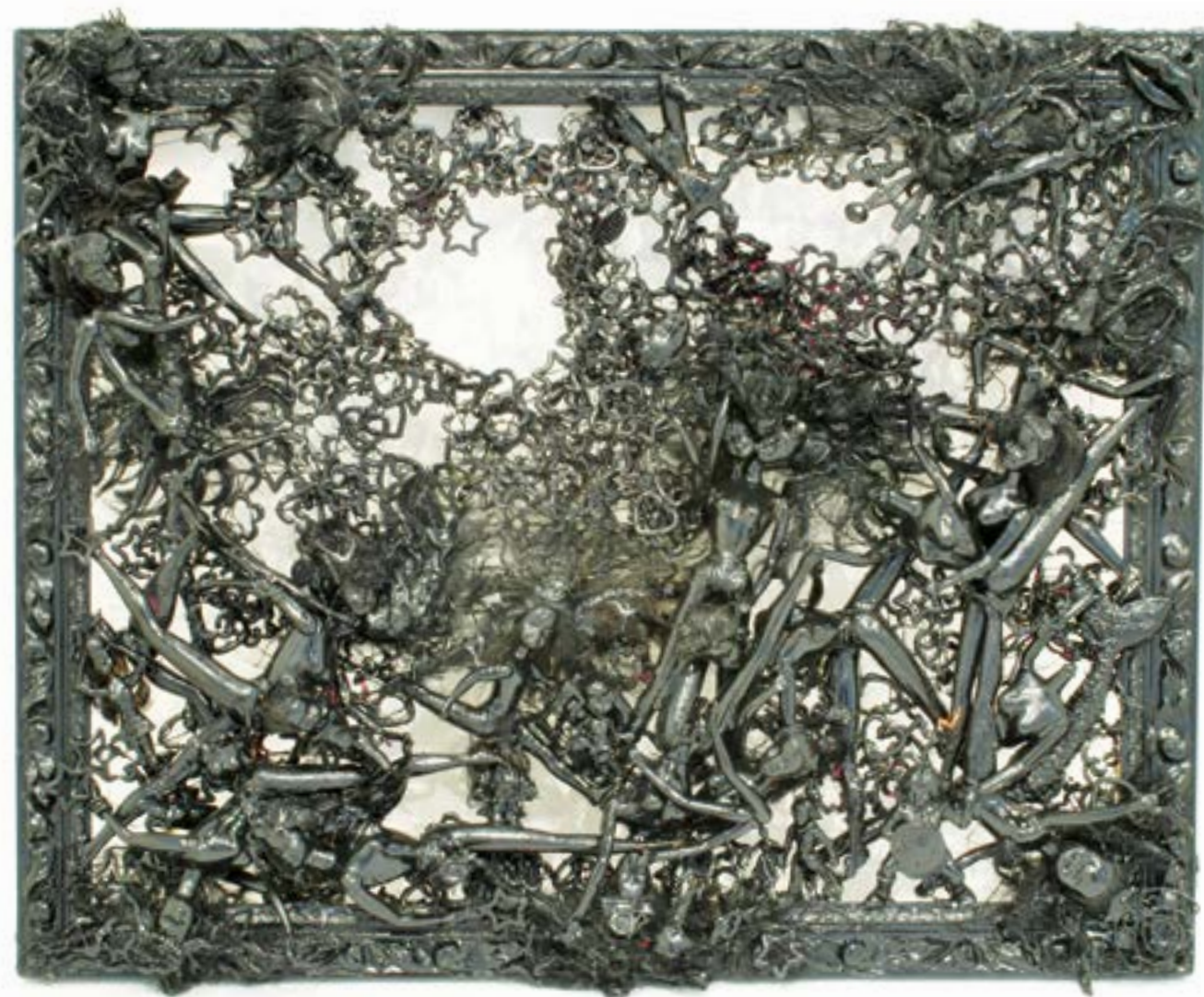
Tina  
Charcoal on Paper  
Van Daniel Bonforte / 2014







Red Warrior Lovet  
Mixed Media  
Steven Lutz / 2014



Black Barbie  
Mixed Media  
Steven Lutz / 2014





Featured Artist

# Katherina Altamirov



Stiletto Heel  
Ceramics  
Patricia Kobelin / 2012



Red Boat  
Oil on Canvas  
2014







Downtown Miami from the Venetian Island  
Charcoal / 2014



Mangroves - Everglades  
Charcoal / 2014

Snowstorm  
Ink and Chalk / 2014



Under I-95 in Miami  
Charcoal / 2014





Untitled  
Photography  
Kevin Ramon / 1998

# Howard

Geoff Baumgartner - 2004

1.

The spirits of all her abortions had manifested themselves into the furniture of her tiny apartment. So when the rocking chair ejected her glass pipe onto the floor, where it shattered into pieces, Linda had to go to the kitchenette to fish a beer can from the garbage. On her way she stepped on a large jagged piece of glass. She hardly noticed, but she trailed blood to the kitchen and back to the living room. She sat on a stack of boxes, since she didn't like to sit on the furniture, and yanked the shard from her foot and idly tossed it aside.

"God dammit!" She said to the rocking chair, whose only reply was to stare back at her innocently. I hate to smoke from a can, she thought. She flattened one side of the can, lit two cigarettes for the ashes, and, with a safety pin, poked a small round series of holes into the aluminum. Then with a pen she poked a larger hole into the side of the aluminum for a carburetor. When there was enough, she made a bed of ashes over the small holes, and trying to control her shaking hands, put a good-sized rock on top. As she put the mouth-hole of the can to her lips and clicked her lighter's flame on, the furniture gasped, like children who saw someone doing something bad.

"Quiet you guys," she said. Then the yellowish rock crackled and melted as the flame shot up and down with each deep inhalation. She held her breath for half a minute and then exhaled. She closed her eyes as the rush coursed through her, and she let

out a gentle moan as if she were ecstatic in the arms of a lover. As soon as it passed she began to reach for another hit.

"Mommy," said the armchair, "you promised no more."

"That's right, you did," said the scarred wooden desk. The sofa, loveseat, rocking chair, chandelier, and table lamp all added their various forms of agreement. Linda ignored them as she usually did and took another hit. Sometimes it was good to have them around during the day as she waited for her boyfriend Rick to come home from selling women and heroin. Mostly, though, she was doing drugs, and they always complained when she did. They loved her she supposed. After all, she was their Mommy. Since she couldn't keep them in real life, it was comforting in some way to have them here in spirit. It is always good to be loved, she thought.

Of course, it did occur to her that she was crazy. They appeared for the first time when she was at her worst on heroin with Rick. But he decided that they were going to clean up so he could get back to selling again. Rick cut her off so she drank more and began smoking crack again. They were still here, so she figured maybe she wasn't crazy. She had gotten used to them by now, but still she always sat on the stack of boxes or the one uninhabited kitchen stool. She didn't like to get too close to them, and while they sometime comforted her, they also sometimes scared her. She was out of rock and beginning to tweak a little. She headed toward the window.

"Mommy, I think there's cops outside," said the lamp.





"I think it's the dee-eee-ayyy," said the desk.

The desk was the only one she had named. She called him Pinocchio since she could tell he was a little boy and he was made of wood.

"I told you kids to stop that talk!" They were always adding to her paranoia, but she knew they were just babies and they picked up these things from her. She was looking out the window of her fourth floor apartment for James. He was not in the courtyard. Only the overgrown plants, stray animals, and the drained brown swimming pool, which looked like the spot where a large rotten tooth, had been pulled from the ground. She looked past the fence and further down the street for him. She needed to find him. She was out of drugs and out of money. But James was sweet on her and always came up to work out an exchange. She hoped if she found him he wasn't feeling too kinky, as her behind still hurt from yesterday, but either way it would seem a small price to pay at this point.

"Where is he?" She muttered impatiently.

"I knew it! I knew it!" said the sofa. "She's looking for James to get more!"

"Oh, Mommy," whined the loveseat, "please do it in the bed since there's no one there. It's so gross!"

Linda agreed it was, but sometimes it just wasn't up to her; she was the one who needed something. As she searched left and right for James, she saw a little boy with a switch in his hand. He was running around frantically in the courtyard slapping the guts out of lizards with his stick. She knew

this boy. He lived in the apartments somewhere. He was about nine or ten and his name was Howard. Sick little guy, she thought as Howard screamed triumphantly after nearly cutting a large brown lizard in half. With no sign of James, she began to worry and pace the room.

"Come sit down with me Mommy," said the armchair calmly, trying to soothe her. But Linda didn't listen. She had two cans of cheap malt liquor left in the fridge, and she would have to drink one now to calm down while she waited to spot James. She opened it,

**"Mommy, I think there's cops outside," said the lamp.**

took a long pull, and headed back toward the window.

"Why don't you spend the day with us, Mommy?" asked the chandelier.

"Yeah, I'm sorry I broke your

pipe, Mommy," said the rocking chair.

Mommy, mommy, mommy, mommy, mommy, she thought. They were getting on her nerves again and right now she had no patience. She needed James and she needed him now. As she darted for the window she knocked over her makeshift pipe on the stack of boxes, and as she grabbed it from the floor she spilled some of her beer. She lost all patience.

"See what you've done now! Shut up! Leave me alone and just SHUT UP!!!!!"

Her furniture/children all began to whine and sob, and she wanted to say she was sorry but she was too angry. At the window she scanned the streets for James. A noise from the courtyard distracted her. Howard had a small cat by the neck, belly up on the ground. It howled and Linda noticed the boy was poking its stomach with a knife. "Hey kid! STOP THAT!"

Howard was startled and he let go of the cat, which ran away while the boy looked around to see who had yelled at him. Howard

spotted Linda in her window and stared up at her, shielding his eyes from the sun.

"What's wrong with you?" asked Linda.

"Nothing. What's wrong with you?" asked Howard.

As they stood there looking at each other, Linda got an idea. She couldn't go out looking for James in this state, plus if anyone saw them going from the street to her apartment together and told Rick, she'd be in for a serious beating. But the boy could go out and look for James and deliver a message.

"Hey kid"

"What?" "Can you take a break from the murdering and come up here a minute?"

"No."

"There's money in it."

"How much?"

"We'll see just come up here; I need you to run an easy errand."

"Which one?"

"Which one what? Errand?"

"Which apartment?"

"Oh, 406. Now hurry!"

2.

The kid started making his way toward the apartment. Linda needed another hit.

"Mommy, are we having a guest over?" asked Pinocchio.

"Yes, honey, we are, so everyone be good."

She got on her hands and knees and began running her hand over the carpet near the boxes. She found a piece of ceiling popcorn and cursed. She banged on the carpet with her flat hand and up jumped little pieces of debris, including a tiny piece of rock. She smiled at her good fortune, but just then there was a tiny knock on the door.

"The door. The door," cried the furniture.

"I want all of you to keep quiet while our visitor is here. Mommy has to concentrate now."

She ran to the bathroom then put the rock and can on the toilet tank. She took a long sip of her beer, finishing it off with a small burp. She regained her composure and answered the door.

"Come in, kiddo," she said. The boy entered the apartment and stared at Linda.

"Whatta ya want me to do and how much do I get?" he asked.

"Straight to business, huh? Your name's Howard, right?"

"Yep. Howard," he said. "Well, Howard, I'm Linda and just as soon as I use the restroom I'll tell you. Sit there on that stool and I'll be right back," said Linda.

In the bathroom she lit a cigarette, took quick hurried drags and dumped the ash on the can. She smoked her meager hit, but it was better than nothing. She came out and Howard was sitting where she left him. He was an odd looking kid. He looked old around the eyes and mouth. He reminded her of her brother when they were growing up, who was now dead from an overdose. Her brother was the same type of kid. He killed every animal and bug he could get his hands on and used to burn her with cigarettes. She didn't much like thinking about her brother, but now with this kid in front of her, reminding her of him, she felt a strange kind of affection toward the boy. She felt a little sorry for him.

"So Howard, why do you kill animals?" Linda asked.

"Why do you kill babies?" asked Howard.

"Who told you such a thing?"

"The chair," he said, pointing.

"That's my business, and I don't want you listening to any of them," she said, gesturing around the room. "I thought I told you guys not to bother our guest."

"They never listen," she told Howard





apologetically. Now she sat down on the boxes and looked at Howard, forgetting for a moment why she had asked him here. He began to feel uncomfortable and looked away from her, squirming in his seat. "So what do you want me to do?" asked Howard.

"Do you know the big guy who lives on the first floor? His name is James."

"You mean the drug dealer?"

"Who said he was a drug dealer?" asked Linda.

"Oh, please. Everyone knows that," said Howard.

"You're only what, nine years-old? What do you know about stuff like that?"

"I'm almost ten and a half," he replied. "Besides, my Dad visits him."

She was starting to feel bad for him again. He should be allowed a childhood, she knew how it was to be deprived of one. She felt this boy was very lonely.

"I need you to go find him and tell him to come up here and visit me. If you do I'll give you five bucks," said Linda.

"Okay, give me the five."

"How do I know you can find him?"

"I know where he is. He was heading to the park. He goes there every day. And besides you want your drugs don't you?"

"Hey, there's no need for that. Don't worry, you'll get the money, I promise."

"Fine, I'll go get him," said Howard, and he began to get up to leave. "Wait a minute." Linda's urgency was subsiding for the moment and she wanted to talk to the boy some more.

"I see you down there all the time killing things. What you were about to do to that poor cat was awful. Why do you do it?" Linda asked.

"It makes me feel better," he shrugged. "They can't hurt me, but I can hurt them, and it feels like something instead of nothing."

Linda understood. Drugs were the same, something to feel rather than nothing.

"Don't you have any friends?" she asked.

"No."

"What about your family, don't they love you?" She began to feel emotional after this question came out.

"My mom is dead," he said.

"Well your father, then?" she asked.

"Daddy touches me." Howard muttered, looking at the ground.

The children all gasped,

and Linda's eyes began to fill with tears as her heart sunk in her chest. She caught her breath and spoke.

"I know how that feels, Howard." She hadn't felt genuine emotion in so long it was overwhelming.

"You do?" he asked with genuine interest, as if maybe someone understood.

"Yes, Howard, I really really do. It's horrible," said Linda.

"Why did you get rid of all your babies, didn't you love them?" Howard asked. "I wanted to," said Linda. "Love them that is. I just don't know how, I think."

"I think you could have loved them," said Howard.

"Maybe, but who would want me taking care of them? I can't take care of anything. Not even me. But I want to. You know, someday. When I can be better."

"I would," he said, "want you to take care of me. I mean, if I was your baby."

"Why?" asked Linda.

Howard shrugged and said, "You're

nice."

Linda began to cry now. That was the nicest thing she could remember anyone saying to her. She felt something that she thought could be like love towards this boy. She wiped the tears from her eyes.

"You remind me of my brother when he was a kid," she said.

"Was he nice?" asked Howard.

"No, but that's not the part you remind me of. I always wanted to be friends with my brother. But he wouldn't let me."

"I always wanted to have a friend too. Someone to maybe kill the lizards with or something. You know."

"Maybe we could be friends, Howard. I don't know about killing lizards together, but maybe you could come up and hang out with

me sometime. You know, if you're lonely or something."

"Cool," Howard said. He smiled for the first time he could remember in a long while.

"Would you really want to? I mean, spend time with me?" she asked

"Oh, yeah," said Howard. "I like you. You're sad. Kinda like me."

Linda wiped more tears from her eyes, cleared her throat of sobs, and sniffed hard.

"You should probably be off if you're going to find James for me," Linda said. "Yeah, I could use the cash."

"You can't come back today, but do you wanna hang out tomorrow, Howard?"

"Sure, Linda," he said, as he got down and headed toward the door.

"Don't kill any animals on the way," she said. "Don't kill any babies today," he said and laughed a loud laugh.

Linda laughed, too. She stood lost in her thoughts after he shut the door. This kid needed somebody, she thought. She moved to the window and watched him walk through the courtyard and out toward the park. She decided she would be there for him from now on. She would stop smoking crack tomorrow. That was no way to be a role model. Maybe she'd convince Rick to let her get back on heroin. She could certainly take better care of him on dope than on crack. She was resolved; they could both have someone to care about. She turned to the furniture with a smile.

"Hey guys, how would you feel if Mommy stopped using so many drugs, and started looking out for Howard for awhile?"

But the room seemed empty and there was no answer. The furniture did not speak anymore.



Untitled  
Ink  
Ray Russotto / 1982



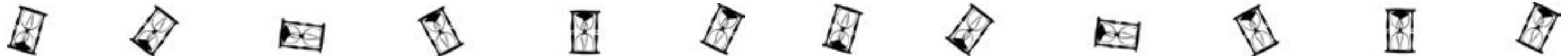




Ghosts of Montevideo  
Digital Art  
Rami Altherr Silvera / 1991



Shorty  
Photography  
William Grantham / 2014



# Love Poem

James Higgins - 1968

I will go to lunch without you

(Repeat)

Our lunch I will not forget nor can I

remember  
but the taste of you will remain  
on my tongue

and if I did not make love to you

It is my fault  
(Repeat that)

Its is not clear whose fault it is

But "it" is not clear

When the next war comes we will not

bury the dead in plastic bags  
there will not be enough time  
to insert the corpse

but neither will that war come if we

do not let it  
let next love flow

It will not if you are put in a plastic bag  
with holes in it

You belong naked

with me we shall run through the green grass  
where we will not be found

until next love

there will always be that next love

and it can be counted as love and

half past

which is more descriptive than

"tomorrow"

and I chose to count that way

When in these days of our lives

we must not take too seriously

that old whore death nor

that little Whore that came to lunch

(You may repeat that)

seeking that great miser Freedom

I hope found him in my bed

because I loved her

is that what it is like to be lonesome?

If we do have a lump in life

mine shall not be defined

in any way"

Yours will be as mine, freedom

but I told you

Use no term to describe it

do not repeat after me

Tomorrow is a word I do not often use

and think little about

Although in your canvas I can find no room

today

You will paint one larger

(You may repeat to yourself)

I will paint one larger

tomorrow

If that Cuckoo tomorrow appears

we will take our place together

between the frame of our life's work

we affectionately name,

"Happiness"

(There is no need to say the above over

but do not forget what is said)

This is enough of the above rhymes

I am not going to say good-bye

twice

because the second time is unlucky

So you can come back

anytime you feel like it

or when you have completed

that "big canvas

I will

I will

I will

I will

repeat

until you go to

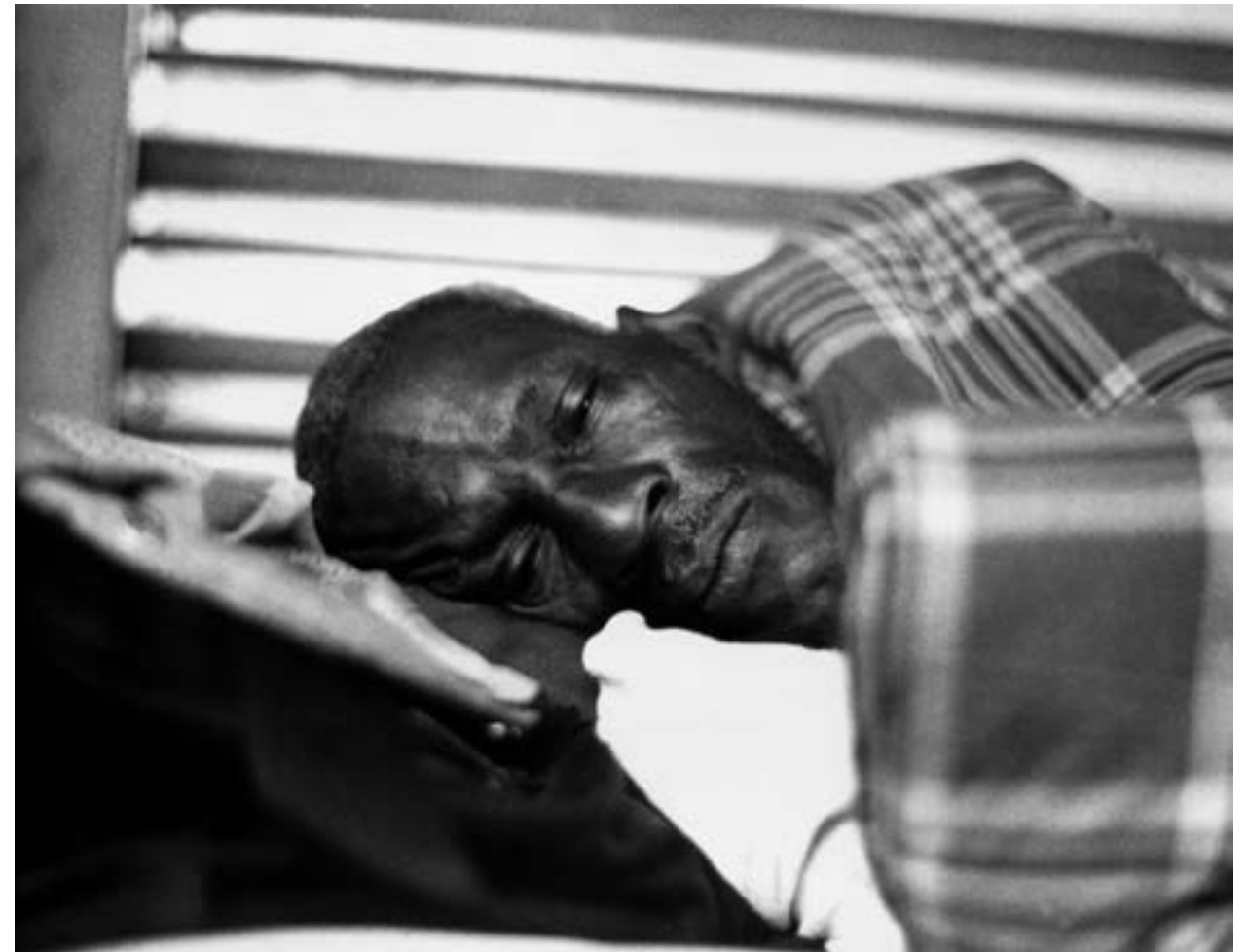
sleep







Looking for Clues  
Photography  
Lauren Laufer / 2008



Moleque  
Photography  
Marlon Johnson / 2000

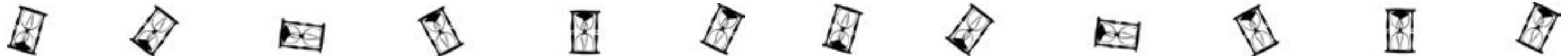
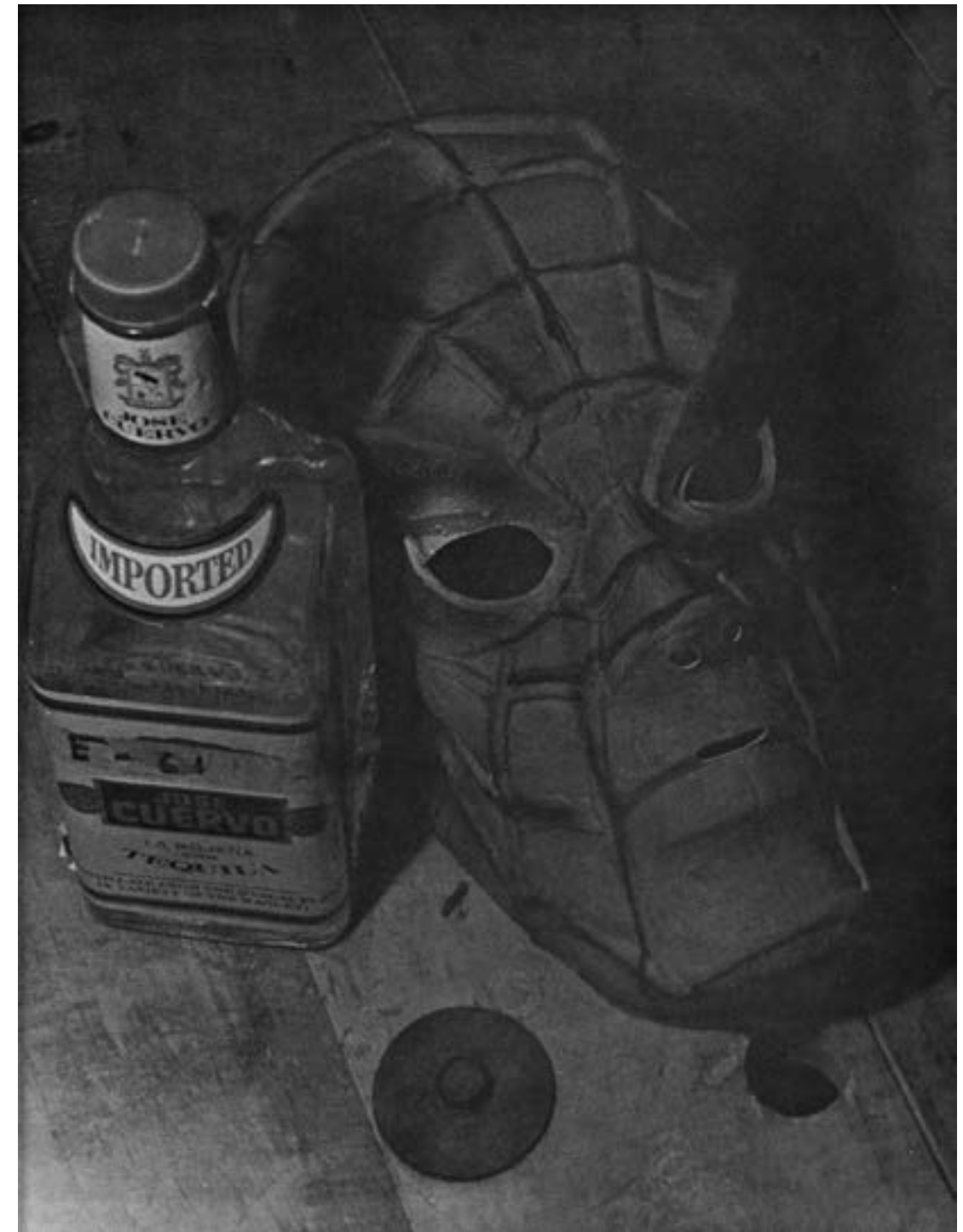




Figure study  
Photography  
Deborah Alley / 2014



Untitled  
Photography  
Zelda Harrel / 1982





# The Hero

Mike Newman - 1969

A radical departure from the logical  
and obvious combat: the angry dust, the  
screaming and the blood,  
all the proper reassuring signs of war  
among which common soldiers spar  
and heroes tower  
are gone,  
and instead of the ordinary signs of war we  
find:  
desperate voices needing to be heard in the  
dust

of a settling  
conversation;  
an emerging scream trapped in anx-  
ious modulation;  
and lust keeping the blood in circula-  
tion;  
among which nobody I know or You:

maintains his pacifistic stance  
and his conditioned tolerance  
casts out his line to catch a glance  
reels it back in at once

she smiles, turns to him, and glows  
he wonders, then he thinks he knows  
they let the conversation flow  
and then they go.

and instead of twisted bodies cased in mud  
we find:  
the film of sleep laid lightly on  
and broken by the sun;  
she's searching for a name, but finding  
none; they lie to each with smiles, but  
lie alone.

a radical departure from the logical  
and obvious combat: the trembling need, the  
doubting and the trust  
all the proper reassuring signs of life  
among which common people strive  
and heroes laugh.



Untitled  
Acrylic Painting  
Shelia Balbier / 1982



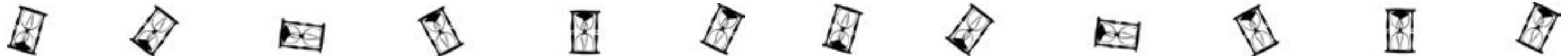




Untitled  
Photography  
Nancy Carta / 1974



Pluto On A Boat  
Oil on Canvas  
Charles T. Mohi III / 2014





# For My Soldier

Christina Terry - 2004

I pray for peace and freedom.  
I pray for victory.  
But most of all I pray to God  
To bring you back to me.

You need not be a hero. You need not win great  
fame.

And even if your body is hurt,  
I'll love you just the same.

So now I close my eyes and pray,  
While down my face, tears creep.  
If God cannot bring you back alive  
Then let me stay asleep.



Untitled  
Photography  
Dave Patrick / 1973





Grimace  
Photography  
Kaylee Oberfield / 2014



Linked  
Bronze  
Frances Lina Conde / 2014







Stem  
Cast glass crystal  
Frances Lina Conde / 2014

THE SHOWCASE

by  
Leslie A. Davis  
1978



# Reversion

Michael Perinuzzi - 2014



Untitled  
Photography  
Carl Cone / 1990

The choking lump of vomit was tickling the esophagus of Gillman's lower neck and the sight of a hairy overweight tourist deep-throating a hot dog was not helping him keep his brunch from leaving his stomach. Packed like a sardine and feeling sick, Gillman turned his head towards the small window of the inter-orbital transport pod. The blackish navy luster of the outer atmosphere stood over the fading blue radiance of the Earth in celestial superiority. A middle-aged ghost of a short man in clean khaki's and plaid shirt stared back through the darkness in sick glumness. His black receding hair meshed with emerging stars. "So is this what retirement feels like?" Gillman thought. He closed his eyes and counted backwards from a hundred when the vessel started to turnover 180 degrees in preparation to land. He was interrupted at seventy-two when a female voice came on the intercom and said that the vessel had entered the atmosphere.

The inertia had worn off and Gillman started to feel the relief of rain on his face as he stepped out of the transport gate. His pleasure was short lived when the crowd of his fellow passengers bumped into him and scattered into the sprawl of the station. He had never gotten used to the orbital transport system. To him, whisking people 500 miles an hour into orbit and treating it like a public bus was a stupid idea. He never could quickly shake off the feelings of nausea or vertigo of the trip, but how else was he to reach the best place to meet the cheapest whores in orbit. Sure, he could afford better, but why argue with personal prefer-

ence? He was a man that preferred quantity to quality, especially if he enjoyed the depraved quality anyway. He had served the Planetary Brotherhood (the union of all galactic civilizations in the Milky Way) and was paid in the honorable tribute of government stipends. Whenever they needed an embassy bombed or a civilian vessel burnt in orbit, Gillman was called. His pay checks would arrive as soon as the ordered crisis or embargo was started. But that was all in the past. He was now a retired agent, left with the spoils of his actions.

The blue radiance of Earth was hidden, covered by powdery artificial clouds. The station was a damp biome of concrete and grey shadows. Outside was a human hub of finance and elite commerce. Beer-bellied tourist clans and high-strung businessmen paced across the damp floor in desynchronized harmony. He was in sector 32 of the 110, which made up Terra 2; the orbital construct that surrounded Earth. Architecturally considered a "ring" world that orbited the circumference of Earth, Terra 2 was (in the eyes of the Planetary Brotherhood) a space station that binds the humans of Earth to the rest of the Milky Way. But to its human inhabitants, it was an intergalactic zoo, due to highly regulated extraterrestrial segregation. The only sector safe enough to procure trade lines was Sector 32. Its high rises pointed its tips at the Earth, like shiny needles at a dying blue vein. Walking through the waves of people one can feel like they are in 21st century New York City. If one wandered into any neighboring sectors without proper clearance or protection, intergalactic law would become null and void. That





unfortunate individual would be the next chew toy for a Reptilian den mother, or the host to give birth to Ogarian spider nymphs, or any type of meat slave to the remaining 109 alien species.

Outside, Gillman cut through the thick tangle of individuals, avoided a red tour bus, and walked a few blocks into a narrow alleyway and down a rusty staircase into the lower levels of the sector. The clean artificial air of the electrical sky dissipated into the dank, rusty smell of human corruption, and then the true hell in the heavens opened up to him.

Bums asked for spare change in yellow industrial light as greasy thieves eyed his pockets in piercing glances. Reaching a small public service elevator, he scrunched between an old lady bum and a blind man and his dog.

"Can someone please press sub-level thirty-one?" ordered the blind man. The hefty old lady hastily pressed it out of humane reflex. "Can someone please press sub-level thirty-one?" the man repeated.

"It's been done!" Gillman asserted.

"Hey watch it, asshole!" barked the blind man as the elevator screeched shut.

"Sorry, but the lady pressed your floor," Gil smiled, amazed at the old man's attitude.

"Fuckin' idiot..." the blind man grumbled.

Gil smiled wider and glanced at the old lady, who looked to floor in a frown of neutrality.

"You got a problem, chief?" Gil tried to sound polite.

"All you fuckin' tourists and businessmen, you're my problem, fucker," little white specks flew from his mouth and land on his dogs back. The dog was as grey as the clouds with black smudges of either dirt or genes. It looked sickly and wobbled on three skinny legs; the back left leg was just a bony stump. It looked up at his master with doll-like eyes; one blue, one green, and the tongue was pinkish red.

"How do you know if I'm either of those?" Gillman asked chuckling. "I can smell your scum, fucker," hissed the

man. "You can hate commerce all you want chief, but it's what keeps the oxygen flowing like wine. You should have more respect for the people who keep your food held by gravity. You do eat, right? It could all be taken away, buddy, with the blink of an eye, trust me I know," Gillman snapped his fingers in front of the blind man's dirt crested face, making the man flinch in fear, "So learn respect."

"You work for the government?" asked the blind man. "Used to, and loved every minute of it."

"So now you're just a retired fucker and a tourist? You make me sick, fucker..."

"Not really, I have an apartment on the surface; a two-story penthouse looking over earth. Well earned and enjoyed," Gillman then patted the man's face in superior love. The blind man shrunk back, cursing savagely.

Gillman enjoyed the unique culture of Terra 2, but he did not come there to be vocally savaged by a blind treasonous old man. Relaxing against the fenced wall, he closed

his eyes from the shifting downward torrent of scummy floors leading down countless sub streets. He could already imagine Flora (the Spanish-Dutch whore with a missing eye) toying with his manhood and calling him scum. He started to giggle under his breath.

"My wife..." the blind man started, "she died when she was pregnant. It was during the Pegasus Embargo. There weren't enough medical supplies so she died during child birth. My daughter..." clear tears began forming on his decayed eyes, "she survived though."

"Good for your daughter, chief," Gillman interrupted coldly, eyeing the button panel. "Well, at least the old man gets off first," he thought eyeing the highlighted button the old lady pressed for the man.

"The Pegasus Embargo?" Gil remembered how he started that little farce. The Brotherhood sent him all the way to the Pegasus system to plant cyanide in the water tanks in the cargo in a Vespasian trade ship on route to a human colony on Pegasus IX. An UN Federation cruiser just happened to be in the system doing routine checks and what spawned was the Pegasus Embargo. "Harsh times, a characteristic of any respectable government" Gillman commented.

"My daughter," the blind man started again, "she always liked to run around. When my eyes started to go, she ran away and I couldn't find her. Fuckers like you and your government never helped look for her; too busy with your wars and profits. I found her in a gutter dead! It was the last thing I ever saw. She was six goddammit! No one cared!" The elevator slowed hastily to a stop, pushing the blind man's dog down with its force. The dog began to throw up chunky blood that seeped down the cracks between the tiles. The elevator door then opened revealing a desolate steel hallway illuminated in flickering fluorescent light.

"Sir?" the old lady mumbled, "I

think your dog is sick," but the man wobbled into the hallway in fevered anger tripping over his miscalculated steps. "Sir, what about your dog?" the hefty lady bum called out.

Gillman quickly answered her question as he pressed the button to close the door, "Don't bother, let him get hit by a bus. Treasonous swine..."

The elevator continued its journey below. He leaned back again and imagined the senile blind man getting hit by the red tour bus that almost struck Gillman earlier. He heard the cracking of frail bones and the cries of startled onlookers. Submerged laughter bloomed from his chest like a dormant flower. The ex-agent wished he had one of those MEDs (Micro Explosive Devices) he was given back when he was to incite the Helix Conflict. Small enough to be slipped into a pocket and enough fire power to level a city block. "The blind man would have been reacquainted with his rotting wife and daughter in zero to one seconds," Gillman thought happily, "God, I'm starting to regret retiring."

After the thoughts of carnage left his mind, Gillman peered down at the old ladies soft bulbous body. She was kneeling over the blind man's dog and trembling in fear. Smiling in his superiority, his mind faded to the form of Agatha (the Peruvian-Japanese whore who was handy with a whip in her good hand; the other hand being a lifeless limp birth defect). Breaking him from his fantasy was the brushing of thick clothing against his arm.

"It's the fat hag," he peered at her sweaty weather beaten face trickled with tears, "she's holding the damn dog! Disgusting..." Then, his disgust turned to shock as he examined the limp body of the dog; its multicolored eyes where looking into infinity with a pink tongue surrounded by a dry puke stained froth. The elevator opened up. It was Gillman's stop, but he did not care anymore about Flora's tight grip or Agatha's lubricated whip, because his mind was centered on the fresh sutures that



riddled the dead dog's grey body and the muffled beeping that resided within.

...

Mr. Feldman was sitting on the edge of the hotel bed clad in the black business suit and tie of the Planetary Brotherhood. The middle-aged agent issued a short verbal command into the air and after an ethereal jingle, the Holo-TV clicked on. The drupe hotel room melted into ghostlike view of Red light Sub-District, or at least what was left of it. Bodies could be seen through the rubble and smoke, fire fighters were battling a blaze and a one armed prostitute (armed with a whip) walked aimlessly through the desolation of ruins and dying light.

The disembodied female voice began to speak, "For those of you just joining us, a bomb has gone off in Sublevel 45 today. 65 people are presumed dead and injuries continue to mount into the hundreds. We do not know the cause of this terrorist act, but the United Nations have cause to blame an Ogarian separatist group responsible for this horrendous act. 'An embargo is being planned' says the President and UN Battle Cruisers are in transit to the O'Gara System. The Planetary Brotherhood has approved the use of these actions says our sources. Now, joining us is the Former Ambassador to the Og..."

Feldman issued another command and the burning metal caverns morphed back into the plaid walls of the hotel room. A click sounded at the door. The mechanized lock clicked submissively and a short man in his late twenties walked in, clad in the same attire of Feldman. His black hair was short and thick. His face was like a mask of plastic seriousness.

"Good to see you're back,"

"Good to be back Feldman," said the man.

The man held the door as Feldman walked out into the hallway. The two men then took the elevator to the lobby to checkout. After a short conversation with the clerk pertaining to

topical nonsense, the pair waited in the lobby entrance.

"They'll be here soon to bring us to the docking harbor. Ms. Synica wants to brief us on an upcoming project," Feldman whispered, "and of course congratulate you on your first successful mission."

"I'd rather have her congratulate me in my bed," smirked the man.

The pair chuckled like school boys. Feldman liked this new recruit; reminded him of old times. They continued to laugh, until the silence of professionalism took back the reigns. After a few moments of silence, Feldman scratched his shaved head and looked at his compatriot. He looked at his partner's irradiating youth and vigor, remembering his own. The thought of retirement left Feldman's bald head gleaming with sweat.

"So what was it like?" Feldman asked, breaking the silence.

"What was what like?"

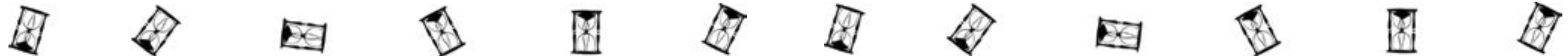
"Doing your duty, I mean, he was considered a legend among us. Wait! Never mind," a black car emerged from the rainy street and pulled into the hotel's driveway. The two then walked out into the damp air of Terra 2. The man paced in front of Feldman and opened the door for him. As Feldman bent into the vehicle, the man spoke out of earshot from the black-suited driver, but enough for Feldman to hear.

"It was unique. He was a true patriot."

Feldman nodded in acceptance as the car door closed in place and his new partner walked to the other side door and entered. The driver asked the men to buckle up and began to speed through the fray of traffic.



A Model Study  
Oil Painting  
Luis A. Gutierrez / 2014





# Psycho

Ashley Rose Lokken - 2014

She's mysterious. The complexity of her mind is rare for a human being. There are countless places to be and people to be with on this star-studded Friday evening, but Marjory stays inside. Even within the presence of herself and herself only she is always dressed to the nines. Pearls engulf her neck as if they are hungry for her flesh. Her lips are red with envy and desire, desire for more, but Marjory no longer contains desire nor envy. She has already given so much she has nothing left to give. Those who have met her will tell you she is irresistible. Sometimes described as one of God's most beautiful creations. She is one to steal any man or woman from his or her lover. She has absolutely everything she wants; though, Marjory lays alone, always, no partner in sight. Without any hesitation, she picks up her flaming cigarette and passionately proceeds to take a puff as if it was her last breath. Looking up at her exhaled nicotine she gazes at the figure-like smoke puff she has created. She watches as the smoke fades away in to the atmosphere just like everyone and everything else that has ever meant anything to her in life. With intense silence flooded in her bedroom, her black robe trails down the hall to the washroom. Her hourglass figure sways side-to-side, heels clicking with each stride. She leans in to the mirror as if she was going to kiss her own picturesque face. She gazes into the kaleidoscopic eyes staring back at her, desperate for her inner soul to offer her an answer. The opiates in her left cabinet were like sirens, seducing and luring her in whispering sweet nothings. She is so

profoundly damaged she would do anything to ease the pain. She consumed the opiates guiltily, like a child that had snatched from a candy store. Drunk with inner madness she unclothes. Left with her white velvet skin exposed to all the hatred and sorrow of the world she enters the shower. She sits under steaming running water listening to the mind-altering tone of each single drop. She could hear each water molecule drop and explode. The ground was sinking in under her. She was being pulled in to an unceasing black hole. A hole filled with gallons and gallons of nothingness. Sounds of firecrackers popped in her head. Mascara and smokey toned eye-shadow streams down her cheeks and down her neck leaving her looking as miserable as she feels. Marjory is unable to survive in this life of misery and unattainable sadness. She has held on for the sake of holding on for too long now. A conclusion is made, there is nothing left for her in this world. With this striking realization she begins to knock her head one by one against the pearly white tiled walls surrounding her. With continuous perseverance she accomplishes exactly what she wants. Marjory lies in the tub, alone like always. Blood is heavily streaming down her porcelain complexion. Finally she understands why she exists. Unlike most she was not put on this earth to live. She was born to die.



Untitled  
Pen & Ink  
Tra' Scott / 1997

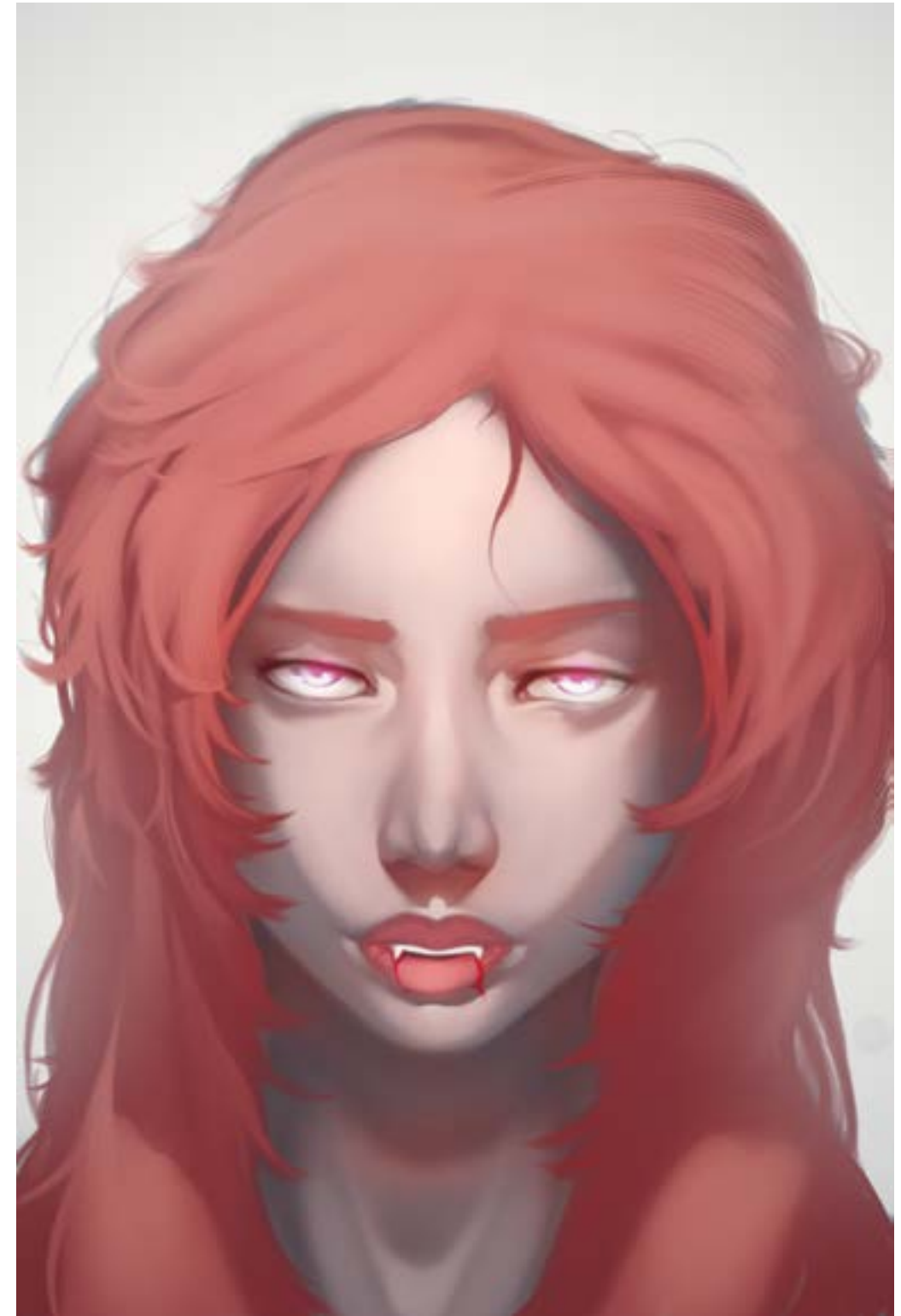


# A Night To Remember

Rachel Hartman - 2014

First dates are never an easy task especially for Caroline, with expectations so high she just become accustomed to the fact that love would just never be in her grasp until now. His name was Mason and boy, was he a looker. His eyes were the lightest shade of grey, with pearly white teeth that screamed come and get me whenever he smiled. Tall, dark and handsome just wasn't enough to describe how perfect he was. Clearly, Caroline thought, this is the one. For their first date Mason took Caroline to dinner where they sipped red wine and talked for hours. Romance was in the air as laughter left their lips. "I wish this night would never end." Caroline exclaimed. "Well maybe it doesn't have too." Mason said with a grin as he led her out the restaurant. As they drove off into the night Mason decided to park the car off the side of a cliff that was known as lover's lane back in the 60's. Caroline blushed at the gesture as her smile widened from ear to ear. "So why have you brought me here?" She asks as if she already didn't know. Mason continued to smile as he leaned in for a kiss. Caroline was amazed by the chivalry of this man until things took an unexpected turn. Mason's eyes filled with a dark shade of red while his teeth elongated forming a sharp pointed end. Caroline was terrified and tried to get away but he had such a tight grip on her. Mason pulled Caroline in closer as she tried to yell for help but no one was around to hear her screams. He bit down at the pale white skin of her neck and began to suck the life right out of her. Caroline's eyes became as dark as night as the blood that once pumped through her veins

was now exiting her body, but with one final breath she was able to let out one last sentence. "Joke's on you Mason; I have AIDS."



Final Thirst  
Digital Art  
Ricardo Michel / 2014



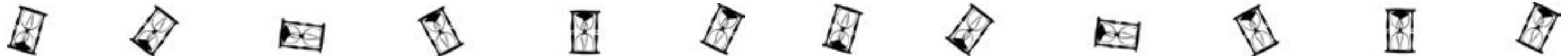




Orange wire| fire wire  
Wire  
Enrique Y. Castro Silva / 2014



Blindness  
Glass & Clay  
Nathalie Alfonso / 2011



# Embers At The Door

Michael Perinuzzi - 2014

*"I am an anarchist,  
My dog's a commie,  
My girlfriend's a masochist,  
And my fists are never sorry."  
-unknown*

The evening newscast was happy with their hands in their pants, tugging at the swollen excess of ultimate knowledge. The government had just confirmed the execution of some third-world, dirt faced serial killer, but not before the announcement of star crossed lovers who finally decided to "tie the knot" by drunkenly crashing their car into a tree and bursting in flames. Flickers of color danced across the TV's wide screen illuminating the colorless single room apartment. Singing pop jingles and guitar strums, the commercial warned the audience that the car they drive will murder their children if they do not buy the advertized vehicle. Consumerist glory colored the screen and filled the air in ripples of audio cross fades and regal duets, but the eyes and ears of twenty-one year old Doug "Red Hell" Hermiston were on a different plane of consciousness. With his right hand holding a loaded 9mm pistol to his temple and the virulent ghost of last night's alcohol dry-humping his brain, he thought of his chaotic life colored in the blood of the deserving order. Clicking the safety off, he felt a moment of respite. Clicking the safety back on, he felt like a pussy. Clicking the safety off again, he felt nothing but adrenaline as he began to squeeze the trigger.

"HERMISTON, OPEN THIS FUCK-

ING DOOR, YOU FUCKING PIECE OF SHIT!"

With rage swelling, Doug aimed the gun to the door, but verbal rage emerged before violent action, "What the fuck Ramsey, I'm trying to sleep!"

"No, you're not sleeping now motherfucker," hissed the unseen landlord, "You're gonna fucking tell me why the hell was Misses Lebowitz's dog was found at the bottom of the garbage disposal."

The mental rapist called depression was beginning to escape back into the dark subconscious of Doug's mind and his old self began to take control again. Standing up from the side of his filthy bed, Doug stretched his scared body, still clutching the 9mm as the light of the TV refracted on his athletic frame. "It's still alive, ain't it?" he sneered as he approached the door.

"Ms. Lebowitz and Elizabetha (the dog) are at the vet and I am about ready to call the cops on your ass, you sick fuck!"

"So quick to judge Ramsey, why do you think I was the one who did it and not someone else?"

"Don't try to talk your way out of this!" barked the landlord, "The only tenants in this building are you, Ms. Lebowitz, and Alfred Robbins."

"It could have been Alfred." Doug snickered as he leaned forward on the door, "I heard that motherfucker hates dogs!"

"Mr. Robbins is eighty-five and bed-ridden you cocksucker! OPEN THIS DOOR! You fucking disgrace, your generation knows no respect. NO FUCKING RESPECT! Your parents where Anarchic anti-war fuckups and you grew up into that! I'm calling the cops on you Hermiston, they're gonna fuck you up, an' I hope they do fuck you up good and lock your ass up for a long time! GODDAMIT! You're the worst tenant ever! Kid's like you should be drafted like in the good 'ol days. Learn discipline and fight for your country! When I was an Incineration Trooper..."

"Great, he's ranting again," thought Doug. Looking through the peephole of the apartment door Doug saw the bald dome of his hateful critic. Ramsey was a repugnant excuse of a man. Reeking of pungent cologne, he bore a face that was rippled in acne scars of a childhood long forgotten (and for good reason). During the WWII, Ramsey served a single tour, but spent most of his time whoring around in the Far Eastern countryside as Ionic fire did most of the dirty work. Fifteen years later, living off government stipends for military service, Ramsey is still the apartment building owning fat blob of a coward he originally was before and during the war. If one walked past his office at the right time before the day receded into twilight, one could hear the muffled screams of electric women in erotic ecstasy followed by a crescendo of exacerbated tugging. He claimed he had seen it all, like any elderly adult on the cusp of senility. But in the bearing light of actuality, he had seen nothing, only ionic screams and faking women. His mustached face was as red ripe apple over a bulbous sack of dough and Doug decided he had had enough of Ramsey's bullshit.

"Ramsey, can you move a little bit to the left?"

The landlord did not hear the request and continued to yell about how the nation is

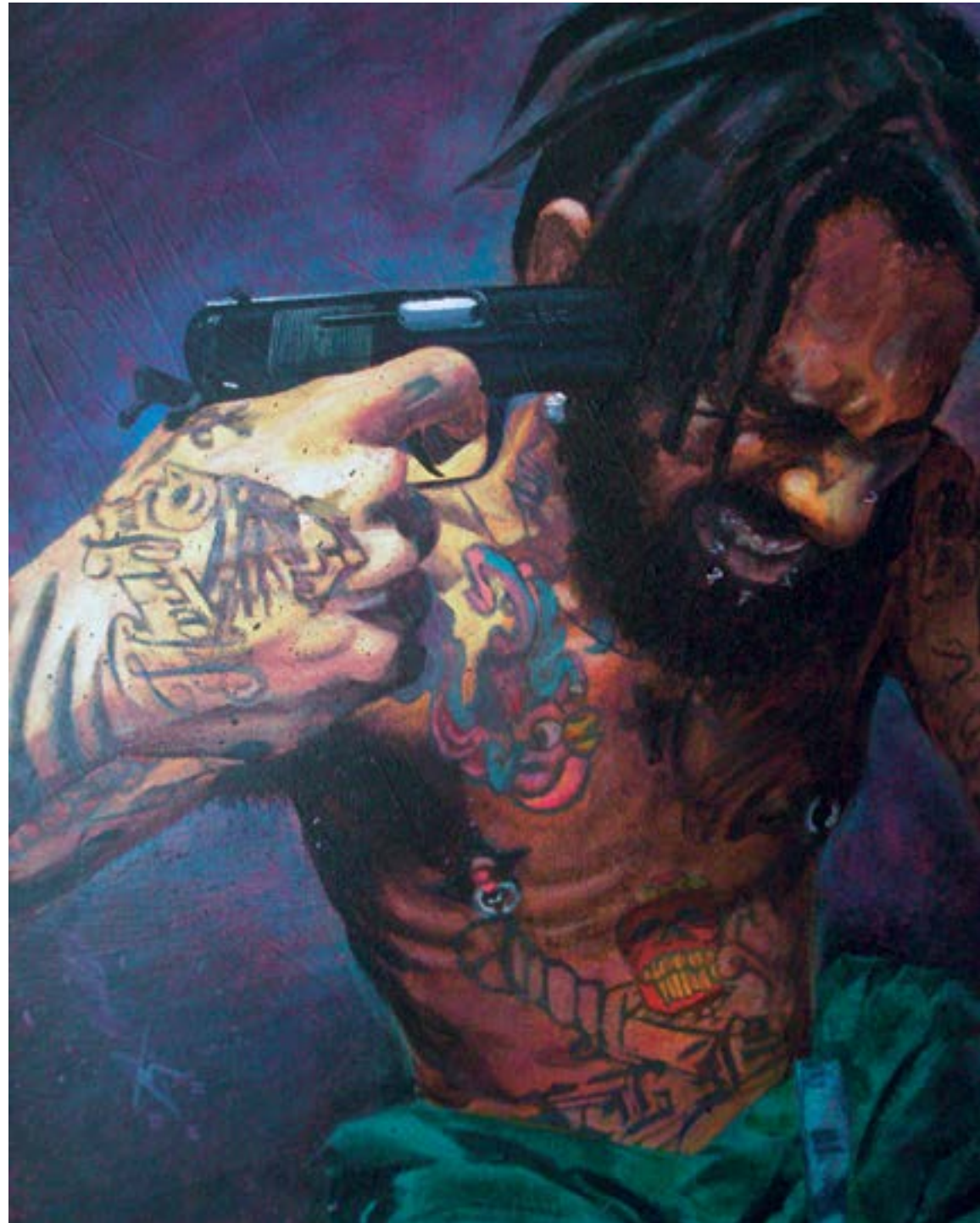
in decline and how the armed service is god. The sharp "pop" of a 9mm pistol broke the air and a small ray of light shot out from the bullet hole seven inches right of the door's peephole. Opening the door, the yellow fluorescent light of the decrepit hallway bathed Doug's bare upper body, shining off the shitty tattoos, casting shadows over its ripples and healed stab wounds. It made him squint in its manufactured radiance, but he heard the heavy footsteps and heavier panting of someone running away from him. He had enough time to notice Ramsey's fat suspended ass disappear down the staircase.

Panting and huffing dusty air, the disgraced landlord began to yell with fear seeping in-between the anger, "FUCK...You...Herm...Hermiston... I'll... I'll call the cops someday..." With that he receded back downstairs. A door slam followed soon after.

"Just remember this Ramsey, the police station is twenty miles away and your office is two stories down. That gives me..." Doug looked at his imaginary watch on his left hand, "twenty minutes to personally show you that I do have respect!" He then holstered his gun behind his grimy jean collar and receded back into his dark apartment and put on a dusty jacket. It was dangerous out there and pretty chilly, yet he would not have it any other way. Walking past Ramsey's rats nest, he heard nothing but silence. Outside on the concrete he hailed a hover cab. Doug was whisked above the sprawling human traffic of Arlington Street. Fumes of yellow car exhaust shrouded the silver skyline in a blurry haze of polluted beauty.







mattman's suicide pose  
Acrylic  
Jose A. Sary / 2011



T.S  
Drypoint and watercolor  
Laura M. Saver / 2014



# With No Light

Shana-Kay Allen - 2014

*The breeze of the night gently rushes in  
whispering the coconut palms to slumber -*

*St. Mary Parish  
North Coast, Jamaica*

If only it was that simple, I thought,  
To fear nothing but the mere darkness  
of the night.

Darkness floods the skies at night  
consuming  
everything in its grasp, including me.  
It constantly fills me with terror and  
disquiet as I  
try so desperately not to shriek at the  
slightest sound  
created by the surrounding critters  
that enjoy this  
horrific hue caused by the absence of  
my dearly missed sun.

The thought of grotesque creatures  
intruding my fortress  
of blissful slumber suddenly rids me  
of the desire to rest my eyes  
and dream the dreams of frolicking  
and playing in the foaming sea.

How strong that Darkness is to steal  
my peace!

Now, as I am, the days of innocent  
fear seem as nothing  
as a distant phobia.  
For now the Darkness consumes my  
fears,  
but my fear is not the absence of light.  
After days, months, years of wearily  
carrying on,  
the fear that consumes my thoughts is  
how  
solitude may engulf my being.  
My soul.



Untitled  
Photograph  
Kevin Deland / 1973







Beware of Toads  
Oil on Canvas  
Jonathan Rice / 2014



M.y Darkest M.emory A.bridged  
Oil on Canvas  
Jonathan Rice / 2014





# Cancer

Pier Mercer - 2009

It came.  
It's eating me away, quietly deviously.  
I'm unaware.  
I'm healthy, strong and alive.

It's eating my emotions, my mind,  
My soul.  
It's invading my life.  
It's invading others now...

Cancer is spreading,  
In my body, in my family,  
To my children, to my friends.  
Cancer- I am afraid of you.

You are paralyzing me.  
You are forcing me to look death  
In the face.  
I cannot ignore its eyes,  
Piercing a hole in my serenity.

I'm insane.  
I'm going crazy.  
And I am alone.

I wish I could be free and happy.  
My life is invaded- it's ruined.

I have to fight you;  
I'm tired now.

I must win.  
You can't win.

I'm crying, I'm drowning  
I'm dying...

Do you hate me Cancer?  
Why me? Why now?  
Who sent you?

I am still.  
My world is over; it is gone.  
You take, you take, and you take.

They raise money and do research  
To kill you Cancer.  
Stop knocking on doors, on my door.  
I give up cancer- you win.

The stillness creeps;  
The nausea persists.

I give you my life,  
All of it.

Then I see them...  
They're coming for you Cancer,  
The drugs, the IV drip, the doctors.  
They've found you, they've staged you.  
Hide Cancer, run Cancer.  
I dare you to return.

I accept you Cancer;  
I want to be your friend;  
I want to love you;  
I want you to be my gift.

Thank you Cancer.  
You came and went.  
I promise I won't change back  
To anger, to hatred, to violence,

To weakness, to genes gone wrong,  
To the puzzle, to the labyrinth.

Thank you Cancer;  
You've changed me;  
I've grown;  
I'm brave, I'm tough,  
I'm humbled to Life- to Darkness.

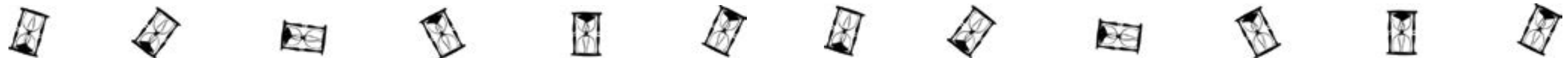
Cancer, I know now that you are a gift  
To remind me about  
Love and Life worth living,  
And family and jewels

And time and solitude  
And love and people  
And me.

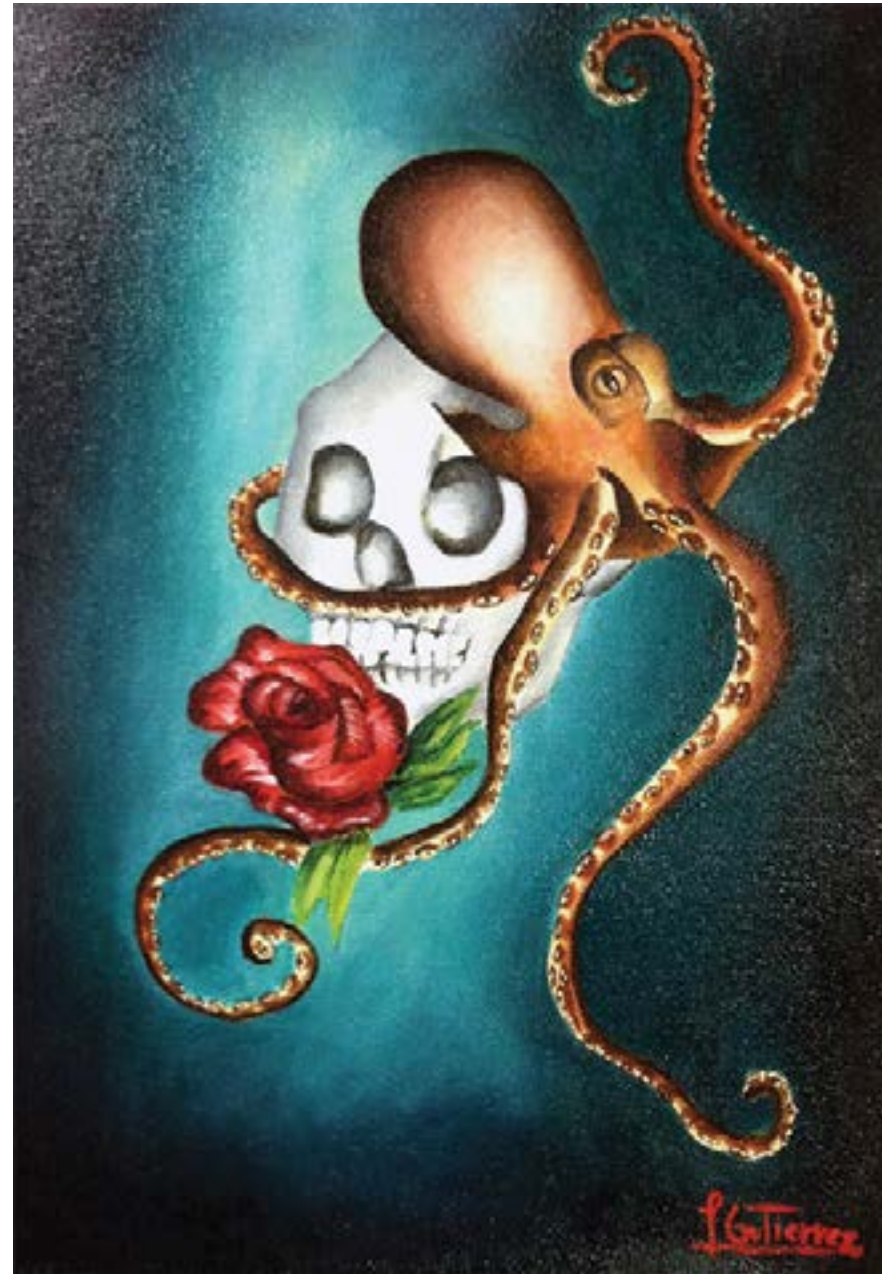
Cancer, It Came.  
Cancer, It Left.



Untitled  
Photography  
Edwina Jaffe / 1974







Life  
Oil Painting  
Luis A. Gutierrez / 2014



Chakrasana  
Clay  
Mayra D. Pytleski / 2014

Oswald  
Clay  
Mayra D. Pytleski / 2014



# Maria Carolina Keener

## Featured Artist



Somewhere in Sochi  
Bass Wood  
Maria Carolina Keener / 2014



Recycled Being  
PVC Pipe  
Maria Carolina Keener / 2014





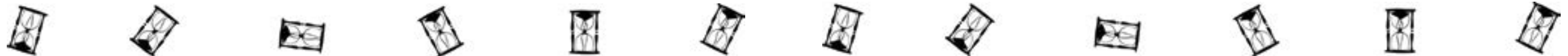
# Family Poem

Julius Robledo - 2014

Family poems can be pretty  
or they can be distasteful things  
that we try to cover up  
in the masses of substances  
meant to fog the mind  
or even rewrite each  
and every memory. I,  
for one, do not care much  
for family poems. They were  
the first oppressors, they tasted  
our blood for the first time, tinkered  
with the dreams of a nation all  
in all it was a love for the self  
that kept us alive. Their own selfish behavior  
means nothing to me anymore  
because I've renounced them, because  
now I choose to use them as they did me, no longer  
am I their punching bag. Family? What else  
are we but our own. I've learned to be happy  
but only on my own. This is my family poem,  
this is the way that I end it.



Abandoned America  
Photograph  
Julius Robledo / 2014



# Untitled

Shawn Reagan - 1969

The war began today  
and suddenly  
all the churches and  
all the temples and  
all the synagogues  
were filled with people  
the believing and  
the generous and  
the loving  
But I couldn't go  
I didn't have a tie

# War

Thomas Gray - 1968

War is like throwing a dog a rope.  
He takes it in his mouth  
and pulls  
and you pull  
and he pulls back.  
If you take away the rope he's sad  
If you let him have it he's sad.  
He doesn't want to win, or lose.  
He only wants to fight.

Untitled  
Ink  
Les Green / 1968



Are you mummy?  
Photography  
Teo Genao / 2014





# Lacking Creativity

Apdoul Christopher Baron - 2014

My Inspiration came from  
heartache, sadness and anger.  
My creativity has been gone  
for a while now  
and all I can do is put  
pitiful phrases  
together in neat little lines  
uneven stubby lines  
and hope they pass as second-rate poetry.  
My ingenuity as been gone  
for a while now  
because the heartache, pain and anger  
are gone...  
because I'm happy  
and even if it lasts for a day  
at least I'll remember that  
I was smiling that day



Cuckoo  
Oil on Canvas  
Adrian Flautero / 2014



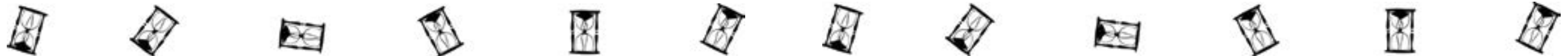
# Stuck in the Muck

Devin Martinez - 2014

Stuck in the muck, a cesspool of times passed,  
reoccurring scars fester these waters.  
Fighting to stay afloat, the depths creep fast,  
I'm left behind as my future saunters.  
Clamoring his name, my unknown looks back,  
his gaze sets ablaze embers in my soul.  
Fiery blood seeps through every crack,  
liberating me from all taken toll.  
As I'm sinew to move my limbs break free,  
unshackled from the grips of this abyss.  
Out I climb from such thickened memory,  
no longer enslaved to this reminisce.  
Now forever new, as if struck by luck,  
never again I'll be, stuck in the muck.



Life vs Death  
Ink  
Samrin Parvin / 2014





# Let Me Be

Lee Francis II - 1995

Let me be When a ballad doth squeeze a tear  
Or loneliness whispers in my ear  
Should my teardrops nourish a smile  
Or frown doth linger for a while.

Let me be  
And let just my skin feel the wind blow  
As toes play with sand below  
Waxes tap my feet as they run back home  
Pounding stares on my unveiled form search and  
roam.

Let me be when songs of my heart doth break  
And dimensions of my skin doth shake  
It escorts gloom from my guts pit  
To Battle the evil of loves evil hit.

Let me be And question after my life  
My nobility in battling a sea of strife  
Or ponder me brave or hero of wars  
To dodge yet rob fortunes arrows of scars

Let me be  
When to sleep I wish to submit  
And dream not of life or death but an exit  
Not allowing conscience to make a coward of me  
Or ever hear me beg fear some pitiful plea.

Let me be  
Let me be if I want to be with sleep  
For my promises I cannot keep  
Trace the journey of tears as I weep my sea  
Let me dream. Let me rest. Let me be. Let me be.



Death of a Replicant  
Acrylic  
Catherine Castro / 2009



# War Paint

Devin Martinez - 2014

As my bare skin shows, I reside within  
my regular state. Occupying my dual soul  
are the clashing elements of good and evil  
while humility, civility, and content control  
my daily inhibitions – without such, the link  
betwixt humanity and barbarity would be  
lost.

For beneath the surface hides a beast absent  
from the eyes of the innocent, dwelling inside  
the depths of my torso where emotions chan-  
nel  
through the vastness of my veins. A bestial  
spirit,  
uncaged upon rite of passage, seeks to over-  
ride  
all my humanities as I succumb to its wrath.

In times of threatening and unwarranted  
evils  
of another, I lace my face with paint; losing  
the humanness manners that usually govern  
me daily. With each stroke of the brush,  
inward  
and out, arouses the beast's appetite. Its sole  
purpose is to protect the kindhearted spirit  
akin.

Now fully coated, the rite is complete. Chain  
links  
snap as the demon is unhinged from the wick-  
ed  
depths it anxiously dwells. The malevolent  
essence  
hastily surfaces, siphoning through my veins.  
Lost  
in its lust to spew its heinous, all other evil  
within  
its path parishes, for its vigor can't be re-  
strained.

After all threats cease, a new war rages for  
control  
over my spirit. The beast seeks to shatter the  
link  
betwixt humanity and barbarity. Digging  
deep within,  
I muster the strength to shovel beneath the  
wicked  
surface, rescuing my humanness spirit before  
it's lost.  
As it rises to the surface, virtue is restored  
upon my soul.

With no more battles to fight and an un-  
scathed soul

to cherish, I return home the same as I left. In  
control

remain the humanness that I almost deemed  
lost.

As the paint washes off my face, my dual  
essence link

again, conjoining together my virtuous and  
evil

spirit as the beast descends back to its cham-  
bers within.

My civility and content return within, but  
never lost

is the demon that hides in my soul. Love and  
virtue link

me back to society, yet my evil ever seeks to  
gain control.







Wolf Robe, Cheyenne  
Gouache  
Bianca Barnett / 1991

# Time

Sherry Broadwell - 1969

TIME A SECOND OF THE CLOCK  
A MINUTE OF THE DAY  
ALL  
I EVER HEAR IS THE TICKING OF  
TIME

TIME  
REVOLVING IN AN ENDLESS  
PATTERN  
AROUND MEANINGLESS NUMBERS  
MEANING ABSOLUTELY NOTHING  
TIME

SCREW TIME  
TIME SCREWS US AL

# Visions of a Kitsune

Shana-Kay Allen - 2014

The fox's orb that glowed with a fiery luminescence  
soared from her soul to mine,  
and there her spirit invaded my body.  
Taking over to roam the night.







From Georgia to Maine  
Gouche on Bristol  
Jonathan Rice / 2013

# The First Violinist

Ed Lublang - 1982

During supper, a month or so after I was admitted to the New York Bar, Papa finished a glass of his homemade wine, pointed his chin at me and announced, "Anthony Lancellotti wants to see you at his studio tomorrow."

I was astonished. "He wants to see me? At his studio? What for?"

"Maybe," Papa chortled, "maybe he wants to give you an audition." My sisters and brother tittered into their pasta. My sister Marie turned her luminous eyes upon me and purred, "You can borrow my cello if you like." More tittering together with pinching and punching of arms until Papa said, "Enough!"

Anthony Lancellotti was a familiar name in our household. I had often heard the story of how he and Papa were schoolmates in Naples where the same priest who had tutored Enrico Caruso as a choirboy undertook their musical education. The boys showed talent with the violin and the Church encouraged them. In a few years, Anthony Lancellotti was taken to America by his parents, and Papa followed several years later with his bride.

In America, Anthony steadfastly refused any kind of work except playing and studying the violin. While still a young man, he became a well-known violin virtuoso, and then the first violinist in the orchestra for the Metropolitan Opera Company. Only last year he had given a recital at the White House for President Franklin Roosevelt.

The next morning, I awoke early and dressed carefully. On the way to New York by

train, I sat back in my seat and daydreamed. My first client! Papa had told me that Anthony Lancellotti wanted to see me about a legal matter. Was it possible that the famous violinist would ask me to handle his booking contracts? Oh, I was good at contracts; I reviewed in my mind the Cardozo decision, a precedent-making case on contractual agreements to perform personal services.

When I arrived at the studio, I was impressed by Anthony Lancellotti's youthful appearance. He was my father's age, yet his hair was full and glossy black; his unwrinkled face was friendly. "Ah, so you're Angelo's daughter. I remember the last time I saw you; you were a regular roly-poly." He squeezed my arms and stepped back for further appraisal, open and warm. "Ah, yes, very nice. You look like your Mama. She is a queen among women."

With a little difficulty, I steered the conversation toward the purpose of my visit. Before responding, Lancellotti waved me toward the comfortable chair and sat down closely opposite.

"A policeman delivered this a week ago. Right in my studio," he said, handing me a legal document. "This crazy woman says that I stole her towels and sheets. That's America for you!"

I read the document. It was a criminal warrant and complaint, signed under oath by one Emily Simmons, charging that Anthony Lancellotti had committed a misdemeanor by the illegal taking and converting to his use \$180 in goods, to wit: one dozen towels, six





sheets, and four pillow cases in violation of Section 462, Paragraph B, of the New York City Penal Code. The case was docketed in the Midtown Magistrate's Court for trial in four days, at ten o'clock.

I hid my dismay. I had only a vague knowledge of the New York City Magistrate's Court. My mind raced back to my notes on criminal law, but for the moment I could recall only cases on murder and treason. Nor did I know the penalty for violation of Section 462, Paragraph B.

"Tell me what happened," I said. I hoped my voice sounded professional. "Who is this woman?" I looked at the warrant again. "Emily Simmons, who is she?"

"She's a crazy American woman, a devil, that's who she is. Do you know," he asked critically, "what would happen with such a woman in Naples?" I shook my head. "Well, I'll tell you. Her family would keep her locked up in the attic, that's what."

I remembered my briefcase, removed a pad of yellow legal paper, and prepared to take notes. "Let's start at the beginning," I suggested placating. "Why should Emily Simmons charge you with theft?"

"Huh! That's not the beginning." There was a note of rebuke in his voice. "That's the end." He pulled his chair closer. "I'm going to talk to you man to man."

I understood that he intended this as a compliment of high order.

"So," he continued. "I'll tell you the real beginning." He reached for a portrait and held it up for my view. It was a stylized painting of a matron: wide, bare shoulders, very fair complexion, regular features, auburn hair

pulled into a bun. An' overall primness.

"My wife," he said. "Gorgeous, right? But, I regret to say that she is American born - no offense intended - and not very understanding. So, once - no, twice - I packed and moved out. Not for long, you know. The first time for, let's see, about two weeks, and this last time for three months."

I interrupted. "This has something to do with the criminal complaint?"

He looked pained. "Of course," he said. "It's my wife's fault that I met Emily.

When I moved out, I didn't want to go to a hotel - much too expensive. So I found a nice boarding house."

While I continued to take notes, Anthony Lancellotti explained that he rented a furnished room in a brownstone boardinghouse

owned by Emily Simmons. The location was convenient, within walking distance of the studio and a short taxi ride to the Opera House on 39th Street.

Emily Simmons had asked how long he intended to rent. A year? He wasn't sure, but maybe. When he moved in, she presented him with a printed lease for a year, but he never got around to signing it.

She was delighted with her new tenant, with his old-world courtesies, his flowery phrases, and his imposing appearance. Within a week she asked him to join some of her select, long-time tenants for breakfast, which she supplied at extra cost. Shortly thereafter, she sometimes invited him for dinner in her upstairs apartment, and she tried to cook some Italian dishes. He settled into a comfortable routine, but he disliked the depressing drabness of his room. The walls

were brown, the carpet dark green, and the furniture plain.

"At first she seemed like a very understanding woman," he explained, "very cooperative. When I mentioned that her bedroom was papered with bright colors and mine was so dark, you know what she did?" He paused and nodded his head in full approval of her decision. "She papered my room with the same bright colors. She even asked me to shop for carpet with her, so I could pick out what I liked."

I continued to scribble, hoping that all this was somehow connected with the warrant.

"Well," he continued, "about three weeks ago, my agent told me that he had booked me for summer concerts in Paris and Rome and arranged for my wife and me to sail on the Isle de France. My wife was happy to hear from me, you can bet, and still happier about our trip to Europe. Do you want a little wine? I have a good year - Lambrusco."

I looked up from my notes. "No, thank you. Please, are we going to get to the warrant?"

"Oh, sure, sure. The same day I heard from my agent, I told Emily that I was moving. It was late that night, after dinner. Ah, she made good lasagna and we finished off my wine. Well she, uh, Isabelle, hah, ha, she didn't say a word. Not a single word all night. The next morning at breakfast, it happened."

Did I miss something? "What happened?"

"When I was having breakfast with the others, she rushed into the dining room, waving some papers over her head, and accused me of breaking the lease. She called me a bum and screamed that I owed her nine months' rent."

"Wait a moment - wait," I interrupted. His explanation was going far afield. "She's not suing you for the rent. She swore out a criminal complaint for theft!"

He hardly heard me. "I was disgraced in the presence of my friends. One of the tenants is a Neapolitan, a young widow, poor woman. I packed my things, called a cab, and left that morning. One, two, three!"

With much bitterness, Anthony Lancellotti continued. "Can you imagine how dishonored I felt, sitting at that table while she insulted me? I resolved that she would pay some day. How would you avenge yourself?"

I returned to my scribbling, but now I understood. Emily Simmons was illegally using a false criminal complaint to pressure her former tenant into paying for part of the rent, which she could not collect on an unsigned lease.

I finished my note taking, closed the briefcase, and told Anthony Lancellotti that we would meet in court at the designated time. "I don't know," I said hesitantly, "how much of a fee to charge. I'll let you know after the trial. Okay?"

"Oh, sure, sure. Whatever you say. Listen, I knew your Papa when we were no bigger than a violin."

As soon as I left the studio, I rushed to a public telephone. Fortunately, Abe Schwartz was in his office. Abe worked for a busy law firm and was a friend from law school days.

I summarized the case and was pleased when he agreed to help. He asked that I visit him at his apartment that evening since his law firm held him closely accountable for his time in the office. I was unprepared for his invitation, and began to offer some lame excuse.

"It took me three months," Abe said, "to persuade my mother that I was not deserting her if I rented my own apartment. I have one of those new pressure cookers. Hungarian goulash is the chef's special tonight. Dinner is at seven o'clock. Please bring an appetite."

I copied the address of his Manhattan apartment and then telephoned my home.

**"This crazy woman says that I stole her towels and sheets. That's America for you!"**



Mama was out shopping, which allowed me to avoid a dozen pressing questions as to why I would not be home for dinner. I left a brief message with my sister.

That evening, while Abe and I ate goulash, he explained the penalty for violation of Section 462, Paragraph B. "It's thirty days to one year in the clinker, or up to a \$500 fine, or both, if you hit the jackpot."

I drew a deep breath. "Tell me about the Magistrate's Court," I asked. "We don't have one in New Rochelle."

"It's a New York City criminal court," Abe said, "but it tries misdemeanors only, and handles arraignments for felonies. There's no jury."

After dinner, I read my notes to Abe and he finally said, "Listen, my advice is for your fiddlin' friend to pay this gal the \$180 out of court - before the case is reached - so that the charges are dropped. Telephone your client right away. Tell him it's a bargain at that price."

I hesitated, thinking what an ignominious resolution of my first case, but I telephoned Anthony Lancellotti at his West End apartment.

"Do you call that American justice?" he asked bitterly. "Not a red penny!"

I persisted for a few more minutes, emphasizing not justice, but pragmatism. My client remained adamant. "See you in court," he said with finality.

I turned to Abe. "You heard. I tried, but he refuses to cave in to her ridiculous charges."

We discussed the case further, Abe probing with more questions. "And another thing," he asked. "What's this business about his liking the wallpaper in her bedroom?"

"That's all -- he just liked the wallpaper." As soon as I said it, I felt foolish.

Abe looked wisely amused. "Emily Simmons," he pontificated, "did not swear out a warrant merely to get some rent money, no

siree. She wants her famous client to sit in jail this summer. Hell hath no fury . . ."

Abe went no further, but later, while we walked up Fifth Avenue toward Grand Central Station, he warned me. "Don't put Lothario Lancellotti on the stand. Believe it or not, adultery is still a crime in New York, and your loquacious client might open that door. An assistant D.A. or a newspaper reporter might walk through the door right into the bedroom. Heh, heh, heh." That's how Abe laughs, even today.

I arrived home very late and used the rear entrance. Papa was waiting alone in the darkness on the porch; I could see the glow of his cigar.

How is Anthony Lancellotti?" he asked. "Everything hunky-dory?" Papa liked American slang.

Three days later, at the designated time, I saw my client in the rear of the crowded courtroom. He hurried toward me, smiling with excitement. "Did you hear the news?" he asked, clasping my free arm. "Did you see the Times this morning?"

"What news? I didn't see anything special."

"You didn't see anything?" He observed me solemnly, with disappointment. "It was right smack on the front page. Toscanini, Arturo Toscanini," he said reverently, "was chosen to organize and conduct the new NBC Philharmonic Orchestra."

"Oh, yes, that. I saw the headline."

"Imagine," he continued, "for the first time ever, the whole country will hear great music over the radio at the very moment it's played. Isn't that news?"

"Yes," I conceded, "that's news."

"It hasn't been officially announced yet," he whispered, "but guess who the first violinist will be?"

He winked broadly and poked me in the ribs. "I report for rehearsal as soon as I return from Europe."

I disengaged my arm and, with much unease, I began to tell my client to prepare himself for the possible cancellation of both his European concert and his new appointment, depending on the outcome of the case.

"You see," I explained, "cases like these are . . . well, unpredictable."

"Un what?" he asked absently. His attention was directed over my shoulder toward the middle of the courtroom.

"Unpredictable. Listen to me; pay attention. What would happen, let's say, if you had to cancel your concert or report for rehearsal a few weeks late?"

Before he could reply, the court clerk called out, "City of New York versus Anthony Lancellotti." A woman I took to be Emily Simmons arose from the middle of the courtroom and strode forward purposefully toward the witness stand. She was well-groomed, wide shoulders, regular features, blondish hair pulled into a bun. Overall, prim.

I walked toward the attorney's bench, closely followed by my client. "Where's the jury?" I heard him ask suspiciously. "I don't see a jury."

Instead of sitting beside me, Anthony Lancellotti faced the visitors in the courtroom. He smiled and beamed as if he were granting an encore.

Emily Simmons testified that she had discovered one dozen towels, six sheets, and four pillowcases - all brand new - missing from her linen closet right after Anthony Lancellotti had moved. She displayed a Macy's sales receipt, which showed that she had recently purchased the merchandise.

When she finished her testimony, I asked, "Did you see the defendant take the goods?" No, she did not. "Was the linen closet under lock and key?" No, not then, but it's locked now. "Was the linen closet accessible to others?" Well, yes. I turned to the judge. "Your Honor, I respectfully ask that these charges be dismissed. There is no testimony that the defendant was seen taking the goods in question. My client, your Honor, is a highly respected,

nationally famous musician, and he has no need" - I used theatrical sarcasm - "for one dozen towels, six sheets and four pillow cases."

I paused for the judge's ruling. He said perfunctorily, "Charges dismissed. Next case."

When we left the courthouse, I floated down the steps while Anthony Lancellotti hailed a taxi and directed the driver to Carnegie Hall. In the cab I told him my fee - fifty dollars.

"That's fair," he said. "Very fair." He reached into his wallet to remove five ten-dollar bills. I leaned forward to tell the driver to leave me off at the nearest subway station.

"Oh, no!" Anthony Lancellotti interrupted. "You must come with me to my studio. I have a present for your Mama. A nice set of towels, sheets, and pillow cases - all brand new."

He leaned back, humming "Musetta's Waltz" from La Boheme.







Fiddler  
Acrylic on Canvas  
Helen Daniels / 2001



Jimbo  
Photography  
Jennifer Hulech-Day / 1995



# To Future Generations

Jerry Hahn - 1995

I saw daylight for the last time  
On March 6, 1940.  
They came in large numbers,  
The entire neighborhood  
Sealed off.  
Like hounds ready to kill  
The sleeping foxes.

Black steel enforced combat boots  
Kicked down our door,  
They charged forward  
Like ancient Greek soldiers  
About to sack Troy.

Mother was shot first,  
As her lifeless body  
Fell back,  
Sunlight from the open  
Window caught a quick glimpse  
Of her wedding diamond,  
A temporary blindness filled the room.  
A captive angel  
Was set free.

Father was next  
Crumbs from warm toast  
Still on his moustache,  
As his body danced across  
The room from the force

Of six bullets.  
I was forced to watch  
My eyelids pinched up  
By hard leather SS  
Gloves.

Why did this happen?  
We helped a Jewish  
Family escape to Berlin.  
I was also accused  
Of violating Paragraph 175.  
I was ousted by an old  
Boyfriend's father,  
Desperately making the attempt  
To cleanse his good son's  
Honor.  
The claim, rape.

Paragraph 175 repeated  
Over and over  
"A male who indulges  
in criminally indecent  
activities with another  
male who allows himself  
to participate in such  
activities will be punished."

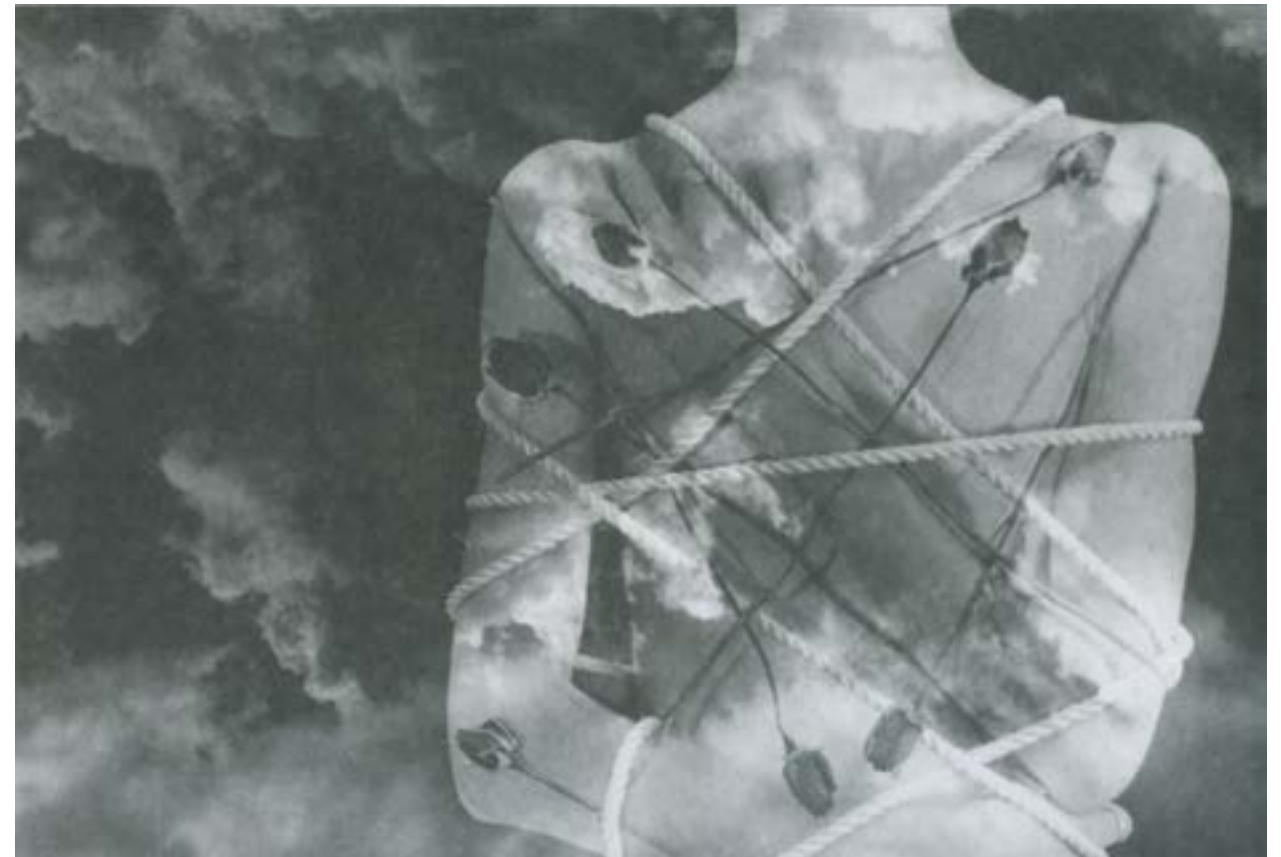
I was sent to Sachsenhausen  
The Auschwitz for homosexuals.  
I had to wear a camp regulated  
Pink triangle on the upper left  
Side of my grey overalls.

We were separated from the other  
Prisoners, in a "queer block"  
At night, we could only  
Sleep in nightshirts  
Hands had to be kept  
Outside our blankets,  
To prevent masturbating.

No matter what the weather

Pink triangles were forced  
To push big cars filled with  
Clay, from the pits to the brick  
Making machines.  
Three miles up,  
Three miles down.  
No mistakes were  
Allowed.

After the war, many gay survivors  
Had no families left.  
We no longer wear  
A stigmatic pink triangle,  
But we are marked  
For life.



Untitled  
Photography  
Chris DeRosa / 1993





# The Outsider

Apdoul Christopher Baron - 2014

I'm a creep and I'm a weirdo  
they all say so

because I always have a book in my face  
because I don't have a girl around my arms all the  
time  
because I'm black and I listen to "Metal".

I'm a creep and I'm a weirdo  
they all say so

because I wear black all the time  
because my hair is "odd by society's standards"  
because I don't follow their rules

But know what I think?  
I think they're the creeps

They are the ones afraid to be themselves  
They are the ones who worships corporate Ma-  
chines  
They are the ones who life is controlled by what  
others think

But whatever  
I'm a creep and I'm a weirdo  
all the other weirdoes said so



Untitled  
Photography  
John Copeland / 1969



# War

Michael Rech - 1969

I didn't have the guts to tell Arnie about the war. At least, not the true war. How do you tell a sixteen-year-old kid about the jungle rot that lodges between your unwashed toes and makes you feel like a thousand bugs are crawling around in your boots? How can you tell a person how goddamn rotten your feet smell when you take your boots off? And the stench of a dead body that's maggoty and rotten from lying in the sun too long. What of the indifferent or lousy feeling when you pick up a blood sucking mosquito and squeeze it between your fingers. How can you describe that? Can you talk about sitting down at a table for a good hot meal when you finally get back to base camp, and then puke your guts when the ants swarm onto the sugar bowl? You don't talk about things like that and wait for the listener to gag with disgust. Nor could I tell Arnie about the day that Johnny Dee died.

He was laying face down on a sloping rice paddy dike. Excrement saturated water covered dying rice stalks and only the portions of his legs above the knee were visible in the muddy liquid. Air escaped from the vent holes of his submerged combat boots and bubbled slowly to the surface. Inch long black leeches dotted his pants, struggling to get a good grip for their mission of parasitism.

An M-16 rifle was cradled to Johnnie's chest protected from the mud and water and his back pack tilted slightly to the left. Johnny always kept a hand grenade safety pin attached to his floppy bush hat. He said it was

a good luck symbol. Sweat dotted his camouflage-darkened face as he stared at the battle that took place before him.

A small girl, clutching her baby brother, ran screaming from one of the village huts that Johnny was watching. Bullets rushed past the girl as she ran and metal sheeted hut walls, proclaiming the quality of (darling Black Label, blurred as the girl's legs pumped, driving her towards the center of the battle. Her long dark hair curved and twisted in her wake and the loose, soiled black silk pants she wore flapped wildly between her legs. She stopped for a moment to get a better grip on the bundle of humanity in her arms. The baby's mouth gaped in howls, silenced by the whistling thunder of exploding rockets. Running again, she dodged shallow shell craters. Tears streamed down her cheeks and the terror in her voice was exceeded only by the fear in her wide, bulging eyes. Both children wailed in unison, pleading nonsensically for the comfort of their mother's arms.

They reached mid-point of the embattled field and heard a stuttering roar. The girl's head snapped towards the left and she stopped, frozen. A scream was cut off and her mouth hung open at the awesome sound. American and Viet Cong guns stopped firing momentarily. An armed American helicopter slanted down on a strafing run as the aircraft navigator saw a target and started firing.

The helicopter gunship lurched from the recoil impact as the noisy six-barreled machine guns slowed the air speed of the ship by twenty knots. The navigator had only

fired the guns for two seconds, but that was enough as two hundred bullets streaked into the bodies of the children and smashed them lifelessly to the ground. The perpetrator of the deed looked at the forms, his face locked in an agonized stare, as the helicopter flew swiftly by.

Johnny Dee continued staring as one of his comrades rose swiftly from the dike's security.

"Raymond, get back here!"

"Get down you damn fool."

"Raymond . . ."

Hands grabbed for the soldier's legs, trying to drag him back into the rice paddy. Many eyes watched as Raymond escaped the clutching hands and ran towards the enemy. He dove to the ground and rolled to his right. Raymond was applying an Army theory that if a man ran for only four seconds at a time, and then dropped prone to the ground, the man might succeed at rushing the enemy. American firing decreased as the men counted soundlessly.

"One, two, three, four," and then screamed,

"Get down!"

Raymond spread-eagled and dove, bounced, rolled and rose running again.

Hearts beat faster as the company watched and hoped. Wordless lips moved, whispering encouragement as they ran with Raymond. Viet Cong tracer bullets buzzed the air in burning, orange brilliance as "Charlie" tried to cut the charging soldier down.

"Inta the trees, Ray."

"C'mon Raymond baby. Make it.

Make it. The shell crater man. Inta the shell crater."

Raymond started to dive again, only ten yards from the Viet Cong — and BOOM!

A Claymore mine exploded, spewing glass, rusty nails, chunks of tin and other debris. Raymond's right arm and shoulder thudded to the ground as the rest of his

blood-spurting body was hurled backwards. And Johnny Dee's empty eyes just stared.

Shouts of obscene anger rose in volume as American automatic weapons doled out a controlled firing rate. Empty shell casings poured from weapons and tinkled as they met on the earth. A steady WHUMP, WHUMP, WHUMP of mortars and the coughing POCK of grenade launchers prevailed, punctuating the chatter of small arms.

The symphony of firing reports slackened and halted abruptly as the cease-fire order was given. A sudden silence hung over the area as if it were closed off in a bubble of glass. The rotor blades of a helicopter made the only sound as they slapped the air.

"Okay, check out the village and burn it. Give me a casualty report."

Smoke and flame followed the breeze as the village was consumed. Someone picked up the stained children for burial and another soldier returned to the company perimeter with two blindfolded captives in tow.

"What happened to the new guy?"

"He got the front of his face blown off in the first five minutes. Never even got a shot off."

No, I couldn't tell young Arnie how Johnny had died the very first time he went out on a combat patrol. Neither could I tell Arnie about the little children that were slaughtered and the soldier who was so brave that he got killed.

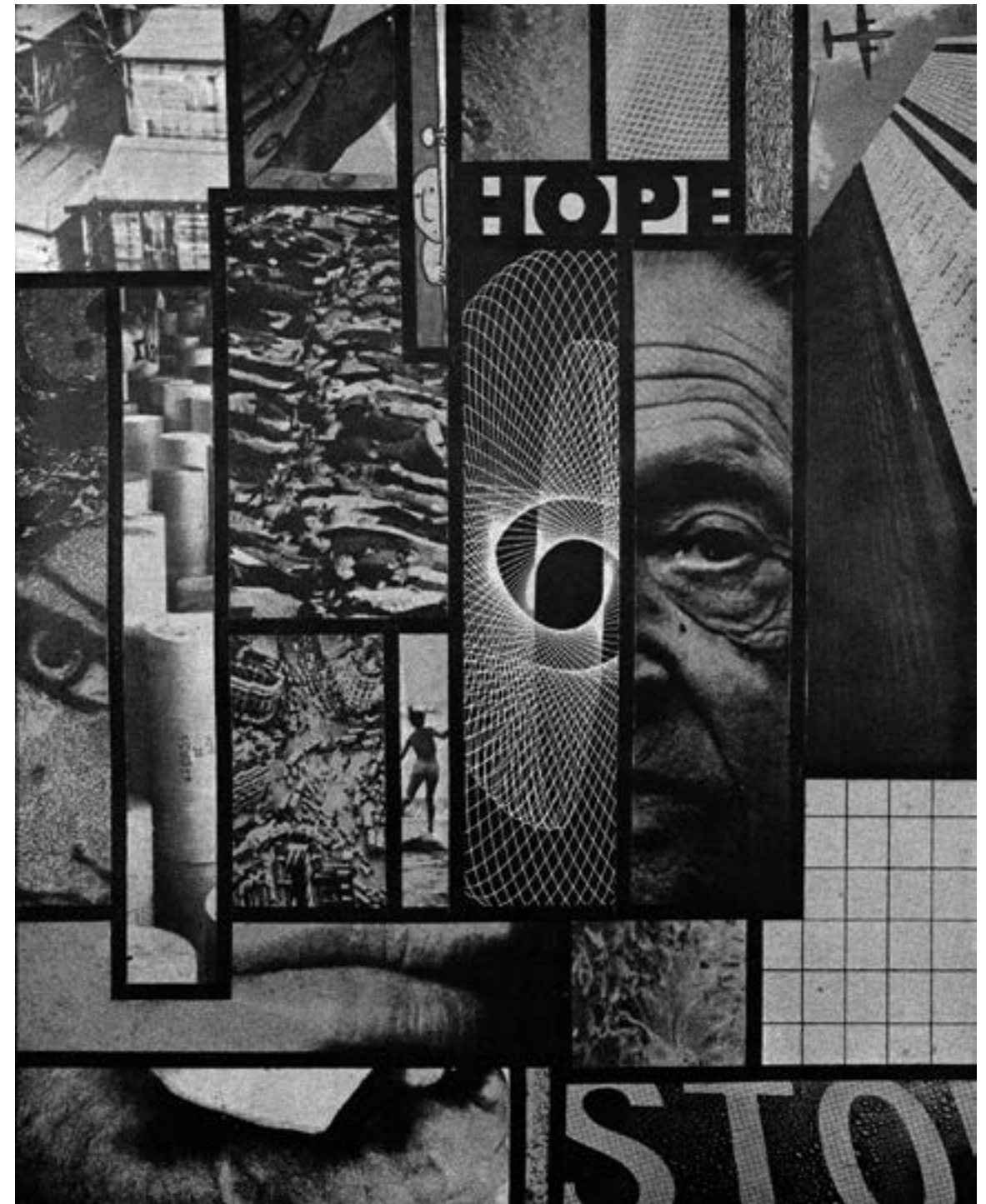
All I told Arnie was about the times we got drunk. I didn't tell him we were trying to forget. Arnie laughed at the stories. And me — I guess I cried a little.







Untitled  
Collage  
Sarah Gwaltney / 2002



Untitled  
Collage  
James Higgins / 1968





# The Wicked

Lloyd Stronthman - 1969

“And I’ll tell you as sure as I stand here before you . . . blasphemers will burn in hell . . . adulterers will burn in hell . . . drunkards will burn in hell . . . all people with evil intentions will burn in hell!”

The man in black stood before the twenty or thirty people that had come, pounding the table before him in emphasis of the words he had spoken. The room was small and unimpressive, but well filled. Of the people there, however, few listened, and even fewer heard, so that, although the words were well emphasized, the believers were few.

Someone must have heard though, because there was only one noticeably empty seat in the room, the seat directly to my left. This creates a two-foot wide gap between the aisle and me, which no one had seen the need to occupy. Apparently no one had even noticed it was empty; after all it was in the last row, and the man in black was overpowering if not overly convincing.

“The book says,” the man in black continued, “Ye serpents, ye generation of vipers, how can ye escape the damnation of hell? And I’m asking you exactly how can you hope to escape the damnation of hell in the lives you’re living?! You’re all going to burn in—”

“Hell? What is hell?” The words came amazingly enough from the gap located directly to my left. They were spoken gently, questionably, very softly, and almost fearfully.

“What is hell?” once again came softly from the gap to my left. The eyes of the man in black came to rest on the spot that until

that moment, or the one before, had been vacant. All eyes in the room, along with my own, focused on the man that had taken the seat next to me. What was seen was surprising, and only slightly short of amazing.

There, directly to my left, sat a man; short, even squat, he had to make a noticeable effort to see over the hat of the lady in front of him, which had somehow managed to stay atop her head. He sat almost cowering in the seat, awaiting the vindication of the man in black. One could feel the sweat begin to bead on the man’s small, round head, which was completely devoid of hair. I wondered how the courage to interrupt the man in black could have come from such a man. My train of thought was soon interrupted, however, when once again, “What is hell?” came gently from the man to my left.

“What is hell!” boomed the man in black. “You ask me what hell is, sinner? I’ll tell you what hell is! Hell is the place where the blasphemers go, hell is the place for adulterers, for drunkards, for—”

“For those who would not fear him which is able to destroy both soul and body . . .?”

Again all the eyes turned to the man and again the man in black stopped to glare at the small, cowering figure. This time, however, the man in black slowly closed the book that rested in front of him.

The noise made by the pages touching seemed to ring in the room, and once again all attention was drawn to the front.

All eyes on him, the man in black

slowly began to move towards the last row, far left side. Rage showed in his face, and the hands extending from the black sleeves were instinctively clenched into fists. Determination showed through the red of his face, and hate was audibly detectable as he said in a strained voice, “Sinner, we will not stand for interruptions here, we will not tolerate insolence in this house, this is the house of the—”

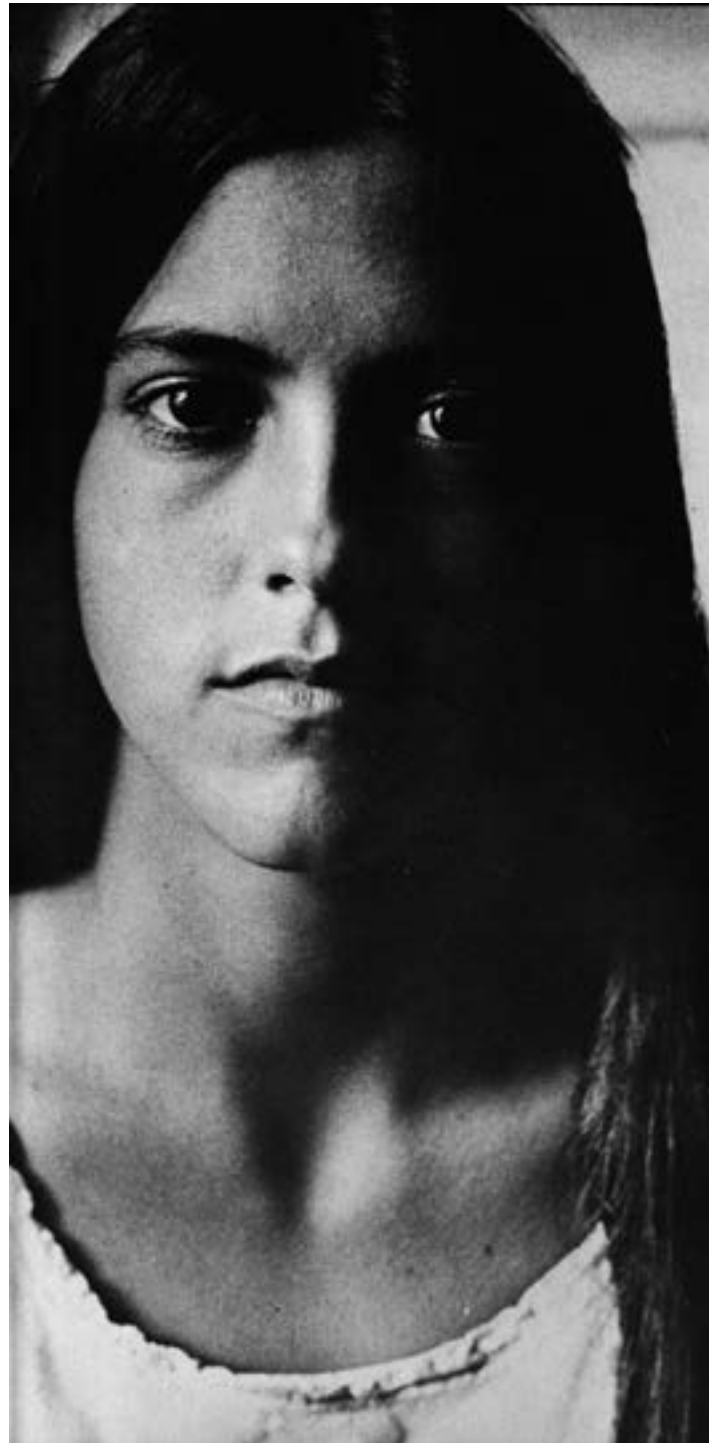
His voice stopped as if cut by a cleaver. I looked to my left and saw that the man in black was speaking to what was, once again, the only noticeably empty seat in the house.



Pain  
Ink  
Joseph N. Peves / 1992







Untitled  
Photography  
Dave Patrick / 1973

# Red Square

Deanna Dinielli - 2014

Cool air kisses the back of my neck as exchanges in an archaic language surround me. The site, infamous for carnage more than half a century prior, is grander and more colorful than I had anticipated. Carts of fried food and a parade of protesting socialists float through the square. An Orthodox bishop makes animated conversation outside a church while his amber robes shimmer in the light. We suffered through gray, bleak Moscow to this landmark of historical gravity, but instead of marveling at St. Basil's Cathedral or purchasing souvenirs from babushka-clad artisans I couldn't take my eyes off the brides.

Hundreds in alabaster gowns, clutching strong elbows as tidal waves of purity sweep through the crowd in every direction. Wedding parties pose with a backdrop of one of the most breathtaking constructs in history. Corks burst and cheers cling to the breeze in private jubilation amidst merchants and tourists. The world has a way of moving on from horror with cocktails and a highly recommended photographer. This place is the antithesis of the rest of the city.

They will go on to build families and bury parents, to regret this day or choose to remain tangled for life. We will never be in the same space again. Their happiness has no more promise surrounded by the landscape as suffering has a chance of evaporating from the cobblestones.

"A Russian tradition," my interpreter Lena murmurs. "As if white will wash away the legacy of bloodshed."



# Desperately Seeking Ssicca

Julius Robledo - 2014

It all started simply enough. We just wanted to have a good time. By the thousands people gathered at the Miami American Airlines Arena and the lots around it. December 31 was upon us all, and we had nothing better to do but to party. Like a good lot soldier, I had my fill of mushrooms and alcohol by the time I headed towards the gate. There, I was given an extra ticket to miracle away. That's when I first saw her. She was sitting with 3 of her friends, she jumped out at me especially, because of her dreads and eyes, a gleaming blue hue that glistens in my vision even now. She didn't want the ticket, she'd just gotten hers. I went on to give the ticket away, and on my way back I was greeted by affectionate hugs and kisses from her.

Fast Forward

I'm standing in the hallway of the busy arena with my friend who has just been accosted by someone trying to steal his ticket. Luckily, the situation was easily thwarted, and fists did not need to be thrown. I'm dancing to the sounds of the band as they make their way through out the building, everyone has a special step to their swagger tonight. I see her out of the corner of my eye, she moves to my moves. She sneaks up and kisses me again. Her lips try a second time, I hold back hoping she'll return for more.

Fast Forward

Walking through the hallways of the American Airlines Arena edifice, one feels tiny. With the hundreds of people who are making their way around it's not hard to get lost in the rumble of humanity. I make my way out to the patio with my friends' wife. I bum a few cigarettes while we chat with some people. She goes back to the show, I continue on. I head to the larger pavilion where I run into a fellow dread head. There we continue our conversation from the last festival I saw him at. The band is doing well, all the kids are happy. I head back in to see more of the show.

Fast Forward

After my friend and his wife had left, my compadre Pablo Stevens and I made our way outside. Now who should be standing there but this same hippie girl. We flirt back and forth, I am hindered in thought by the boomers as well as the creep who has been hanging around her for a while. She is from Ohio, Cincinnati. Her name is "Ssica." She has 3 older brothers, who (from what she tells me) are more than aware of the life of tour. Her feet are dirty, but in a cute way. Her smile glistens as her new toothbrush falls from her bag, and the saucers in her eyes stare deep into my



Untitled  
Photograph  
Jim Woulfe / 1973





own. She is staring into my soul. I feel her penetrate my psychic barrier, if there ever was one, and I feel heavy hearted. In a fit of pure insanity I decide to leave.

I say good bye, and turn around. I think to myself how much I wanted a real kiss from her all along. I walk back to her, and lightly tap her on the shoulder. Ssica... She stares into my eyes again for what feels like an eternity, I lock my lips with hers. A squirming coil, lustful wonder kiss.

Fast Forward

I am in the truck, we are driving past her. I yell at her to go to the pets show. She yells at me telling me to go to the beach. I ask which one, she responds "All of them!"

Fast Rewind

It's before the Phish NYE show. Pablo and I are sitting on the tailgate and there is this dirty hippie guy with a weird rock thing, he says it takes the masses of chaotic energy, and reorganizes it into something workable. I grab it, and make a wish... I wish i could meet her, the one. My Hippie Girl.

Fast Forward

It's the day of STS9, she said she'd be here. I arrive early at the lot. It's always interesting to see the people who frequent these shows. I'm hoping to run into Ssica.

Fast Rewind

It's the 1st; I'm in the car with Steve and Darren from Particle. Sammy had me pick them up from their hotel. They seem tired and worn out. The week's festivities seem to have taken their toll.

Fast Rewind

She tells me to go to the Particle show with her that night. I told her I couldn't, my ride was leaving.

Fast Forward

I'm talking to Steve about Ssica, and how odd the whole thing has been. He agrees that it is a strange occurrence indeed.

Fast Forward

I'm sitting in a full lot, there are hippies everywhere. Tanks are going off in the distance, and although it's been 5 hours, I'm still waiting for Ssica to show up. I run into many a friendly faces in the meantime, so it's ok. I feel like I get ripped off by a hippie momma who is just throwing some game in the lot. I still eat the tab, but I'm doubtful. It's not till later that I realize it's real.

Fast Forward

I'm standing in a dark hallway halfway through my trek into the venue of the STS9 show. My friend from the inside has come through. I make it into the show unscathed by security, who I fly a peace sign to as I pass by. My search continues once inside. No sign of her. I end up in the upstairs lounge area having a drink. Sitting down and having a smoke, a thought of her eyes, that blue ocean of majestic and infinite possibilities comes to mind. The way she smiled so freely, and flowed with the music. A Goddess, a Lover, a Kindred Spirit.

I am walking through, when someone approaches me and asks for a light. I can't help but oblige, and spark conversation. Justin, as it turns out, shared my hopeless romantic ideals. He was also here in search of a girl.

Although we both were here for the same reason, let it be known that we both had very different situations though much the same. Although I was certain I had Ssica's heart, I was not sure if I could ever find her in person. When Justin had his girl in front of him, it was uncertain from his part whether or not he had her heart. He brought her across state lines, hoping that this would be the spark that they needed. Here I was, at the STS9 show Ssica said she'd be at, looking for her, hoping this is the catalyst that would initiate a change upon themselves just the same.

Fast Forward

I'm walking down the sidewalk, screaming Ssica at the top of my lungs. The alcohol and acid have taken the best of me, senses

and emotions are intermingled in a cluster fuck from hell. What am I to do? I couldn't find her. I was sure she'd be here. The world is warping too fast for time to make sense. I find myself wondering through the streets and flow of the crowd. Voices intermingle, warbles of words and snorting mixed in with a hiss and coughs from the smokers. A cop is walking behind me. I catch him out of the corner of my eye as he is riding on my shadow, hoping the hippies won't notice them. I instinctively call out 6-up.

Fast Forward

He is leaning on a tree. Just getting bailed out of Dade County Jail, he seems somber as can be. It's just getting to me, he says. It's finally catching up to me, I can't believe that all of this shit happened, it's just too real... does anyone have any Ketamine? I'll take some Ketamine right fucking now. He slumps further into himself, lost in his own emptiness realizing he is helpless. Nothing can help him now, it's time to wake up and smell the roses.

Fast Forward

I type the following into my blackberry during The Heavy Pets STS9 after show, heavily intoxicated on LSD:

Love, it will make you do the darndest things. Travel to the end of the world, Lands untouched by thought graced with a mere vision. Of the life, the love. Here I sit, after looking all night for her, seeking Ssica. Nowhere to be found. I had to give it one try.



One fucking try. It is not without a battle that I will go down. I walked these lots, in search of something so pure, so unrelenting, that nothing could stop me. Although I sit here, lost in the haze of the evening, I am aware that the unattainable can be reached. I had it, held against my lips, in a truest form of lust and wonder. Her lips. I wanted nothing but to hold her hand one more time. One kiss, one nod. She is now lost to the wilderness of the world. I am aware, yet unaware of the true reach and grasp of this IDEA. I am a lover, forever lost within the land of wandering souls. Will I ever find her? My Goddess? Where are you? Embodied in a thousand and one forms, within the minds of us all.

I love you.

Fast Rewind

Like in the song "Simple" by Phish "What is a band without skyscrapers?" You know? Justin says. Like, you are the skyscraper, and you are reaching up above, beyond the normal bounds of reality. We are the skyscrapers.

Fast Rewind

I'm sitting at the beach. I drove to Atlantic and A1A, parked my car, and waited for the sun to come up. There, I thought about what she'd said, about going to the beaches. It had been a while, I only live 20 minutes from it. What could her name be... Her real name... I wondered and wondered, until it came to me. Ssica is short for Jessica.

# The Young & Fiscally Reckless

Barkesha Green - 2014

Why should I care, why the fuck should I even  
straighten out my hair?  
What is the point of brushing my teeth if all I  
am going to do is wake up, piss/shit, work, eat  
repeat then maybe count sheep.  
Pardon me, if I am a bit crude but I am kind of  
having a 'tude.  
I am in a slump.  
Like most working Americans, this monkey on  
my back is growing into a hump.  
Because my debt is getting steeper and my  
pockets are getting leaner.  
Finally that good 'ole American greed is  
bursting at the seems.  
Our national debt is so high...  
Oh, wait I can I see it from the nozone layer as  
our garbage heaps crown the sky.  
Where did we go wrong?  
I thought if we said our prayers and knew our  
psalms that we would be protected from our  
own harm.  
So why should we be proactive when doom is on  
the horizon?  
Why can't we just be good and average Jane &  
John Doe's and continue to shuffle our feet in  
confusion with no place to go.







Jackie dhana  
Photograph  
Julius Robledo / 2014



Mean Streets 22  
Photography  
Karen Robinson / 2013



# Oh My Queen What Have We Done

Richard Bauer - 1969

All of my children are dead  
How sad innocent children are dying  
Their words must now go unsaid  
From their darkness will come only crying

Dead children, going totally unnoticed and  
deprived of life  
Those that were to be, are now only  
meaningless breaths  
Bound by words to someday become a reality  
They are now distant ideas without any  
hearts to kindle them

All of our plans, our someday family  
Our legacy of an everlasting love  
Would have made us a beautiful life  
However it was decided that none  
should ever see light, hear their own  
first cry or feel substance

For when we parted we killed them  
Our beloved children — the product of our  
everlasting love



Psycho  
Photography  
Sandra Dee Lopez / 1998





# This Land Is My Land

Roger Wilcox - 1969

Barry sat on the edge of the bed, feeling warm and heavy, good with sleep, making the most of his grogginess. Through the open doors at the back of the house he could see Kelly's legs draped over the side of the faded orange sling chair, and a cup of coffee in his hand.

He walked into the kitchen, the tiles cold on his feet, and pulled a paper filter from the cabinet about the refrigerator, and began making himself a cup of coffee also.

The stereo was playing the Beatles' album Revolver, the volume loud throughout the house, out into the lawn in back of the house, into Kelly's ears. Kelly was bouncing his leg over the arm of the chair, and reading a thick paperback when Barry walked out of the house, coffee cup in hand. He laughed one short laugh when Barry nearly fell over the cement block he tried to sit on.

"I'm reading Faulkner," Kelly said. They both were silent for a minute or two, Kelly interested in his book, Barry still numb from sleep. Closing the book on his index finger, Kelly looked at Barry and told him he looked sleepy. "Have you read Faulkner?" Kelly asked.

"American Lit, second semester," Barry replied.

"He's harder than hell to follow step-by-step, but the overall thing gets across," Kelly said.

They both reached for their coffee, and Barry could see that Kelly felt like rapping

about the book he was now biting the edge of.

He began. "I think he says a lot about man's basic evils." He paused again, but Barry only tilted his head, so Kelly went on.

"I think he is showing that the real problem with man was his greed." Another pause, and he added "more specifically, I think his first evil was deciding that the land was his - that he could make boundaries, and sell the land if he pleased."

Barry could add nothing vocal to the conversation yet, so he picked up his cup and walked to the hedge at the corner of their lot, and looked into Mr. Whipple's yard, wherein sat Mr. Whipple, constructing part of a fence he was going to erect. Barry turned, tilted his head toward Kelly, who took that to mean to continue.

"Faulkner always refers to how the Chickasaw Indians sold the land to the people in Yoknew whatchamacallit County, and it really wasn't theirs to sell - I mean, who gave it to the Indians to sell anyway?"

Kelly leaned back slowly in his chair, and as slowly voiced his conclusions. "Man's real original sin was deciding the land was his to sell and segregate."

He trudged back to earth, and put his empty coffee cup on the dew-covered table. Barry was now walking back to the table. With his elbow on the chair he had just been sitting on, he finally spoke.

"But does man do this inherently, is it his nature, or is it possible for man to live without greed?" Barry sat at the table.

Kelly gladly leaned forward to this

contribution Barry had made, and replied "I think he isn't naturally that way I mean, if things like communes can exist, and successfully, then he can't just be that way . . ."

"I'm not sure that's true, even in communes, Barry said. "Remember, they're a relatively new thing to most Americans, and it's too early to judge them yet."

"I have nothing but faith in them," replied Kelly, who was now scribbling in the

dew with his finger, drawing a little face, funny little face, with floppy ears, a big silly grin, and screwy eyes. Barry now was doodling too, and coming a bit too close to Kelly's own drawing.

Kelly drew his finger through the dew, a line between his own and Barry's scribbling. "There," he said. "You can't cross over that line!" Then Barry wasn't sure why Kelly was waving the book, and saying "Oh no, oh no!!!"



Clown  
Acrylic Painting  
Raul Agugila / 2006



# Away She Flew

Johanna Adele Haddix - 2014

A woman's frail body found its final resting place in a hospital bed. Her lungs were deflating little by little. Her bones were brittle like dried flowers. Her skin seemed to sink away within itself. Thin blankets covered the remnants of the fall where she grappled with jagged cobblestone, and the scars of the surgery that rushed to repair her. September rain had cried against the tall window for days. Voices clamored around her, and they liked to believe she heard them. An unborn child kicked in the womb, waiting to meet the woman, not knowing it would never have the chance in this life. In the quietness of his heart, her husband cried out to God in primal desperation, wishing he could pour the strength he had left into her decaying form. But the woman was so tired, and her mind was lost in a place where a nice man called her his duchess and her mother always answered her. How lovely it would be to return to that place.

Day after day, the sun would not shine, and the world, it seemed, grew colder. The woman liked warm air, and the voices knew this very well because she always adjusted the thermostat when she thought no one was watching (they were always watching). So, they warmed the room with stories of how she bore seven babies, yelled threats she wouldn't dream of acting upon (though they knew she could), washed sticky floors, and tried her husband's patience when she wouldn't come to dinner simply because she didn't feel like it. Despite themselves, they laughed at the memories of this most feisty woman. They found solace in those special

places in the past where her auburn hair was a telling sign of her spirit. But her now dry vocal chords rasped and the voices stilled, giving her the quiet she had been demanding all her life. Had she not been in the condition she was in, she would've sighed with great satisfaction and declared peace at last.

Heavenly air wafted into the hollow, where blood and beating organs are absent, beckoning the soul to detach itself from the shell of its mortal body. Despite the ache in every joint, the hospital walls could no longer contain her. The hands that stroked her gray, wiry hair could not hold her back. The moments between each breath grew longer, and finally she met her last. Peace at last.

The morning sun paved the way for her, and away she flew.



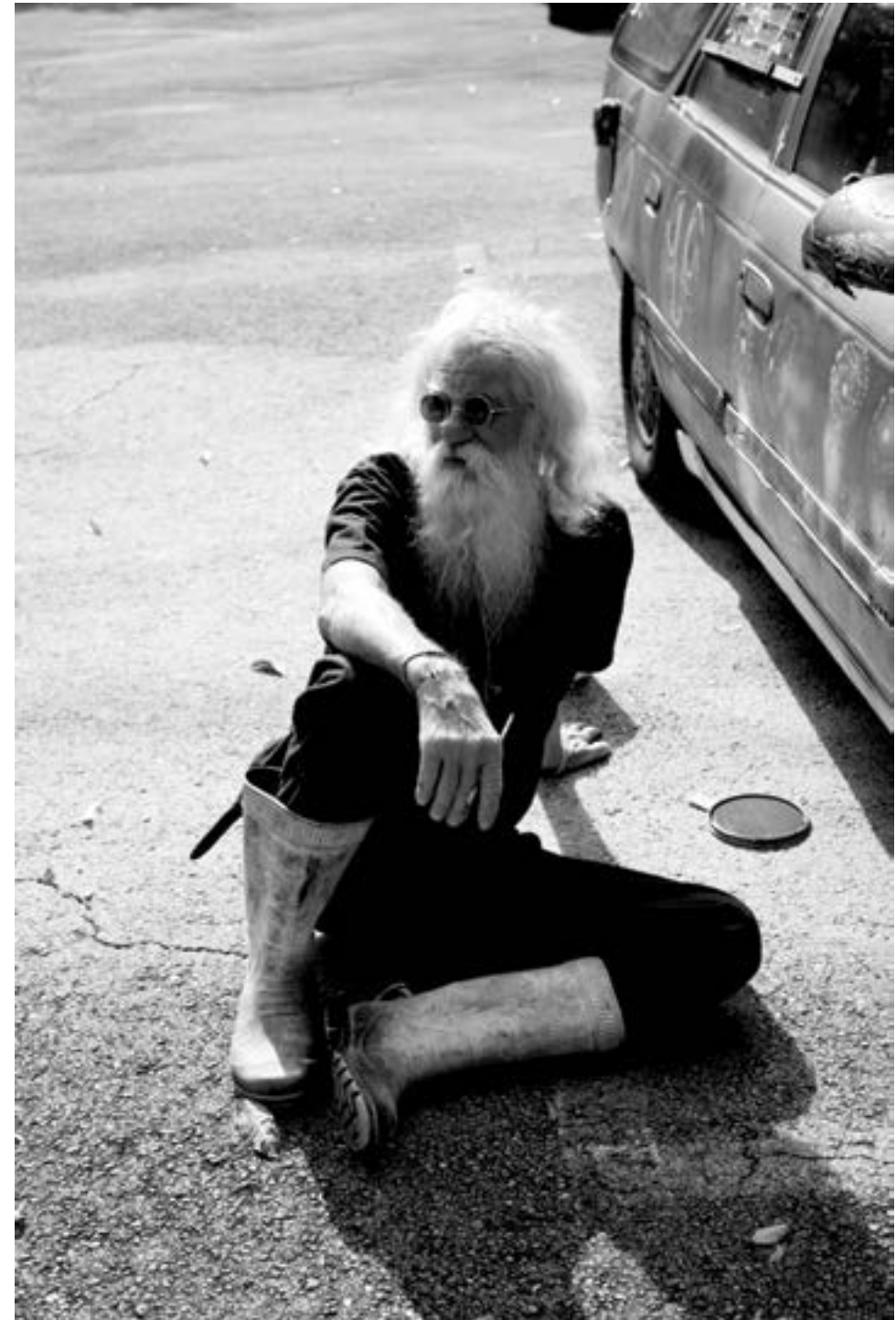
Drawing the line in the sand  
Photography  
Teo Genao / 2014







Untitled  
Photography  
Fatimah Sbeitan / 2014



Painting Hippie  
Photography  
Alyssa Garica / 2011



# So Pretty

Brooke Kneer - 2014

Judy waited that night for her stepfather to fully fall asleep. These were sleepless nights that Judy thought would never end, the helpless cries and the horrible dreams that followed. Always in the back of Judy's mind was her stepfather walking in, wearing nothing but his boxers and telling Judy "That she was so pretty." The door creaked open and Judy once again knew what was going to happen. But this time Judy was over it, no more pain, no more hurt- Judy needed to speak up for herself. Her door opened, Judy tried to scream but no sound was coming out.

# Sweet, Lost, Dangerous Males

Ben Gines - 2004

Cherie couldn't see a goddamn thing. If it weren't for the fact that her black shades completed her outfit and made her look cool, she would have taken them off and flung them into the Hudson River hours ago. Instead, Cherie pulled the sunglasses lower with a slender brown finger as traffic slowed for a red light on the West Side Highway.

All she needed was one more trick, and she'd have her share of the month's rent. It was already one week late, and her two wicked stepsisters were pissed they had to cover for her yet again. This time, they were making Cherie pay them back or she would be out on the streets where they found her.

That, simply, would not do.

Braced against the chilly April evening air, Cherie's eyes widened as a sleek, black limousine approached. A slight moan of anticipation escaped her.

"Ooooo! Money," she whispered to herself.

Delighted by the mystery of who might be traveling within, Cherie licked her lips and dug through her purse. She pulled out a stick of gum, unwrapped it, and popped it in her mouth. Putting on her brightest smile, she then approached the rear passenger door. A faint light showed movement.

Cherie blew a bubble and knocked on the tinted glass.

"Yoo-hoo! Anybody in there?"

Cherie popped the bubble and sucked the gum back into her mouth. She knocked again, her heart pounding with excitement.

"Is there something I can interest you in?"

Still no response.

"Heh-loooowwwwwww!" Cherie hollered, realizing that a more direct approach might work better. "You in there! Wanna buy sum a aedis?" She turned and rubbed her bottom on the window.

The uniformed driver opened his door and stepped out.

"Hey! What the hell you think you're doin'?"

"Nothing." Cherie turned and smiled sweetly. She popped her gum, and then licked her lips lewdly. The driver stared, captivated. "I just thought maybe you, or your. . . friend in the back could use some female company. Or, maybe both?"

"You crazy or something? Get the hell away from the car, you tranny bitch!"

"Tranny? Who you calling a tranny?"

Cherie jerked back, insulted.

"Look at yourself! You sure as hell don't look like a woman to me."

"More woman than you'll ever have!"

Cherie retorted. She started walking towards the driver. "And I'll have you know that except for this," Cherie grabbed herself obscenely, "I am ALL woman!"

The driver snorted, shook his head in amusement, and then folded himself back into the limousine.

Cherie stamped her foot indignantly, sighed, and clicked her tongue in disappointment. Why were tricks getting so hard to find? It wasn't like she had much competition





anymore; the other girls were all moving back up to 42nd Street, Tompkins Park, and even off to Houston Street. As for the trannies, one by one, they were slowly disappearing off the street.

As the black limousine pulled away, Cherie couldn't help but feel her heart sink a little. Regardless of whether she tricked with or not, every man she pinned a hope to, left her feeling empty when they had gone. She stood still and stared a moment after the car's red lights.

Ah, fuck it! I'll just take a cab back home and call it a night.

Just then, a beat-up Volkswagen Beetle slowly approached the curb. The car horn tooted meekly behind her.

Cherie turned, gum snapping. Through the windshield, she saw the silhouette of a man stretched across the front seat rolling down the passenger window. Like a comedic runway model, Cherie placed a hand on her hip, sucked her cheeks in and strutted towards the car.

A fat, pudgy hand tempted her with a crisp, fifty-dollar bill. "Is it enough?" A husky voice spoke from inside. It was more than what she needed.

Cherie leaned forward and was overwhelmed by the sight of the large man crammed into the driver's seat. Her ready smile froze on her face in a grimace. She recovered quickly and swallowed back her disgust by blowing, then popping another large bubble.

"That depends, Big Man. Whatcha looking for?" Cherie blinked and looked into the man's droopy eyes. The smile was back on her face.

"Whatever I can get for this much money."

Cherie bit her lower lip. For a fleeting moment, she thought of snatching the money and making a run for it. She was sure she could escape him. It would be the easiest

money she'd ever made.

"Please. It's all I have." The man squeezed his fist and clutched the bill tighter as if he could read her mind. Behind them, car horns blared, urging them to move.

"Well, I'm sure we can come to some agreement!" Cherie offered the man hopefully.

The passenger door creaked open and Cherie squeezed in. "So, where do we go?" The man asked nervously. He shoved the bill in his shirt pocket while Cherie spit her gum out the window.

"Let's go to the Meat Packing District, No one will bother us there."

The big man hesitated, as he looked at Cherie questioningly.

"Don't worry, Big Man. I'll guide you there. Just go south and get into the far lane, You wanna turn left in a coupla blocks."

Cherie smiled brightly as she pressed against the man and rubbed a hand over his chest. Inside, however, she sighed. As he leaned his foot on the gas pedal, the car engine wheezed and groaned. Cherie rolled her eyes behind her shades. Of all the men in the world, she had to wind up with an overweight Fred Flintstone and his lousy car.

Moments later they were parked in a littered alleyway partially hidden by large trucks. The big man turned to Cherie, his hands still on the wheel.

"So, here we are." He licked his lips anxiously as beads of sweat appeared on his brow.

"We certainly are, Big Man." Cherie turned to him seductively. "You can let go of the wheel now."

"What? Oh."

There was an awkward moment of silence where all Cherie could hear was the excited, ragged wheezing of the man's lungs struggling for more air and the sound of his gurgling stomach.

"And what did you want little Cherie

to do for you tonight?" She rubbed his large, sweaty chest. It was like molding Play-Doh. Cherie had to control herself to keep from squirming.

"There's... so much I haven't done."

The man gasped.

"Really? A big, strong man like you?"

"Most girls... they're revolted by me."

His breathing grew heavier as he continued speaking. "I can't... can't get them to... do anything. Know what I mean? Even when I offer them money. But you. . .you're not like the other girls. Are you?"

Cherie laughed.

"No. I'm definitely not like the other girls. And as for this," Cherie placed a hand over the man's shirt pocket. "Fifty bucks won't buy you all that, but. . .there must be something your little heart wants more than anything in the world." Cherie leaned into him and continued to rub his chest.

The big man thought and stuttered as he glanced at her.

"What is it?" Cherie prodded, her hand sinking lower. "C'mon, you can tell me. What's the one thing you want more than anything?"

The big man moaned and stared wantonly at Cherie as she rubbed him.

"You . . . you have such . . . such beautiful lips."

Cherie's sweet smile grew broader and deep with knowing. She bit her lower lip, glanced down demurely, then back up at her john.

"Thank you." She replied silently, her lips moving seductively. She then tried to unzip his pants. She struggled for a moment before enlisting his help and, even then, it took some doing.

"Whew! There we go," Cherie said with a smile and finally thrust her hand into the big man's pants. She fished around, allowing him to cover the back of her neck with his paw.

But before her lips touched him, the fat man squealed and quivered prematurely. Something sticky and wet landed on her cheek. Cherie found herself trapped between the steering wheel, his hand, and the man's undulating stomach. There was nothing for her to do but wait.

After a few seconds, the fat man grew still. He released his hold on the back of Cherie's neck.

"So. Was that good for you, Big Man?" She sat up and wiped her cheek, then rubbed her head where it had pressed against the steering wheel.

He took a deep breath, as if suddenly awakened.

"I'm sorry. Did I hurt you?"

"Not at all! I just thought I'd never get my head back, that's all."

"I'm really sorry. That... that doesn't usually happen." The man muttered, trying to disguise his embarrassment with a lie.

"I'm sure." Cherie smirked. She'd seen it all too many times before. Cherie stuck her hand out palm up. "I don't suppose you'd consider giving me a discount, would ya?"

"A discount? Why?"

"Well... I didn't get to really enjoy anything. I mean, it all just kinda happened."

"That's not my fault!" Cherie stared blankly, unable to believe what she was hearing.

"Aw, c'mon. It's not like you really did anything."

"Like hell I didn't!" Cherie lunged and reached for the man's pocket. She snatched the fifty-dollar bill, opened the car door, and jumped out. She emerged from the pissy alley and walked away as fast as her long legs would allow.

Behind her, the car engine started and slowly backed out of the street. The Beetle caught up and crept alongside. "I'm sorry. I can't help it. I'm cheap, I know."



Cherie snorted.

“Can I drop you off somewhere?”

“No!”

“Please. Don’t be mad at me.”

“Will you just go away? Leave me alone!”

“Fine! Fuck you, then. You’re probably a miserable cocksucker, anyway.”

Cherie stopped short, her jaw slack with disbelief.

“Why, you motherfucker! How dare you!” Cherie turned, ready to tell him just what she thought of him, but the big man was already pulling away. The engine groaned, then farted, and the beat-up Beetle sputtered away.

Cherie stood choking and coughing in cloud of exhaust.

“You... stupid... fat, fuck! Pervert! Sweaty pig! Little dick!”

But there was no one around to hear her insults. The car had already disappeared around the corner.

Cherie sighed heavily and thought, as she started walking. Just once, I’d like to be treated like a lady!



Dream  
Solar Plate  
Javier Chavarro / 2009





# An Epitaph for the Night

Alyssa Yankwitt - 1997



Cats and Dogs  
Ink  
Dwayne Simpson / 1996

A virgin Star  
illuminating the effervescent Night  
rendezvous with constellations

Pulsing nebula  
This virgin Star  
immaculate conception, pure incandescence  
rendezvous with the Moon

Black velvety Night  
pulsing nebula  
like a brilliant fire in Heaven  
immaculate conception, pure incandescence

But boiling beneath the Sea's  
black velvety Night  
the Sun emerges, sizzles  
like a brilliant fire in the Heaven

Spotlight rays burn the Earth  
from beneath the boiling Sea  
the Moon hides in a sun-lined coffin  
the Sun emerges, sizzles

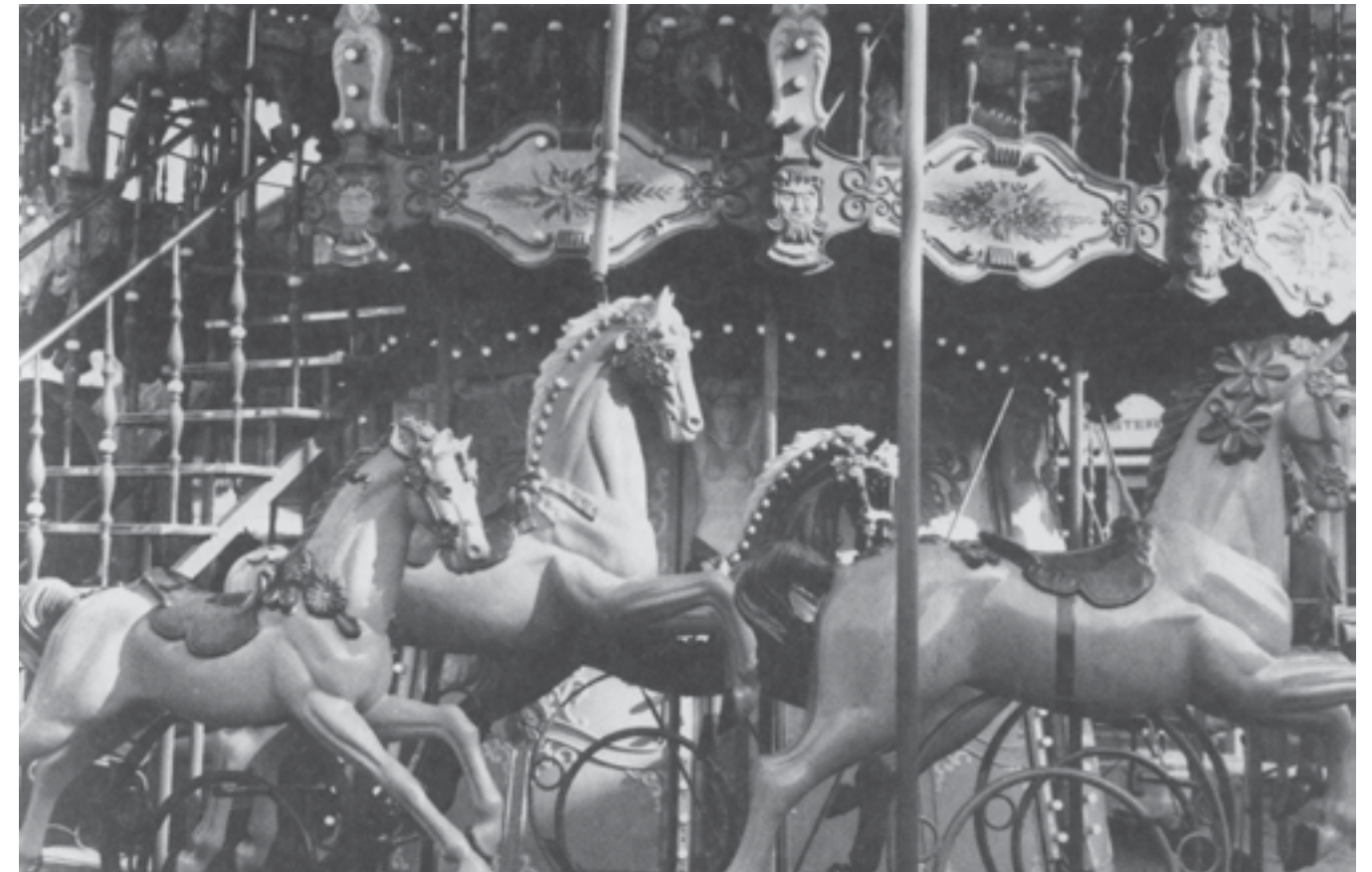
The Sun is smirking with delight  
spotlight rays burn the Earth  
the Night dies gracefully  
the Moon hides in a sun-lined coffin

An epitaph for the Night  
the Sun is smirking with delight  
for Day has raped another  
virgin star





The End  
Book Art, Mixed Media  
Kayla O'Keefe / 2014



Horse, Horse, Horse  
Photography  
Gigi La Valle Foland / 1993





## Advisor's Note

It's about time. For the past 50 years, since its birth in 1964, P'an Ku has served as the catalyst and showcase of the creative efforts of the students of Broward College. From its modest beginning, the magazine grew and flourished, even as the college grew and flourished. Each issue could be looked at as a time capsule. Whether the work reflected the times or the interpretation of the times in which they were created, looking back on each issue yields an abundance of lasting memories and images. Over those years, there have been a handful of people who helped steer its course. Helen Anne Easterly was the first faculty advisor in 1964. My friend and mentor, the amazing Betty Owen, guided the magazine through the 1960s and 1970s. The magazine somewhat floundered in the 1980s with only three issues coming out and even a temporary name change. At Betty's urging, I was lucky enough to become the next faculty advisor in 1990 and have remained so until now. Though not everyone will get this reference, being the faculty advisor to P'an Ku is quite like being the actor chosen to play Doctor Who (actually, to play The Doctor). At this point, I'm not quite sure who will be the next to step forward, but I am sure that it will be someone who has the commitment and dedication to see the magazine continue on its journey through time and space. It is not about individual personalities but more that the franchise continues. In that, I am confident. It's an apt analogy as P'an Ku is like the TARDIS (ask a Whovian): It is much bigger on the inside than it is on the outside. Once you go inside those covers, you never know where you are going to travel. Part of me does not want to leave (the part that doesn't grade papers nearly every night), but the other part knows that it is about time to make the transformation. I have enjoyed the journeys I've taken with the dozens of editors and hundreds of staff members over the years. We always tried to create the best vehicle for the thousands of students whose work has appeared in its pages. I appreciate the support of the various administrators over the years, like George Young, and Penny McIsaac, who each time I said I had enough reminded me why I became advisor in the first place, my friend Charley Lyle, and Neil Cohen, who ushered us into the modern era where we could actually do the entire magazine in color. The encouragement and support of the faculty over the years was so important to any success that we had. I will miss the trips to the annual publications conventions with Jennifer Shapiro and the staff of The Observer. Those were always interesting. Working with the students has been the best part of this adventure. I will miss them. Where has the time gone?

*Patrick M. Ellingham*

## Editors

Julie Adams	2000	Levi Lunon	2011
Vicki Ballentine	1971	Janis Mara	1972-1973
Holly Baublitz	1998-1999	Maria Matienzo	2005-2006
Michelle Becker	2000-2002	Joe Miranti	1972
David Boni	2008	Zita McAfee	1968
Tremaine Byfield	2007	Bryan L. McLane	1982
Susanv Carr	1982	Frank Mitchell	1978
Salomon O. Carrasco	2011-2012	Minerva Moreno	2014
John Charlton	1966	Heather Moore	2010
Alexis Cohen	2003	Russell Moore	1968-1969
Scott Coventry	1990-1991	Emily Moorhouse	2006-2007
Danay Escanaverino	1995	Larissa Nash	2003-2004
Susan R. Feldo	1979	Michael D. Newman	1966
Melissa Frascati	2012-2013	Lisa Papa	1973
Tracy Fritz	1996	Lynn Parker	1974
Pamela Greenside	1994	Joanne Potanovic	1975
Jennifer Hansen	1984	Krystine Ramos	1998
Gary A. Hogle	1964-1965	Shawn Reagan	1970
Judy Mathis Homan	1966-1967	Rena Register	1995-1996, 1997
Maggie Hoyal	1980	Julius Caesar Robledo	2013-2014
Ron Hines	2000	Melodie Rolling	1974-1975
Marie Jennings	1991-1992	David Rossi	1968
Mark Jetté	1992-1994	Sally Rudolph	1997
Whitney Johnston	2009-2010	Marlena Rupp	1976-1977
Ruth Lantzy	1972	Shirley A. Stirnemann	1982
Rebekah D. Laskar	2002	Lysette Taylor	2004-2005
Mary Ellen Lo Bosco	1974	Becky Ryals	1975
		Ricky Smith	1999-2000

## Advisors

John Biays	1984
Dr. Michael Cleary	1982
Helen Anne Easterly	1964, 1965
Greg Eisman	1979, 1980
Trish Joyce	1982, 1984
Dr. Patrick Ellingham	1984
Betty Owen	1990-2014
	1966-1969, 1970-1979, 1982, 1984

## College President

Dr. Joe Rushing	1964-1965
Dr. Myron R. Blee	1966-1967
Dr. Hugh A. Adams	1968-1986
Dr. Willis N. Holcombe	1987-2004
Dr. Larry A. Calderon	2004-2006
Dr. Willis N. Holcombe	2006-2007
J. David Armstrong	2007-present

# Staff Page

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Domenica Molina  
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