





Voices Spring 2008

Voices is produced each fall and spring semester by students enrolled in JRN 139 under the direction of Assistant Professor Molly Sides, with the help of Instructor Scott Fustin.

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Spring 2008

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POETRY

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PHOTOGRAPHY

You Could Just Get Lost

Danielle Bunch

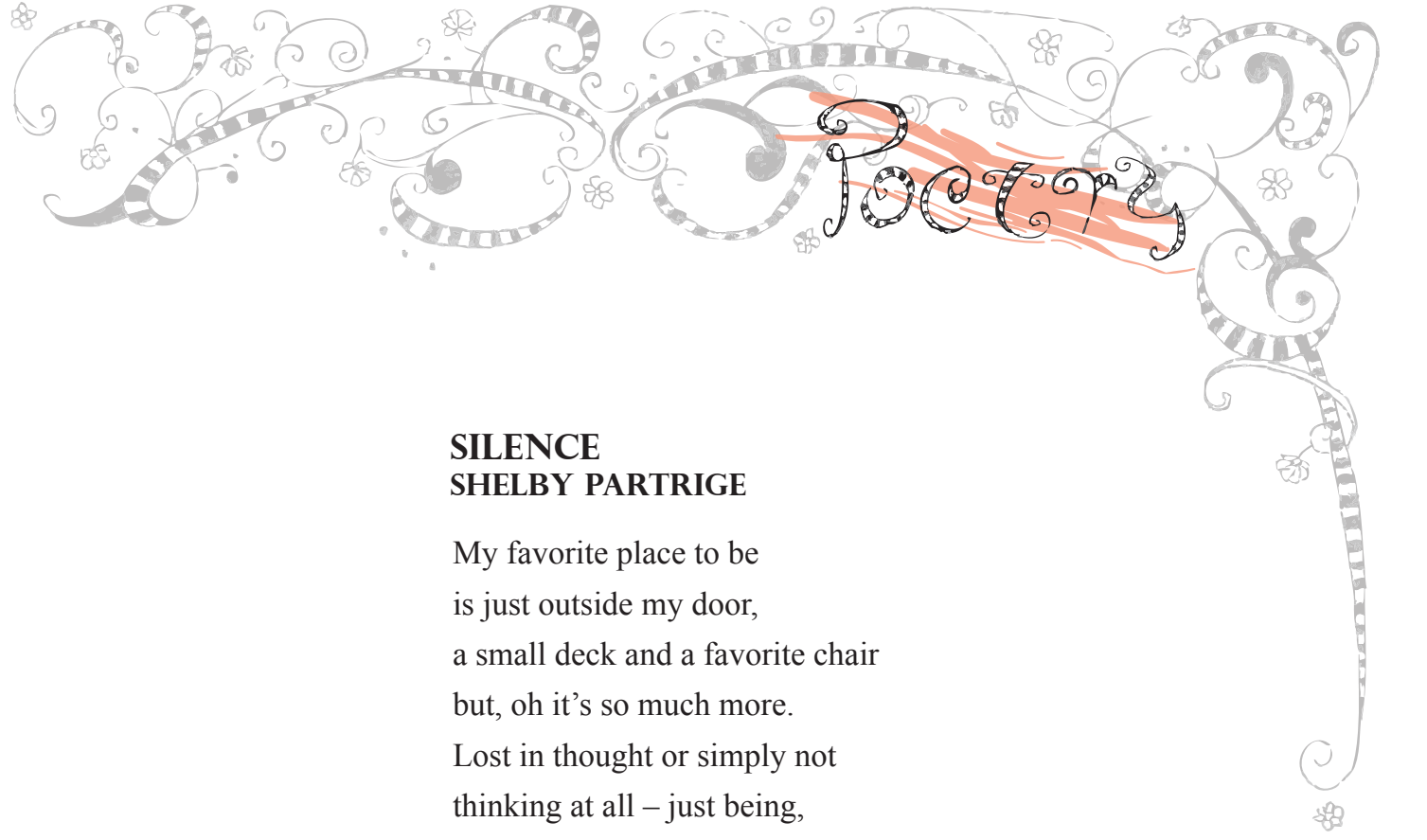
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Voices policies:

Submissions are accepted from students, faculty, staff, and members of the community. All submissions are considered by the *Voices* staff each semester and rated through a blind voting process. All submitted work in each genre is given

equal consideration, and winners are chosen based on numerical rank. Acceptance and publication of work is based on artistic quality as perceived by the student editorial staff. The views or opinions expressed in this magazine are those held by the authors and artists.

Rocky and Rose



Poetry

SILENCE **SHELBY PARTRIGE**

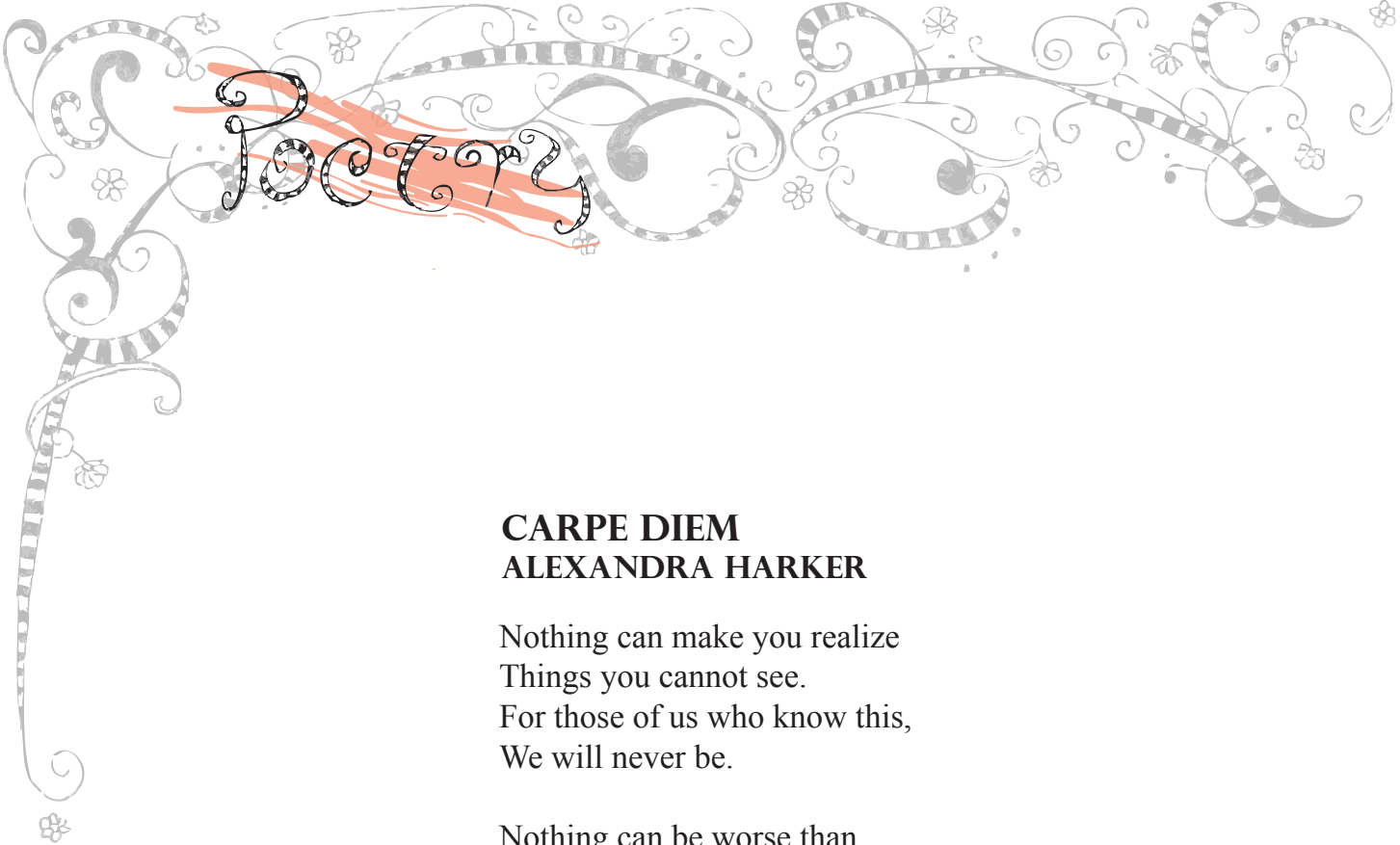
My favorite place to be
is just outside my door,
a small deck and a favorite chair
but, oh it's so much more.

Lost in thought or simply not
thinking at all – just being,
there can be beauty in silence
and not just in seeing.

A gentle breeze touching my face,
wispy clouds going from place to place,
the tops of trees touched by the morning sun,
and at the feeder little birds come.

Squirrels running from branch to branch,
butterflies in motion as in a graceful dance,
such a quiet peace in the early dawn
or in the shadows of a setting sun.

How blessed I am with eyes to see,
outside my door is where I long to be.



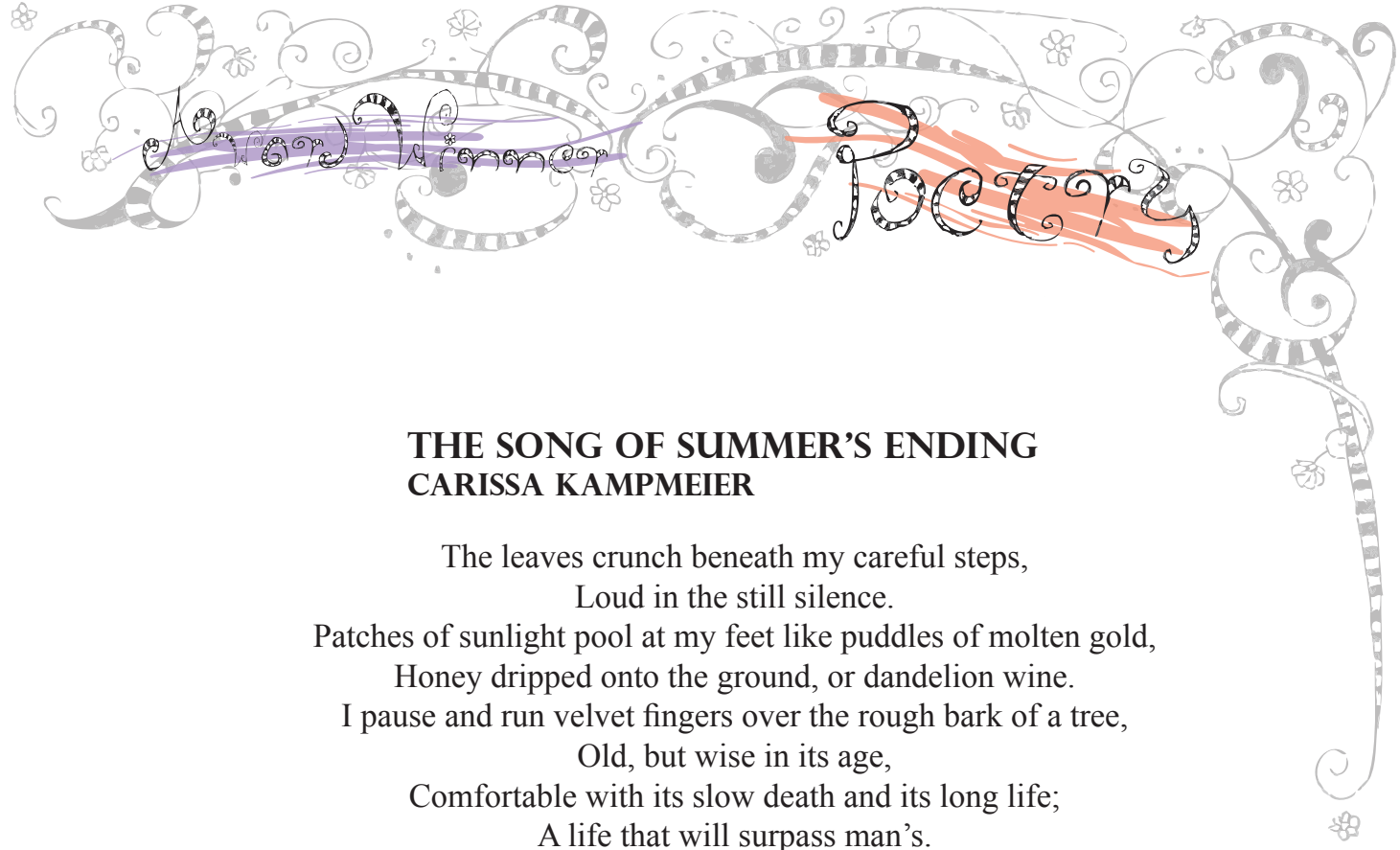
Poems

CARPE DIEM **ALEXANDRA HARKER**

Nothing can make you realize
Things you cannot see.
For those of us who know this,
We will never be.

Nothing can be worse than...
Having to be somewhere each day.
You wake and move and hope life throws
Something in your way.

Nothing, Nothing, Nothing
Is as hard as it may seem.
Use your mind – Waste no time.
Live the life you dream.



THE SONG OF SUMMER'S ENDING
CARISSA KAMPMEIER

The leaves crunch beneath my careful steps,
Loud in the still silence.
Patches of sunlight pool at my feet like puddles of molten gold,
Honey dripped onto the ground, or dandelion wine.
I pause and run velvet fingers over the rough bark of a tree,
Old, but wise in its age,
Comfortable with its slow death and its long life;
A life that will surpass man's.
Breathing in air that smells of summer's ending,
I lift hazel eyes to the perfect sky.
The autumn leaves are outlined sharply against the ocean of blue.
The cold makes everything stand out in harsh relief.
I can almost taste it, sharp and bitter;
The taste of an approaching winter.
Do leaves mourn their death?
Winter brutally strips away the summer green,
Forces nature to show her true colors.
A mask ripped away, and beautiful in its last hour.
Autumn, a time of death,
A time of triumph.
A few leaves break free and float lazily down;
A last journey.
I imagine I can hear their slow, sad song,
Whispered softly as the wind sweeps them away.
A verse from E.B. White rings unsaid in the air,
"Summer is over and gone, over and gone,
Over and gone."



~~Poems~~

“LOVE SONG GONE WRONG: HALF-PRICED HEARTS AT WAL-MART” CILLIAN

It was the thought that he might recognize me from the other night
that tightened in my throat to suffocate me or anything intelligent
that might resemble thought, (meter, or a rhyme scheme)
So, the only think I could think to say to him was “only five dollars?”

I’ve been reduced to love-song-rhymes because I fell in love at Wal-Mart!
And all they sell are half-priced lines for half-priced lyrics written to love-song-
hearts.

But I’d pay department store prices for his.

The lyrics don’t come easy in situations such as these.
Like the first time I saw him and I forgot what it meant to breathe.
His gaze stopped me dead in my tracks in the “check(you)out” line, opposite the grocery side.
His smile may have killed me or any intelligent poetic device this half-priced song
potentially had.

This is a love song gone horribly wrong!

I’ve been reduced to love-song-rhymes because I fell in love at Wal-Mart!
And all they sell are half-priced lines for half-priced lyrics written to love-song-
hearts.

Half-priced lyrics make an affordable gift to half-priced hearts with smiles that kill.
A five dollar love song for a little romance and that boy’s the most beautiful thing this
side of taking a chance!



Poetry

LOVE

LIBBY BANKS

As a child the only love I ever knew poured into my vagina and bled out my wrists
Love came to me open handed with tight white knuckled fists
Love ejaculated into my throat but immediately returned as warm vomit splattering on skin
Not able to withstand the torment within
It was then my spirit resigned
And I knew I'd never find
Sanity of mind
During that time my resolve took leave
It was then mistrust and fear began to weave
A quilt of pessimism and doubt
Until I could no longer reach out
Trapped alone with my thoughts and dreams
While I come apart at the seams



Poems

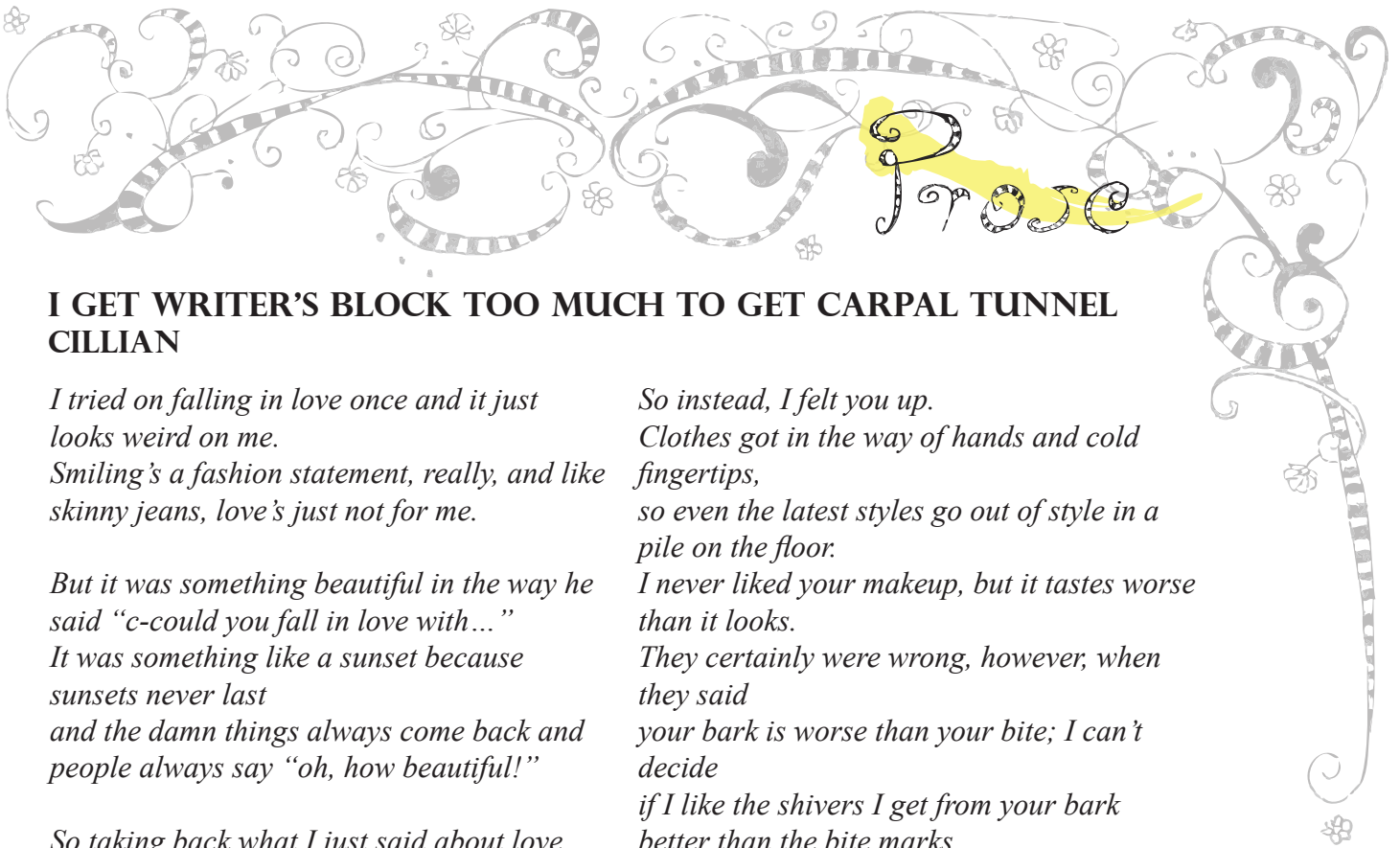
FOXES MATE FOR LIFE CECIL WINWOOD

When her smile perked
her bandanna was pink
but lighter than her lips
which I bewail kissing.

On her dusty front porch
swinging summer away—
Deciduous leaves blew
in her hair comely.

What was I to do
when whispered to me
“Right in my pocket
I’ll be sure to keep you.”

Foxes travel light and
there I leaped away
dancing to Mexico
leaving her alone.



I GET WRITER'S BLOCK TOO MUCH TO GET CARPAL TUNNEL CILLIAN

*I tried on falling in love once and it just
looks weird on me.
Smiling's a fashion statement, really, and like
skinny jeans, love's just not for me.*

*But it was something beautiful in the way he
said "c-could you fall in love with..."
It was something like a sunset because
sunsets never last
and the damn things always come back and
people always say "oh, how beautiful!"*

*So taking back what I just said about love,
there was something in the way he said
"c-could you fall in love with..."
that just made me fall in love!*

I stared, uninspired, at the blinking cursor at the end of the word "love" on the Microsoft Word document. I opened Windows Media Player and my illegally obtained copy of "Pretty. Odd." started playing. ("You don't have to worry;" I'll be the first in line for it when the album actually hits the shelves.)

I looked at the clock despairingly; it was past "nine in the afternoon" and writer's block was making itself at home in my fingertips that missed the carpal tunnel caress of the keyboard when they actually had something to type.

A quote I heard that day was the only thing that stuck out in my mind. It went something like, "do you want to hear a song about sexual intercourse?"

Who doesn't?

If I were going to write a song about sexual intercourse, it would sound like:

You didn't listen when I said "hey, shut up."

*So instead, I felt you up.
Clothes got in the way of hands and cold
fingertips,
so even the latest styles go out of style in a
pile on the floor.
I never liked your makeup, but it tastes worse
than it looks.
They certainly were wrong, however, when
they said
your bark is worse than your bite; I can't
decide
if I like the shivers I get from your bark
better than the bite marks.
This is gonna be my favorite song; I can feel
it in my... (fingertips) ...
and you should want to be the star of it.*

I stopped again. That was one god-awful song. The cursor was still blinking, so I pretended that it was the heart rate-monitor for my writing and it just flat-lined.

So, short stories always fascinated me because of how much they could say in under a thousand words. At the same time everyone always told me "you're gonna die young because your mother's an alcoholic," which makes no sense at all, except that I would love to die young just to be able to say: "my life is a short story: read it and weep, bitches." And the short story would probably be less than 1,000 words about carpal tunnel.

*If (Fueled by) Ramen ever pays me as
much money as I've spent on the college
brand Ramen noodle (breakfasts, lunches,
and) dinners, then I'll write myself "off" and
then write you out because my bedroom is the
closest you'll ever "come" to being famous.*



Rose

"He killed song-writing."

I really don't know if they were complimenting me on my take on song-writing or not because I never wanted to be a rock star when I was growing up; I always just wanted to be a killer. But the last line of the article referred to us by nickname. (And trust me, we were on nickname basis with a lot of journalists, but I never slept with this one). "Just another whiney, wannabe far-cry from a better era of emo, Pete Wentz sell-out band."

That's my favorite nickname. And we've had some good ones.

"Worse than Fall Out Boy on crack."

"The gayest band in the history of flaming." That one was Out.com. And when Out.com calls you gay, it means nothing.

I wonder what they'll think of me after I die and they find the love letters I keep hidden in a cigar box in my closet that my high school calculus teacher wrote to me, signed and dated "you're still a senior, but it's not illegal anymore."

And each letter was successively more explicit than the last. (I don't know what successively means; I "thesaurus-ed" it and used it because it sounds like sex). When all was said and done, we wrote twenty letters to each other. The two and the zero in twenty added up to two hearts beating way too fucking fast, two "(oh, god,)" right "(there)!" hands, and almost being caught twice in his office after school.

Never mind all the songs I wrote. Never mind my band. And never mind my tattoos, the alcoholism, or Chicago. (Or

the tattoo of my guitarist's name I got on my ass when I was drunk and we played a show at Navy Pier). The only thing that matters now is that I fucked my teacher on his desk.

Twice.

"I like the way you talk," the kid said at a meet and greet.

So I didn't say anything.

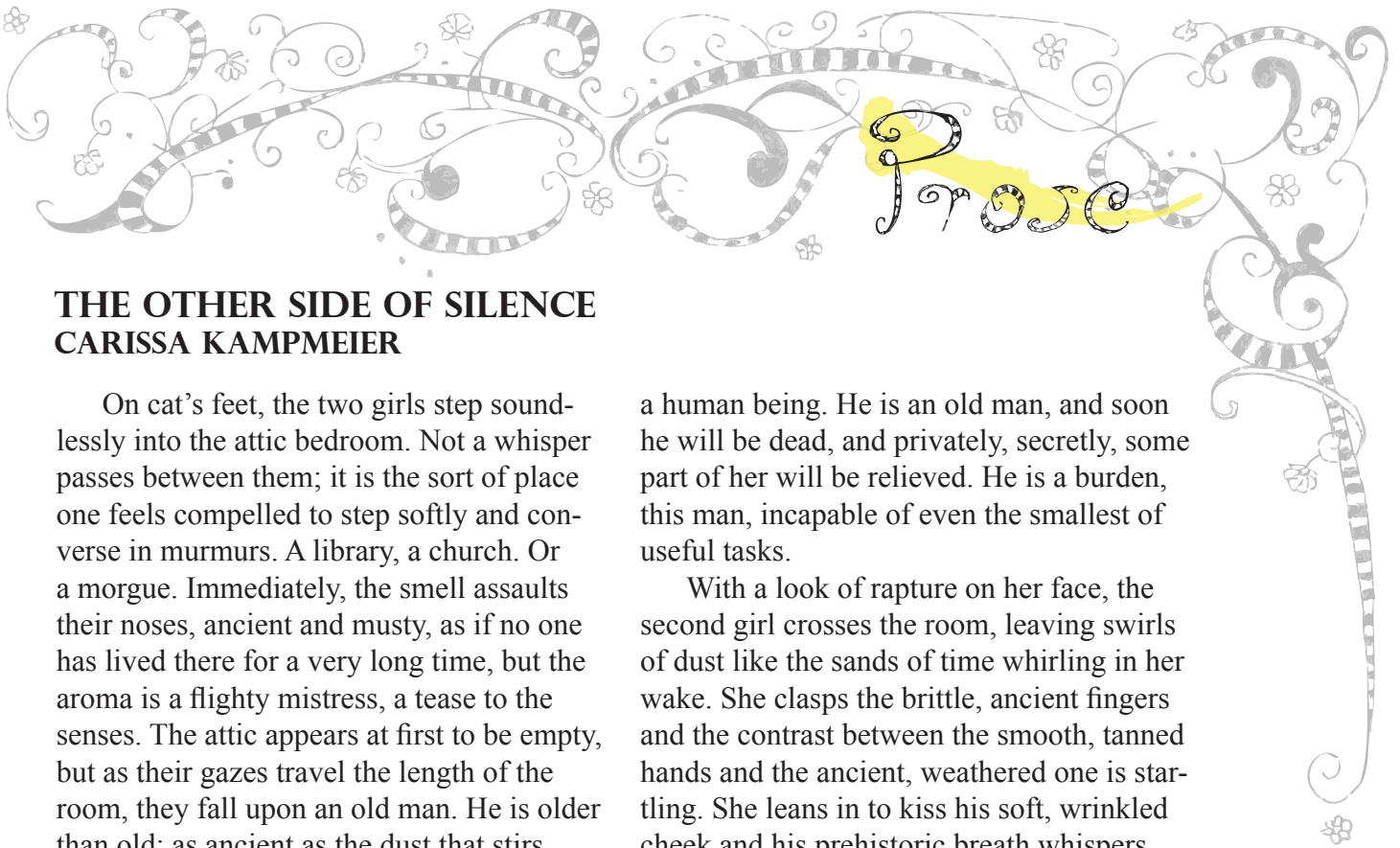
"But you're an asshole."

That made me smile.

"Will you sign my CD?"

I pulled the cap off of my sharpie and stood up so I could lean over the table. I pressed the tip to the skin on his neck and he didn't seem to protest. I wrote, "You're cute, but cuter in a song."

So I wrote a song about the guy and now I'm famous, and I can write stupid stories about nothing, and you'll read them till the end.



THE OTHER SIDE OF SILENCE

CARISSA KAMPMEIER

On cat's feet, the two girls step soundlessly into the attic bedroom. Not a whisper passes between them; it is the sort of place one feels compelled to step softly and converse in murmurs. A library, a church. Or a morgue. Immediately, the smell assaults their noses, ancient and musty, as if no one has lived there for a very long time, but the aroma is a flighty mistress, a tease to the senses. The attic appears at first to be empty, but as their gazes travel the length of the room, they fall upon an old man. He is older than old; as ancient as the dust that stirs from the open door. He is so still, sitting motionless in the rocking chair, that at first sight he could be a corpse; an ancient Egyptian mummy weathered and lined, but breath still wheezes in and out of his dry, cotton mouth. Softly, softly. "Listen," it seems to say, the barest ghost of a whisper upon the still, dusty air. His gnarled hands curve over the armrests of the rocking chair in a cascade of wrinkled flesh. The bones stand out in harsh relief, the veins a vivid blue-purple in the soft, white transparency of his wrinkled skin. Slowly, slowly the rocking chair begins to move, adding its steady creak to the breath wheezing in and out and the silence that still hovers uncertainly, about to be broken.

The first girl is unimpressed, even dismissive. She is not listening to the silence, heavy with impending words. She is caught up in her own head, the thoughts buzzing there like so many flies, insects that tumble over one another, silent on the outside, but chasing themselves in deafening circles in her mind. He is an old man; sick with a slowly crippling disease that makes him unable to perform the necessary functions of

a human being. He is an old man, and soon he will be dead, and privately, secretly, some part of her will be relieved. He is a burden, this man, incapable of even the smallest of useful tasks.

With a look of rapture on her face, the second girl crosses the room, leaving swirls of dust like the sands of time whirling in her wake. She clasps the brittle, ancient fingers and the contrast between the smooth, tanned hands and the ancient, weathered one is startling. She leans in to kiss his soft, wrinkled cheek and his prehistoric breath whispers lightly in her ear. Softly, softly, the breath wheezes in the stillness. Softly, softly, the steady creaks from the rocking chair seem to magnify the silence.

In her eyes, old age is not synonymous with useless. Though the physical body deteriorates, the mind stays as sharp as it ever was. History cannot be taught; it can only be experienced. How better to learn about it than through the tales of a man who was there, watching, experiencing it all? He cannot drive, dance, or do laundry, but he can still teach, and there is no better teacher than the man who lived the lessons he's teaching, the man who experienced the events that are as dry and musty as the attic smells when told by a textbook, but as fresh and exciting as if one was there with him when told by an old man. He has the weight of experience that it takes a lifetime to acquire; he has learned the lessons that it takes a lifetime to learn.

Reluctantly, the first girl joins them, and the two sit at the old man's feet, the hardwood of the floor warm against their fingers and soft with the dust that has soaked



Rose

into the cracks between the boards and, it seems, into the boards themselves. Slowly, slowly the man seems to gather himself, and it is like watching the pieces of a puzzle come together. Slowly, slowly the breath becomes words, soft at first, but gaining in strength. His voice flows through the stillness, as rough and weathered as his ancient flesh, and as he speaks, the stories begin to unfold, beautiful and invaluable, extending back into a time long forgotten. He is a human time machine, this man, a vessel overflowing with an exquisite wealth of knowledge and experience.

Time does not stop as the old man's stories unfold. Though spellbinding in their way, they are not magical in that sense. Time does, however, become immaterial as the words flow through the silence, and the girls sit at his feet, enraptured. Even the first girl, with her cynicism and misconceptions, finds herself enthralled in these tales of the past. Though she is unconscious of it, the humming thoughts in her head have quieted, leaving her with a clear, serene state of mind with which to listen to the old man, spinning his stories with the grace and ingenuity of a spider weaving her web.

He takes them back to his childhood home of the 1930's, and together they leap, run, fly, over fences and through backyards, up into trees and alongside rusting, rattling trains. Somehow, impossibly, they are children again, swept back to a time long suppressed, and almost forgotten. With words as a catalyst, the children grow older, and as they do, the sting of experience wipes some of the smiles off their

faces, and some of the idealism out of their hearts. They grow older, and the experience becomes knowledge, the knowledge, for some, becoming wisdom.

The old man stops, and for one, breathtaking moment, the silence is absolute. For a single moment, it is almost as if time stops with the words. The girls, unaware, have ceased breathing. Then, slowly, slowly, the old man's breath wheezes in, and the creaking of the rocking chair resumes its pace. Awestruck, the girls gaze up at him, not talking, not yet. There will be time for discussing the stories later. Awestruck, they stare, and slowly, slowly, the old man smiles; the old, weathered lips curving, the wrinkles deepening, the soft, lined skin stretching, and as he smiles, they can almost see it. They can almost see the sparkle of a twelve-year-old boy, gleaming brightly in one ancient, glass-marble blue eye.

THE ROMMATE

ALLIE EGGERS

Heidi cries all the time. She's depressed because she doesn't have any friends. Except me. But I don't know if I want to be her friend anymore. Spending time with her is like babysitting without the pay. We went tailgating (Go Hawks!) with my boyfriend and his friends the other day and she wouldn't talk to anyone because she's so shy. I hinted that she should leave 'cause I wanted to spend time with Brad – whom I only see once a month and who drove three hours from Illinois State to see me – and she did eventually. I guess she called her mom on the way home and complained. Her mom must be just as unstable because she said, "What's wrong with you that nobody wants to hang out with you?" What a bitch. I mean even if her mom was thinking that, she should have kept her damn mouth shut and told Heidi she was perfect and everyone else had a problem. That would've at least helped me out. I might not have come home to a trash-full of used Kleenex and a puffy-eyed depressed girl.

Did you know she can't even buy cereal anymore? Apparently she'll eat the whole box in one sitting. I guess the over eating is a symptom of her depression. She's on Welbutrin now. She told me it was just for weight loss, but I looked it up online. It's an anti-depressant that also happens to be an appetite suppressant. I can't wait until it starts working.

Heidi may have a new boyfriend now, or maybe she's just shacking. I never do that – go to the bar, meet some drunk frat boy and go home with him (or bring him home). I mean how low does your self esteem have to be? She always comes home crying, "Why hasn't he called?" or "He told everyone we

slept together." I'm always thinking, "You're actually surprised by this?" and "For the love of God, can you please stop crying?" Anyway, I could tell a guy was sleeping over because I saw a pair of Chuck Taylor's by the door. I threw one of them in the trash and covered it with old newspaper. I saw her looking for it later.

Heidi is an art major. She doesn't have any talent, but I usually pretend I like her art 'cause it's just easier that way. Her biggest problem is that she doesn't have any creativity. She asks me what to paint and I tell her. Without me, I don't know what she would do. Last week, she got an assignment to paint anything she wanted. Of course she had no ideas, so I told her to paint a severed finger with a bow tied around it and call it Ginkgo Biloba. She was too shy to make it realistic; she made it cartoony and totally ruined it. I should have just painted the stupid thing for her. She spilled paint on the floor and let it dry that way. I think she thought I wouldn't notice, or maybe she did it for attention. Aren't people with low self esteem always doing things for attention?

The other day we wanted to get drunk, and since neither of us are twenty-one, we had to do a "Hey Mister." We drove her Durango (leased by her parents) over to the west side of town and asked a guy with teeth rotting out of his skull to buy us beer. She was too timid, so I had to ask. The guy actually came through for us instead of just stealing our money like they sometimes do. When he brought the beer back to us, he passed it through the window and put his whole head inside the car. One of Heidi's feet was up on the seat and she had her toe nails painted red.



Rose

The man said, "Look at those toes; I want to suck those toes."

It was so funny seeing her face. She got all pale and shoved her foot down really fast. I started laughing and I couldn't stop. The guy must have thought he did something great because he started laughing too. I rolled up the window then and he didn't even try to move his head until the glass was pressing into his neck. He started coughing and pulling back all funny and Heidi was yelling to let him go. I was thinking, "It's not my fault he's such a perv that he's too hypnotized by your toes to notice the window." I let it down just enough for him to get free and she stomped on the gas to get away. She didn't talk to me for a day after that. I was kind of glad.

The Chuck Taylor guy is her boyfriend. He spends the night every night. He's practically moved in. When is he going to start paying a third of the rent? I keep a journal of every time I hear the toilet flush or the shower run. It's a lot. Sometimes at night I hear the toilet four times. And she always leaves the lights on, especially in the bathroom. It's really unfair that we split utilities fifty-fifty.

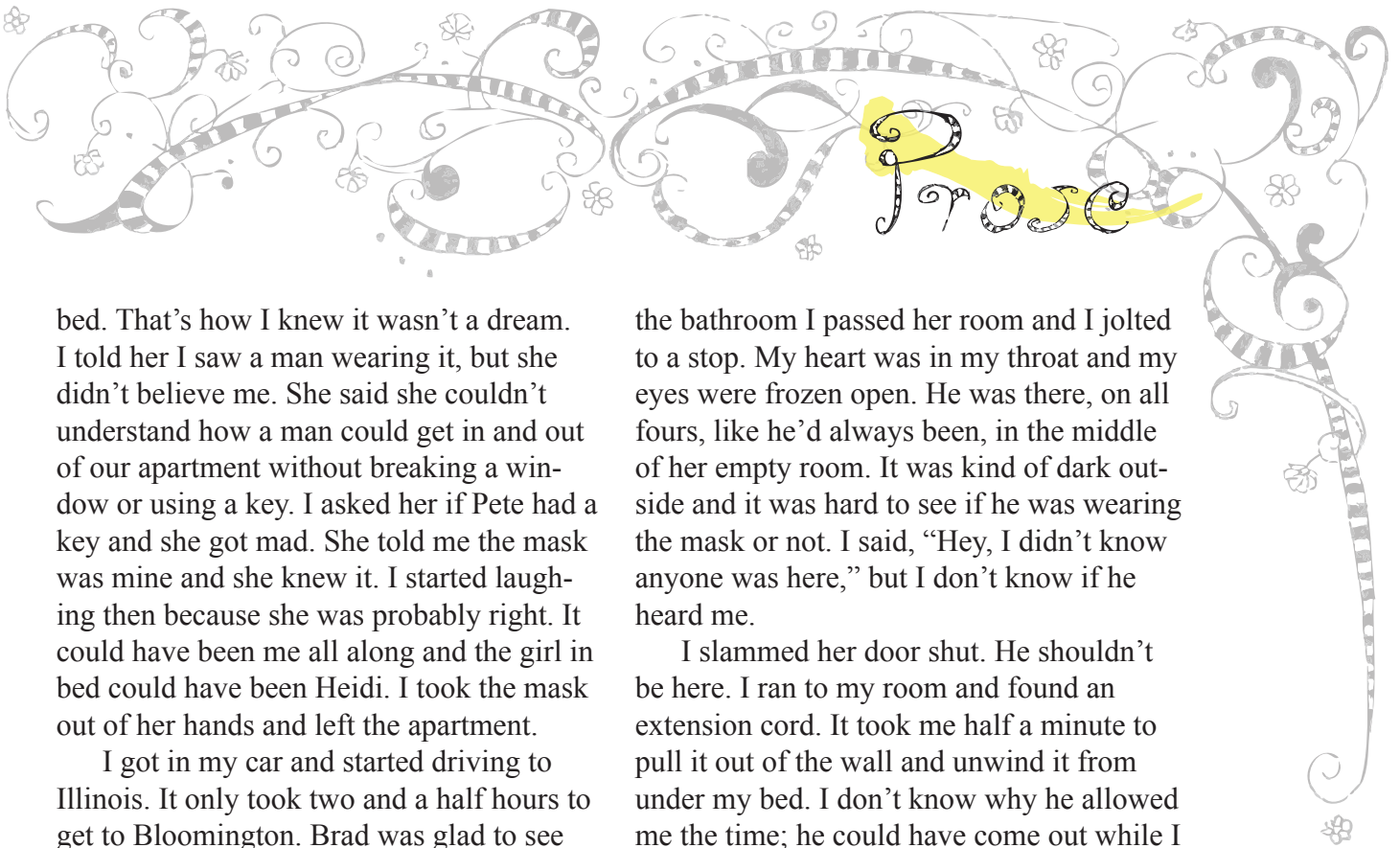
I don't blame him though; Pete's actually pretty cool. He's really funny and smart and creative. If he wasn't dating Heidi, I would totally want to be friends with him. I know that sounds like I want his bod or something, but I don't. He's just cool. It's great for me because now he can baby-sit Heidi and he seems to like it. He chooses where they go to dinner and what movies they rent because she's such a pushover. He likes being in control and she likes being controlled. It's really an ideal situation for all involved.

I get to stay in my room unbothered for once. I used to have to worry about Heidi bursting in crying or whatever. One time she came in without knocking and she saw me with my thumb in my mouth. No one else knows about the thumb-sucking, not even Brad, and it's really infuriating that she does. Neither of us has ever mentioned it, but I know she saw. She won't bring it up on her own; I won't let her. I never act mad, but sometimes I act like she's a total idiot when she does stuff that pisses me off. It works better than getting mad; I never have to pretend I'm sorry for yelling.

She woke up when I was in her room the other night; Pete had actually spent the night at his own place. I was surprised she heard me over her wood-chipper snoring. She was mad that I was in there, but I was mad too. She snores so goddamned loud. I've done it before – sat in there with a balled up sock in one hand and a roll of duct tape in the other – but I've never gone through with it. She asked what I was doing and what the sock and tape were for. I just left. I couldn't tell her I wanted to stuff up that snoring cave of a mouth and tape it shut so I could have some peace for one night.

I had a recurring dream that I was laying on my bed and a possum slinked into my room. He was crawling on all fours and when I looked over the edge, he was staring me in the face. It may have been a man and it may not have been a dream. It doesn't really matter. A person crawling around on the ground like a possum is gross. It's extra scary because I can't see the floor very well from my bed, so I never know how long he's been down there.

Heidi found a possum mask under her



bed. That's how I knew it wasn't a dream. I told her I saw a man wearing it, but she didn't believe me. She said she couldn't understand how a man could get in and out of our apartment without breaking a window or using a key. I asked her if Pete had a key and she got mad. She told me the mask was mine and she knew it. I started laughing then because she was probably right. It could have been me all along and the girl in bed could have been Heidi. I took the mask out of her hands and left the apartment.

I got in my car and started driving to Illinois. It only took two and a half hours to get to Bloomington. Brad was glad to see me and he didn't even mind that I hadn't called. I stayed with him for three days before I went back.

Heidi's Durango wasn't there when I pulled in and I was glad. She was probably over at Pete's. I hoped Pete wasn't mad at me too. He probably was though; who knows what she told him.

When I opened the door to our apartment, it was obvious that she wasn't coming back. Her room was empty and so was the living room. I mean completely empty. All of our furniture had belonged to her, even our appliances and dinnerware. There was a note on the counter saying that she'd moved out and that she'd cleaned her room, the kitchen, the bathroom, etc. I was pissed that she didn't call. It would have been nice to have some warning. She left a pot and a pan but she took the microwave. She should have called.

I went into my room and changed clothes. I really needed a shower. I was worried about how I was going to pay the rent now. She was still obligated by the lease, but I didn't think she'd pay. On the way to

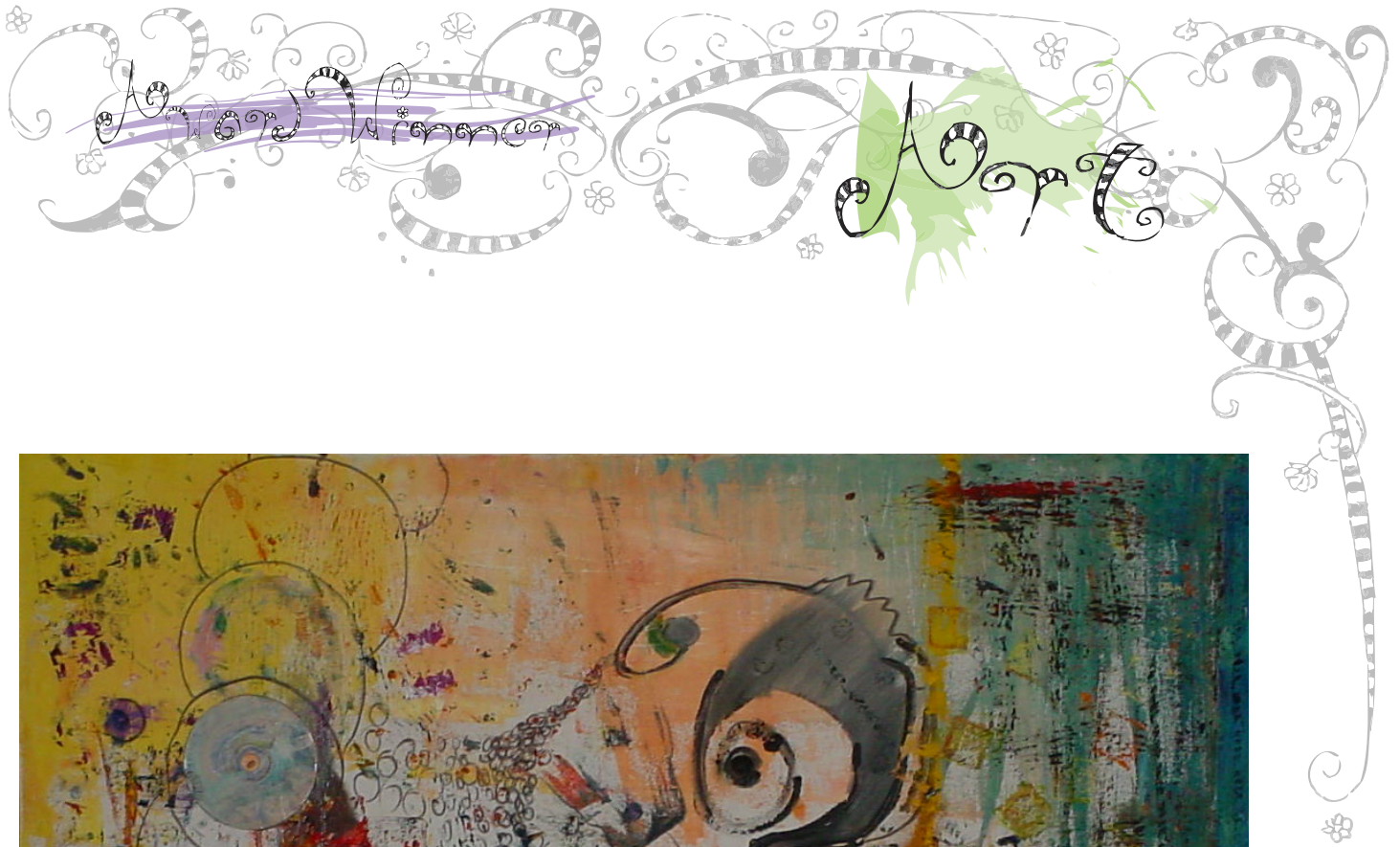
the bathroom I passed her room and I jolted to a stop. My heart was in my throat and my eyes were frozen open. He was there, on all fours, like he'd always been, in the middle of her empty room. It was kind of dark outside and it was hard to see if he was wearing the mask or not. I said, "Hey, I didn't know anyone was here," but I don't know if he heard me.

I slammed her door shut. He shouldn't be here. I ran to my room and found an extension cord. It took me half a minute to pull it out of the wall and unwind it from under my bed. I don't know why he allowed me the time; he could have come out while I was running around.

When I got back to her room, the door was still closed, but I didn't feel relieved. I wrapped one end of the cord around her door handle and tied it in a knot. I pulled the cord taut and tied the other end around the closet door that stood directly across the hall. I was worried because closet doors open outward and if he pulled hard enough he might be able to get out. I ran back to my room and grabbed my desk chair. I wedged it under the closet door handle and tested the door. It wouldn't budge.

I stood in the hall for awhile listening. He didn't make any noise or try to open the door. I told him he could use the window if he wanted to get out. I haven't opened the door to see if he's gone. Everyday, I tighten the tension in the cord to make sure it's safe. He'll probably leave before he dies of dehydration. He's probably already gone.

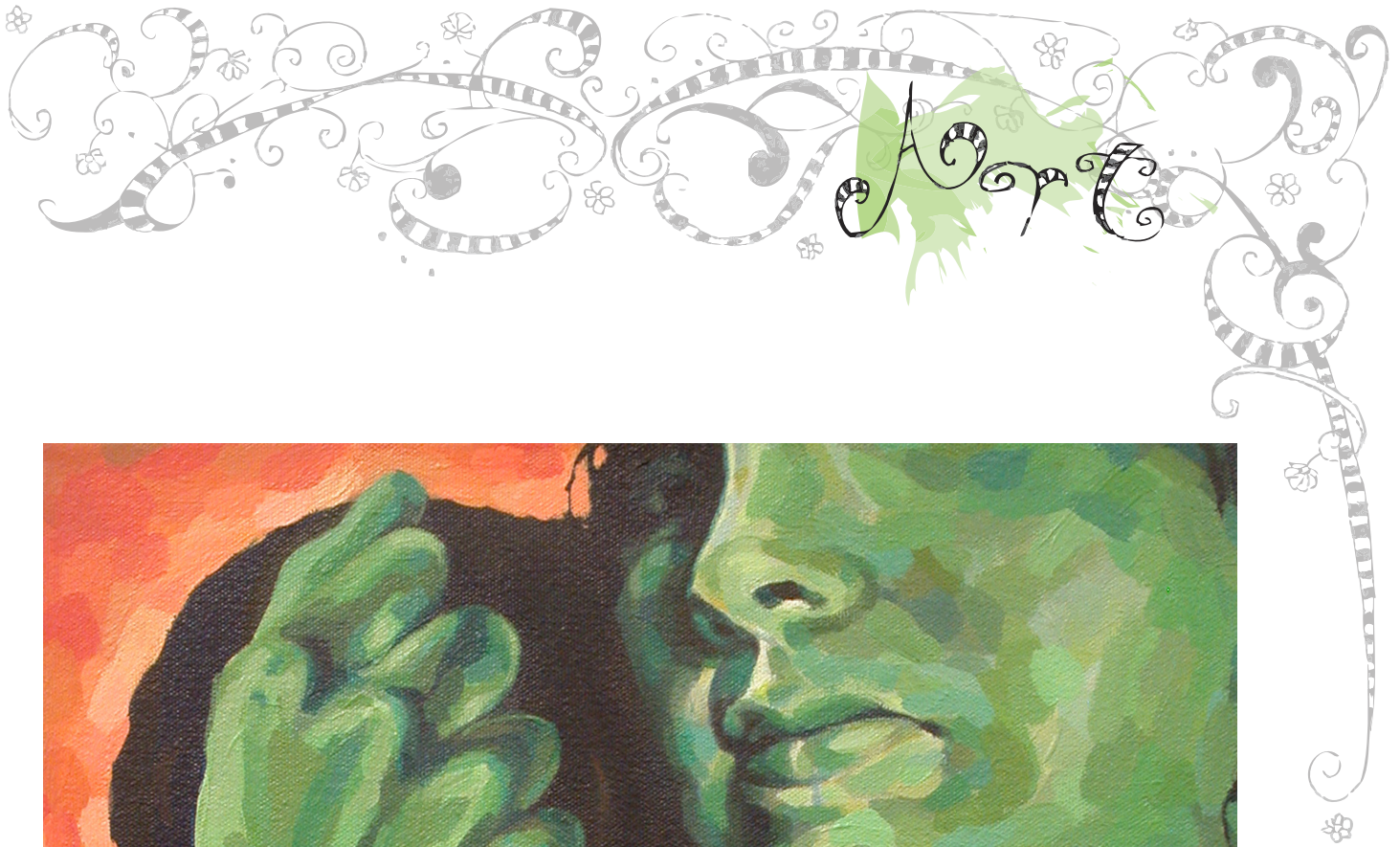




GEOMETRIC BATTLE #1
JANELLE IACCINO



CHICAGO
JANELLE IACCINO



UNTITLED
KRISTY LUCK



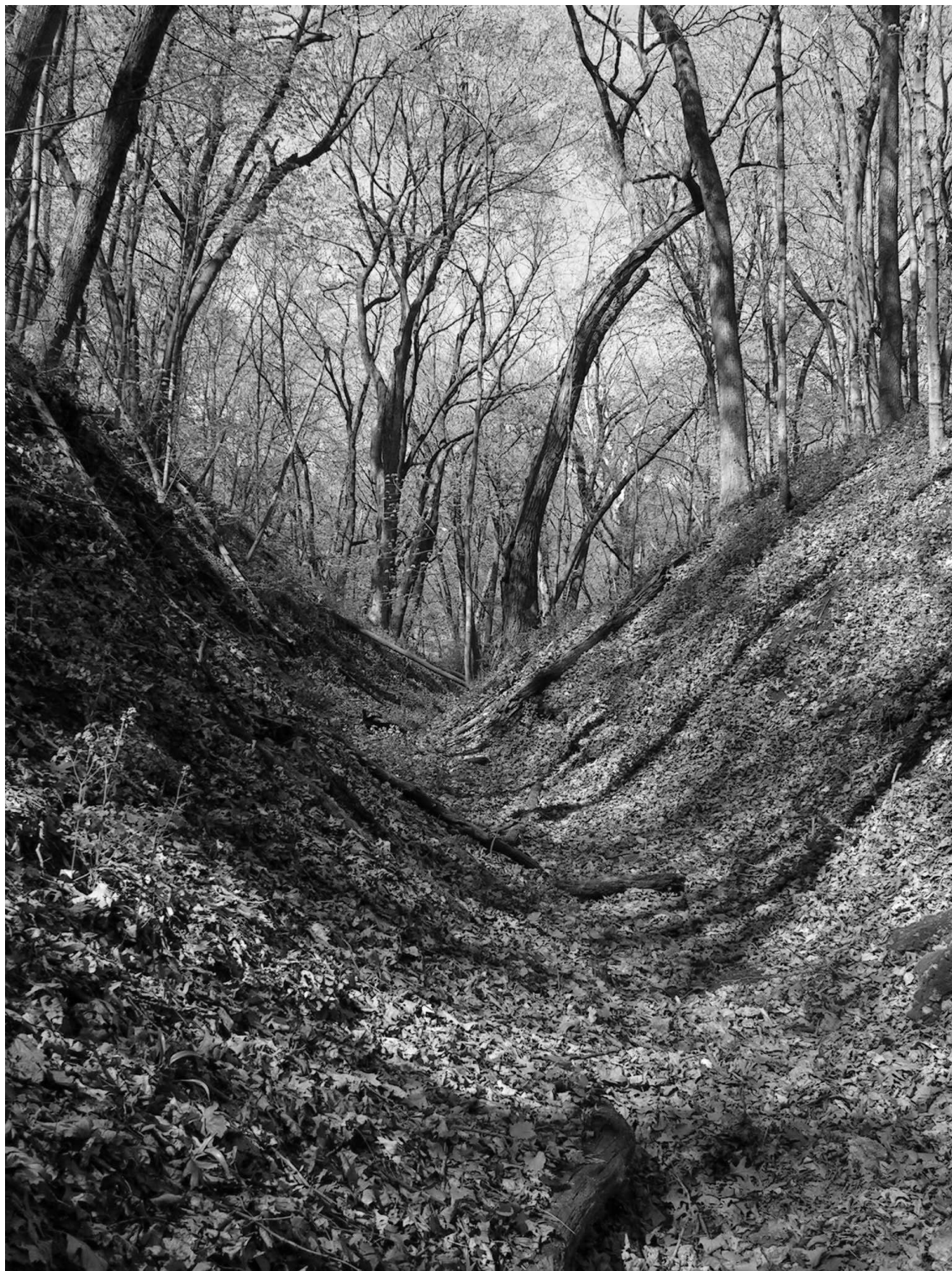
IN CIRCLES
KARRI SCHLUETER



UNTITLED
ERIC MORRIS

Photography

Arden Winner



YOU COULD JUST GET LOST
DANIELLE BUNCH

Photography



CTA
SERGIO A. BLANCO

Photography



FLOWER'S DANCE
JEFF BOYD



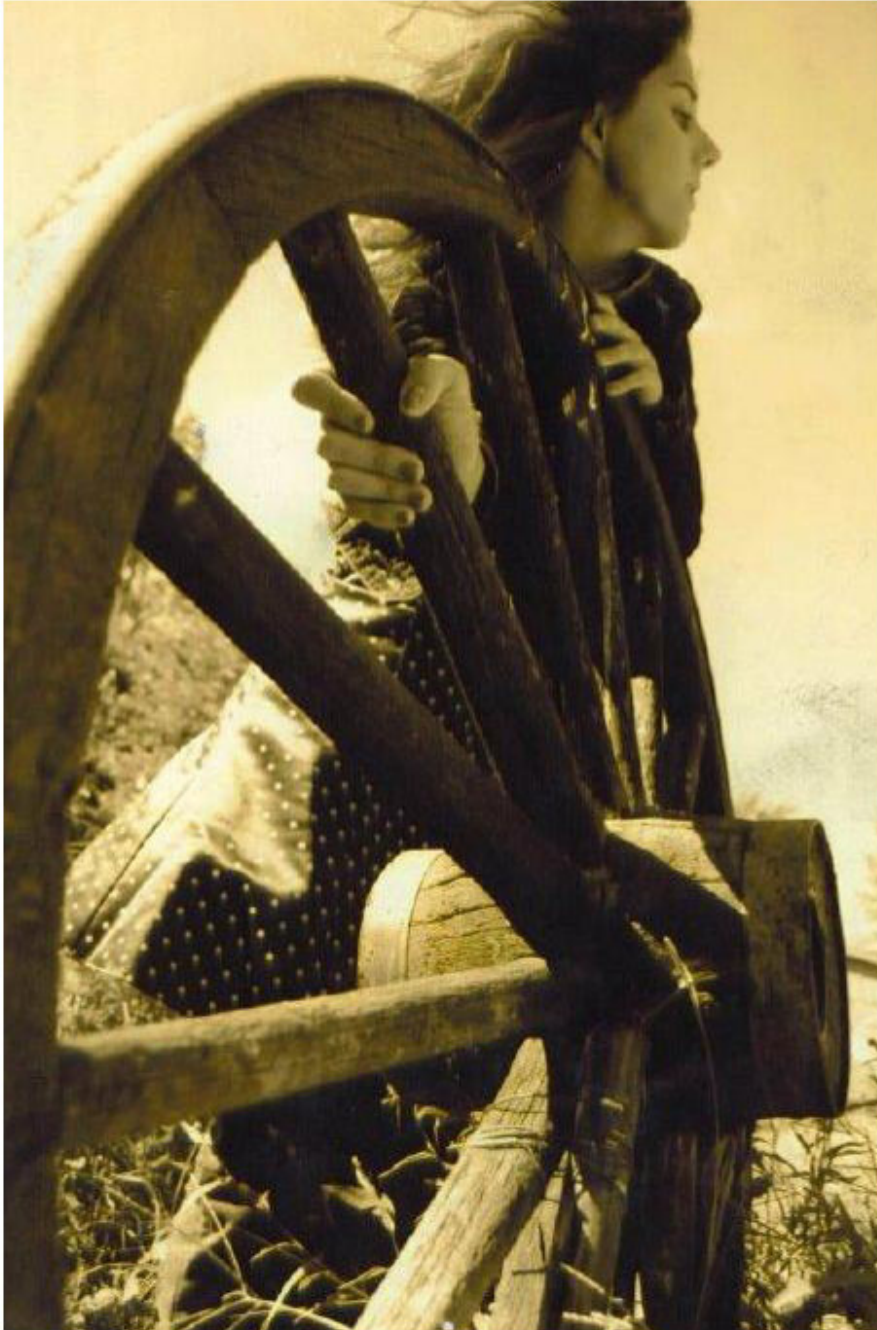
BENCH
SERGIO A. BLANCO

Photography



**THERE WILL BE TABLES AND CHAIRS
CARRIE ALLEN**

Photography



IT COULD BE NOTHING
CARRIE ALLEN

Contributor Bios

Carrie Allen: Carrie enjoys the company of her camera so much that she gave it the name Snedley. She believes no matter what time of the year a photo adventure can ensue with her trusty camera and amazing friends. Her favorite things include reading, listening/writing songs, sketching, baking, and hanging with her pals, and of course photo adventures.

Libby Banks: Libby is a non-traditional student graduating RVC and moving on to get her degree as an art therapist. She is a sensational hippie, an avid animal lover, artist, poet and eventual author. Her favorite times at RVC included History and Philosophy. Libby would like to show her appreciation and thanks to several faculty members, Dr. Beth Ingle, Dr. Jill Raymond, Professor Molly Sides and Dr. Michelle Rotert, without whom this submission would never have been possible.

Sergio A. Blanco: Even as a young kid, Chicago born RVC student, Sergio, was very artistic. In elementary school, he always scribbled on his tests and homework, even when the teachers asked him not to. As he entered high school, his interests slightly changed. By sophomore year, he was interested in graffiti and began writing. In this time, he picked up the name "SURGE" with the help of a fellow friend. As time progressed, he enrolled into Wilbur Wright College in Chicago and became interested in photography. Though he only started off with his cell phone, he continued taking photographs. You can see his gallery at ["surgerocks.deviantart.com."](http://surgerocks.deviantart.com)

Jeff Boyd: No bio available.

Danielle Bunch: I'm Danielle Bunch. I'm 20 years old. Photography has been my 2nd love for a long time; I just don't let too many people know about it. "A photograph is a secret about a secret. The more it tells you the less you know." -Diane Arbus. Messages on foggy windows, she's a firm believer in the phrase, "Love is all you need."

Cillian: I never took calculus.

Allie Eggers: No bio available.

Alexandra Harker: My initial intent for this poem was simply to make a dear friend smile and humbly insinuate my disapproval of his attitude. It's difficult to witness anyone struggle; it's harder to observe a friend struggle; and it's hardest when you must distance yourself in order for that struggle to emit any merit. To create the life you desire, you must first open your eyes! You're capable of anything you dream of, you especially. What are you waiting for? And as for myself, I intend to live the superb life of a struggling artist, see the world, have profound conversations with complete strangers, walk in the rain, write a novel and publish poetry, enter every bookstore and cafe I discover, photograph beautiful places and people, and last but not least, thank my high school English teacher and dear friend for being the only two people who continuously challenge me.

Carissa Kampmeier: Carissa is a freshman at Rock Valley College with plans to transfer to a four-year college, though she laments the fact that she wasn't accepted at Hogwarts School of Witchcraft and Wizardry instead. She has a career interest in creative writing, literature, face painting, and education. Her influences include the extraordinary works of Ray Bradbury and Morrie Schwartz, as well as the everlasting support of her parents, even for her most ridiculous endeavors. She's inspired by the whole world, including such particular aspects as the Losers Club, good music, painting, randomly bursting out into song, getting lost, finding pretty skirts to twirl around in, quoting things nobody has ever heard of, and leaving secret.

Janelle Iaccino: Chicago-native, Janelle Iaccino, developed a very well rounded art education at Dominican University in River Forest, IL as well as the Illinois Institute of Art-Schaumburg. She has spent time abroad in Florence, Italy drawing beautiful Tuscan landscapes. Occasionally, O'Hare International Airport commissions Janelle to "perform" her paintings in the airport's terminals to celebrate Chicago's "Art in Action" for travelers to experience. She enjoys using oil paint as her preferred medium but also dabbles with acrylics and mixed media. Her subject matter ranges from portraiture and landscape to abstract content. She hopes to participate in more Rockford Art events in the very near future.

Kristy Luck: The untitled acrylic painting by Kristy Luck won "Best of Show" at the recent RVC juried art show. She has been doing artwork since a child and began painting in high school. She prefers to do figurative work and chooses subject matter that relates to her personal experiences. She finds her biggest struggle to be focusing on one piece long enough to create a finished product. She paints at least a six hours a week and usually finds inspiration from modern art, vintage photographs, and record covers. She will be attending RVC through the summer and then will be transferring to Rockford College, where she will major in Fine Art.

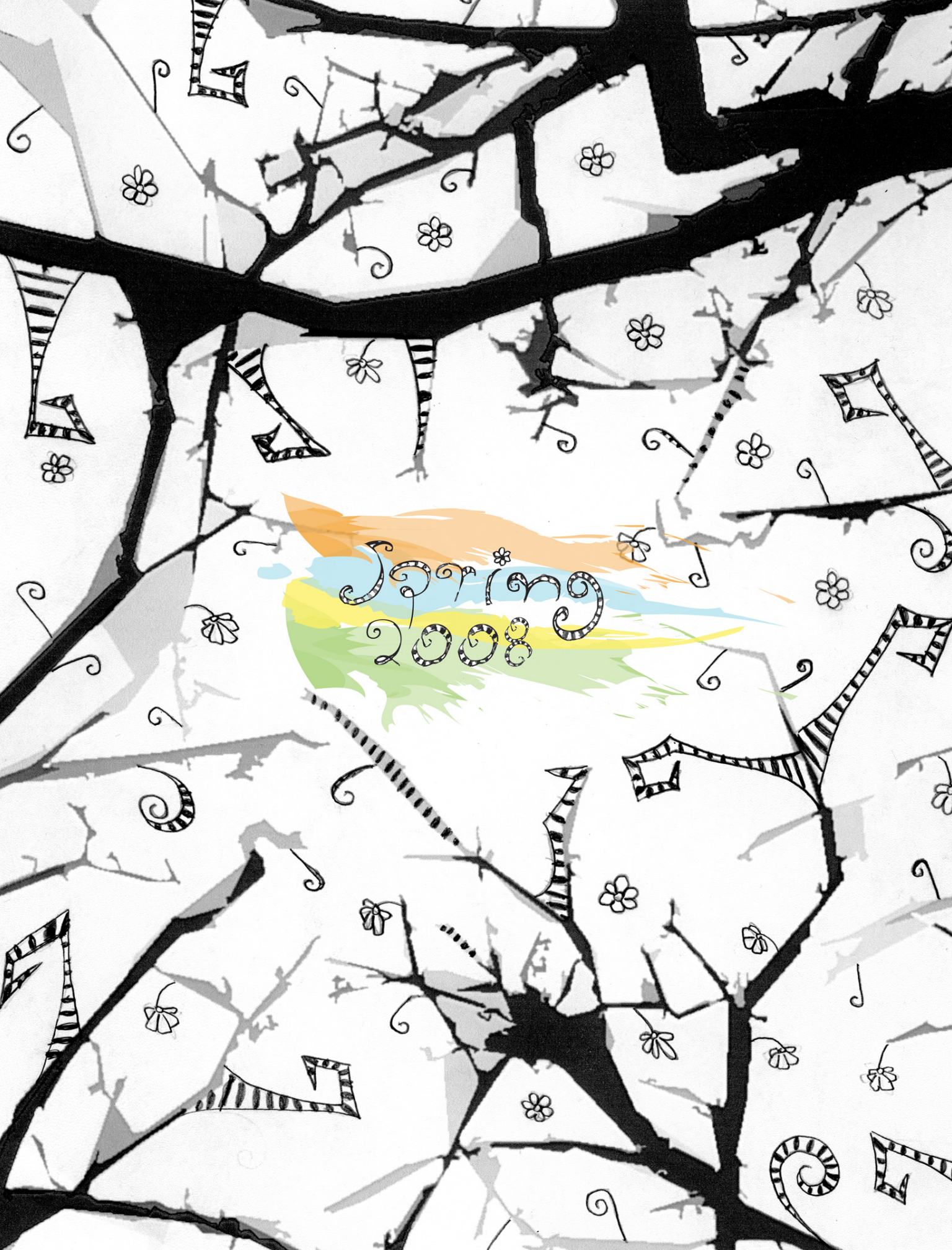
Eric Morris: No bio available.

Shelby Partridge: I began writing as a teen with poetry as my passion. It was not until I took Dr. Chi's Composition class that my interest expanded into non-fiction writing. Until about 10 years ago, I wrote strictly for my own personal pleasure, never letting other people look at my work. That changed when a friend of mine suffered a loss. I wrote and gave her a poem as an expression of my sympathy. She was so touched and encouraged that I now often give poems as personal gifts. A couple of years ago, I had the honor to be nominated by Dr. Chi and Mrs. Gilbert for a Writing Recognition Award. I owe them both for their continued support in my writing. I have begun writing my first book, but with working full-time, school and trying to spend some quality time with my family, the process has been slow.

Kari Schlueter: I have enjoyed the artistic process since I was a little girl. Developing my talents has been a constant struggle growing up. My usual process includes letting the medium create itself. I start out with an idea and try to accomplish it, but I know the art itself has its own motive and will become what it wants. However, to really stretch my mind and to build an idea, I have to stay focused and remind myself of the rules of design. But here again is another problem; I know these rules were meant to be broken. The wonderful art teachers at Rock Valley College have helped me develop my artistic passion and talents. They deserve the utmost respect for the work they accomplish and the passion they spread.

Cecil Winwood: No, I don't speak Spanish. The reason I picked Mexico is because I spent a few years of my youth incarcerated, and every night spent in solitary (where I learned that the soul of a poem is en transit, or paradoxically drawn out, like a snake's venom from a baby's backside, or is the saying without saying of all art) I'd listen to the two permanent solitary residents knuckle-tap steady Morse conversations as the guard dozed away. It was there that I found my love for poetry, where every line was a story, every word a feeling. F.M.F.L. is the culmination- my last romantic tragedy within syllabic gestures. I spent more than one night dreaming of her face, but, upon release, I sought the boundless isolation!





Spring
2008