

Kamelian



*Kishwaukee College
Literary/Arts Journal 2007*

Kishwaukee College Literary/Arts Journal

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On the cover...
JOHN KRUIS
MELTDOWN
OIL ON BOWLING PIN
14"H X 5"W X 5"D



*In Memory
of
Janette Maley
Kishwaukee College Art Instructor
1992-2006*

Jurots

ART & PHOTOGRAPHY

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POETRY - ESSAY - SHORT FICTION

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States and Canada

Kamelian 2007

Awards

TWO-DIMENSIONAL ART

AMY KORYTKO FIRST PLACE

AMY KORYTKO SECOND PLACE

PEGGY S. KLUS THIRD PLACE

THREE-DIMENSIONAL ART

JOSH BOTH FIRST PLACE

NATALIE CALHOUN SECOND PLACE

NATALIE CALHOUN THIRD PLACE

PHOTOGRAPHY

STACEY HUFFSTUTLER FIRST PLACE

JOSH BOTH SECOND PLACE

STACEY HUFFSTUTLER THIRD PLACE

POETRY

CECIL SELLS FIRST PLACE

CECIL SELLS SECOND PLACE TIE

NICOLE BERNIS SECOND PLACE TIE

CECIL SELLS THIRD PLACE

ESSAY

LILIANA OROZCO FIRST PLACE

REBECCA W. HIGH SECOND PLACE

SCOTT N. ANDERSEN THIRD PLACE

SHORT FICTION

LORETTA M. HASKELL FIRST PLACE

DANIKA R. DUVALL SECOND PLACE

CHRISTOPHER DENSBNORN THIRD PLACE

Contents

SCOTT ANDERSEN	A QUEST FOR GROWTH	38-39
NICOLE BERNIS	RATTLE SHAKER	13
	COUNSEL FOR THE BARRISTER	28
JOSH BOTH	LABYRINTH RING	17
	FRAMES FROM MOVIE CENSORED	32
NATALIE CALHOUN	BIRD	9
	SOUP'S ON!	19
	PENDANT	24
CHRISTOPHER DENSBORN	FORWARD MOTION	35-36
DANIKA R. DUVALL	PANDORA	26-27
LORETTA M. HASKELL	MR. EIDER'S PAINTINGS	7-8
REBECCA HIGH	GIRL, INTERRUPTED	33-35
STACEY HUFFSTUTLER	GROWTH	5
	REASON	11
	HAZARD	18
	LADY OF THE BLAND	29
	UNTITLED	40
PEGGY S. KLUS	SINUS(EYE)TUS	12
	HOT FLASH MY ASS!	20-21
JOHN KRUIS	MELTDOWN	Cover
	IN THE FLESH I	31
AMY KORYTKO	UNTITLED	10
	'DAM' ONCE AGAIN	22
LILIANA OROZCO	A PLACE I BELONG	14-15
JESSICA PETERSON	I JUST HAD TO...	23
CECIL SELLS	UNTITLED	6
	ON THE CLOCK	16
	AMERICAN PERSPECTIVE	25
	ODE TO A DEAD FINCH	39
CARRIE SEYMOUR	WHAT I AM	37
MARILYN SJOHOLM	A BIT OF ROSEMALING	30



STACEY HUFFSTUTLER - GROWTH - PHOTOGRAPHY



house finch

grown fat on winter seed

resting 'neath the feeder

in the hawk's talons

CECIL SELLS
UNTITLED
FIRST PLACE - POETRY

Mr. Eider's Paintings

I can hardly describe the emotions I felt when I first laid my eyes upon those exquisite paintings. I had heard the news in our small town that his five paintings had been put prominently on display in an art museum in the city. I had never ventured from my small niche in the world until that day. To some at the museum, I seemed like another enthusiastic fan, only interested in Charles Eider's work after his death in 1954. This observation, however, could not have been further from the truth.

Traveling the many miles to the city was the best thing I ever did. The rush of emotions as I turned the corner to see those mysterious paintings hanging upon the wall was incomparable to anything I'd felt before that moment. A small crowd was huddled around the first painting, a mere splash of colors with slightly darker shading towards the center. I felt overwhelmed as I viewed his first image, tears began to pool in my eyes and I fought them back with little success.

An older woman who had been admiring the painting noticed the tears streaming down my cheeks, "They are breathtaking aren't they; so much emotion." The plump woman patted her chest as if she were winded.

The plump woman came to the final painting and she suddenly looked at me with such a look of revelation. The fifth painting held little mystery, the very soul of the woman was presented to the world. There I was, Jane Shure, as only Charles Eider could have seen me.

* * *

It all began in the early summer months of 1951. I was a devastated woman, having lost my husband to illness during the harsh winter.

Wandering through an incomprehensible mist, I went through the paces of each day without any true conviction. I spoke to no one and I never gave anyone a passing thought. I was a lost soul, incapable of grasping the tragedy

that had befallen me and there was nothing that could ease the horrible pain of my shattered heart.

One day I came to town to find it buzzing over the arrival of a semi-famous artist and his family.

"Finally bring some attention to our deservin' little town, he will." One toothless, wrinkled elderly man was whistling to another man of similar stature.

I hardly gave it a moments notice, as had become my new method of dealing with life. This worked well until Mr. Eider himself began to take notice of me.

I'm not sure what drew his interest, I may have been young but I was broken and incomplete. My once round faced was now sallow and my eyes were empty. My dresses were frayed and faded and my hair scraggly. Mr. Eider, on the other hand, was tall, strapping, and in his thirties with waves of thick brown hair. But I caught his eye never the less.

In the first few months of his living in my little town, Mr. Eider would sit at the café and wait for me to walk by every day en route to the next stop of my daily routine. At first he just watched me with a curious and eager look upon his face. I felt uncomfortable under his gaze, as I'm sure any muse must feel under the penetrating stare of the artist. It was during this time that the first of the paintings was born, the burst of color being our busy little town and the dark shape around the middle being the mystery that was me.

Within a few weeks however, simply watching me was no longer enough for Mr. Eider. He began to ask the townspeople about my story and from them all, he heard the same thing.

"Husband died from sickness this past winter. Girls been a lost cause ever since." The same toothless old man who had been so excited over Mr. Eider's arrival stated matter-of-factly.

"But surely there is more to this story than simply that?" Mr. Eider exclaimed.

"Is there?" The old man's wrinkles shifted in an attempt at a surprised look. "The heart ain't somethin' to be taken lightly. It's strong as iron sure, but it shatters like glass when it's reason

CONTINUED ON PAGE 8

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 7

for bein' is taken away."

His second painting was born. The more Mr. Eider learned about me, the more he painted into the next picture. It was at this point that his wife, Tabitha, began to realize what the idol of her husband's obsession was, since the painting now possessed recognizable features, and her jealousy grew ten fold. Mr. Eider, however, was not about to relinquish his muse. He still needed more to create his ultimate masterpiece, though he was now being driven by more than just his art. This is why, on one sweltering August night, there was a knock at my door.

Mr. Eider had just wanted to introduce himself and say hello, so he said. I noticed him staring all around as he stepped through the door. When Mr. Eider's eyes came to rest on me, I could see his eyes drinking in every line and dark shadow of my face.

"Mr. Eider..." I began.

"Call me Charles." He spoke in deep, dignified tones.

I smiled half-heartedly. "Mr. Eider, are you looking for something?"

He looked at me again and I could tell by his eyes that he was unexpectedly seeing something different. His expression softened and lost some of its buoyancy.

"There is no point in avoiding the issue." Mr. Eider sighed. "I'm here because you captivate me like nothing has before. You're pain and torment is carried with you every moment. I find myself desperate to know you." he said, his capricious tones gone to be replaced by somberness and inescapable truths.

"For your art...you are desperate to know me for your work." I stated, coldness creeping into my already hollow voice.

Mr. Eider took a step closer to me, "That was how it began."

My voice caught in my throat, stomach flipping unexpectedly, "But not now?"

He shook his head, "For the past few weeks, my infatuation has been with you, not the art. As I painted what I plainly saw, I began to notice something deeper than just paint or skin." He brushed my face with his fingers. "It's you...you have been buried beneath a shattered heart, not allowing anyone to get close, and yet I could see something stirring in you. It was this shadow behind your eyes that captivated me and it's what holds me. I want to know why.

I want to know you."

Whether Charles Eider had come to our little town in search of someone or if he had stumbled across me purely by accident, I never knew. Over the following months, we spent time together as mere friends, speaking of our lives misfortunes and triumphs and more importantly, where our lives were headed now. These conversations never spoke of us being together someday. It was during this time, though, that I fell in love with Charles Eider. I would never betray my feelings to him; it would have haunted me to be the one who had come between him and his wife. And even though he confessed his love for me on several occasions, I simply could not bring myself to express my emotions to him.

The final three paintings were created over the course of these last months. I'm not sure if there would have been more, but after the fifth, most revealing piece of art, Tabitha forced Charles to return to the city.

I suppose I should have been devastated once more when Charles left, but quite the opposite occurred. I felt my soul soar, a phoenix reborn of my once destroyed existence. I hadn't even realized what was occurring until one morning when I looked into the mirror and received a shock. My green eyes were vibrant and alive, gleaming like emeralds in the morning light.

Word reached me in the winter of 1954 that Charles Eider had died. I never sought out what had happened, but instead folded up the newspaper clipping without reading it and washed the pain away with tears. I didn't go into the city for his funeral and I have never been to where he's buried. I have let Mr. Eider live on in the heart he mended.

Standing before the paintings I had not seen until that moment was like gazing upon something ethereal. I could see his love for me through every stroke of the brush. As I stood before the fifth and final painting, a feeling of comfort and contentment flooded through me. The eyes in the portrait revealed one thing: that I loved him and he knew it. Without me ever saying a word, he knew it.

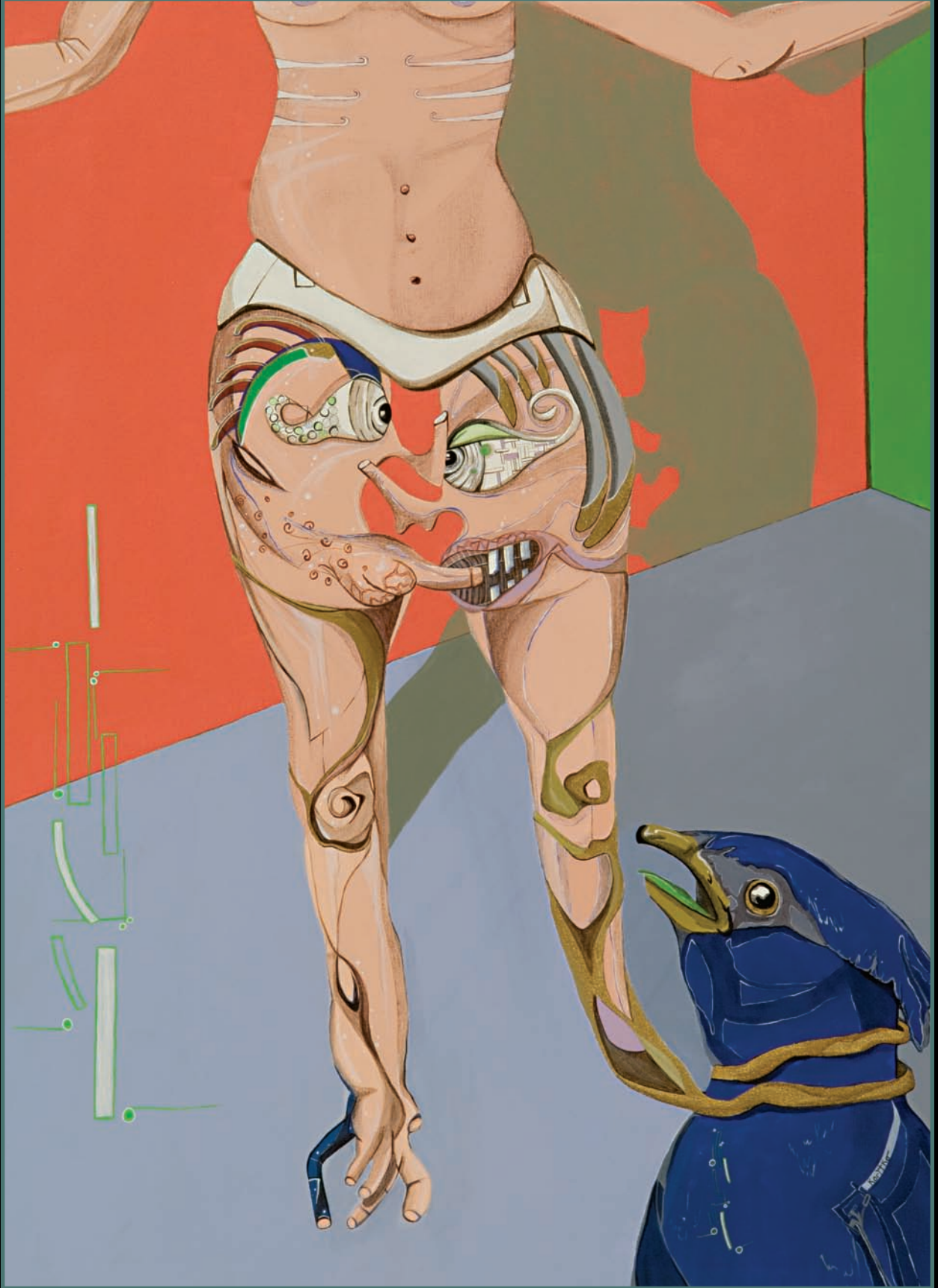
As I left the museum, it was as a different Jane. A Jane that could say good-bye to lost loves and live.

LORETTA M. HASKELL
MR. EIDER'S PAINTINGS
FIRST PLACE - SHORT FICTION



NATALIE CALHOUN
BIRD
STERLING SILVER, RETICULATED SILVER,
WALNUT, SEMI-PRECIOUS STONES
4.5"H X 8.5"W X 6"D
THIRD PLACE - THREE DIMENSIONAL ART

AMY KORYTKO - UNTITLED - ACRYLIC - 40" H X 30" W X 1" D - FIRST PLACE - TWO DIMENSIONAL ART





STACEY HUFFSTUTLER
REASON
PHOTOGRAPHY



PEGGY S. KLUS
SINUS(EYE)TUS
OIL PAINT
12"H X 21"W



Rattle Shaker

Well, I'm no Moon Mamma
Earth Goddess, Rattle Shaker
sky clad ceremonies under a moonlit dark.
I buried all my hair
and all my peasant skirts,
but the soul remains the same.

I've got one spear,
just one 'cause that's all we get;
I've got one spear in my left hand
and a bullet in my teeth.
I may be naked, and I know it,
but I'm strong, and I show it,
and I expect the same from you.

You who are so holy,
you who want no judgment,
no god will ever punish you,
and no god will forgive you too.
Lulled in your confusion,
wait for life to pass you by,
say you had better things to do
under your infernal T.V. skies,
mesmerized by polemic lies
that you won't even try to recognize.

They poured fire on those babies
They poured fire on those babies
And all you have to give are your precious tears?
Well, you can drown in them for all I care,
'Cause they're useless.

NICOLE BERNS
RATTLE SHAKER
SECOND PLACE TIE - POETRY

A Place I Belong

Life is an ever-lasting journey in search of a place to fit in. My search is over because I have found that place. It is a place that I grow up away from yet, no matter where I go; it is always a part of me. It is a place that combines my heritage, my culture, past, present, and future. Where I come from is engraved within me, even though it may not always be apparent. Thanks to this special place, I am able to touch a feeling that arguably few have the chance to feel: belonging.

My eyes upon the temple of San Agustin are like that of a princess upon her palace: her castle. It is a grand castle, surrounded by an endless ocean of green grass. It is larger than my field of vision. Made of stone and tougher material unknown to me, it stands strong and proud. Upon its many arched entrances, many statues of hand-carved stone angels and saints are placed. Their eyes seem to guard the palace of the King. If I look carefully, I can still see a tint of reddish-brown on its stone exterior. At nearly five-hundred years old, its age is obvious in its outer surface. The ex-convent stands with undeniable presence. Iron-barred windows surround all of its outer walls. What is that I see atop this marvelous structure?

Enormous bells hang, the ones rung to announce mass every day. Here is where I belong.

Entering through one of the arched doors lies a service desk and a person. He says that for a small fee I can view the museum-part of the temple. I reach for the coins to hand over to the man. I am on my way to explore. European influence is apparent in the cathedral's gothic-style architecture – Spanish influence to be exact. As I observe the structure, I feel closer to those who run through my blood: the Spanish and the Indigenous people of Mexico. They came together once, here in this very place. This very construction is a mix of cultures, as am I. We are alike. This may seem only stone and rock to some; but it symbolizes stability and strength to me.

Continuing my exploration, I walk down a long hallway, foyer-like, with no windows. It is dark. The only light is supplied by the ray of sun that storms in through the open doors at the end of the corridor. The doors lead towards the inner passages of the palace. Natural instinct tells me to walk towards the light. To my left and to my right, open hallways with columns and arcs that run around a garden within the structure. I cannot help



PHOTOS:
TOMÁS CASTELAZO

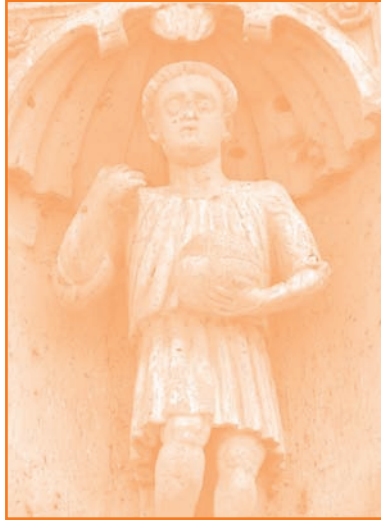
but run towards it. Since there is no ceiling to keep the sun out of this garden, above I can see the blue sky and white clouds. My eyes doze around until they gaze upon an old-stone well right in the center of the garden. Carefully, I walk up the stone steps that lead up towards the well. The well seems to deep and ancient to hold anything. However, I toss a rock into the well and CLUNK! I hear water and smile in awe. The echo travels to the walls and bounces like a boomerang towards my ears. The walls are alive. Five hundred years old and yet the holy place is as alive and as vibrant as ever. Stepping down from the well steps, I must continue on to find what else the holy place might whisper to me.

The lonesome hallways leave me with a sense of ownership. Even though people are around, I do not see them. "This is my place," I think to myself. I am in my own little magical world, a time machine gone back to the time when my indigenous people and Spanish ancestors once lived together. I can't help but acknowledge the painted murals upon the walls as I climb the curving stairs. The murals were once vividly red and brown; now a mere blur. Yet as a blur, the murals remind me that they have not completely left. They want to stay, as I do. Upon reaching the second floor, there are endless rooms and windows that let me see the world in a different perspective. For once, I can see life from an un-materialistic point of view. I approach a window at the end of the warm and semi-dark hallway. From this window, I can see the garden. Oh, what a beautiful garden. A beautiful fountain, resembling a mini-Buckingham fountain, made of stone is there in the outer garden. There are trees as old as the castle itself. Birds are chirping and the colors of the blooming flowers add to this fantasy with hues of white, red, hot pink, yellow, and peach.

The sun has changed many times during my garden gazing. I am still leaning by this window, I have yet to leave. The moon is faintly appearing above the, now, light-purplish horizon. The once green and flowery garden has become darker, nevertheless, even more fantastic. I will go

walk through this garden for a while. Exiting the museum-part of the temple, I head towards a piece of Eden: the outer garden. Large skyscraper high lampposts illuminate the stone paths through and through. The stars begin to shine. DING! DONG! DING! DANG! DONG! Church bells are ringing. It is time for evening mass.

I redirect my steps towards those massive wooden doors; they are calling to me. One by one, I climb the stone steps through those golden gates that will let me into heaven. Directly in front of me hangs a majestic cross of my Lord, the Son of God. The magnificently large cross is protected by a box of glass that is bordered with lights that glimmer like diamonds and



gold. Below the cross lies the altar. Upon the white cloth of the altar, silently sits the blood and body of Christ ready for the tasting. Only so long ago, this was a land of polytheistic beliefs and look where it is now. Monotheism has replaced the old ideas. The changes that have taken place at this very site are what make it so special and unique; like me.

I am preparing to leave. I will take one last glimpse. Purple and yellow drapes hang from the walls like rain and they swing through the ceiling like vines. I stride upon the red carpet, away from it all. This church's decorations do not lack enthusiasm. This place of worship lessens the gap between people and God, as well as between people now and their heritage and history. Every statue of God or saint, every flower, every candle touches my heart like a happy ending at the end of a melancholic movie. I take my leave.

Bliss welcomes me into its home and although I walk away from this place I hold so dear, it is now clear that I cannot walk away from who I truly am. I am to find a place to belong; this temple of San Agustin is the place. It is the temple of my heart. Staring ahead at the cross that hangs high, God's eyes are upon mine. A faint smile upon his faces lets me know: I am not forgotten.

LILIANA OROZCO
A PLACE I BELONG
FIRST PLACE - ESSAY

On The Clock

The foreman passing through,
his Winston 100 breath
in my face,
as he stops to check my beer breath.
“Yeah Bub...it’s still there.”

He lights another
to cleanse his palate.

Split pea soup
dribbled across the poetry pages,
needing perhaps
a splash of coffee.

Keeping time,
thumbs revolving: nuclear clock.

In the center of the paper plate,
yogurt cup w/spoon: a sundial.

Second hand sweeping: red giant dying
far off in the darkness.

CECIL SELLS
ON THE CLOCK
SECOND PLACE TIE - POETRY



JOSH BOTH
LABYRINTH RING
COPPER, BRASS
4" H X 2" W X 2" D
FIRST PLACE - THREE DIMENSIONAL ART





STACEY HUFFSTUTLER
HAZARD
FIRST PLACE - PHOTOGRAPHY



NATALIE CALHOUN
SOUP'S ON!
OIL PAINT
8.5"H X 11.5"W



PEGGY S. KLUS - HOT FLASH MY ASS! - OIL PAINT - 3'H X 5'W - THIRD PLACE - TWO DIMENSIONAL ART



AMY KORYTKO - 'DAM' ONCE AGAIN - PRINT, INK, MULBERRY PAPER - 22" H X 15" W - SECOND PLACE - TWO DIMENSIONAL ART



'Dam' once again

proof 2/2

A. Korytko



JESSICA PETERSON
I JUST HAD TO...
PHOTOGRAPHY

NATALIE CALHOUN - PENDANT - STERLING SILVER, RETICULATED SILVER, SAPPHIRES, PEARL - 2.5" H X .75" W X .5" D - SECOND PLACE - THREE DIMENSIONAL ART



American Perspective

Trapped in this hell hole,
Land of milk and honey,
Land of lay-offs, unemployment, low wages.
Dream of my ancestors,

Who migrated here to escape persecution,
Land of opportunity, a piece for my own,
To till the rich fertile loam,
Land of the free, home of the brave.

Land of strip mines, strip malls, strip tease,
Land of tenement shacks, and Radio Shack,
It's a Love Shack babeeeee. Fast-food ghettos,
Casino boat debtors, nail salons, maybe.

Land of the Pilgrims' pride,
Land where our Fathers died,
Land where the chickens fried,
Twelve piece bucket, just \$9.95.

Trapped in this land of bankruptcy,
Bankrupt house, bankrupt bank, bankrupt soul.
Who Wants To Be A Millionaire, The Price Is Right,
Wheel of Fortune, Biggest Loser.

Land of plenty and prosperity,
A chicken in every pot,
Two T.V.s in every house, a satellite dish on every roof,
Eight hundred and fifty channels, and nothing on.

Land of opportunity, land of milk and honey,
Land where a million immigrants migrate a year,
To find a land of prosperity, a veritable paradise,
A land where their children can be fed.

CECIL SELLS
AMERICAN PERSPECTIVE
THIRD PLACE - POETRY

Pandora

Pandora's first awareness was of the hands of Athena helping her into a sheer, shimmering outer robe as four more goddesses trailed flowers and jewels about her. She couldn't help admiring these pretty things, with the sort of pleasurable complacency that comes of knowing nothing else. After a few moments of life, she became dimly aware of a male voice outside of the chatter of the goddesses, droning in a rather uninterested tone, "The jar is for your husband, but you must want it, and it should really be yours to take."

Peering around, Pandora found the speaker, a golden man with winged feet, dangling above her head as he instructed her. But she was far too delighted by her pretty things to pay him much mind, until at last her divine attendants stood back to admire their work, and the flying god swooped down, pressed a large jar into her arms, then grasped her by the shoulders and flew off.

"Where are you taking me?" she cried, feeling anxiety for the first time.

"Earth," he replied, dropping his monotonous tone. "I'm Hermes, and you're Pandora, by the by."

"What was all that about the jar?" she asked.

"Curiosity. I'm instructed to teach you curiosity about the jar. And dishonesty."

"What's in it?" She gazed at the plain, heavy thing in her arms.

"It's a punishment for mankind. It shouldn't be opened." Hermes replied, sounding as if he meant his instructions.

"Then I don't want it!" Pandora exclaimed.

"Good. It's your husband's, not yours. But you're supposed to want it, and want to open it. I was told to emphasize that explicitly." With that, he released her, and she plummeted about ten feet and tumbled onto the grassy slope of a hillside. Sitting up, she twisted about looking for Hermes, but all she could see was a rapidly-vanishing speck in the sky. Turning her face back toward the Earth, she took in her surroundings. The land around her was hilly and green, and there were houses visible in the distance. The sound of rushing water was dimly audible. But of most interest to her was that another man, this one dark and not golden, was

approaching, walking briskly and carelessly, whistling rather tunelessly. Glancing down, he saw Pandora on the grass before him. This brought everything—his walk, whistle, and carelessness, to a halt.

"May I—are you—" he was flabbergasted.

"I'm—Pandora," she told him. "Who are you? Are you my husband?"

"I'm Epimetheus," the man answered, trying to collect himself. "Are you—did Zeus send you?"

"I suppose so," she mused. She vaguely remembered Hermes droning that name when he had dangled above her head, instructing her.

"But I cannot—I've been warned—" he paused and stared at her, and Pandora blushed, wondering at the strangeness of everything. "What I mean is, I cannot simply abandon you, alone like this," he finished. "Come, to my home."

Curious and excited, Pandora followed him for about a mile until they came to a fine house. As they entered, she remembered Hermes' words, and passed Epimetheus her jar, glad to be relieved of the heavy burden, and explained, "If you are my husband, this belongs to you. And we mustn't open it."

"Of course, of course," Epimetheus answered, distractedly. He took the jar and set it in a small, protected niche, out of the way.

Over the next several days, Pandora discovered that she was terribly curious about everything. The thing that was chiefly fascinating to her was the place she had come from, and the goddesses who had clothed her and the winged man who had brought her to Earth. Her husband told her these beings were gods, and she mustn't think of or question them, but she found these commands impossible. Her first morning on earth she spent examining her fine raiment, curious why there was nothing so elegant in her husband's house. After a short experiment with the loom in her sleeping chamber, she discovered that, though the cloth she wove was smooth and even pretty, it was nothing so lovely as the clothes given her by Athena.

After failing to equal Athena's weaving, she looked to the only other object she had from her

brief time in the heavens—the jar. It was plain; she found Epimetheus had many like it, all of which she was permitted to open, which he used to store food. Was there food in her jar? Hermes had said it contained a punishment for mankind. But food was no punishment, unless perhaps it was poisoned. If the jar contained poisoned food, then opening it was no crime—only the eating of the poisoned food would be harmful. But perhaps the storage jar was deceptive, and something far more interesting and unexpected lay inside.

On her third day, as Pandora was meandering in the grassy hills nearest her new home, Hermes flew down to her. “My lady,” he greeted her flippantly, sweeping her an elaborate bow. “How fare you this fine day?”

“What’s in the jar?” she asked, getting right to the point in case he disappeared without warning as he had done before.

“Oh, Sorrows. Death and grief and illness and famine and strife and things of that sort.”

“And that’s the punishment I’d release if I opened it?”

“Well . . . part of it. The other part is in the bottom. It’s something that will blind mankind to reality, forcing them to stubbornly persevere even when it’s clearly fruitless. That wouldn’t matter so much now, but once those Sorrows are freed, reality will be hard and cruel.”

“Then it must be got rid of!” Pandora exclaimed. “It can’t just sit around in the house all day!”

“Whyever not? Too tempting, lady?”

“It might break, and everything could get out!” A jar had broken that morning, when she’d set it too near the edge of a table, and Epimetheus had knocked it over.

“Ah, perhaps, perhaps. You know, Zeus wants very much for you to open that jar. It would please him very much. He sent me to tell you that.”

“But *why* would Zeus want—” But Hermes was gone before she could finish her sentence. She spent the rest of her day pondering what Hermes had told her, and trying to think of a solution to the problems he’d presented.

Late that night, Pandora snuck from her room and went to the niche where the jar was kept. Cradling it in her arms, she left the house and walked for miles, away from the village and away from the men. Reaching the banks of a wide, swift-moving river, she waded in and let the jar sink beneath the water, holding it in place with her feet to keep it from being pulled away by the current. Then, slowly, she removed the lid, intending to drown the Sorrows and the ghostly fantasy within. But the water tore at the jar, and as the lid came off, a strong current dragged it from her grip, tossing the jar above the level of the water. Black, wraithlike smoke exuded from within. Struggling with the vessel, Pandora was able to get the lid back in place, but the only part of the contents remaining was the misty white Hope that ignored the reality of its companions. Struggling from the river, Pandora collapsed on the bank, ready to cry with frustration, but she wasn’t allowed the luxury. Hermes fluttered down before her once again.

“That’s not what he wanted, really,” he told her, shaking his head. “You could have drowned everything if Poseidon hadn’t been watching. Zeus sent me to say that has a punishment for you, too, now. Your husband Epimetheus and all other men will blame you for the Sorrows you released, and you’ll be subjected to their rule and their abuse, while no amount of reasoning on your part will show them that sweet Hope is their true burden.” Dropping beside her on the ground, he helped her up, handing her a square of linen to dry her tears. “And I wouldn’t go near Zeus for a while. He’s rather annoyed with you. You should count yourself lucky you’re not bound to a rock and that your liver is consistently in one piece.” And with these words of equivocal comfort he vanished, leaving Pandora to trudge home alone, where life could begin in earnest.



DANIKA R. DUVALL
PANDORA
SECOND PLACE - SHORT FICTION

WORKS CONSULTED

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Counsel For The Barrister

To you my sapience rede dispense
Yet offer not succor -
For my mouth is simply empty
As my hands conduct the bowl.

A single cherry weigh you chary
For sustenance unadorned -
Nearly nary merriment
If not for morsel green.

So, through your pipe
My fancy tread
Your illicit lettuce seed -
To perch upon your mind
A thought that springs up
Like a weed.

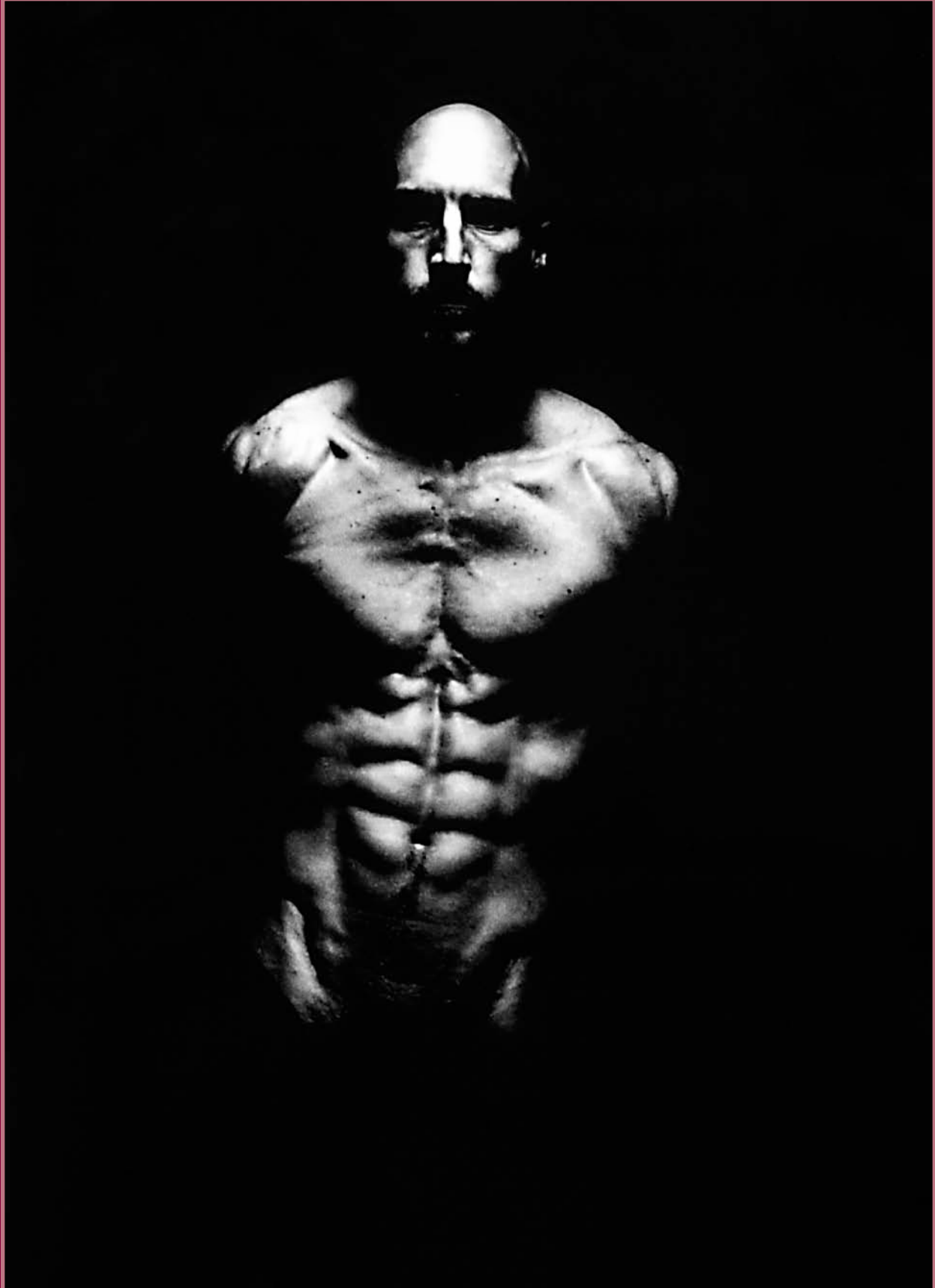
Yet careless flapping
Wing-ed lips
Do stir up such a gale -
As to make a hash of words
Which rival obloquy.

NICOLE BERNS
COUNSEL FOR THE BARRISTER



STACEY HUFFSTUTLER - LADY OF THE BLAND - PHOTO, OIL PAINT - 8.5" H X 6" W





JOHN KRUIS - IN THE FLESH I - PHOTOGRAPHY



JOSH BOTH
*FRAMES FROM MOVIE **CENSORED***
SECOND PLACE - PHOTOGRAPHY

Girl, Interrupted

“Razors pain you, rivers are damp, acid stains you, drugs cause cramps, guns aren’t lawful, nooses give, gas smells awful, you might as well live!” This memorable rhyme is quoted by Lisa, a sociopath played by Angelina Jolie in the movie, *Girl, Interrupted* (Columbia Pictures, 1999) as a humorous justification for not committing suicide. Last semester I received the assignment to watch a movie for an anthropology class, and a friend, a film major, recommended *Girl, Interrupted*, based on the author’s true-life story. I lost myself within the film while watching, and sat alone long afterwards absorbing the lessons I had learned from it. In analyzing this film from an anthropological perspective, I found myself fascinated by the vast variety of character behaviors displayed. The main character, Susanna Kayson (played by Winona Ryder), was institutionalized in a psychiatric hospital in the 1960s for a borderline personality disorder, or, in her words, “trying to make the shit [the turmoil within and around her] stop.” *Girl, Interrupted* follows her journey of self-discovery using the other characters as representations of her inner psyche—each character representing the different struggles colliding within her. The journey takes us through her different relationships with the other patients; how she interacts with them, and, eventually, what she learns from them. There is much to be learned about human nature, relationships, and mental instability by observing what went on in, at, and around this psychiatric hospital during Susanna’s two-year stay.

1. Observation.

The movie is really about Susanna and her journey of healing, but the fascinating Lisa plays an instrumental role in helping Susanna work through her problems and discover herself. In one scene, some of the patients from the ward go out to get ice cream. As they are walking to the ice cream parlor through the snow, several characters discuss the irony of eating ice cream in the freezing cold. “Taking us for ice cream in a blizzard makes you wonder who the real whack jobs are,” Susanna remarks dryly. When the group arrives at the ice cream parlor, Susanna spots the wife of a professor with whom she had had an affair, and does not order anything for fear of being seen. Meanwhile, Lisa, a more

extreme personality, is causing great entertainment for the others in her group. When asked what she would like to order she turns, looks intently at the boy behind the counter, leans over, and describes very slowly and provocatively every ingredient that she wants put on her sundae. Eventually, in her progression of description, she grabs a cherry from the counter and begins to suck slowly on it, making the boy very nervous as the other girls look on delightedly. The delight turns into a great uproar in the shop amongst the other patients and patrons, and thereby drawing the professor’s wife’s attention to Susanna. Soon afterwards, while the girls are seated, the professor’s wife confronts Susanna about the affair. Lisa, watching surreptitiously, interjects on Susanna’s behalf, and crudely sneers at the woman. Her crude comments provoke an outburst from the professor’s wife, who shakes her finger at Lisa, who in turn slaps the finger and replies, somewhat satirically, “don’t point your finger at crazy people!” This triggers an uprising amongst the patients who begin to bark like dogs and slap ice cream out of other patrons’ hands.

In understanding the significance of the film, one has to develop a feeling of empathy. We can look first at the emic viewpoint (emic: that of an insider within the situation), second at the etic viewpoint (etic: the point of view from outside the situation). There are several possible emic views to present here, since there were several insiders present in the scene that are qualified to share emic views. According to Susanna’s emic view of the situation, meeting the professor’s wife was a complete shock that upset her entire previously uplifted attitude. The expression on Susanna’s face when Lisa slapped the professor’s wife, however, was one of first disbelief, then of laughter as the shocked woman was hustled out the door amidst the commotion. Susanna’s emic perspective was then that of happiness at being avenged. The wife had been giving her a hard time, and Lisa’s retort on Susanna’s behalf amused and touched Susanna. The end of the scene shows Lisa and Susanna and Lisa walking home as friends with a new liking and respect for one another. The etic

CONTINUED ON PAGE 34

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perspective, on the other hand, could come from me as an observer or from the professor's wife herself. The professor's wife saw Susanna as a cheap, menacing girl who had violated somebody else's husband. The wife was very irate about the situation that had occurred, and her etic perspective in this situation was one of disgust and horror at Susanna and at the patients' rowdy behavior. Some of her etic horror most likely stems from the fact that she is an outsider who does not understand the mental issues of the girls and what they are going through together. Therefore, the wife has an etic view of the situation.

2. Participant Observation.

As an anthropologist immersed in this situation, for this assignment my classmates and I were asked to put ourselves into the movie scene, and try to develop empathy of the situation and characters. I saw myself as somewhat like the head nurse character, Valerie, played by Whoopi Goldberg. She sat quietly observing the girls until the fight began, when she stepped in to mediate and to take her patients back to the hospital. If I was actually in the scene, I would do less talking than observing, just as Valerie did...that is, until the fight demanded more proactive attention on her part. I would not be interacting as much with the girls in this scene, however, as an anthropologic nurse I would hopefully have a connection with the girls and be able to break up the fight with relative efficiency. This exercise in putting myself inside the situation helped me be able to immerse myself in finding reasons for the actions of the girls, which at first disgusted me as a normal film viewer. When I began to look deeper, however, I could see the girls' pain and the smaller issues that built up to mental instability and their exile from normal society.

3. Informant.

In the assignment, we were asked to identify a possible informant who would acquaint us with the current events. I chose Valerie as one of my top choices as a key informant. She is credible, experienced, good-natured, and insightful into the characters and minds of the girls in her ward. Susanna is a possible key informant as well, although she has not been at the hospital as long as some of the other girls have. Lisa has been there eight years, however, she would probably not be a very good choice as a key informant

because she is characterized by lying, and it is well known that she hates the hospital and frequently runs away. Her information would most likely be biased. Overall, it seems that Valerie would probably be the best informant of the group.

4. Interviewing.

If I were truly an anthropologist in the midst of this group of girls, I would like to talk further in depth with Susanna, and ask her several of the following questions:

Do the relationships developed at the hospital generally continue once patients are released? How deep do those pain-rooted relationships often go?

Do the nurses and staff generally develop relationships with the patients? Or is it something special that happens once in a while when they happen to click, and would these types of relationships help or hinder the rehabilitation process?

Do the patients miss the people they once knew?

I see these questions as valid anthropological questions because, if answered, they would give me an emic glimpse into the lives of mental disorder patients, and perhaps give me a greater empathy and understanding towards Susanna and others like her. However, listening to others without always having to offer one's own two cents is, I believe, crucial to being a good counselor, friend, or empathizer. Empathy is important in this world because it allows us to put ourselves in others' places and perhaps have a whole new attitude or heart check as a result of stepping outside of our own self-absorption.

5. Further Lessons Learned.

Even more than the empathy and understanding of social problems, however, are the truths to be learned specifically taught by the movie. Susanna is a rebellious girl who does not want to change or get better. Nor does she want to be at the institution. She has no hope and no motivation to succeed in life. Yet when she starts journaling, she starts to learn things about herself. When she hangs out with Lisa, forgets her cares and smiles for a while, she builds relationships and finds a hope that there is still some good in the world. Maybe there is even love.

6. Conclusion.

Since I carried out this field study, I have had a better understanding of what it is like to be a psychiatric or even borderline anxiety case in a mental institution. I have gained more of an

emic perspective, which helps me to be able to relate more empathically to people suffering from mental disorders. From the movie itself, I learned that a love of life and a determination to succeed can be instilled in hopeless people, and that friends who listen are a key to this process of healing. I have used this information to persuade and inform others through my participation with the Kishwaukee Forensics Team. In fact, it is a familiar joke that I use *Girl, Interrupted* in an impromptu speech at least once in every tournament as an example of determination and overcoming. It is a sad fact that mental cases—which often include characteristics of anxiety, fear, lack of confidence, and trauma—are still widely stereotyped and misunderstood. In addition, mental illness is often improperly handled. However, the need for empathy and determination to work through problems and help others do the same extends much further than the realm of mental illness. Mental illness

is merely the specific problem addressed in the movie I happened used for my field study. These qualities of perception, empathy, and empowerment can be applied to many areas, and it is important that we realize this and try to learn from things we observe. Critical thinking and analysis are vital skills that should be in constant utilization. Even a movie watched for aimless pleasure or a painful circumstance can teach valuable lessons. The question is, are we aware enough to learn from our surroundings and circumstances? I learned many things about life and myself from doing this project. I hope to continue learning and growing and applying the information I learn. I want others to do the same. I want to help, in the words of Susanna Kayson, “make the shit stop.”

REBECCA W. HIGH
GIRL, INTERRUPTED
SECOND PLACE - ESSAY

Forward Motion

The cramped bedroom served as quarters for three occupants. Four if you counted the baby on the way. A man that had shrugged off every other responsibility in his life lay in the bed with his pregnant wife in the heat of the May morning. I wish that window air conditioner worked, Seth Harding thought. The window unit was making a lot of noise and making it just a few degrees cooler a few inches away from the grated box. The blinds above it were closed and the cord that dangled from it was blowing in the small breeze the cold-box put out.

It was six o’ clock in the morning but Seth could already tell that it was going to be hot again that day. I wish it worked, he thought again. He sat up from the bed, whose sheets were an off-white for a number of reasons, and glanced through the other window, which gave him a view of the small rundown downtown in which their apartment was located. Wishing gets you no where, he thought angrily.

Seth Harding knew why this made him angry though. It wasn’t *his* voice telling him that. It was his father’s voice goading him from beyond. I hope it’s hot down *there* too, Seth thought.

The radio in the corner of the room clicked on and started to play music. It was his preset:

IROC-ALT. Apparently it was too noisy for the baby, who *had* been lying silently in its crib by the bed. Now the baby started to cry and Seth immediately sprang over to the crib and took the boy in his arms, cradling him and cooing at him in that distant fashion of someone who didn’t care about the child at the moment, but cared more about the wife trying to sleep.

Seth swayed back and forth quietly, cooing at Jason and telling him to relax and muttering to himself that it was going to be a long day. This led to Seth sitting down at the desk his father had given him as a birthday present all those years ago when they’d loved each other.

Seth took a deep breath as the baby started to quiet down while he bobbed him up and down on his knee carefully. That’s it, he thought calmly. One year old in a few days, Jason, he thought. I think you may be better off somewhere, but your mother loves you so dearly that you’ll stay. I know she loves the baby she’s carrying too, but I’m going to talk her into giving it up for adoption. It wouldn’t be right for the next kid to live in this place.

That was not what Seth was really

CONTINUED ON PAGE 36

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 35

thinking though.

What he *was* thinking was that he couldn't take care of another child. He just couldn't. Some part of him may have acknowledged that it wasn't right; that it was childish and selfish. Everything else in him screamed the opposite sentiment. He was who he was, and *true to form*, Seth Harding would shirk any or all responsibility that ever fell upon him. It was what his father had done and now it was what he did. There was something darker than night in him, too, something that ushered him into a place so lightless that he couldn't entertain the *thought* of sight. This was the place where he hoped that his next son *would* turn out the same way, if not to bequeath just *one* thing from him when he left Seth and Maria behind.

Was it wrong? Or was it just true hope?

His eyes ran the length of her body again and again, they stopped to focus on her pregnant belly. I'll give the kid some of the money from the deal. That'll take some pressure off the hot greenbacks. Kid Harding, he thought anxiously. Kid *someone* after next month. Kid-anyone else came to his mind.

Was he really fooling himself into thinking that this was for the kid? Or was it Responsibility Shirking 101?

Seth shut the air conditioner off as he saw a light rain starting to fall from the sky. Hopefully it would not make the day any harder, any more humid. He didn't hold out too much hope for such optimism. He lit a cigarette and puffed the smoke out of the window and its smell mingled with the aroma of rain.

Under the awning on the first floor sidewalk below there was a man in a black trench coat standing completely still. Seth flicked the cigarette out the window and took a step back inside. Seth had gotten into the bad habit of selling drugs as he was trying to make a better life for his family. He had made enemies though. Tonight he was going to try and sell the rest of his drugs and get out of the trade for life.

Seth swung the door open and took one last look at Maria. As if she could feel his eyes on her, she sat up against the headboard of the bed, looking at him sleepily.

"Where are you going?"

Seth shrugged.

"You're being awfully quiet," She said.

"What's wrong?"

Seth gulped. "I think we should give the kid up for adoption—."

"The *kid?*" Maria asked testily. "Our *child*, Seth. Please."

"I think he'll be better off somewhere else."

"I want to keep him. Our family wouldn't be complete without him. I feel it." Maria said.

Seth could hardly empathize with what she thought, and he barely covered the annoyance that flooded over his face.

"Please, Seth." Maria said. "I don't think I could keep this baby if you weren't here, but I wouldn't want you not to be here for this child."

There it was. In Seth's chest, a swelling of fatherly pride. She saw him as a good father even if *he* didn't. Did he have it in him to raise another child?

Hesitantly, Seth closed the door, but not shutting it all the way. He leaned down to kiss Maria. "I'll think about it."

Maria bobbed up and down with glee. She usually thought that when Seth "thought about something" it meant it was as good as a "yes."

Seth opened up the door again and nodded to her. "I'm going to go get some food. Do you want something?"

Maria rattled off a meal's name from the menagerie of fast food places in the area. He had no idea where the place was, but he had a while to get it back to her. "Okay, I love you baby. I'll be back." He tucked the door shut behind him and locked it.

Seth marched down the stairs uneasily, wishing there was a hand railing or two in the narrow stairwell. The pride in his chest was thinning out and racing all over his body now, warming him and filling him with a hope he hadn't felt since he was a boy. Tonight, he would sell the rest of the stash he had and call it quits. Then he would—.

"Mr. Harding." Came a voice from the bottom of the stairway.

No one had ever called Seth 'Mr. Harding' and Seth always knew that the 'Mr.' in front of names was only used to sound threatening. Who is this? He looked down to the landing and saw the rain pattering on the sidewalk behind the man's polished black shoes.

Three gunshots rang out and Seth's body fell the length of the way to the landing, dead.

CHRISTOPHER DENSBORN

FORWARD MOTION

THIRD PLACE - SHORT FICTION

What I Am

I am hot, stretched out, crumpled up and used like a tissue. I am that old song, never stale and always true. I am the curtain made of ivory lace blown in by a breeze that reeks of pick up truck and Budweiser.

I am Loud.

A bus filled with terrible children shrieking their joy at the driver called Life.

I am impatient.

Waiting.

Anxious for the sighs of a lover.

I am that Doppler effect, long and bent across your sleeping mind. I am racing ahead of you, ahead of sane.

I am a drum, tight and beaten. I am rhythm and music.

I am a walker. A meandering way. A path.

I am focused. A bee sting.

I am skittish.

I am the extra fudge double chocolate sundae with whipped-cream, nuts, and a cherry on top that haunts with heart-burn on a hot evening in July.

I am a horse whip snapping you on.

I am the horse that you ride upon.

I am the mother of inventions, cruel and kind.

I am Snow White and the Seven Whores of Babylon.

The Gate.

The drunk passed out on the floor.

I am every star that you've ever wished upon.

I am the vagrant, the bum passing by, shaking (in) my empty cups.

I am that long lost letter that would've told you that everything was going to be alright but just to string you along...

You were better off without me.



A Quest For Growth

My story could be a little longer than some others: I've inhabited the earth longer than the average college freshman. Therefore an explanation of my quest involves a little more historical explanation. I have been married for fifteen years, my wife and I have a nearly nine year old daughter, and we have a bunch of cats and a dog. We reside in a late 1800's vintage home that has a twenty first century mortgage. We claim that we are reinstating this house to its original beauty. This is expensive and labor intensive, and so far it's a work in progress. I see this being the case for quite some time. I've tried this college thing in the past, with little success. But that was a long time ago, and I'm probably a little more mature now than I was back then, and I probably will take this endeavor a lot more seriously than ever before. Time is not on my side, but that is not the real issue. The real issue is what will I do from this point forward. One thing is certain: I cannot keep doing the same things that I have been doing for the last twenty-five years or so. Therein lies the quest.

I can't pinpoint all of the reasons for not succeeding scholastically in the past, although I know what one reason is not. It is not because I do not have the intellectual capacity to complete college. I took all of the assessments given throughout my elementary and high school education, although I did not graduate from high school. I don't remember the exact numbers achieved, but I do know that all of the educators responsible for interpreting the results of these tests told me that I was college material. I don't think that I ever believed them. Maybe I just didn't like being referred to as material. Seventeen year old kids can be hard headed, at times.

I remember thinking that college was for town kids, kids whose parents were engineers and teachers and managers of big stores and factories. I don't remember anyone telling me that college was for kids who lived on poor dairy farms who had to go home and do their chores after school. Things like feeding the cows silage and hay and grain, and milking them twice a day. It's a lot of work, but it must be done, otherwise their isn't any milk, and milk is where the money comes from. Besides, neither

my parents nor grandparents nor aunts nor uncles nor cousins went to college. I didn't even know where college was back then, despite my affinity for geography. I knew where the Hoover dam and Mt. Everest and Liechtenstein were, even before most of my classmates. But where the heck is college? More importantly, what the heck was college? The funny thing is, even though I was told that I had what it takes to do well in college, not that many people encouraged me to actually pursue it. I don't recall any advice on the benefits of a degree, either. I think that I know the reasons for this. In 1977, nobody told you that smoking was very bad for your health. Similarly, counselors didn't tell you that a higher education was good for you in the long run. This was especially true for students who hung out with some of the "wrong" people and had some truancy problems, and these were things that I did.

So I got a job. It wasn't my first job, I had worked part time at the grocery store and the newspaper and so on, but this was a full time job, forty hours per week at a pay rate of three dollars and sixty nine cents per hour, pretty good money for a seventeen year old without a high school diploma. The manufacturing sector of the economy was booming at that time. The boom is now over. The job was in a factory on the second shift, in a metal machining area of the plant. I quit school three months later, moved out of the family home and bought a new sports car. I did these things for two reasons, to have fun and to impress the attractive female that I was in love with. Interestingly, this woman is now on the faculty of Northern Illinois University in the English department. I had hoped to be married to her some day, but it did not come to pass.

So this is a good bit of my history. There is a lot more, of course, but this is a paper about a quest, and after all of these years cutting metal in a factory I have actually begun what truly could be considered a quest. Most of my adult life has been more of an existence to this point. A quest is a search for something, and my search is twofold. I want to find my brain again; my intellect has been dormant for so long it is lost, and I'd like to find it. I also need to make some kind of a living to support my family, and edu-

cation should help me accomplish that. This is my first full semester at Kishwaukee, and as of now the quest is to become a teacher of children. I like children, and I love to see them learn. Our daughter is bright and inquisitive, and I have found little in life that makes me happier than to see her understand things that are new to her. Before she was born, I once coached a little league baseball team composed of ten to twelve year old boys. They responded well to my style of coaching and the way I taught them about the game, and that made me happier than anything that I had done to that point in my life. So when the machining career came to an end, because I could not bear to go into a factory anymore, the idea of becoming educated and then an educator seemed not only logical, but potentially fulfilling. I don't believe that I have had the

proper dose of fulfillment in my life, so this quest is a sort of medicine for me.

Will I succeed in this quest? I think that I already have, because the past three months have been the best that I have had in years. So I don't think that my success will be measured by the end of the journey, rather it will be measured by the journey itself. Events in life can force postponements or alterations to the plan, but the plan nor the ultimate destination are not really the issue here. The issue is the pursuit of a different and more fulfilling kind of life. As long as this goal is pursued, the quest will be on it's journey to fulfillment.



SCOTT N. ANDERSEN
A QUEST FOR GROWTH
THIRD PLACE - ESSAY

Ode To A Dead Finch

Oh, little bird,
Why did you have to die
On a Wednesday of a hot August afternoon,
When trash pick-up isn't
Until Monday of next?



CECIL SELLS
ODE TO A DEAD FINCH



STACEY HUFFSTUTLER
UNTITLED
THIRD PLACE - PHOTOGRAPHY

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