

Fall/Winter 2016-2017
Issue No.3



Cabalabi

Art and Literary Magazine



POETRY | PROSE | VISUAL ARTS

Celebrating the many talents of the faculty and staff of Pima Community College

cover artwork by: Reinhard Pawlicki

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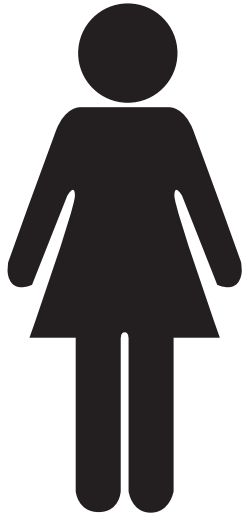
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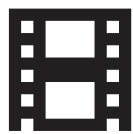


**WE WANT
YOUR WORK FOR
THE
2017-2018
PUBLICATION!**



Do you have a hobby, a secret talent, a passion for art, a drive for self-exploration, or a viewpoint that you want to express?

Submit your culinary accomplishments, travel feats, editorials, photos, paintings, prose, and any other self-expressions for our next issue.



Visit www.pima.edu/cababi for official 2017-2018 submission information.

SPECIAL THANKS

Thank you so much to Executive Vice Chancellor and Provost Dolores Durán-Cerda for officially adopting Cababi Art & Literary Magazine and for taking our publication under her support and financial purview. We couldn't do it without you, Dolores!

Thank you so much to Pima Community College student, James Alewine, for designing two back-to-back, stellar publications for us. We are forever in your gratitude. Now, you just have to find us a replacement! ;-)

Thank you to the wonderful Downtown Campus Leadership for their generous support and assistance in helping make this edition possible: Dr. Yira Brimage, Dean Pat Houston, and Dr. David Doré.

Thanks to Brooke Anderson and Molly McCloy. Brooke had the pleasure of interviewing our beloved Molly McCloy for this issue where Molly opens up about her one-woman show, storytelling travels, and the pursuit of her creative passions in her one year sabbatical. We are excited to hear more from Molly!

CONGRATULATIONS

Congratulations to Reinhard Pawlicki, West Campus Digital Arts Faculty, for his amazingly beautiful and sweeping cover photograph "Dancer". We are so proud of your ongoing support and contribution of our publication.

Congratulations to Campus President Dr. David Doré for winning his second, and back-to-back, Cababi Gila Monster President's Award. Dr. Dore will be receiving his second consecutive award and bragging rights for a year due to the fabulous number of spring submissions received from the Downtown Campus under his leadership. Are the rest of the campus presidents going to let Dr. Dore go for a three-peat for 2017-2018? Encourage your campus to submit to the 2017-2018 edition of Cababi to see who wins the next Gila Monster Challenge!

This 2016-2017 edition of Cababi is dedicated to Meg Files. Meg has been a full-time writing instructor for Pima Community College for over 30 years, and is the founder of the creative writing program and the annual creative writing workshop at Pima Community College. Thank you for your memorable inspiration, Meg!

Congratulations to the 2016 Banned Book Week Student Essay Contest Winners: Maria Cadaxa, First Place Winner and Madyson Shaye, Second Place Winner.



www.pima.edu/cababi
pcc-cababi@pima.edu

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Look for Spring 2017 submission updates, *Cababi* opportunities, and more art and writing endeavors.

LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

Happy Election Year Pima College Friends!

I just finished reading President Barack Obama's guest editorial for the November 2016 issue of *WIRED – The Frontiers Issue*. In true form, President Obama's editorial is a fascinating read, and he captures the simple, yet often complicated greatness of our country in a way that really makes me appreciate living in our current time. He describes in detail how America has steadily bettered itself over the past 80 years, and how we are already a GREAT nation due to our strides made in economic and social equality, advances in medicine, access to higher education, and other modern day advances.

Of course, writing for *WIRED*, President Obama lists the many leaps and bounds made in science, technology, and engineering, and he highlights the growing need to encourage our current and future leaders and citizens to make a personal investment in STEM (Science, Technology, Engineering and Math) to promote learning, ingenuity, and forward progress for our country and global community. He describes with exuberance the continuing need to hail science fair winners, entrepreneurs, and innovators as our REAL cultural heroes and icons so we can fight climate change, counter terrorism, cure disease, and solve our energy challenges. He calls for "Big Thinkers" and creative idea people to delve into the high-demand fields of research, engineering, coding, medicine, and science to continue to "embrace that quintessentially American compulsion to race for new frontiers and push the boundaries of what's possible" (Obama 2016).

As I was reading this landmark editorial and cheering, "Yes...yes we can! Sí se puede!" my bright and inquisitive kindergarten daughter was working on one of her creative inspirations next to me with a colorful scrap of paper, pulling an entire roll of scotch tape from its holder, and using my "good scissors" to cut through a sticky, glue-laden construct of flourishing color and architectural design. I was about to use my mommy voice to ask her what, exactly, she thought she was doing with my stash of USA Forever stamps when I took a closer look at her work.

I followed the curve of a strategically cut paper plate with its ridges positioned just right so as to replicate columns on a rectangular building made from the cover of a shoe box. I mused over the use of sticky tissue paper formed to make almost perfectly opaque windows. I pondered over where the artificial Easter grass was found to embellish the lawn in front of this structure (as I'm sure I was careful in disposing of this dreadful substance back in April). I also questioned the use of pink, purple, and turquoise to embellish the exterior shutters on this iconic edifice. Alas, I marveled at the bendy straw from a kitchen drawer with the USA Forever stamp affixed to the top and glued slightly askew to the side of one of the paper-plate columns. It was clear that participating as a spectator in the 24-hour news cycle of this election year had informed my daughter's world view, especially as it pertained to her vision of The White House.

You see, these past few months have not only been fraught with worry over the upcoming election in our house, but the bigger question has been which elementary school should our creative, unique, and clearly outside-the-box thinker attend in her formative years. Should we enroll her in that academically rigorous and slightly intimidating charter school we've all heard so much about? Or should we sweep her off to the new STEM school slated to open next year? After all, STEM is where it's at for all the brainy first graders, no? Where should our fidgety, fashion designer, storyteller, and collage-maker attend elementary school where she can document her observations, paint her world, and draw her dreams? After all, what good is a STEM school if there is no "A" for arts? Shouldn't ALL our schools be STEAM schools?

As much as I agree with President Obama's sentiments in *WIRED*, we also need artists, photographers, writers, storytellers, painters, and our creative wizards to document our cultural problems and solutions. Can we imagine humans colonizing Mars without the written narratives of the first inhabitants? What will photographs reveal from this election cycle 50 years from now? Will there be a poet laureate reading at the January 2017 Presidential Inauguration? What documentaries will be made about President Obama's eight years of service? When the President recently wrote about our "Big Thinkers" he surely must also have been taking into account the creative genius of political cartoonists, satirists, and humorists, no? After all, the greatness of a people and its civilization has always been interpreted through the stroke of a brush, the molding of clay, the tap of a key, the scratch of a charcoal, and the snap of a camera.

That is why we ultimately voted in favor of our small, charming neighborhood public school nestled in the middle of a traditional Tucson neighborhood – the kind of elementary school that has always inserted the "A" for arts and humanities into its curriculum, and not only promotes math, science, technology, and engineering, but offers music, physical education, and a colorful, questioning, and meaningful art program.

Moving forward, it will be interesting to see what art comes forth in our national dialogue after our election cycle and in the New Year. As always, we hope that this current issue containing the art, depth, and breadth of our faculty and staff will not only inspire new ideas and innovations in our students, but spark interest in submitting your work for next year's edition. For now, it's time to say goodbye to old friends and valued PCC artists. We wish Meg Files good luck in her creative retirement adventures, and we bid farewell and a high five to new and fresh talent like Jamie Alewine as he moves on to represent us in his new frontier.

As always, thank you to all of our editors and contributors who worked tirelessly to make this collection of art for everyone to enjoy.

I can't wait to see what's next for us in 2017!

April Burge

Editor-in-Chief

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AN EXHAUSTED BULL

MY grandmother always provides her translated commentary immediately after the French: “*C’est La Vie*. Such is life,” usually finishes off her declaration, “I’m *caïac*, Baby. Tired.” What can you do with this? Tired of what? It’s two in the afternoon and all we’ve done is mess around and watch *Passe Partout* and her favorite stories before we drag the drapes open and the sun comes streaming in, illuminating everything. Even the dust.

I’ll tell you what tired is. Tired is racing around trying to keep 34 fourth graders engaged for the whole day, every day. You try it. Most people wouldn’t last a week. What with having to get there by seven to tutor kids who can’t learn during the regular school day and then driving right through till 11:37 when I get my 29 minute lunch, at which point I’m expected to return parent phone calls and emails and explain to my principal why Karen is in her office for the third time this week (“Can’t you control your class, Ms. B?”) and pick up my mail, which I often forfeit because, that’s right, I chose to pee instead. I’ll make copies, duplicate them myself at the seventeen-minute recess while I’m telling Brad Wimpie, who’s decided he wants to follow me to the office, “I don’t care what you tell your mama” in response to his umpteenth reminder, “I’m gonna tell my Mama on you,” which he thinks will shock me because he knows I know she’s some bulldog lawyer. “Yeah, Brad, you do that. Tell on me. Here, let me dial the number. There are always at least two sides, you know.” Kids.

Last week, I told my dad during our regular Sunday visit that I was tired. I looked up at him and confessed, “I’m *caïac*, Dad.” My eyes had fallen to the floor by the time I finished the translation, “Tired.” He’s standing there in front of me in his dark brown house shoes and white socks pulled up halfway to his knees, looking down at me over his readers, with his hands in his khaki shorts when he lifts them up just like the Virgin Mary and my grandmother. He’s twisted his fingers to clench the imaginary rosary. I can almost see the blue crystal beads wound around her arthritic joints and the sterling-silver cross swinging. He’s holding onto the air, just looking down at me and says, “You mean you’re plum worn out.” I finally need the truth. “How could she have been plum worn out? We didn’t do anything. Go anywhere.” He’s still looking down at me — a statue — and says, matter of factly, “It’s one of my first memories” and inserts a dramatic pause to make sure he has my attention by slowly turning the toothpick sticking out of his mouth about a half of a rotation before continuing. “She’s walking around the house in a pink-cotton duster, saying she’s plum worn out, lifting her hands to the sky.” I’m so exhausted. So done. So, I argue. “No! Tired!”

It’s my life. Sunday with a fourth grader. “Look it up. Where’s the dictionary?” I’m going to finally win something—I mean, I remember. I’m finally showing Brad’s mother I’m right and he’s wrong. I heard it so many times. Heard it all. Not just

Simone Gers
Fiction

Notes:
caïac = ka-lock;
Passe Partout = pos-pa-two)

the words but the way she said it, the way her grey eyes lifted up, the exact curve of her arms, her fingers wound around the rosary, like it was something real, something really holding her up. I was there standing beside her. She said tired. I know. I’m right.

He’s keeping his hands in the rosary-choking fingers attitude. We lean over and read from the Cajun French Dictionary: “an exhausted bull.” I snort and choke and start shaking. Bobbing up and down. My arms hug my torso. I’m peeing on myself and my abs clench to stop the flow, and I have no air left so I can’t breathe or think or stand up. I’m thrashing and shaking like I’m dying. Jesus. I’m in such a fit, I can’t even choke out, “Hit me, please. Just hit me. Will you. Please.” I want to stop. I’m worn out. I need some air. Something. My dad stands there, pawing the ground with his right foot until his shoe flies off. Catches me.

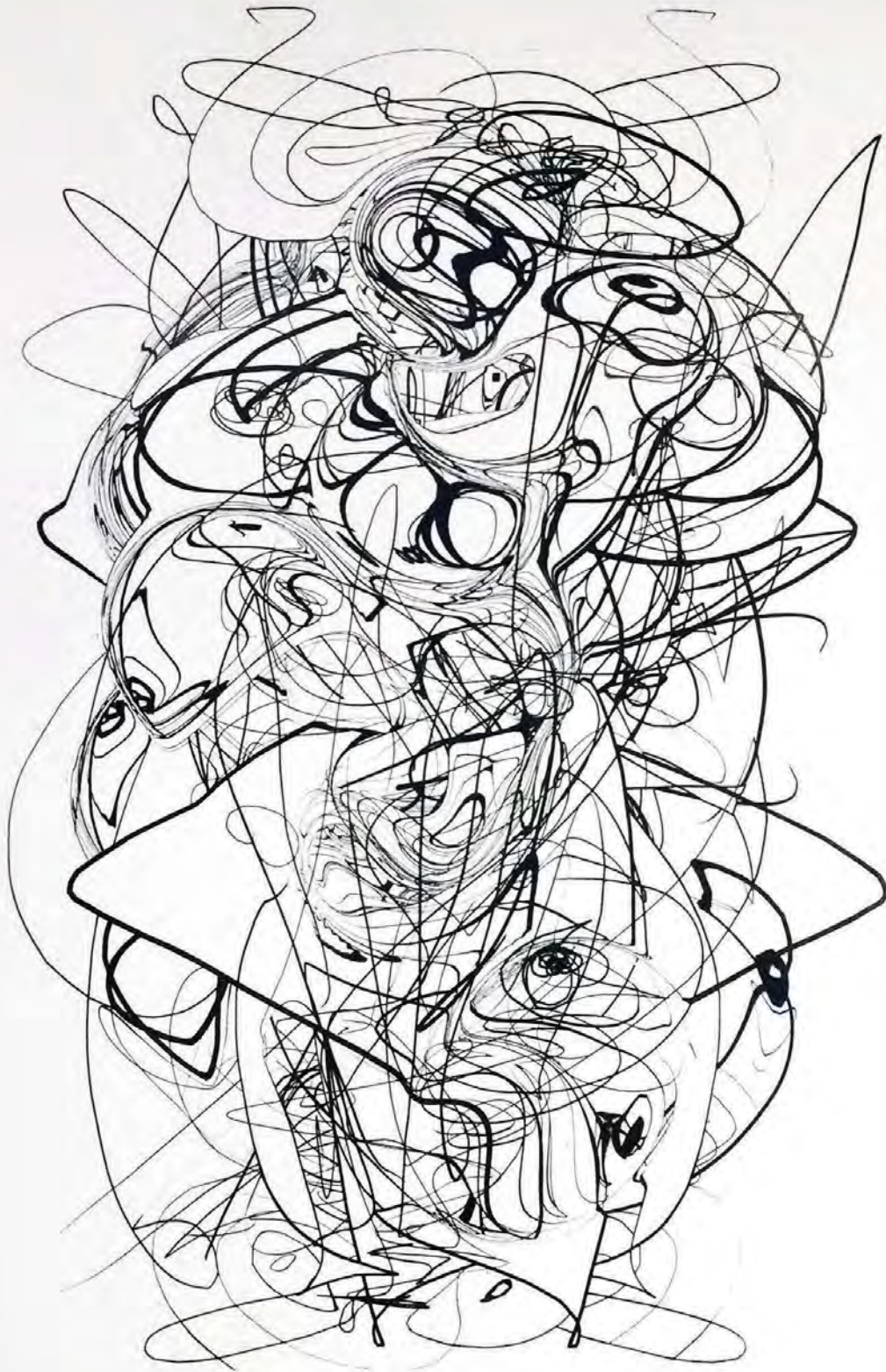
“I didn’t know,” he says. And his jaw stays open, lips parted, toothpick hanging on the dry skin of his lip. Unmoving.

So what? So what if my grandmother’s translations weren’t so accurate. Interpretations are relative. Dependent. Right? Maybe she wanted me to take everything in. Understand the context. Realize what I created.



PABLO

Wesley Fawcett Creigh
Linocut Print



THE LAST SIN

Ernesto Angel Chavez Trujillo
Printed on Reeves BFK
22"x30"



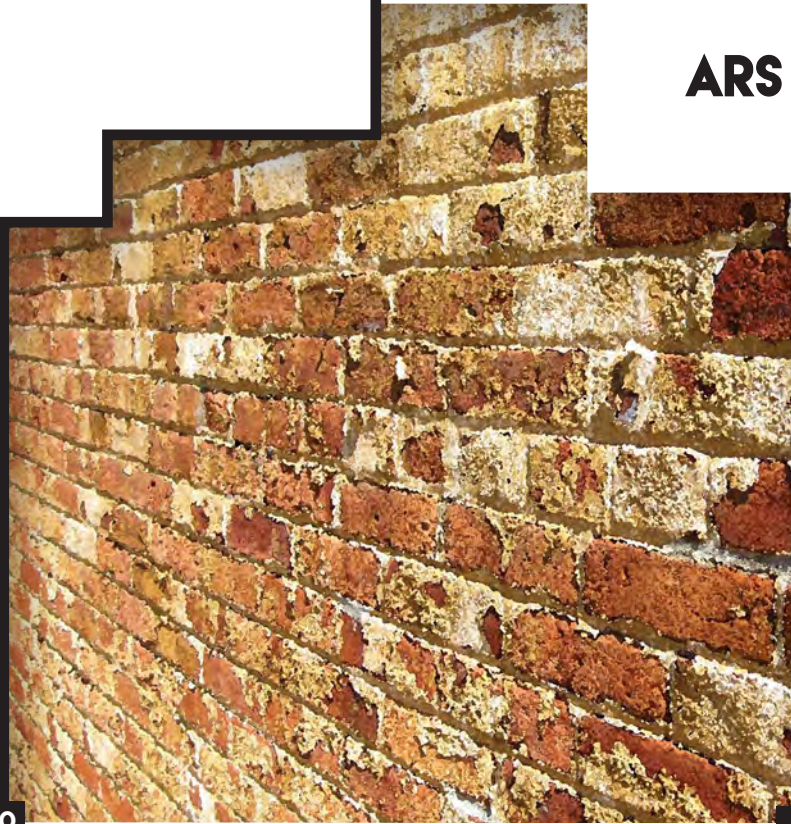
CELEBRATION

Caroline Pyevich
Acrylic on Canvas
36"x48"



PROTECTIVE

Laura Milkins
Ink/Colored Pencil/Watercolor
11"x14"



ARS POETICA

(For Jimmy)

Bobby Burns
Poetry

The majority of us, no matter what you think,
are wandering in gloom,
creeping around in the gloom.
No one knows what is going to occur
to him or her from one instant to the next,
or how one will tolerate it.
This is not only irreducible it's elemental reason.
And it's factual of everybody.
Now, it is correct that the nature
of the social order is to form, amongst its populace,
a delusion of security;
but it is also completely accurate
that the security is always necessarily
a delusion.
Poets are here to upset the calm.

THE CORPSE IN THE LIVING ROOM

The corpse in the living room
is starting to rot,
but it knows nothing
of the concept of overstaying a welcome.
The mourners' circle,
wailing and moaning,
and screams like dying rabbits
fill the house
while I shower.
I do the dishes
to the cries of open wounds
ground with salt blocks.
I've grown accustomed to it.
I pass by the body on the way to the refrigerator,
not sure if the stench is it
or something I have yet to discover
on the second shelf.

We avoid touching each other,
but every night
the decaying husk
makes its way to my bed.
I roll over
and focus on the clock,
fruitlessly trying to trick my mind
into believing it isn't there.

Nancy Keller
Poetry

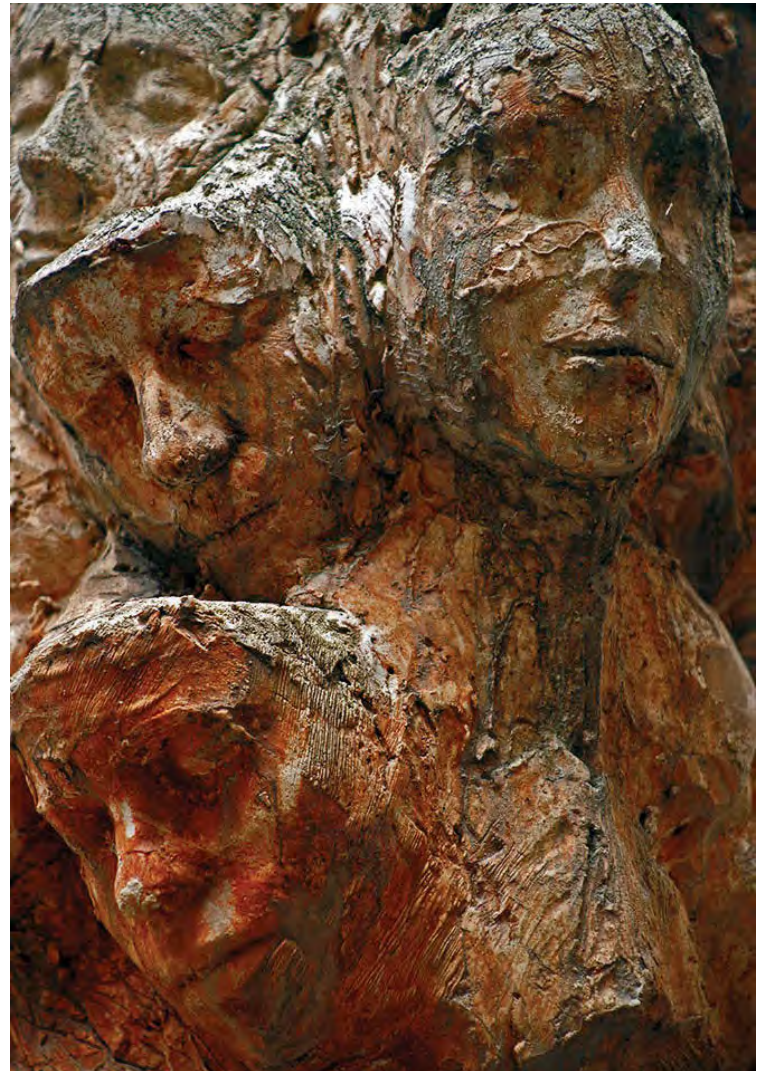
It sleeps the Great Sleep,
but I do not.
I stay alert, wide, open,
keeping a steady vigil
so that it never crosses to my side.

By morning
the corpse is always downstairs again,
back on its pedestal
between the couch and the television.
The mourners start up around 7am
in time to harmonize with my breakfast.
They wail,
and I view the day's forecast
over the corpse in the living room.



LIGHTNING BOLT

Eric Aldrich
Digital Photograph



FACES OF CADIZ

Valerie Smith
Digital Photograph

KATRINA'S MISERY

Bobby Burns
Poetry

Great tides of pain go ebbing and flowing among the piers of the teeth.

Henry Wadsworth Longfellow

The sky was brushed clean by the wind.

[Katrina] was here not long ago.

The once lively neighborhoods
are now a vicinage of nothingness,

Where children once played hop-scotch,
and where grown-ups played jazz and ate red beans
and rice on Big Easy nights.

Anderson Cooper of CNN

Reported the news like Cronkite used to do.

George Bush showed us it's nice to be nice.

Who can forget? Ray Nagin's

"Get off your Asses," diatribe.

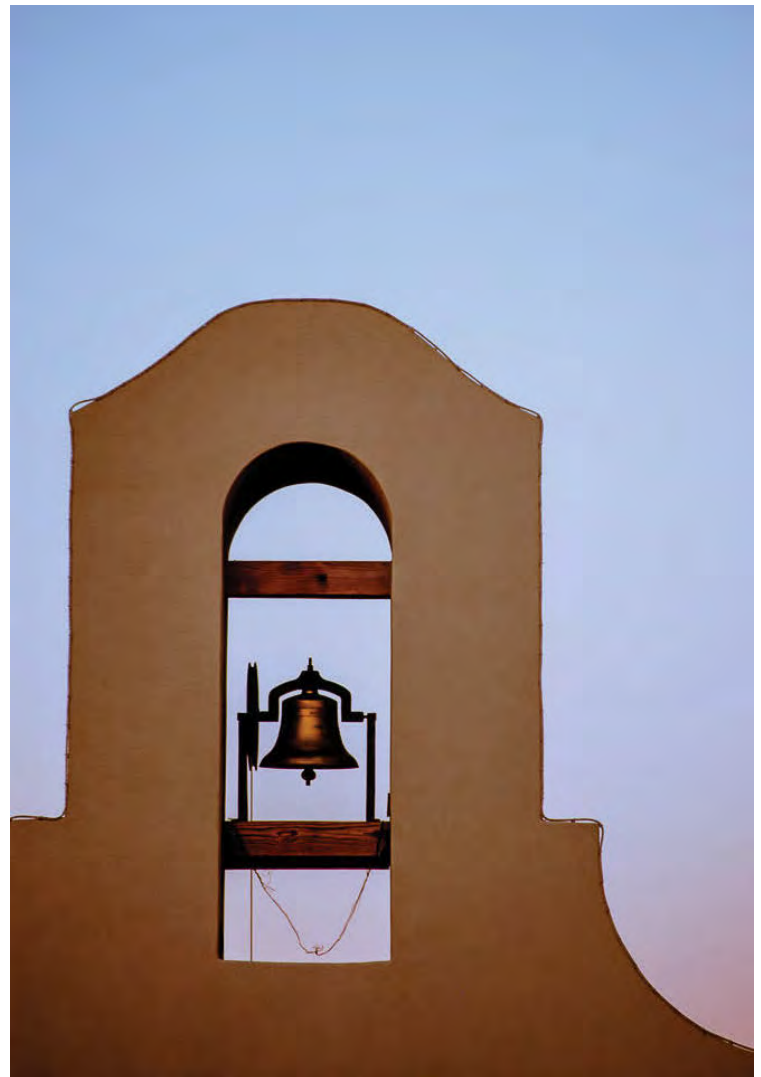
Governor Kathleen Blanco's eyes on the news
were often like the eyes of a dying woman who looks
everywhere for healing as she spoke
to the ears and eyes of the world.

[Katrina] was the spider's web that destroyed the
butterflies, leaving an ugly skeleton.



REMNANTS 280

Karen Hymer
Photogravure
8"x10"



OLD DAY SETTLES

Damion Motoya
Digital Photograph



WEDDING MENDHI

Melissa Bouey
Digital Photograph

IF DYLAN THOMAS HAD GONE TO A.A.

Sandra Shattuck
Poetry

To mute those wounds of art undone, I drank.
Now, each step reveals a sober wonder.
Blessed be grace, a breath, this now to thank.

Swansea's bard true to his father's dreams sank.
Passed-on loss builds crooked paths we blunder.
To mute those wounds of art undone, I drank.

His wife said, "Dylan was a shit." So frank.
My son calls me hero. Heart-filled thunder.
Blessed be grace, a breath, this now to thank.

Short one year, the bard joined his dad's dead rank.
We stutter and spew our words asunder.
To mute those wounds of art undone, I drank.

Go gentle into love, the soul's bright bank.
How deep our song with sober stars under.
Blessed be grace, a breath, this now to thank.

Drowned words still music. Musing lightning shrank.
We have only to listen and wonder.
To mute those wounds of art undone, I drank.
Blessed be grace, a breath, this now to thank.

(Note: Dylan Thomas died eleven months after his father died, the person whom Thomas addresses in his villanelle, "Do Not Go Gentle into That Good Night." Both men were alcoholics, and Dylan became the poet that his schoolmaster father wanted to become.)



GOOD VIBES

Damian Montoya
Digital Photograph



SONORAN MAGIC

Reinhard Pawlicki
Digital Art



KAROILINA

Wesley Fawcett Creigh
Linocut Print



OFFERING

Jennifer Wiley
Digital Photograph

Diane Miller
NON-Fiction

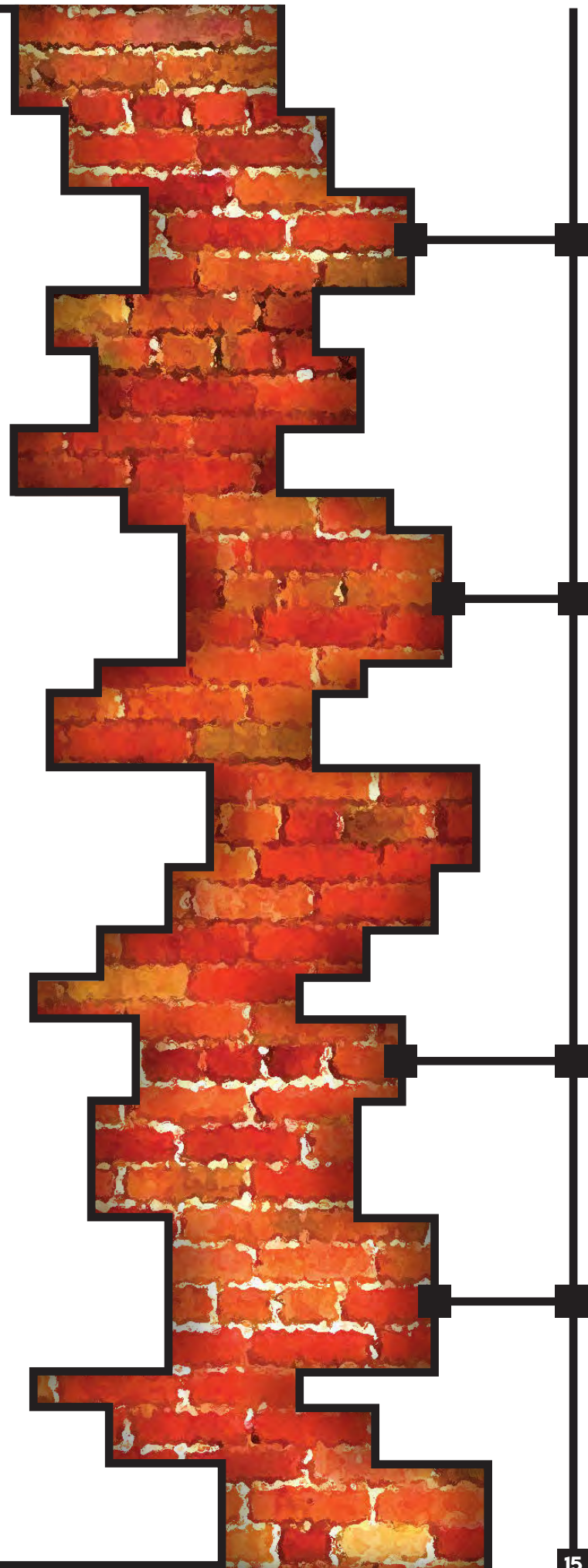
THE sight and aroma is reminiscent of a dormant memory, visiting a border town as a kid. No passport was needed then, and the field trip to a nearby town with parents in search of inexpensive rum, serapes, and wood carvings was familiar, at least once a year. On this morning, the ground spills over with the flow of discards as sticky dirt finds our feet and the weight of an August day in the desert is upon us. Pigeons walk in circles just beyond feet too tired to move another step. This time I am not the kid with my parents, and we are not in a border town. My son, wearing once pristine shoes, and I traveled just twenty minutes to the south side of our city to offer a few hours of help, with the hope of it being accepted.

Once inside, life and sustenance brim over with the aromatic smell of soup, good soup. The walls, floors, and air are old, with mounds of food ripening every second in adjacent rooms. Such is the state of summer here, I suspect. It may be a different scene during the sparkling holidays with seasoned volunteers and many more feet shuffling around outside. Sorting and packing began early with hands slicing and tossing; busy work that continues through the morning with an ever-present sense of urgency to stay a step ahead for tomorrow, if it is only a step.

New volunteers buzz with energy upon arrival, well-fed and eager to help; the souls in line and hovering on the fringe are not. Staff and regular helpers focus on the work at hand with calm and steady hearts. It is only 9 am, but they, too, seem weary. They know what must be done, they do it every day, and there is little energy for pleasantries. We had the easy job with hours of work done before us. Their tasks are accomplished with missionary ease which is likely not the case every day.

As each person arrives at the window, there are few smiles, but sparse words and nods of gratitude are plentiful. Weariness and humility is evident in each pair of eyes coping with their own reality. The 40-something man with clean, disheveled clothes, wire-rimmed glasses, and curly hair doesn't seem to fit. Maybe he just got out of his car, his third night after being evicted from his apartment, and a casualty of the economy? The man with a toothless grin holds a cup to his nose as he closes his eyes. Maybe he lives down the street with his eight family members in a tiny house, but sleeps in the backyard so the women and children can have the floor inside? And the backpack-laden woman with eyes that have been up all night. Maybe she has lived in the park for the better of three months, and doesn't want life to change, or is ready for the life she knows to end?

Here, as a day's rations and a cup of chicken soup are bestowed, there is no judgment, only the offer and acceptance of another day. It is the cycle of life's circumstances that allow the human race to accept, and offer, another day.



“I’M LEAVING” Mom announced, looking up from her paper. She threw the paper down, marched to her bedroom, and began packing. Suitcases snapped and drawers banged. Her dramas were never silent. She returned to the den and threw Dad’s dirty laundry over the TV set, which I was watching. “I have had enough of your father,” she said, “I’m leaving, and you’re coming with me. We’re going to the lake.”

I was back from Jeffrey, my neighbor’s, developing prints down in his basement, pictures taken around his parents’ swimming pool, prints of some of the neighborhood kids in their swim suits. Jeffrey’s sisters looking up at the lens from the edge of the pool, water dripping down their faces, and their little boobs bobbing up from the pool water. Danny Meyer standing at the end of the low diving board, his swim suit clinging tight. He had a boner; I could tell. Such were the hot bodies Jeffrey and I had captured with his new camera. It was summer, 1957. We were 11, almost 12.

Before when Mom took off, she did it by herself, and she’d be back in a few days. This was the first time she had taken any of us along. I liked the idea of getting out of the Fresno summer, where even on good days it was well over 100 in the shade. This morning, the weatherman had forecast 109 degrees. Anyhow, it beat lying around in the afternoon with my older sister watching

movies on TV, or hanging out with Jeffrey in his darkroom. I got my stuff together and poured everything into the trunk. Mom had already put her things in the back seat.

Just then Dad drove in, “What’s happening, Robby?” he asked me.

I was standing in the driveway waiting for Mom to emerge. She’d gone to the bathroom for a last minute stop. “Mom’s taking me up to the lake. She says she’s leaving you.”

“Well, you know her. She’ll be back. We just need a break from one another.” Dad looked uneasy; he didn’t like sharing this sort of thing. “But you don’t have to go with her. You could stay here with us.” He put his hand on my shoulder.

Just then Mom came out. She gave me the signal to get in the car. She didn’t say anything to Dad. “I don’t know if I want you taking Robby,” Dad said to her.

“Well, that’s tough. We’re leaving,” Mom whispered to him, like maybe she thought I wouldn’t hear it, but of course I did; I was standing right between them, thinking, Mom really needs me. She does. So I sidled over to the passenger side and climbed in.

Mom edged her convertible out of the driveway, careful to skirt the wheelbarrow at the side, and also Dad who stood next to it looking sad. “I think your father can deal with your brother and sister for a while and see for himself what taking care of a bunch of brats can do to someone’s soul. I can take you. Ok. You’ll be my little man.”

Mom was short, so we looked like two kids driving with the top down along the highway, except she was smoking and wearing her large dark glasses and a purple scarf, which give her a glamorous look. She looked beautiful, like one of those movie stars on TV. I adored her. I was skinny with a baby face. I inspected that face every morning in search of a few hairs. All I found was peach fuzz.



Huntington Lake was our lake. We vacationed there for years. We drove up to the little town by the lake and rented a cabin. The whole thing took less than three hours. Then she dropped me off at the lake with my gear, and drove to Rusty’s bar, “Just for a bit,” she assured me, but I guessed it would be longer. The lake was long and wide, like a big fat sausage, bordered on all sides by cabins that jutted out from the trees. The water was flat and calm. There was a small beach area, a boat dock, and a ramada with a roof for taking shelter. I settled myself on the beach. I’d brought my Kodak camera, a good supply of Hardy Boy mysteries, my swimming trunks and enough sunscreen for a month. A large beach blanket and a little umbrella. I was set. The lake and the books and a towel. I was used to being alone, actually liked being alone.



MOHONK

Valerie Smith
BW 120mm Silver Gelaton
5"x7"

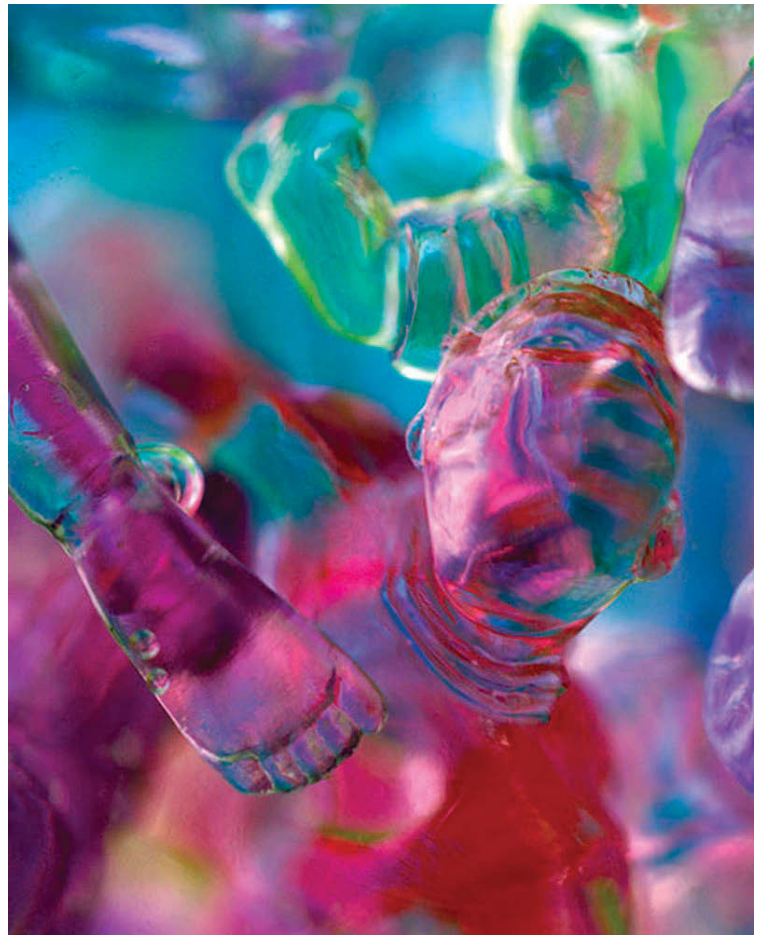
Before she took off, Mom set down her rules. No swimming where the water was over my head. No swimming out of clear sight of shore. I could go further out, but I had to wear a life jacket. She dug out the life jacket from the back seat. She was a cautious woman, prone to worry. I had to stay safe. I agreed to everything with a big smile.

That first day, she was gone for four hours and came back smashed and collapsed on the beach blanket. It must have been 8 o'clock by then; it was pretty dark. She got up and drifted toward the car, gesturing for me to come with. I thought she shouldn't be driving, so I gently took the keys from her hand and helped her get into the car. She was too far gone to argue. She fell asleep instantly. I'd driven the car before, with my sister usually, when the folks went out on Friday nights. The car was a big boat of a Chevy with automatic transmission, easy to drive. Driving very slowly with the lights on high beam, I arrived at the cabin. I caught Mom when she stumbled on the way through the door. After I helped her into bed, I watched TV, ate a tuna sandwich, and went to bed.

The next morning we woke up and went to the lodge restaurant. Mom seemed not to remember the night before, certainly not my driving the car, so I kept it to myself. Why make trouble? Mom was hungover, in her whiny and gripey mode. I sort of half listened as she rattled off her complaints. Dad was a shrink. "You would think he might be a sensitive, intelligent man," Mom whined. Not according to Mom. Cold, egotistical, dull, maybe unfaithful (probably not, with his libido), distant, abstract, impractical, mean and cruel were some of the words she threw around with the eggs, bacon, four cups of coffee, and six cigarettes smoked in between occasional bites. Breakfast was a lengthy affair for Mom. I listened. I sympathized. I never argued, though I didn't believe what she said. I loved Dad, even if he was often busy and not around much. Dad was a good guy, and Mom was the problem. I had that figured out, but I didn't ever say this. I mean, I adored her.

Mom took an envelope out of her purse. "These are my psychiatrist's notes. I got them last week when I decided to stop therapy." The envelope was large, and there was a thick file as well that Mom placed on top. "I have to change my life." She pulled out pages and wafted them in the air in front of me like a fan. "Six years of therapy, and what do I get? A broken marriage. A pile of words, useless words. You're the only good thing going on for me, you know that?" She looked at me like she was going to cry. I didn't want that. I didn't want any of this.

After breakfast, we went back to the little beach at the lake and put down our blanket and towels. Mom went in for a dip, but she soon started looking around, as if she somehow expected someone to show up. She told me she would be back "in a little while." This time she'd packed a lunch for me, so I didn't



LITTLE MEN II

Valerie Smith
Digital Photograph
16"x22"

think I'd see her anytime soon. I decided to try a longer swim, a swim across a crook in the lake, maybe 400 yards. The swim was the longest I'd ever done, and I was working myself up to a challenge even greater. When I finally walked back to the beach, I sat in a folding chair under a sycamore and read *Hardy Boys and the Mystery of the Missing Prince*. I took out my camera from my beach bag. I got up and roamed around, shot pictures of a couple lying on the sand. When Mom returned, she seemed in only slightly better shape than she had been the day before, but I didn't try to take her keys. The drive home was a little wobbly, but it was not very far. She made it. I cooked up some spaghetti and garlic bread, which we ate at the breakfast table.

Up til then, we had not had much contact with home, but that evening I heard Mom talking on the phone with Dad. "I

have had enough of your cleverness. I don't believe anything you say. No, I am not exaggerating, Larry. Our marriage is moribund, and I blame you." I wondered what moribund meant. I'd heard enough. I turned on the TV. *Gunsmoke* was on.

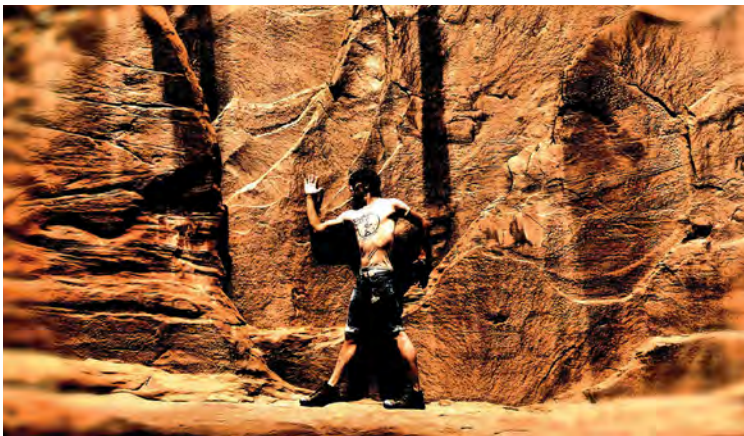
Next morning, when I got up, the psychiatrist's report was strewn across the table, along with two ashtrays full of butts and three empty bottles of red wine. I skimmed through a bit of it, but didn't learn much. Mom was unhappy. She was "narcissistic," whatever that was. Her doctor prescribed a lot of pills. I picked up the pages, put them neatly into the large envelope, and put it on a shelf. I didn't want to read it.

The following days seemed like repeats. What changed was how far I swam each day. I was almost doubling my distance by the day. I would swim to a more distant point on the side, but then would walk back. I had decided that my goal was to swim straight across the lake, a distance of a little more than three miles. I also got some good photos of all the locals to share with Jeffrey, focusing on those with the nicest bodies and the skimpiest bathing suits. Jeffrey had big plans to become a Hollywood producer. He said he would retire at 40 and live on a beach somewhere. He was the Lone Ranger, and I was his Tonto, he told me. No one seemed to notice me or my camera. I was invisible. Around that time I sent him a postcard of the lake and wrote on the back, "Wish you were here." It wasn't exactly the truth. I almost added, "My mom's driving me nuts," but I knew that would get back to Dad.

Mother was talking to Dad every night on the phone, and sometimes I listened in. I could tell her anger was cooling a bit, and she seemed to be starting to miss everyone at home. She mentioned my sister and brother, and not always in a complaint. In the evening after she got off the phone, she drank wine and sat with me and rested her head on my shoulder as we watched TV. One night I actually talked to Dad when she was sitting next to me on the couch.

"So, how are you doing?"

"I'm great. I'm swimming every day."



DANCER

Reinhard Pawlicki
Digital Art

"Next morning, when I got up, the psychiatrist's report was strewn across the table, along with two ashtrays full of butts and three empty bottles of red wine."

"How's Mom?"

"She's sort of the same, I guess."

"You know you can come home any time if you want. We'd like to see you."

"It's OK here for a while, I guess."

"Does your mom have any friends yet?"

"I don't know really. She hangs out at Rusty's a lot. She's had a few girlfriends come over for dinner. We've gone on hikes. We read quite a bit."

"Well, I'm glad you're helping her. I think we'll work things out in the next few weeks."

"I hope so, Dad."

Later she was mad at me about what I said about her being at Rusty's. She said she didn't appreciate it. "I expect more loyalty than that from you." She got up suddenly and ran into the little bathroom, slamming the door. I could hear her crying on the toilet.

Mom had red pills on her nightstand that she took before she went to sleep. She had little white pills to "energize" her in the morning. Around midnight we called it a night. The TV stations were going off. I helped her get into bed.

Twelve days had passed, and I thought I was ready to swim across the lake. Again Mom repeated the swimming rules when we arrived at the beach, and I agreed to follow them. I had brought my sack lunch, which I could leave for my return, but not much else. The beach blanket. A towel. After she left, "only for a while," I dove into the lake, knowing it would take me at least a few hours to swim across and walk back. The lake was cold, even though the air was warm. If I stayed right on the top swimming, I caught a warmer layer that was more comfortable. When I'd gotten about a third of the way across, I realized the distance was farther than I had thought. I started to feel afraid. I said to myself, whatever you do, don't panic. You can't turn back. Just float for a while. I turned over and floated on my back. The water was pretty cold, except at the very top, and I was still small for my age, less than 90 pounds. I could see the shoreline in every direction, rows of trees. But everywhere I looked the shore was a

long ways away.

I was starting to feel confused. Images of Mom and Dad and my sister and brother flashed across my mind. I told myself to lie back and float. I relaxed. The water was calm and not so cold. I was in a near-sleeping state when a strong arm caught me and pulled me up and into a long boat. It was an old man with a white beard who looked a lot like Santa Claus. His boat smelled of gasoline and fish. The old man, who had a purplish red nose, was very drunk, and spoke to me roughly, "You little fool. What the damn hell you think you're doing?" I sputtered and told him I was swimming across the lake.

"Hell, it's too far and too cold for a little guy like you", he said, shaking his head. "I'm going to take you back, but don't do that again." I nodded. I was shivering but felt exhilarated. He steered his boat toward shore and let me out at the beach. Then he turned himself as if he were on a swivel, and wobbled off up a bank in the direction of Rusty's. I stayed on the beach blanket and opened my lunchbox and ate three sandwiches in a row. Then I pulled the towel over myself and slept, and when I woke up, I read.

That evening Mom told me she had overheard an old guy at the bar who said he had caught a small boy in the middle of the lake. She said she didn't think it could be me. "I'm right aren't I?" She looked at me closely.

I nodded. "I played water tag with some boys in the morning. I slept most of the afternoon," I said. "I read after I woke up." She patted my arm, took her napkin, and wet it with her tongue. She rubbed it on my cheek to clean up a little smudge. "My little soldier."

I knew if I was going to swim across the lake, I would need to plan more. I walked into the little village of Huntington. One shop had a sign with a fisherman in a boat holding a net. I approached one of the clerks. "What can you do if you want to stay in the water for a long time? It's pretty cold."

This very tall clerk looked down on me. "Well, you can wear a wetsuit. Some guys do that if they are diving in the deeper parts of the lake."

"Do you have them?"

"Well, yes we do, but they cost \$15 a day to rent. And you have to leave some kind of ID."

The clerk left me standing for a few minutes. When he returned, he was looking pleased with himself. "Hey, I found one. It's a girl's suit, but that doesn't matter." He held it up. It was pink and had flamingoes imprinted on the legs. The suit looked fine to me. I stayed long enough to get some basic instruction in using it.

I bided my time. Mom seemed to be enjoying her hiatus at the lake. She was talking to Dad less frequently, and had made some friends. She had her girlfriends over more often for drinks

and dinner. She was settling in. She had taken me to the library, where we had both stocked up on new books. I thought of my chances with the swim. I needed to make sure it would work. I remembered how confused and weak I'd felt at midpoint. I should take some nourishment with me to keep up my strength. Something warm and delicious. I decided to fill my scouting thermos with hot chocolate and strap it to the wetsuit. I could rent some flippers as well. That would help me move faster in the water.

Getting the money and the driver's license was easy. Mom left money around all the time and lost track of it. I could take her license from her one time and she'd not know the difference. I gathered up the money in small amounts over the course of a few days. It was easy. Mom depended on me for all sorts of things. I did the shopping and most of the cooking. I kept the cabin clean. Another time, I took her keys and drove her home. I'd become a familiar person to many of the town's residents. I was a "good" kid. We'd been at the lake almost a month.

The cabin was taking on the air of a residence even though I knew we would leave it soon. Mom had put family pictures on the refrigerator, and hung a Mexican parrot mobile in the living room. There were a lot of little feminine touches that had sort of magically appeared over the weeks. Lampshades with frills. Tablecloths. She'd also started talking to Dad again, and even saying things like "love you," at the end of their conversations. Dad wanted us home. He had to go into hospital for some sort of surgical procedure in a few days. We'd be returning before then to help out. The next morning was the one-month anniversary. I was determined to try the lake again. I knew this was something I had to do.

That morning Mom seemed lighter, less anxious. She was making plans for our return. At the beach, she repeated the boundary rules for the ninth time and left me to join



DC REFLECTIONS

Mike Rom
Digital Photograph

her girlfriends at the bar. I had my books and a lunch in my backpack, but also had the thermos with hot chocolate, and Mom's driver's license. I hurried to the boat shop as soon as she drove away. The rental of the wetsuit went smoothly since the same clerk was there and had it all ready for me. He helped me into the suit and added flippers to the rental. They were pink as well, the smallest size. In the store mirror, with my orange rubber cap and pink flippers, I looked something like a newborn newt.

Arriving at the beach, I pulled my suit back on, jumped into the water, and waved to people who came by in their boats. Some of them waved back, curious at my appearance, not quite sure what I was. With the wetsuit on, my body was almost warm. I decided not to drink any of the chocolate till I got to the mid-point in the lake, marked by a red buoy with a light attached to it. The water was a little choppy this time out. There were clouds overhead, and after a while it began to rain. I had not considered the possibility of a summer storm. It did not make much difference except that it was harder to tell how far I'd gone because I could only see about 10 yards in front of me; after that it was all a squall. I was pretty sure I was going in the right direction. I was making good time with the flippers. Finally, I saw the red buoy ahead. I flipped over on my back and floated, and pulled up the thermos to gulp down some chocolate. It was a tricky maneuver, but I had already practiced it once before, so I knew I could do it. The chocolate was hot and delicious. I felt its warmth flowing through me. I re-attached the thermos and kicked ahead with my flippers.

The rain was coming down hard. I wasn't sure which direction to go. It was hard to see anything very far ahead. I'd have to go on guesswork, trusting my instincts to lead me to land. I had the feeling I was going toward shore, but I was not sure if it was the right shore. The flippers were a great help, and I moved much more surely through the water. Sometimes I flipped over and poured some more hot chocolate into my mouth, which always had the effect of re-vitalizing me. There were no boats anywhere. Everyone had gone ashore, and the storm was gathering force. I swam with steady strokes. I could see only a few feet ahead of me. The water was making large and turgid waves. I felt warm in the wetsuit, and I still had some energy left, but I felt as well that I was being pulled into a vortex of waves and rain. Visions of my sister and brother and Dad came to me. I saw Jeffrey and his sisters. I just wanted to make it to shore.

The storm began to clear almost as fast as it came on. Suddenly, I saw ahead the opposite shore. I felt like Robinson Crusoe must have felt when he washed up on the beach: saved. I could see the cabins jutting out from the trees and a few boats at the shoreline. I swam past some mossy rocks and stood up and walked wobbly on land. I still had a little chocolate left in my thermos. I sat down on the sand and poured it in my cup. For the first time in a month, I cried.

I'd made it. It was a miracle. Now I would have to walk back, return everything to the boat shop, and arrive at the ramada before Mom came. I ran most of the way. This was going to be

my secret, mine alone. When I got to the boat shop, the clerk was not surprised to see me. "The storm get you?" he asked.

"Yes, and we're leaving the lake tomorrow. I just wanted to try these once."

"Did they work for you?"

"Yes, at least till it started to storm." I handed over the suit and flippers and got my mom's ID back. The clerk charged me only for half a day.

Returning to the ramada where my beach blanket was still spread out and mostly dry, I lay down and pulled up a towel to cover me. I went to sleep instantly. I woke to Mom shaking me. "Robby, are you OK? You're sleeping a lot. I'm worried about you." She took out a comb and ran it through my hair. "You're my little soldier. You have to stay strong." Mom was fairly sober and seemed sweet but annoying at the same time. "I'm fine, Mom, really, I'm fine."

The next day, when we returned home, Dad and my brother and sister were in the driveway. They ran up to the car as we came in, and my brother jumped on the front bumper. My sister was banging on the hood. I'd brought presents from the lake for everyone. I had three rolls of film to show to Jeffrey, filled with photos of young college kids hanging out at the lake. Jeffrey would love them. We would be developing these for weeks. Me? I figured I was done with being Tonto. I had spied a few brown hairs on my chin. And I was done with taking care of Mom. She'd decided to go back to college and get her degree. When she got out of the car, she took a bow, like leaving home was some big accomplishment. She was exultant. For me, it was a relief to hand her over to Dad. That night we went out to a fancy restaurant for dinner. I never told anyone about my swim across the lake.

It was mine, I thought, only mine.

2ND GENERATION

Andrea Kooshian
Poetry

The smell of onions, garlic, and fresh pastry will push out the tension through the open windows. The house will smell of lahmajoon & gezbone for days, the heavy memories of fear and survival, soaked into the threads of the old furniture. Sit down in exhaustion, and you might hear a faint sigh of an ancestor escape up in a cloud of waxy dust. He's raging again. The anger rolls in behind him, crawling up his legs, wrapping around his chest, surprising even him. The cold air is a refreshing wave of foreign innocence from outside as we move around the hot kitchen, covered in flour, grinding pieces of parsley and dough into the faded linoleum. We can't imagine what's been done, but we will spend the next 6 hours chopping, sifting, kneading, perfecting our peace offering for a wound that never heals, for a man who can't forget, for a world that won't remember.



A WALK IN SOLITUDE

Damian Montoya
Digital Photograph



PINECONE

Melissa Bouey
Digital Photograph



SAINT AUGUSTINE

Emily Jacobson
Digital Photograph

TO THE MOUNTAINS

Simone Gers
Poetry

There are six of us in the kitchen
where we are having a get together
and my son who has one of those conditions
--everyone but him can see--

is home. There's one of my husband's famous centerpieces
carefully constructed -- Thanksgiving pyramid of gourds,
glass and hand tools, nuts and cones, flowers, oddities honoring
our son and guests, and just at this moment, I am moving
a pan with the Cajun bread over to the island
when I burn my hand
--which doesn't bother me.

What bothers me
is how I am imagining my son seeing--
his face is turned toward the kitchen
in my direction, the color of my hair in front of red
cabinets behind me, his dad's chin,
the dog attack scar that caresses his jaw bone--
instead of paying attention to the hot metal
pan and how at the moment the burn seals,
the Rincon mountains just light up--hot pink and purple. Orange-gold
flames from valley to peaks, and I can't help but ask, as I am want to do,
if he remembers the color of sunset.

My son describes

the whole sunset, without turning to look
behind him, without stopping or stumbling,
as he walks--hands out in front of him, finger antennae, navel height
from our long, reclaimed-wood dining table, the kind that babies are birthed on
between floor-to-ceiling windows, strategically placed for the stunning view--
to the island and touches the Cajun bread,
knows exactly where it rests

tickles his fingers over the whole loaf--knows it
before I have cut or served any of it to the guests--
says, Cut me a middle piece. I don't want
a dried-up end. I see the exact soft piece
he wants. It's where the cheese and meat burst
through the bread, tore it apart, bled onto metal.

It is the moment of perfection
in a side dish--an accent that takes days to make.
How horrible it is to see--

and in the middle of my fumbling through my familial wilderness, I awake to
burning, my son lifting the hot bread, pushing a piece through the hole,
the O of lips and teeth that now part only so far, frozen jaw (another tragedy),
pushing
and pushing with multiple pokes until he takes it all in,
finding his drink with cheesy fingers and raises his glass.
We all understand he wants to toast

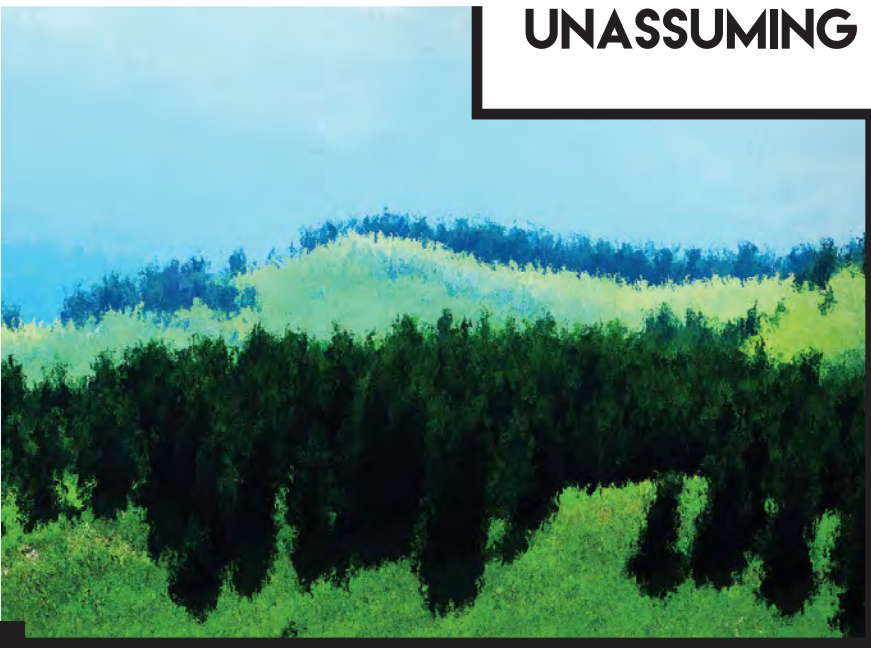
his mouth so full--To Life.

To Appetites.
To The Mountains.



UNASSUMING BLUE

Nancy Keller
Poetry



You love those fringey blues,
not the navies,
or the royals or the skies,
but the shades of blue
that haunt the creases in old books,
the edges of gravestones,
and the lines in palms -

the blues that loiter,
slouched against graffitied walls,
leaving an essence more than a statement,
subtle and shifty,
like water between rocks.

You love the blues that defy description,
leaving even artists
awake at night,
grasping at adjectives and adverbs,
and finally giving up
in bluster and exhaustion -

blues that lurk in dark corners,
comfortable without praise or attention
but patient, waiting
to reflect
whatever light shines on them.

You love the blues that crumple
to the bottom of the crayon box,
forgotten,
and are more striking for it,
the elusive blues
that slink and dart,
unassuming and beautiful
like you.



WEB

Jennifer Wiley
Digital Photograph

DESERT LECTURE SERIES

Josie Milliken
Poetry

today's lecture is about the slow fluid movement of breath into body.
tomorrow's is about feeling breath flood body in desert heat.

the next will be about desert sky bleaching bone to brittle, then
a transition to lectures on desert sunsets, or the precise hue of
heartbreak.

the next will address the taste of light igniting enzymes on the
tongue, then a series on unclenching the ribcage of want. following
is a series on wide open space and the churning harvest of heat
throbbing in throat.

future lectures explore browns and blues and horizon lines and
jagged air and dustweed clouds and the raw pulsing of thorns
ripping tangles in heart, all inextricably linked.

arrive parched and porous. attend with attention and absorb. absorb
summer sage and purple haze and the blazing of ice-hot light rage
seared on inner eyelids. absorb the relentless burn and thirst of
memories in marrow. absorb heat layered with rise-fall mantras of
doves, cicadas, crickets, coyote-howled want. absorb light and heat,
straggles and breaks and cracks and ache.

absorb particularity, the particular form of reaching emerging from
hardening and ever-hardening earth, the particular beauty of lifeness
inhabiting deceptively seeming deadness.

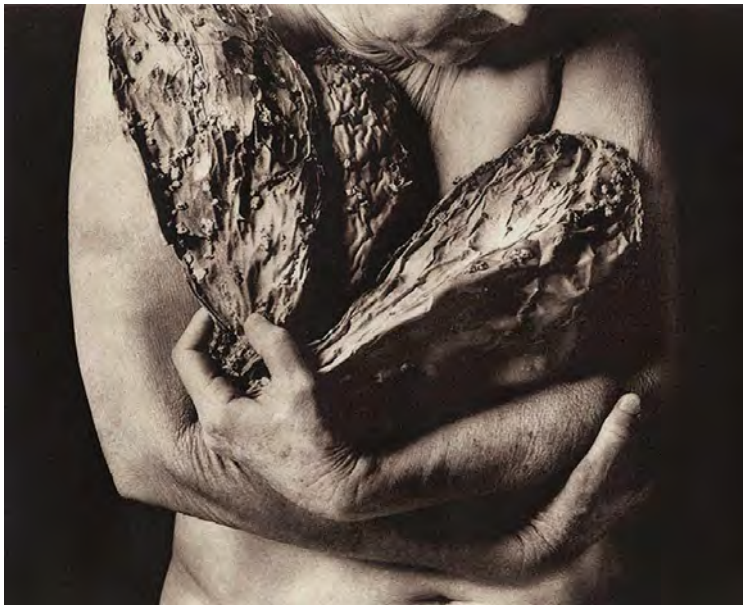
absorb, and absorb raw, open. allow the washing over, the seeping
and seething, sinking through skin.

know this will be the last, then, the last in the series. no more after
this. rain may fall or not, the sun may burn hurt or heal, and next
will follow next: no guarantee.



SURPRISED

Jorge Caballero
Digital Art



REMNANTS 202

Karen Hymer
Photogravure
8"x10"



RISE UP

April Burge
Digital Photograph

PACKARD CAMPUS FILM REEL CULPEPER



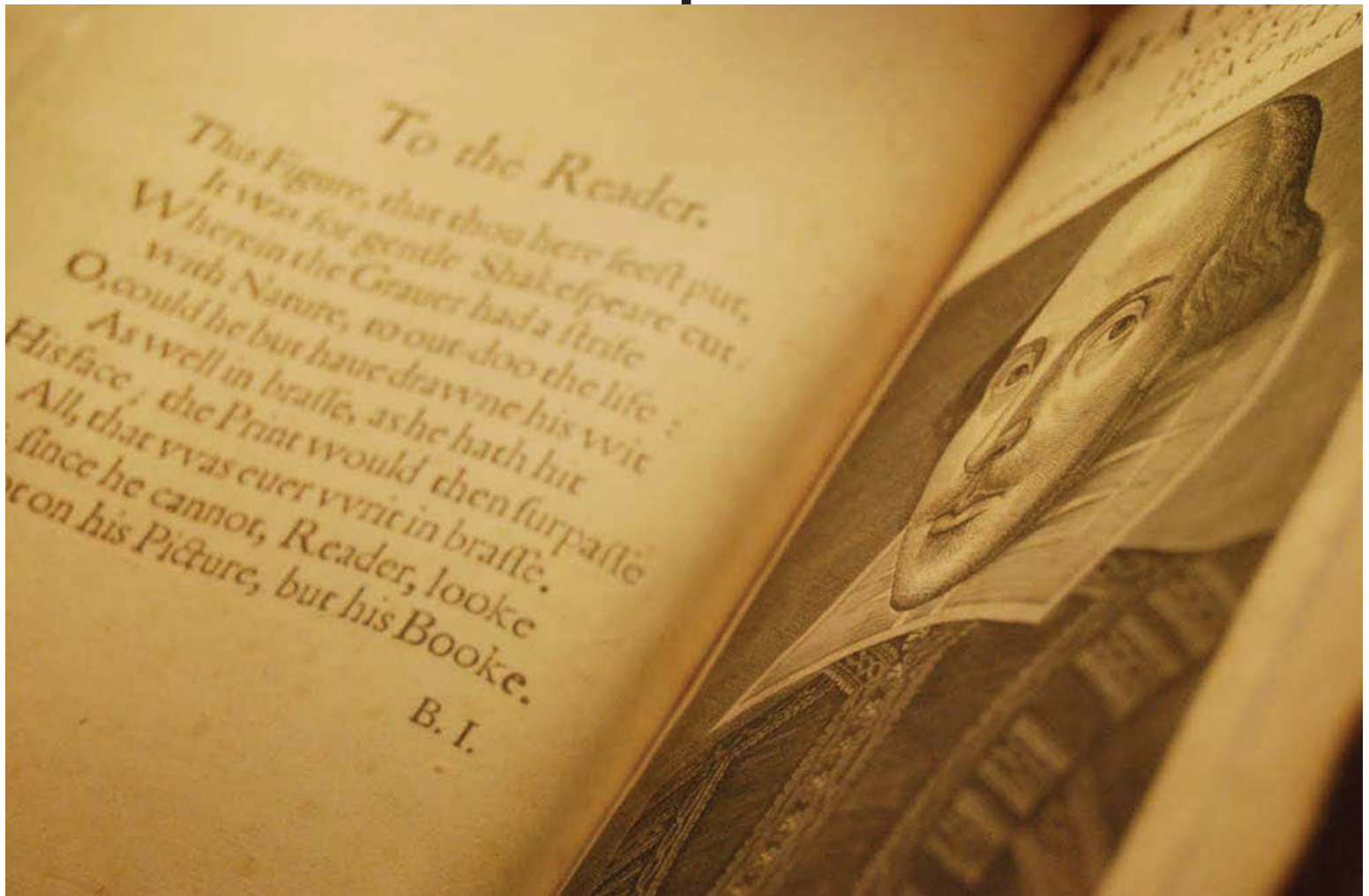
CARD CATALOG



LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

Emily Jacobson
Digital Photographs

SHAKESEARE FOLIO



FOLGER SHAKESPEARE LIBRARY

Emily Jacobson
Digital Photograph

MY WORST SUMMER VACATION

Tom Speer
Poetry

to my son, Colenso

There I was, squinting at the oily canvas,
wasting my summer vacation in Paris.
My mother's hand clenched mine tighter
with each new figure she saw in the painting.
Tilting my head back, I squirmed and struggled
to break free. An old man turned to me.
"Are you enjoying your visit to the Louvre?"
Probably the dumbest question I'd ever
heard. My mother smiled and pushed us
ahead. This place had a strange effect
on everyone. They peered into pastels
as if searching for hidden treasure.
I longed to run through the building
and shake people from their comas.
Raphael, Leonardo da Vinci, these
old guys dead and gone, none of them
mattered. Everywhere I turned
some ghostly face twisted in pain
stared down at me. I squinted at the
oily canvas. All I wanted was out.

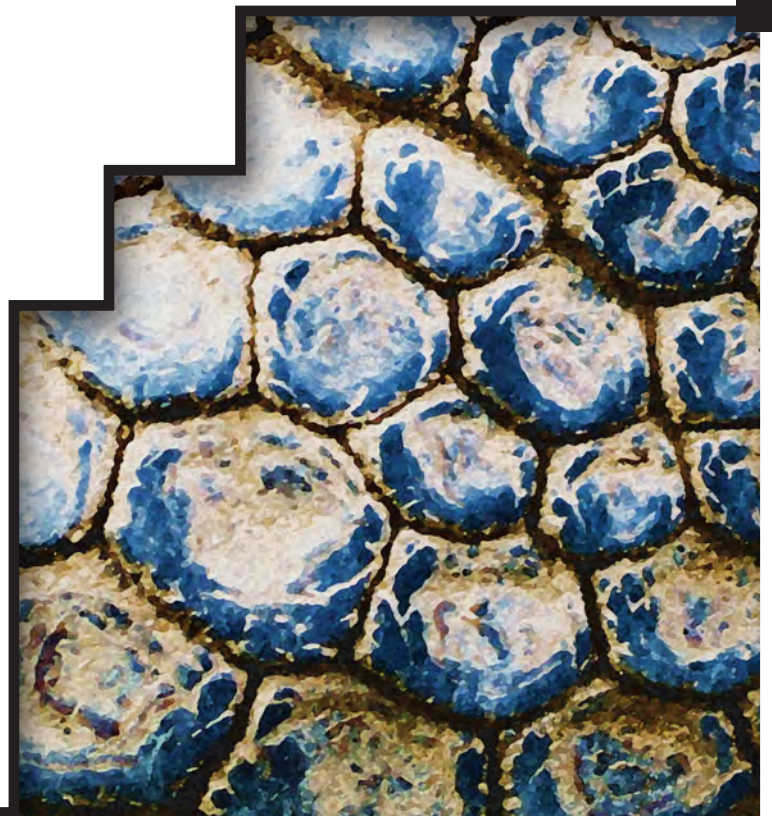
PRAYING MANTIS

Eric Aldrich
Digital Photograph



ADRIFT

Jennifer Wiley
Digital Photograph





PASSAGE

Jennifer Wiley
Digital Photograph



MORNING BREEZE

Damian Montoya
Digital Photograph



GROOVY

April Burge
Digital Photograph



HORSE

Jorge Caballero
Digital Photograph

THE WOMAN IN THE WELL

THE cows sway against one another, some lean near the fence. Dawn rises, casting blue light. Stones in the road throw tiny shadows, each weed waves a curvy seed, the worn wood of the fence holds its weathered creases, the angles of the village beyond rise sharp and bright against the land.

She has been walking all day and night and the burden she carries is great. Her feet are swollen and bleeding in her boots. She is not old, yet she has aged beyond all natural age. She sees the blue clarity, but it is the village she seeks and must reach. She has traveled a great distance to find this, an ordinary village. A village where people are born and live and die. Where meals are eaten, stories told, loves and ordinary sorrows fill out the days. She drags her feet down the stone road.

She enters the village and people are moving about. A child gathers eggs, a woman stacks wood onto a fire beneath a great black kettle, a man crosses with a pitchfork, but she does not pause nor do they. Light cracks over the town, liquid. She trudges past, hears the clatter of pans and sleep-shushed voices, heads toward the center of town where there will be a well.

As a child, she drew water from a well with her sisters. That was a tiny village in the mountains. This well is in the sun, in the center of a paved square. All around the square are businesses, houses, tall windows, painted shutters, stoops. There are a few older girls gathered with their buckets, but they are talking to each other and do not pay her any attention. They are living curves in their dresses, sloping towards each other or bending away with laughter. She smiles in their direction, but does not stop. She crosses the flagstones to the well, breathes the great mossy wet of the water below. All of the hurts she has carried so far break and spread inside her, and she leans into the well, letting the weight of her dying take her down into the dark.

The three young women see her fall. They scream, drop their pails, and run to the well. In the depths below, they cannot see anything but their own reflections in the water, their hair dangling down.

Poor mother, they murmur.

Later, when many of the villagers are gathered and the young doctor, the priest, and the men of the town lower the baling hook into the water, everyone waits breathlessly. The hook is lowered, dragged, each man handing the thick rope to the man next to him, and they pull it up, once, twice, thrice, empty. The watchers are silent. The girls who saw her fall stand together, holding hands. They are trembling. The hook is attached to a longer rope, lowered, dragged again, from one man to the next, pulled up. The men shake their heads. They hand the rope around again and again, staring down into the water. They confer. They stand upright, turn and stare at the girls.

The girls are called over to the well. Each tells the story again. The old woman crossed the square. She leaned toward the well, she fell in.

"Ask them," the men say to the doctor. "Ask them."

Young Doctor Porchiat, moved by the girls' sincerity and anxiety, asks, "Was there a splash?"

The girls frown. They don't know. They can't remember. Was there a splash, they ask one another?

Everyone contemplates the soundlessness of the fall.

"There's nothing in this well," the men tell the girls. "We would know. This hook can't lie." One man spits in the dust. Another begins to roll up the wet rope. A growing dissent and disbelief stirs the crowd.

"They lied!" One voice cries.

"They made it up!" Says another.

Doctor Porchiat affirms softly for the girls, "There isn't a body in the well."

"She went in," they cry, "she fell in!" The girls turn to each other, pulling on each other's dresses.

"Poor mother," they say. "She is gone and no one to believe us!" Their weeping is inconsolable. Their bodies heave with sobs. The villagers circle around them, closing in.

The quiet morning becomes something else entirely, and the village is angry. "Liars!"

Doctor Porchiat steps into the crowd and urges the families of the girls to lead them away from the increasingly outraged villagers.

The girls wail at being separated from one another. Villagers shout angrily after them. Doctor Porchiat and the constable disperse them, send them to their work.

An old woman complains, "Imagine, to disturb a whole working day with this nonsense!"

After, the townspeople are divided. Some think a new well should be dug. Others believe that the girls are lying. These want the girls punished. The landed gentry wants the new well dug, one further out of town, closer to their lands.

There is hysteria among people who claim they have fallen ill after drinking from the well, but the doctor will not support such theories, finding spoiled food and miasmas to blame.

Everyone blames the families of the girls. Folks claim that these families should pay for the new well. Superstitious villagers chant over the water, leave charms and offerings. Some walk in wide circles around the well. Most of the villagers drink the water, regardless. Some joke amongst themselves about the flavor of strangers. Some curse the water and mutter.

Groups are formed for and against drinking from the well. Papers are written and signed, but carrying water from the river is hard, slow work. Even the most suspicious soon give it up. No one can agree on anything, and no one will pay for a new well. The whole argument eventually fades.

Those who know the girls believe them. These are not particularly mean-spirited, imperious, clever, or deceitful girls.

The girls saw a woman fall in, and if there wasn't a body, then something else must have fallen. Something less well understood. For a time, the girls are no longer simply village girls, they are the ones-who-saw-the-stranger-fall-in-the-well.

Late at night, when the wooden floors sigh and villagers moan in their sleep, stories about the woman in the well weave their way into the bedside tales of sleepless children. While the candles gutter in their pewter wells, mothers, sisters, nannies, aunts find themselves above faces fevered or pale with fear.

The only way, as anybody knows, to pass such wide, deep nights is to tell a story.

THE STORY SPEAKS

A child, unable to sleep, asks, "Tell me a story?" The woman tending this child must think of something. What better than a story with no ending? What better than the village's defining story, that of a strange woman entering the town, falling into a well, vanishing?

It is in these hollowed out spaces that I am formed. Here I appear in your mutable human shape, relentless and joyous, and if I hold the not-knowing within these very specific sentences, this is where you mean to keep not-knowing, where you meant to keep it all along. A story thrives on the desire for what is next.

This is a story of a village, and it is not a story of a village. It is a story of human lives and weather and buildings, mountains and human love and betrayals and deaths, also. Any village is nothing but stories.

If you wonder how I begin, even in your wondering, you make me.

This is how it was in the village late at night, with the sisters and nannies and mothers and aunties saying, Shhh, shhh, shhh, to sleepless children. These are the women whose minds and mouths first formed the sentences, the ideas that marked this particular semblance out of the murk, their story: an absence, the vanishing of a woman, dead in a well, no, not dead exactly, but gone.

You wonder what good it does to tell a story, and I say, I am the long white bones buried in your red flesh, I am the pulsing; I am the wincing, the confidence, the longing, the dreaming, the calling out; I am the softening, the thickening, the nodding, the swallowing throat; I am the what-ness that floats between you and yourself and you and each other. I am a voice in the dark.

Let me tell you:

A woman falls into the village well and vanishes.

Stories first sewn in the mouths of mothers, sisters, nannies, aunties become the fabric of lives. Like weeds, these stories grow thickly green, freeze and brown, wither and die, linger hiding, burst forth again.

The children asked, "Tell us about the well." And in each house a different story emerged.

The woman came from a far off mountain village that awaits her return.

The woman came from a far off mountain village where all the people but her were killed in a war.

After drinking from the well, a man dreams a dream that almost kills him, and then he turns into a bird and flies away.

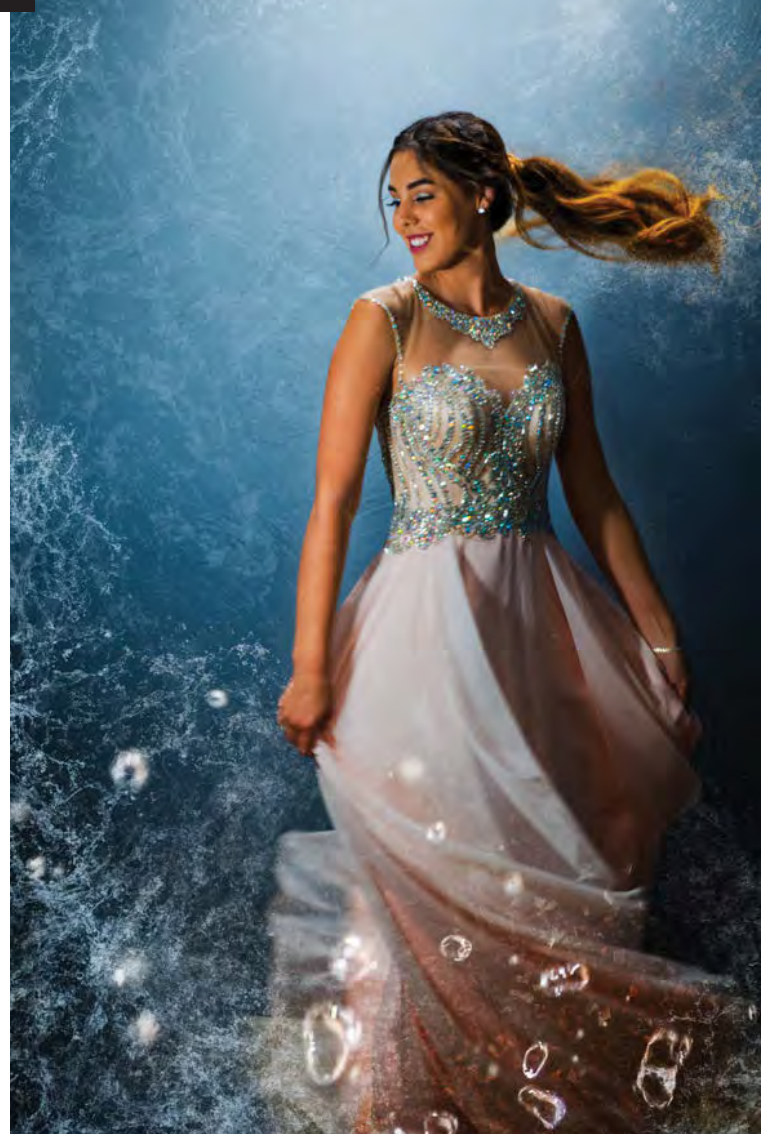
After drinking from the well, a woman becomes an animal that is hunted.

After drinking from the well, a woman dies of a broken heart.

After drinking from the well, a young man snaps all of his loves in half, like beans.

I'll tell you each of these stories, and you'll exclaim, This proves nothing about the woman in the well. These sorts of things happen all the time!

And I'll say, Yes, yes, yes, that is very true.



TWIRLS

Jorge Caballero
Digital Art



MESSAGES

Caroline Pyevich
Acrylic on Canvas
36"x48"



GRAPE LEAVES

Melissa Bouey
Digital Photograph

A DEADLY PARADELLE, PERHAPS

(Note: Billy Collins, U. S. Poet Laureate from 2001-2003, invented the paradelle form to spoof the villanelle and formulaic poetry. Unfortunately (or fortunately), many poets took the paradelle seriously.)

Every spring death waits for feathered breath
Every spring death waits for feathered breath
Dented SUVs, killer tornadoes, a botched heimlich maneuver
Dented SUVs, killer tornadoes, a botched heimlich maneuver
For botched death springs every dented tornado
Feathered SUVs maneuver heimlich breath—a killer waits

Summer blooms bruises and tumors blossom live
Summer blooms bruises and tumors blossom live
Cancer, carbuncles, unseen road kill, and murder most foul
Cancer, carbuncles, unseen road kill, and murder most foul
Kill foul cancer and bruise murder, most blossoms live
Road carbuncles bloom and unseen tumors summer

Sandra Shattuck
Poetry

Too many still possums line the purple road
Too many still possums line the purple road
I mourn the naked-tailed gray fur, then drive on
I mourn the naked-tailed gray fur, then drive on
Still naked-tailed, mourning fur, I drive the gray line
Then, possums on, the many roads purple, too

Death blossoms on, unseen and still
Dented spring, a naked-tailed tornado blooms
Feathered killers botch bruises, carbuncles, and the heimlich murder
Possums kill every foul SUV, too many road tumors
Cancer waits live for most gray breath, then mourns purple
I drive—the fur-lined road maneuvers summer



RETIREMENT

Tom Speer
Poetry

The eight year old boy in me often shouts at the old man in me, while the middle aged man in me wrings his hands and twitches, he's lost his way, but the boy in me that loved to walk into open fields and kick stones, he's having a good time playing cards reading mysteries late into the night, trying his best to strangle the old man in me, while the twenty year old me is standing outside the Potrero Hill market, smoking a cigarette, trying to make up his mind where the hell he wants to go, and why he is going there.

CREATING AND ESCAPING MY STORY

Mano Sotelo
Oil on Panel
30"x40"



MY **KATLAS** ON THE ARIZONA TRAIL

Kat Manto-Jones
Watercolor and Ink
6"x9"

A field journal, sketchbook,
and map of my adventure.

June 20-21, 2015

An Exploratory trip of Passage 1 - Huachuca Mountains
with Joanie Redieck. 2.5 miles with overlook.

Day 1 - Took the Yaqui Trail to the Historic Obelisk that
marks the Mexican Border. Explored rough dirt roads
in a passenger car to find mile 16.6 for day 2 hike
we were intrepid; drove as far as we could then
hiked to the junction with Sunnyside Canyon. Passage
1 ends at Parker Canyon Lake where
we camped and swam. 5.1 trail miles



MILES 0-2.5 / 16-21.7

September 10, 2015 Montezuma Pass to just above Bathtub Springs
 Cloudy and overcast all day light rain at night. 7.5 miles + 1 mile
 to MP for the day. Very steep and challenging hiking with a
 very heavy pack. From campsite #1 at 8.5 miles you could see the
 lights from Sierra Vista East twinkling. Very still.
 Isolated and peaceful.

View from Miller Peak 9050 trail
 9460 summit

sky Island

A sleep-over with Mother Earth

My watch died - I know what time it is

Storms brewing - View shifted from white-but to clouds scudding across the mts

Saw bear scat but no bears

A whitetail deer and her fawn walked through my camp in morning

Wild flowers are in full

Montezuma Pass 6570

MILES 2.5-8

September 10-11 Bathtub Springs

One of the biggest concerns in desert hiking is water. Due to generous summer rains, water was plentiful. I understand why but who? how?

I saw no one today

The endurance athlete in me is alive and strong!

A lot of burned forest area on the first segment.

Rain both nights but snug in my tent

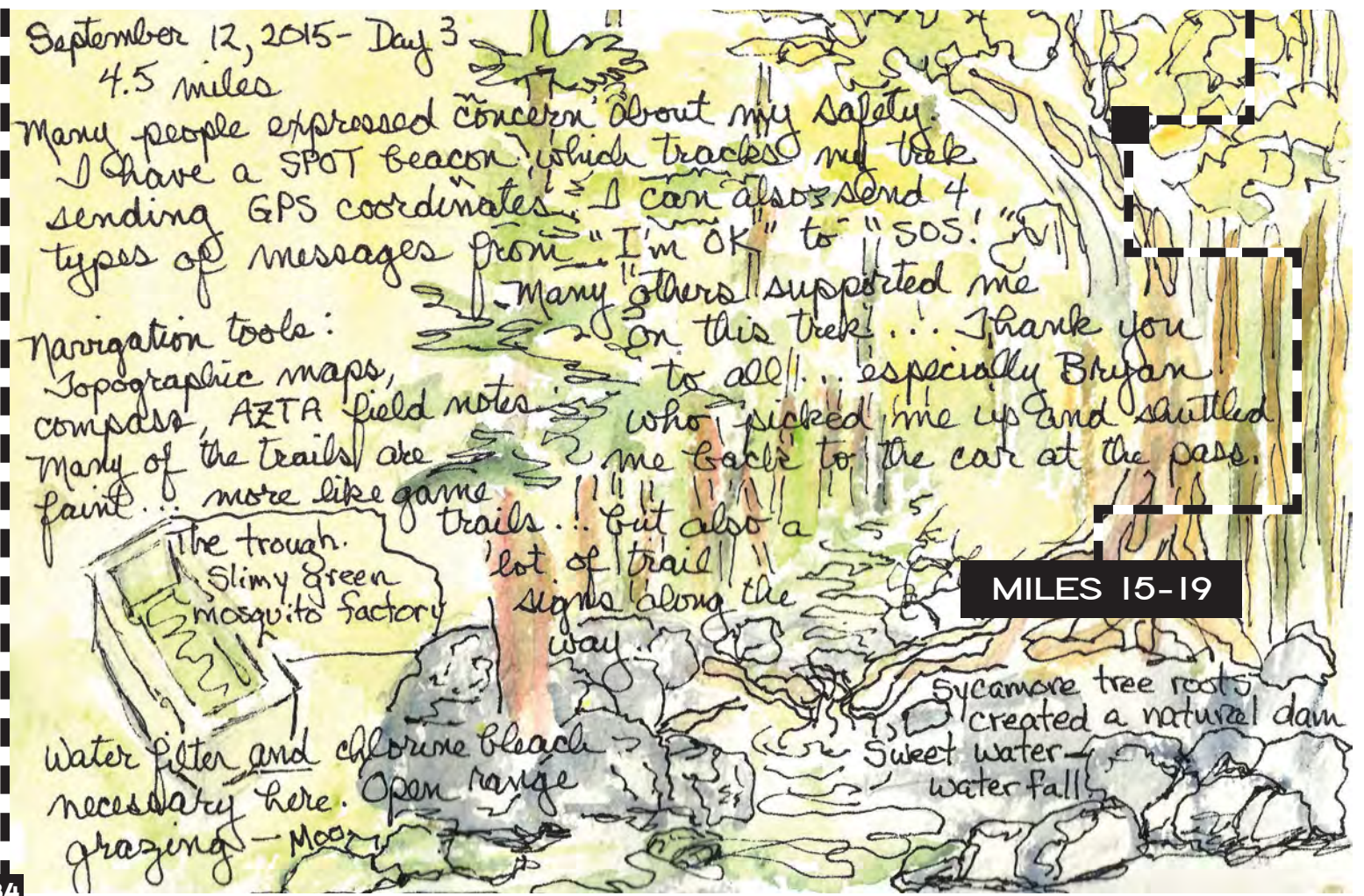
Evidence of migrants but no contact or sight of them

Other evidence of human activity - mining, cisterns, & a trough. Windmills with backup solar panels. Border Patrol - vehicles, cameras, agents

MILES 7.5



U.S. Why do people leave home? That which is predictable and known. Sometimes for opportunity but sometimes because it is no longer comfortable. It may even be miserable or unbearable. We all seek the best in life. I have white, U.S. citizen privilege to take this trip. I have time, equipment, strength, and skills. I am grateful.





LUSH

April Burge
Digital Photograph

TESTED

Tom Speer
Poetry

I was tested and told I should not pursue
math, that I had no real aptitude
and since they were old and knew

their stuff, I agreed with their view
and even felt a certain gratitude.
I was tested and told I should not pursue

music, since I couldn't hold a tune
and they said this with such certitude
though wrong, they were old and knew

something I didn't know, and who
was I to question their kind solicitude.
I was tested and told I should not pursue

art, I made a melt of anything I drew
my perspective was totally crude
and since they were old and knew

this, what earthly good would it do
to sing or draw or paint, I was screwed.
I was tested and told I should not pursue

school. They said in voices calm and cool
I was stupid and prone to be rude
and since I was advised not to pursue
I agreed-- hell, they were old, they knew.



ROSA

Wesley Fawcett Creigh
Linocut Print



SPRING II

Caroline Pyevich
Acrylic on Canvas
36"x48"

A dramatic sunset sky with a bird in flight. The sky is filled with golden and orange clouds, with a single bird silhouetted against the bright light. The bottom of the image shows the dark silhouettes of trees and a building.

SEPARATED BY ASPHALT

Nancy Keller
Poetry

Separated by asphalt,
our murmurs halt,
suspended.
They wait to take form,
microcosms of us,
only to crash
on the banks
of an urbanite river,
still as the conversation
that wasn't quite.

One taste in haste
and the honey
runs down,
pooling in the concrete
at our feet.
A small, sweet
tension builds
in the languid language
not yet whole.

Beginnings and pieces,
unable to manifest,
dart between us,
taut and humming,
still rushing away,
and together
but away,
powerless
to attain closure.

The words that weren't
wasted away
in the shadow
of the prickly pear
and as always
and ever
were to be continued.

MONSOON FLIGHT

Monique Rodriguez
Digital Photograph

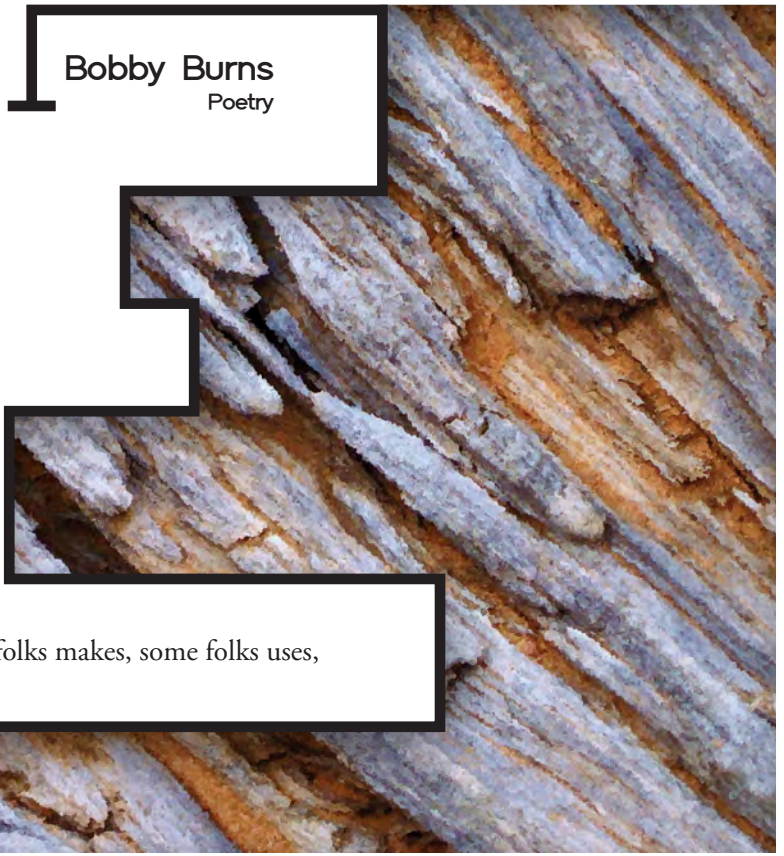
ACHEBE REFINED A CONTINENT

Bobby Burns
Poetry

Chinua Achebe
Had Things Fall Apart
In Nigeria
Narrative over absolute power in his country
Understood colonial rule for Africa's woes
Achebe sought to reclaim the continent from Western Literature

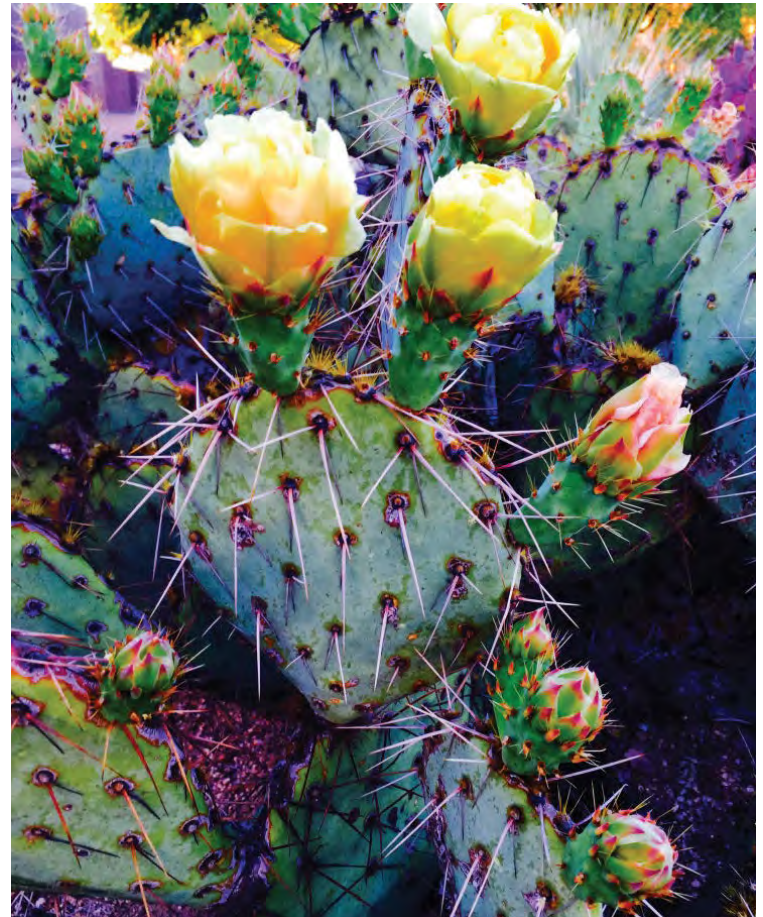


Arrow of God deeply affected his literary output
Chinua lost hope for a promising post-colonial future
His writings showed us civil rights themes worked best
Even his poetry book, "Beware Soul Brother"
Barely had time to savor the acclaim before his accident
Even Chinua was implicit that opportunities is things dat some folks makes, some folks uses,
an' other folks looks at widout seeing.



VALIANT

Laura Milkins
Ink/Colored Pencil/Watercolor
11"x14"



FRESH BUDS

April Burge
Digital Photograph

THE CRAFT OF AUTHENTICITY

By Brooke Anderson

An Interview with Molly McCloy
on Writing and Performing

A three-time NYC *Moth* Slam winner with work published in *Slate*, *Nerve*, and *Swink*, Molly McCloy is a nonfiction writer and performer. She holds an M.F.A. in Nonfiction from The New School where her mentors were Phillip Lopate, Vivian Gornick, and Jonathan Ames, and she is a Lambda Literary fellow. On her 2015-16 sabbatical from teaching Writing at Pima, Molly wrote the one-woman show *Mad Dog Grudges* and performed it at Dixon Place in New York City, Bentley's in Tucson, and Trunk Space in Phoenix. She also performed stories for *Bawdy* and *RADAR* in San Francisco, and for an audience of 650 at the Arizona Biltmore as part of the Arizona Storytellers Project. Her stories have been broadcast on KJZZ in Phoenix and KUAZ and KXCI in Tucson. Molly has recently finished the first draft of her memoir based on *Mad Dog Grudges* and hopes to publish it and perform the show at fringe festivals around the country and in Canada. She is developing the curriculum for a storytelling class which she will be offering at Pima in Spring 2017.

In the summer of 2016, I interviewed Molly about her sabbatical. What follows are the highlights from the interview, which include not only a discussion of her work, but also Molly's perspective on performing and crafting stories.

BROOKE: With all the places you've performed (New York, Tucson, Phoenix, San Francisco), have you come to appreciate one of those experiences the most?

MOLLY: Winning *The Moth* slam in March was fun because you show up at this event where there's a line around the door and the place is just packed with people. It's really fun to win a well-known contest in New York with a huge crowd, a packed house. That's really energizing. I like seeing how I stack up against other people and the different takes on the same theme, as well as whether they do it serious or funny. It's fun to win, but even when I don't, it still feels really good because you can feel the audience supporting you.

With the longer piece, it was really fun to perform to some 70 people in Tucson and get a standing ovation. It's nice to really have the show be a longer sustained piece, to have it be all mine, but the truth is, I haven't branched out with that piece beyond an audience of mostly friends and friends-of-friends. So far, I've been tentatively testing it out with people I know really well, which feels comforting as a start. The true test is to start taking it to Fringe festivals with audiences where I am not necessarily surrounded by friends.

BROOKE: What do you think makes a good story?

MOLLY: I like a story with some structure to it. Having a beginning, middle, and end is important, and having actual scenes. Sometimes people summarize their stories, which takes all the suspense out of them. A good story sets up a question. The audience wonders what's going to happen to the person. In addition, it sets up a narrator with

a strong drive, with a motivation that provides a conflict and with a possibility that the narrator is not going to get what he or she desires. Finally, it has an emotional component where what the narrator wants is not necessarily what the narrator needs.

BROOKE: Is it important to answer the question?

MOLLY: Not always. However, it is important to work with it at some point, even if you end up stumped by the question in the end, and admitting, honestly, that you're stumped. You can say, "I thought this was the answer, but it's not." That can be satisfying.

BROOKE: What role does honesty or truth play in storytelling and its effectiveness?

MOLLY: I saw a guy show up at *The Moth* one time, and he was setting up a story of a robbery that seemed believable. Then all of a sudden he had angels rolling into the scene, carrying machine guns, and you could hear people in the audience groaning. He lost what the audience came there for, which is, "Here I am, a real person standing up in front of you telling a true story."

When I was first writing nonfiction in school, around 2005 or 2006, I found myself making things up more often. I would think to myself, "It'll make the structure better if I change this to a fictional element." Back then Phillip Lopate was my teacher, and he said, "You really don't do a service to yourself if you're fictionalizing things." I started to realize that it never made it better.

Staying with honesty, even if it is something boring and mundane, makes it more interesting. There's always this temptation to cut a corner and fictionalize, and I occasionally will reorder events somewhat, but I try not to include something that didn't actually happen.

BROOKE: Honesty makes me think about the structure of a true story. Life is never super neat, so how do you create structure when life doesn't have clear beginnings, middles and ends?

MOLLY: This is why addressing the audience and admitting, "Hey, this didn't get easily wrapped up or resolved" can be pretty satisfying. I changed a part in my show where I talk about my brother's favorite song coming on the radio. My initial line was, "when I hear it, I'd turn it on and sing at the top of my lungs" which was the spirit that I wanted to have for that moment. Then my director said, "Sing during that part," and I found that I really didn't want to sing. That's when I realized, "Oh, I'm not really being honest with this part." The director asked, "What actually happens when you hear this song?" I realized, "Oh, I want to cry." So I changed the lines here, and I cry. That was a lot more honest and a lot better because the truth was, I wasn't singing, I was crying.

BROOKE: What you do is like drama, like playwriting. Do you use drama elements, like crisis or climax, to help structure your pieces?

MOLLY: My show was about these nine grudges I had against my father and these apologies that I got for them, so I wrote them in chronological order to get it done. There is a piece that ended up in the middle that I always thought was going to be the climax of the story because it was the worst kind of family interaction. I performed the show thinking the structure was all screwed up. Then after the show I was talking to a friend in the audience about how the climax was in the wrong place, which was right in the middle. However, this friend pointed out that this other piece at the end, right where it's supposed to be, was the climax. And she was right. I really honestly didn't see it until then, and so, for me, there's a certain muddling through the story and then reading through it and asking "okay, what does the narrator want?" and finding those plot points. But in this particular case I performed it without even knowing where those were and later on realizing that they were there.

BROOKE: We have *The Moth* nationally and storytelling groups like Odyssey and FST right here in Tucson. Why do you think storytelling has become so popular?

MOLLY: I remember somebody--I think it was Jonathan Lethem-- writing about our generation's

need for authenticity in the early to mid 2000s, and I started noticing this need in the early 2000s when the reality TV shows like *Big Brother* started. Memoirs were gaining in popularity too. In fact, the memoir form started selling so well that James Frey took his novel and pretended it was a memoir because that was what was selling. For me, I had been writing fiction and poetry, but now I was teaching composition courses. I started reading more essays and really liking them and wanting to write them. It was radio too with *This American Life* and David Sedaris reading his stuff there. He broke some barriers with humor; David Sedaris isn't just literary. His bookstore readings were always packed back then, with a line around the block. Now he performs in auditoriums. Nonfiction performance gives the performer a chance to speak directly to an audience. Now these live performances have this sense that they are something real, and maybe more real or more intimate than people perceive plays to be. People are not going to the theatre as much, but they are to this type of



performance, maybe because it gives them a chance to put down their phones and just have somebody talk to them from the heart.

What I was struck with when I first started going to *The Moth* was the difference between *The Moth* and open-mic. At an open-mic reading, a lot of times, you have somebody reading from the page, not even looking at the audience, going way over the time limit, and not paying attention to how it is affecting the audience at all. Then you have *The Moth* that took away the page and said, “No, you can’t have the page. You can’t have any notes. You actually have to look at people and talk to them.” Then people talk on a theme. They also have this process where they only pull the names of the performers out of a hat one at a time, which means everyone has to sit there and wait to see if they get pulled or not. This means everybody stays in the room; whereas a lot of open-mics have a signup sheet, so people leave right after they read. Then *The Moth* has this little bit at the end that I’ve always really liked, which is if your name doesn’t get picked to tell a story, you get to stand up and give your first line, so you still give the audience an indication of what they missed. Everybody’s involved and everybody’s waiting to see who’s going to be pulled next.

BROOKE: It seems like there’s a lot of spontaneity in *The Moth’s* format, which leads me to the comedy improv work you’ve been doing with a local group (Tucson Improv Movement) Do you think improv training helps with storytelling?

MOLLY: That’s the idea I had when I wrote improv into my sabbatical. For a long time I saw myself as a writer who occasionally performed. I won a couple of poetry slams around 1994-1995. I had this idea that I could perform when I needed to, but it always made me really nervous. I didn’t see myself as fast on my feet. I’d go home and write what I really wanted to say at the time. I never saw myself as outgoing and gregarious or as a person who could stand up in front of a big group of people. I was writing all this nonfiction when my teacher told me about *The Moth*. Just recently, in the last couple of years, now that I’ve won some of these things, I’ve realized that I like performing and that I’m a good performer. That’s why I decided to start taking improv classes: to develop as a performer. Improv is really hard for me, but it’s really energizing. It’s much more of a collective thing, and it’s definitely influenced by other people. Anything can happen in improv; it’s not an individual art.

BROOKE: Yes, and seeing yourself as a performer now, as much as a writer seems like an important connection

to the improv, which is so much about performance. Are there other ways that you feel you’ve changed over the course of your sabbatical project?

MOLLY: What’s interesting to me is that when I first started doing the storytelling, I was always really deadpan. My shtick was to get up there with the audience not expecting me to be funny and then it takes them a minute to realize that I’m actually joking and that it’s funny. It’s a super low energy level. Then my director in New York started teaching me what they do in improv and in theater arts, which is super high energy: the opposite of my personality, the super kind of peppy stuff in improv where we’re all sort of cheering for each other in the green room before we go bounding on the stage. I incorporated more high energy into certain moments, like the very beginning of my one woman show when I’m a little kid. For a long time I thought that was not me, that I was not going to be that high energy person. But, *why* is that not me? Where is that lost part of me that I should deal with a little bit in this story of myself?

BROOKE: What about your writing process? What do you do to create your stories?

MOLLY: I knew the story that I’ve been wanting to write a long time was the story of being twenty-three, writing my Dad for these nine apologies for these grudges that I had, and getting the apologies from him. I tried to write about them when I was thirty-six or seven, and I got too depressed and couldn’t do it, probably because I was still too close to the actual events.

This time, I didn’t want to get dragged down and re-traumatized to where I was reliving these events, so I sat on my friend’s farm in Taos, New Mexico and I did these “Judge Your Neighbor” worksheets by Byron Katie, who’s kind of a self-help guru based in the Buddhist tradition. It’s this process of taking ownership of things and just saying, “I’m the one still causing myself pain from these things that happened way in the past.”

I processed each one of the nine grudges with this “Judge Your Neighbor” worksheet. When I got to New York I had three or four more of the grudges to do. Part of that process is really letting yourself feel the things again, crying, and realizing how your thinking is causing the pain and that you’re the one that is continuing to make the things painful. With the clarity that came out of that, I started to write what the apologies were and to write the bare bones stories about the events: the nine horrible things that happened with my family and my Dad.



I was really lucky to have my good friend, Christen Clifford, direct me. She went to grad school with me for a nonfiction MFA at The New School, and she has a theatre background and has done a one woman show before. I wrote it, and then I read it to her out loud. During the first reading, I cried almost all the way through the whole thing, and she said that was okay, which was great, and she helped me rewrite and edit it. I didn't agree with or follow every edit, but she really helped me to streamline things, to not dwell where I didn't need to, and to give me an outsider's perspective, like, "Is this such a horrible thing that this guy did? Yes... No... you know." It's hard to get perspective on that kind of material. She helped me get through reading it without breaking down every time.

For this particular piece, a lot of the process was being able to deal with these emotions in a rational way, to take control of it as the writer and the performer, and not be so overwhelmed that I become the kid that this stuff is happening to.

BROOKE: One thing I really took from your one woman show was the theme of forgiveness, which seems to be related to this emotional process you are describing. Is this the key element or theme you see in your own words?

MOLLY: I wanted to write about forgiveness, but that theme can get a little too schmaltzy, sentimental, heavy. I was going to call it the nine apologies, but it wouldn't fit on the line in the application for Dixon Place. So I called it the nine grudges instead, and as soon as I did that, it became mine. The first time I performed it, my director noticed the audience responded to the idea of grudges. People were more comfortable with that theme because the idea of the grudge, even the word grudge, calling it a grudge, makes forgiveness funny. It really became less about "Hey, this person, my Dad, apologized to me," and more about, "I've been holding a grudge," which can be really funny because grudges are kind of ridiculous, you know, so the theme is forgiveness, but this idea of the grudge helped to lighten it up.

BROOKE: Grudges connect to desiring control too. When I think of a grudge, I think of something you are actively holding on to, as opposed to something that you could let go of but choose not to.

MOLLY: That is a really good point, and for the Tucson show I added how it feels good to be able to say, "I'm still deciding whether I'm going to forgive you or not." Then you feel this empowerment, whereas there's this fear that if you actually do forgive, you're letting somebody off the hook too easily or you're a fool or a doormat.

BROOKE: In terms of a work's central question, I see yours as "When do we forgive; what do we forgive, or even when do we hold or not hold a grudge; and how do we make that decision?" Is that what you see too?

MOLLY: Yeah, and what is forgiveness? Because there's always this question of "How do you really let it go?" Just because you said you've let it go, doesn't mean you've really done it. There seems to be all this literature telling us to forgive and that forgiveness is so good, but I have some questions about that too. If it means that you are continuing to let somebody hurt you, that can't be good. So, I guess my main idea is that forgiveness is tricky.

The interviewer, Brooke Anderson, leads the self-paced Writing classes at Pima's Downtown campus, serves as a *Cababi* editor, and co-organizes Pima's Creative Writing Weekend Workshops with Josie Milliken.



THE image is there, but the idea is clearer. Not knowing my surroundings or where I am, I can see the main features that are fixed through my eyes: dirt, a ray of sunshine, and mountains in the far distance. I feel enclosed in a tight area as if forced to the edge of a seat in a vehicle with my face pressed up against the glass window. But the funny thing is there is no vehicle, even though I am somehow seated in a fixed spot. The transportation seems instant while traveling down a dirt road that is smooth and enlightening.

I was a kid when I first experienced these places, as young as 12 years old. Then, years later, as a grown man, I happened to witness the same feelings and images of these strange surroundings. Loneliness, sadness, happiness, curiosity, hope, and nostalgia come as one while witnessing these nonexistent places. Why are these places recurring? Why did it start as a child and come back to me as an adult? Is it some kind of revelation that is trying to speak to me? Or is it a form of déjà vu that strangely occurs in my dream? Whatever it is, it leaves me in a state of confusion with a sense of purpose that I should be reaching. The four places that I dream about are no different than the places I dreamt when I was a kid.

Blurred vision settles in my eyes until I turn to look at the first feature that appears before me. As I position to my right to look out the nonexistent window, the bright white rays from the sun glare down toward me and direct me to a building that appears almost like a mirage. The building appears as a dark shadow with no sign of life. No trees, no plants, no street signs, no one near in sight. The building is made of wood. It is old and the dark brown paint is fading and eroding, as if it were an old saloon that was abandoned. In an instant, the image of the old saloon fades away with a small dust storm that engulfs it.

My transport slows down, and still I cannot see how I am

fixated into one spot. Not being able to move or talk. I am forced to only watch. The new image is quickly shown of a building that looks more modern. A hotel. Not very fancy or expensive, but it is tall with white paint that has stains from the harsh thunderstorms and dust storms. No trees, no plants, no street signs, not a person in sight. No sound. No smell of the day air. Nothing.

A new place. "It's a miracle!" The ability to walk on the hard dirt and bumpy surface is a thing of beauty. The feel of air or a slight breeze is nonexistent. But I can walk! I feel ecstatic that I can walk and explore this curious place, but feel a sense of strangeness come upon me because I do not know where I am. I see some hard steel closed containers, similar to those used for holding gallons of water. I approach very short hills of dirt. I am tall enough to not be able to see the horizon in front of me, but short enough to be able to climb and explore more land. I don't explore. Moving forward, I walk under a light brown and green net like the military use to airdrop supplies from a helicopter. I look up at the net to see where it is hung. The sun is not shining anymore, and it's overcast now. Is this a sign of gloom? I walk under the net and stumble over the steel green containers. Approaching a dark entrance into a tunnel under a hill, I enter. I close my eyes and take a step into the darkness and transport to a new spot within a split second.

This new place is brighter. The dirt road continues for a few more steps but stops at an enclosed area full of sand. The sun is bright, but I cannot feel any heat. Again, I look to my right and downward like a king watching the people he governs. Instead

**WIRED BISON**Mike Rom
Wire Sculpture**LOVE WINS**April Burge
Digital Photograph

of people or buildings, there are a bunch of sand dunes. All the ground is colored in white sand, as if powder was poured into this spot of land. The air is quiet. I cannot hear a sound or make one. This is the longest I have been in any of the four places. I look around and see nothing but the sand dunes that continue in the far distance. I have the burning desire to walk down and explore the sand dunes, but something does not allow me to continue further, as if I have been trained to stay fixed in one spot.

There is a secret out there that I cannot reveal or decipher, but I have had this dream as a kid and now as an adult. Wait! I hear a sound. It is not a clear sound, but it is off far into the distance. "Do I continue on my journey in search for this sound?" The mysterious noise grows. Louder and louder it becomes. It sounds like someone is sad...crying! Why is someone crying? The voice becomes louder, which my ears cannot bear. I close my eyes as it becomes even louder. I take a deep breath to embrace the loud noise to come. Then, I awake, trying to catch my breath. My one-month-old daughter is crying in her crib, waiting for me to come pick her up and feed her. I find what I am looking for.



GYPSY

Mariana Carreras
Oil on Canvas
30"x40"



BLOWING IN THE WIND

Valerie Smith
BW 120mm Silver Gelatin
5"x7"



REMNANTS 4

Karen Hymer
Photogravure
Hand Colored
8"x10"

WHEN I decided to bike across Iowa for RAGBRAI—The Register’s Annual Great Bike Ride Across Iowa—people thought I was nuts. “Why?” They’d ask. I didn’t know why. I wanted to try. What I’d say was “It’ll be fun. Camping, seeing all the different terrain, riding with 15 – 20 thousand bikers. I can’t wait.” Silence. No one seemed to understand.

When I would come home wiped out from a 25 mile training ride, my teenaged sons snickered, “you’ll never ride 75 miles much less 100” and “you’ll never ride the whole 500 miles. The heat’s gonna kill you.” They were brutal. “You won’t make it. You’ll be shagging.” Even my riding partner who’d already ridden RAGBRAI was worried. “Iowa’s one of the must humid states,” she’d say. “All that corn.” I didn’t reply.

I drove my Jeep to Iowa, bike loaded on the back, hiked

and camped along the way. I drove past Iowa, all the way to Minnesota because there was a Cezanne exhibit I wanted to see in Minneapolis.

I remember standing in front of a large canvas and really understanding perspective for the first time. Two girls are in a boat. They are sitting bodies facing each other, but one girl is looking over her shoulder, so they’re both looking in the same direction at a bird swooping over the water. Though the girls and the boat and the water are still, so still that everything seems silent as I watch, the bird shoots across the water. I can hear its wings flapping against the quiet. Power. Strength. The warm air of the lake moves around me as I stand on the cool marble floor of the museum. Suddenly I feel like I’m being transported up a hill and am standing next to the artist, and I see the point of view that makes such stillness and movement exist in the same moment, same place. The artist and I are looking down at the scene. The bird’s wings a white blur. Swoosh.

I rode every mile and every hill. I rode through a detour, past a sign that declared, “Ski Valley Ahead.” As I pedaled up that hill, the humidity was so thick it felt like we were pumping up water. I felt the point of attachment where every tendon gripped every bone. I never quit pedaling. Never gave up.



In the first few days and weeks of my son Tanner’s six-week hospital stay after a near-fatal car accident, it seemed like I was sitting still, so much swishing around me. I watched mostly from the side rail of his bed, sometimes sitting, sometimes standing, often bent over, holding him. Covering him. His head, swollen so large only Charlie Brown-like slits marked where his eyes, nostrils, mouth, and ears used to be. The only opening was the hole on the left side of his head. Once a temple, forehead, lid, and brow, now a gaping wound that eyed me. He’d been impaled by a great big Palo Verde tree when his car spiraled into a canyon. A branch impaled him. Pushed him out of the back windshield, saved his life.

Noel, a former army nurse, narrated everything he did to keep my son alive. Others answered questions but otherwise worked in silence. Noel drove me crazy. I didn’t understand why he agitated me so much my heart raced, telling me what medicine he administered, why he needed it, how much, why the machine beeped, why a number was high or low, what was wrong with the I.V. “Thanks,” I’d smile. My southern upbringing overriding my need to scream, I’d nod. I’d even ask follow-up questions, “Really, for how long?” Even pissed, I am polite. Noel’s persistence was insidious. When he wasn’t in the room, I replayed every word, every explanation, analyzed every thing he said, turned over each direction, scrutinized every measurement and



RESURRECTION PROJECT
SAVIOR 4

Mano Sotelo
Oil on Panel
36"x48"

the tone used to relay it.

One day, right in the middle of his monologue, Noel asked me, “Who’s going to take care of Tanner when he is out of the hospital?”

“I am.”

He didn’t even look up when he asked, “Do you want to start learning now?”

I couldn’t speak, but the answers rose up in me like bile. Of course. Maybe. Yes. Uh huh. No. Please. Stop. Okay. Shit. Why me.

Noel was a patient teacher. He taught me the hows and whys for every aspect of Tanner’s care. He told me stories about being in an army ground unit in the Middle East—Afghanistan, I think, learning efficient care, literally under the gun. Inside, I still hated his directions and constant narration. But I loved Noel for knowing what I needed to know, caring enough to teach me. Noel trained me quietly—each demonstration executed with parsimonious movements. He paced instruction. If anyone looked through the ICU glass, they wouldn’t have realized we were talking.



Riding across Iowa, I saw a lot of people who needed care. They often sat on the side of the road, bloody arms propped up on knees, waiting for an ambulance. I was one of the last riders past a man lying on the ground--I had to move to get out of the way of the ambulance. He’d died of a heart attack at age 76, riding across Iowa with his kids. “He died happy,” we heard later. I saw a woman riding tandem with a blind rider behind her. I heard it was her brother. A man rode next to them, his hand on her back, pushing them both up the hills. So many people helping each other, riding despite the inevitable dangers and difficulties, persisting through adversity. Most surviving. Some how. Some vacation. The ride changes so many lives.



The day of Tanner’s accident, Tray and I were cleaning the garage. We’d been in our new home three months. We were hurrying because we were taking Tanner to lunch for his birthday, a late celebration. For his actual birthday, we were burying his grandmother. But on this day, there was so much to celebrate. He was joining the military. He’d be a different man for his next birthday.

As we were doing the final sweep, we saw in the distance dust rising off the dirt road. A car was really barreling over the dirt hills. As it rose and fell, I thought of Flannery O’Connor’s black hearse delivering the Misfit in “A Good Man Is Hard to Find.” We stopped sweeping. Stood there watching, brooms still in our

hands. So much dust. When we saw it was a Sheriff’s vehicle, we said at the same time, “Something’s happened to Tanner.”

The Sheriff asked if we had a white four-door car registered in Tray’s name. “Where is it?” “Who drives it?” Then he told us Tanner was life flighted to the Medical center.

I looked him in the eye and asked, “Was he alive when the helicopter took him.”

The Sheriff said, “I don’t know.” Liar, I thought.

Tray and I just stood there as he left, watching the white blur just ahead of a wake of dust. My body weighed a ton. Smothered. Suddenly, the day felt so hot. It was noon on March 28th. I remember looking up, my hand on my brow. The sun was high in the sky, and the day was bright yellow. We were covered with dirt.



On the second anniversary of Tanner’s accident, I was driving into town listening to Diane Rheem and her guest talk about a new Cezanne exhibit. I was particularly interested in the



HEARTFELT

Laura Milkins
Ink/Colored Pencil/Watercolor
11"x14"

conversations about technique and motif. The grey mountain in the distance in one picture is the same mountain that is more prominently featured in another. His brush strokes so precise. I didn't know Cezanne had issues with touching, and one caller asks about his bathers. The panel talks about how his bathers were products of his imagination. It wouldn't have been possible to have live, nude models in Aix in Provence at that time. Society wouldn't have allowed it.

That day in the museum in Minneapolis after I watched the bird sweep across the lake, I was steps away from one of Cezanne's bathers. I remember feeling as though I was standing next to the artist on a hillside looking down at the lake as the bird flew across. Then moments later, I was standing next to the bather looking down through her upraised arms and legs at her torso and feeling the perspective of the piece. I didn't know that Cezanne imagined his bathers as I stood staring down at her. I remembered that the bather on her back with her arms and legs reaching to the sky while water dripped down made me wonder how any woman made it through an experience of



TREE OF REMEMBRANCE

Jennifer Wiley
Digital Photograph

lying still long enough for someone to capture her nakedness. I remember thinking, "I couldn't have done this. I couldn't have made it through this experience, waiting while being watched." I wondered what could help a woman make it through an experience where someone looked at her in this position long enough to capture her vulnerability in bronze. The bather was so incredibly beautiful. I wondered why the museum hadn't put her behind glass. I was sure others besides me wanted to feel her metal. Touch her.



Tray and I barely spoke on the drive to the hospital. He smoked in silence, his window cracked, sucking the smoke and air out. We sat side by side, but I looked away, out my window. I couldn't really see. The mountains were blurs in motion. I felt empty. Heavy. Stuck to the seat. I felt like I'd just finished a long bike ride. Exhausted. Unable to lift a limb. It was such a bright day. My eyes burned from the glare, and tears started rolling down my cheeks. I gave into the tears and yelled and yelled and yelled because I was afraid Tanner would be dead before we got there. If we could just get there. I don't know from what part of me that noise came from. Never knew I had that kind of sound in me. Prey.

When people came to see Tanner in the hospital in those first days, those first weeks, the time before we knew he'd live but be blind, I'd welcome them as if into my home, saying, "Look how good he looks. He's doing great." I'd say, "He's going to make it." A lot of people looked at their feet. Tanner's head, the size of a regulation basketball, swathed in white, yellow and swollen, that gaping hole packed with blood-stained bandages peered out at us. They'd shift their weight, right to left. Nod. Touch my shoulder. Look away, into the distance of the room.

Few understood how I could be so sure he'd make it. I'd make it. Our family would make it. They'd forgotten I'd ridden my bike across Iowa. In July. Rode every hill. Every mile. From the Missouri to the Mississippi River. From the moment I first saw him, touched him, after a whole day of surgery, I knew Tanner would make it. I knew I had what it would take to get him through. I would stand in the silence behind the ICU glass, bare for everyone to see for however long it took. My perspective was hard to imagine.



Larry Mcholland was a former professor of Pima Community College and taught Philosophy and History at the West Campus for over twenty years. As a young student, Larry had a profound impact of future education and inspired me in my education. Larry passed away during one of my degree programs while at the University of Arizona. Larry became more than my teacher. He was my friend and extended part of my family. This painting is to remember his spirit, his wisdom and his poise.

REMEMBERING LARRY MCHOLLAND

Ernesto Angel Chavez Trujillo
Oil Painting on Reeves
30"x40"

Simone Gers
Poetry

I remember the feeling of net on my legs
when my mother designed costumes and I stood
still, ballerina toe-time stretched, pointing forever
(I itched but didn't betray imaginary red marks
I'd claw into reality later when no one was looking)
and when nervously huddled in dark wings--
columns of velvet hanging by chains that would clank
our entrances into spotlights—we'd fold ourselves in
fluff each others' tutus, creating
perfect illusions and buzzing, echoing
refrains of the evening's success in my ear long after
the curtain fell, when I was supposed to be dreaming.

Catalogued in albums, these rehearsals prepared me
for another performance when all in white,
I floated down the aisle, a prima ballerina
spun by one partner into another's arms, spotting perfectly
not looking. I remembered to smile
when handed off and later when photos were taken. I twitched
when I wore net: but you sat still, framed perfectly,
lips pressed together—a firm contrast to net
swirling off the back of your neck and shoulders, smoky
stage of a mysterious modern dance. Underneath, the heavy satin
wrap carefully pleated and placed yet sliding off,
drawn by unseen longing fingers, a lover's determination,
does not make you look down or away
even as another man captured your image.

Curves of your under arms and permanent waves create armor:
shadows of negative space, a black so black it's silver
impenetrable, almost bright as the captivating look
in your eyes, foreshadowing flush on your cheeks
and breast, highlighted by your curvaceous inscription—
the message you pressed upon your true friend, R. A. Harper—
on this photo in 1924. I wonder how long I've stood silently
staring at your image (admit I've never been photographed
with that look or trusted anyone with such honesty) and if, like you,
I'd have been strong enough to hold onto it,
such a good picture, for posterity, just in case
someone might want it even though spurned by the object:
desire—the spot of an itch I'd let no one else touch
but try to capture as I reach down to hold on now.





CHEER

Jorge Caballero
Digital Photograph

ERIC ALDRICH teaches writing and literature and PCC's Downtown Campus

JAMES ALEWINE was born and raised in Tucson Arizona and he is a proud father of three children: Colin, Emma, and Jacob. After spending most of his adult life in the restaurant industry, he returned to college in 2014 to follow his passion in the field of Digital Arts, where he is currently working toward an Associates of Applied Science in Graphic Design. Since his return, he has had a number of pieces showcased in the Pima Community College Digital Art Show 2015 and 2016. He volunteered to create the design and layout for the 2015 faculty art and literary magazine Cababi and has proudly returned for Cababi 2016. He also produced the National Award Winning Spring Edition of SandScript 2016. James won an AAF 2016 Gold Addy in the category of Student Illustration, with Block Party. He has also supported the PCC Center for the Arts with poster designs for Crazy for You and Love's Labour's Lost. After he graduates he will be looking to transfer to a four year college to pursue a Bachelor's in Multimedia and Minor in Business or Marketing. He plans to leave his mark on the world and the industry as a whole.

BROOKE ANDERSON was born into water and spends much of her time returning to it, whether that be in Tucson's canyons, the Pacific Ocean, Gulf of Mexico, or friends' pools. Once upon a time, Brooke thought she would live in Tucson for a short period and then return to her home state: California. However, as the story goes for so many of this city's residence, it doesn't look like she is moving back, ever. The desert owns her soul now, in that good way. Amidst her many talents (writing, belly dancing, swimming, hiking, camping, festivaling, basking enthusiastically in the glory of existence), Brooke makes room for her full time gig as Pima Community College Writing Faculty at the Downtown campus. Take a class with her sometime. You'll love it! :)

MELISSA BOUEY is part of the math faculty at Pima Community College. She has enjoyed doing amateur photography for over a decade and is happy to have opportunities to engage in her hobby.

APRIL BURGE is the Cababi Editor-in-Chief and enjoys working with creative, adventurous, risk-takers who work hard and play rigorously. With a hundred irons in the fire at any given time, April is a teacher, free-lance writer, public relations and marketing consultant, a devoted mom to two beautiful children, a wife, and overall sassy domestic diva. She loves the country life, food, outdoor projects, invigorating exercise, sports, and boisterous entertaining – especially anything related to Halloween celebrations. She's an avid mommy blogger and underground Internet critic of all things foreign and domestic.

BOBBY BURNS is author of the internationally acclaimed book *Shelter: One Man's Journey from Homelessness to Hope* by the University of Arizona Press. His book tour included nine cities by Greyhound Bus while sleeping in homeless shelter's along the way sharing his story of hope with others. He's also published in the *Louisiana Review*, *Sonora Review*, and *Oxford Magazine*. Burns has published several Op-Ed articles in many newspapers. He lives in Tucson, Arizona with his wife and son.

JORGE CABALLERO grew up in Southern Arizona, Guadalajara, Jalisco, and San Carlos, Sonora. He works for Pima County Community College District, and has done so for the last 7 years. Starting at Northwest Campus as an IT Specialist, he held that position for 6 years, and was known as the campus photographer as he always had a camera in hand and wasn't shy about taking thousands of pictures. Currently, Jorge works at the Downtown Campus in the Dean's Office as Support Staff. His love of the arts has continued at Downtown Campus as Jorge continues to photograph and create on a regular basis. You can usually spot Jorge around the Downtown Campus carrying a bright red camera. Among other creative outlets, Jorge works with paper sculpture and continues to develop and explore this exciting medium.

MARIANA CARRERAS was born on July 18th, in Montevideo, Uruguay. Following an employment opportunity for her dad, her family immigrated to the United States when she had just turned 16. After finishing high school, she enrolled in Miami-Dade Community College and received her AA in Art/Art Education with Honors. In 1993 she transferred to The George Washington University (Washington, D.C.), where she received her Bachelor and eventually a Master in Fine Arts degree (BFA 1995, Magna Cum Laude, MFA 1999, Art History Minor, Painting Concentration). While at GW, she began to travel, exhibit and sell her work nationally and abroad, and received prestigious awards and fellowships in Painting and Printmaking.

While finishing her degree, she visited and fell in love with Tucson, Arizona. After moving, she opened her own studio and has been part of our art community since then. Mariana has been a Faculty member of Pima Community College since 1999 where she teaches courses in Art and Art History. She received the Outstanding Faculty of the Year Award in 2012 for her exceptional contributions. In 2014, Mariana was nominated for Best Art-Educator in the State of Arizona at the Arizona Governors Award Ceremony and also nominated by the Pima Arts Council for a Lumie for Best Art Educator in Tucson. Mariana lives in Tucson's West side with her daughter Isabella and her 18-year-old Chihuahua Angel. She loves all the arts and enjoys spending time in Nature, cooking for friends and a good yoga stretch.

WESLEY FAWCETT CREIGH graduated with a BA in Public Art with an Emphasis on Social Impact from Prescott College in 2008. She is continuously experimenting with art as a form of storytelling and social commentary. She has been awarded multiple grants for her socially engaged artwork including two P.L.A.C.E Initiative grants and a 2016-17 New Works Artist Project grant from the Tucson Pima Arts Council. Her murals work can be seen around Tucson at EXO Roast Co., the XeroCraft Hackerspace, the Center for Global Justice, and the Whistle Stop Depot. Currently, she is a faculty member at Pima Community College's Theater Department. Her work can be viewed on her website: <http://wesleyfawcettcreigh.wordpress.com>.

SIMONE GERS is Cajun born in South Louisiana, Simone has taught at the college level since 1994 and has been teaching at Pima since 1997. She's published poetry and academic writing and writes articles for papers across the US. In her spare time, she's studying Quantum Medicine.

KAREN HYMER is a visual artist who makes images using a variety of mixed media. Her images are displayed as Pigment Prints, Etchings, Gravures and Encaustics. She received her BFA in Photography from The School of the Museum of Fine Arts/Tufts University, Boston and an MA and MFA from the University of New Mexico. Hymer's work has been exhibited in solo and group venues internationally and she is in numerous permanent collections including the Polaroid International Collection and the Center for Creative Photography. She taught photography at Pima Community College for 20 years and is currently the Laboratory Specialist in the Photography Program at the college.

EMILY JACOBSON received her Bachelor of Fine Arts at Utah State University, her emphasis was in drawing, but she loved printmaking and photography as well. Emily also received her Master of Arts from the University of Arizona in Library Science. Currently she has a small photography business and focuses on portrait photography and works part time at Pima Community College East Campus library. She loves all things art and enjoys sharing her love of art with others.

NANCY KELLER has always loved art and poetry. She writes, she paints, she sculpts, she mosaics, she makes her own clothes. If it's crafty, there is a good chance she is doing it. She gets a lot of sass from her friends in the art writing world for her campaign against prose poetry, but other than that, she is pretty harmless. She has sold several pieces of art through her on-line Etsy.com store under the store title of Kellerbration, because life should be a celebration. She walks fast, talks fast, and always makes time and space for art and writing. She can be found at PCC-East during the work week managing a TRiO Student Support Services program for students with disabilities, smiling, and finding new ways to think about art and education.

ANDREA KOOSHIAN, “The author is a lovely girl who would prefer to sip lemonade in the shade than write a bio.”

KAT MANTON-JONES is a Signature member of the Southern Arizona Watercolor Guild and been a watercolorist for the past 16 years. She is an avid hiker, backpacker, and amateur naturalist. Having lived most of her life in Arizona, she has seen a lot of the back country and the changes to the state over the past 40+ years. In 2015 she decided to give herself 10 years to hike the 800 mile Arizona Trail. She has completed 88 miles of the trail in her first year. She enjoys documenting her experiences through a journal sketchbook named “the Katlas” which is a personal atlas of her journey. The Katlas includes field and trail notes, visual impressions of and emotional responses to the day. It is a joy to have these experiences and keep these memories. This installation is Passage 1 of the Arizona Trail, the Huachuca Mountains.

LAURA MILKINS is a multimedia, interactive performance artist, living in Tucson and teaching Art and Visual Culture at Pima Community College since 2012. She received an MFA in painting from University of Arizona in 2008. In 2009, she was a Fulbright Scholar in Mexico City. For this public performance, “Walking Stories: Mexico”, Milkins walked across Mexico City in the company of strangers, posting the stories they shared each night on a BLOG. Recent work includes “The Depression Session”, a radio show devoted to de-stigmatizing depression, “The Kindness Project”, spending a year contemplating kindness, and “Walking Home: stories from the desert to the Great Lakes”, in which Milkins walked 2,007 miles from Tucson to Michigan wearing a live web-cam. Since 1993, Laura has been organizing art shows, performances and festivals, and has received grants, awards and international recognition for her work. Her performances focus on community and social interactions, and the role that technology plays in both.

DIANE MILLER has been a member of the Pima Community College staff for over ten years. She observes life, people and the odd and wonderful circumstances that we navigate every day; occasionally, trying to capture moments with the written word. Admittedly being a work in progress, she appreciates the dynamic nature of work, play, and people and strives to make a contribution in concentrated endeavors. Aspiring to seek simplicity and understanding, while admiring the complex, she acknowledges that life, circumstances, and our perceptions are sometimes nonsensical, and must merely be accepted for what they are.

JOSIE MILLIKEN, Ph.D., teaches Writing and Literature courses at Pima Community College and works with colleagues to organize various creative writing events at the Downtown Campus every semester. In addition to teaching, Josie writes prose (fiction and nonfiction) and poetry. She is also a certified yoga instructor and avid long-distance runner.

GUSTAVO MIRANDA is currently a full-time employee at Pima Community College. She works as an advisor in the TRiO STEM Project BLAST program at Desert Vista Campus. She loves helping students and in her spare time she likes to spend time with her family and write short stories.

DAMIAN MONTOYA is a just guy who walks around with a camera in his hand. An adventurous fellow who often doesn't have much of a plan, his aim is to create photos where emotion is struck. Sometimes he is successful and other times he just sucks. So far in life he has found happiness is quite simple: kittens, unicorns, rainbows, big smiles, hmm... small dimples. With his likes, come along strong aversions, two of the biggest: creating corny end rhyme and writing biographies in third person.

REINHARD PAWLICKI was born in Hamburg, Germany and came to Tucson as a foreign exchange student to the University of Arizona to study Physics and Astronomy. He fell in love with the landscapes of the American Southwest and Tucson in particular. Reinhard is now teaching Digital Arts and Game Design on the West Campus and his favorite hobby is to explore all those beautiful places of this planet. He also is currently working on another Master's degree, in Educational Technology.

CAROLINE PYEVICH'S vision is to create images that reflect the inner workings of her consciousness and the space where dreaming and visions occur, where there is a connection between the self and the divine. The vision is spontaneous and unplanned, where paintings develop through the process of discovery and inspiration. The layering process and color patterns are a manifestation of this heartfelt expression. She has been painting professionally since 1998 and has had numerous showing, throughout Canada and the United States, including in Arizona, Oklahoma, North Dakota, Minnesota, and Illinois. Her work has been featured in magazines and galleries in Manitoba, Canada, and she currently is represented by Phelony Art Gallery in Tucson, AZ.


MONIQUE RODRÍGUEZ is an Educational Support Faculty Librarian at Pima Community College's Northwest Campus. As a librarian, some of her main responsibilities are information literacy instruction, library curriculum design, reference/referral services, along with research and development. One of her other focuses as an academic librarian is developing library instruction through interactive technology such as online library-guides and video tutorials. In addition to her professional work, Monique has conducted and participated in numerous library-programming events where she collaborated with Tucson libraries, local community centers, and schools focusing on Latino and Native American populations in order to promote efforts that information literacy maintains a stable and important place in society.

MIKE ROM has a BS in Film and Television production (not that kind of BS). He worked in the movie industry in Tucson for over 8 years and did everything from art department to office PA to special effects explosives assistant. When he started working at Pima College in the AV Department, he expanded their offerings to video and computer graphics. He was also able to indulge his creative side through their Digital Art classes. He took sculpture and drawing classes and learned how to paint with acrylics. Mike started photographing flowers for his wife's paintings—she works in oils—and eventually framed his own work and put them into art shows at the Blue Raven Galley and Gifts. He sold his first piece in his first show and has done pretty well since. Lately, he has expanded into doing wire sculptures and hopes to get a larger inventory going. He shares a website with his wife at RomByDesign.com, to exhibit his art.

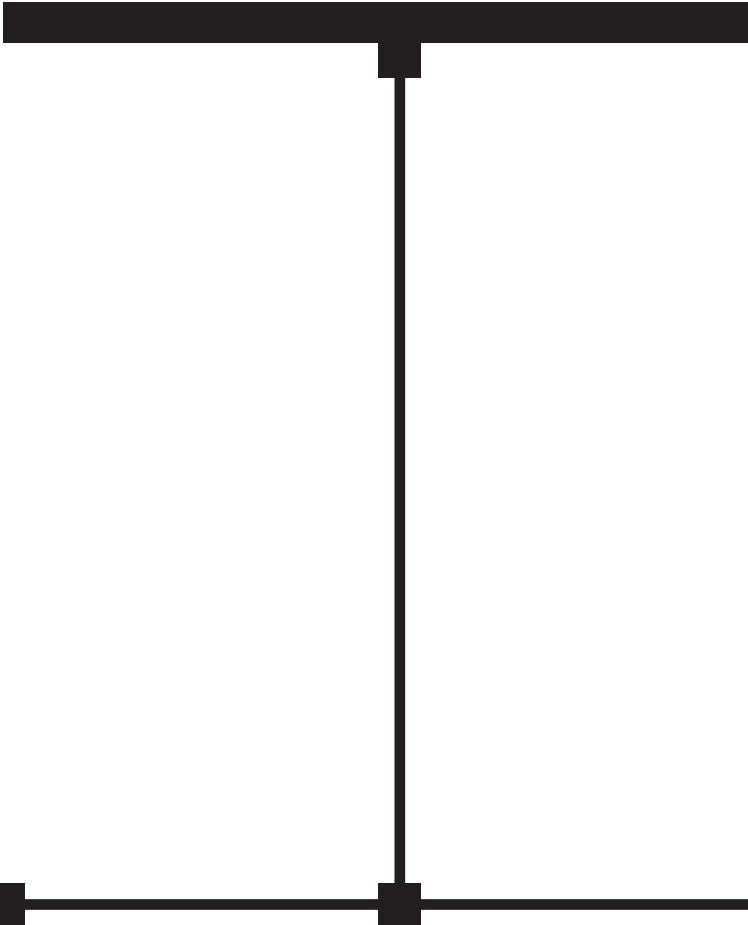
ELIZABETH FRANKIE ROLLINS has published a collection of short fiction, *The Sin Eater & Other Stories* (Queen's Ferry Press, 2013). She also has work in *Fairy Tale Review*, *Sonora Review*, *Conjunctions*, *The New England Review*, among others. She teaches fiction and composition writing at Pima Community College's Desert Vista Campus.

SANDRA SHATTUCK teaches writing at the Desert Vista campus and usually writes free verse. However, she finds that writing formulaic poetry can spur creative riffs and sometimes feels like coding. The restriction of the poetic form can offer immense linguistic surprise, and she recommends any writer who has hit a snag to rejuvenate through whipping up a sonnet, a villanelle, a ghazal, or an ovillejo.

VALERIE SMITH is an adjunct instructor for the Nursing Professions Program at Desert Vista Campus. She graduated from McNeese State University with a BSN in 1995 to begin a career in nursing. She has shared her vision of the world around her through photography for many years. Mid-career she returned to McNeese State University to pursue a second degree, graduating in 2005 with a BA in Visual Arts with a focus in photography. Valerie's photos have been included in multiple juried and invitational shows, as well as solo exhibits.



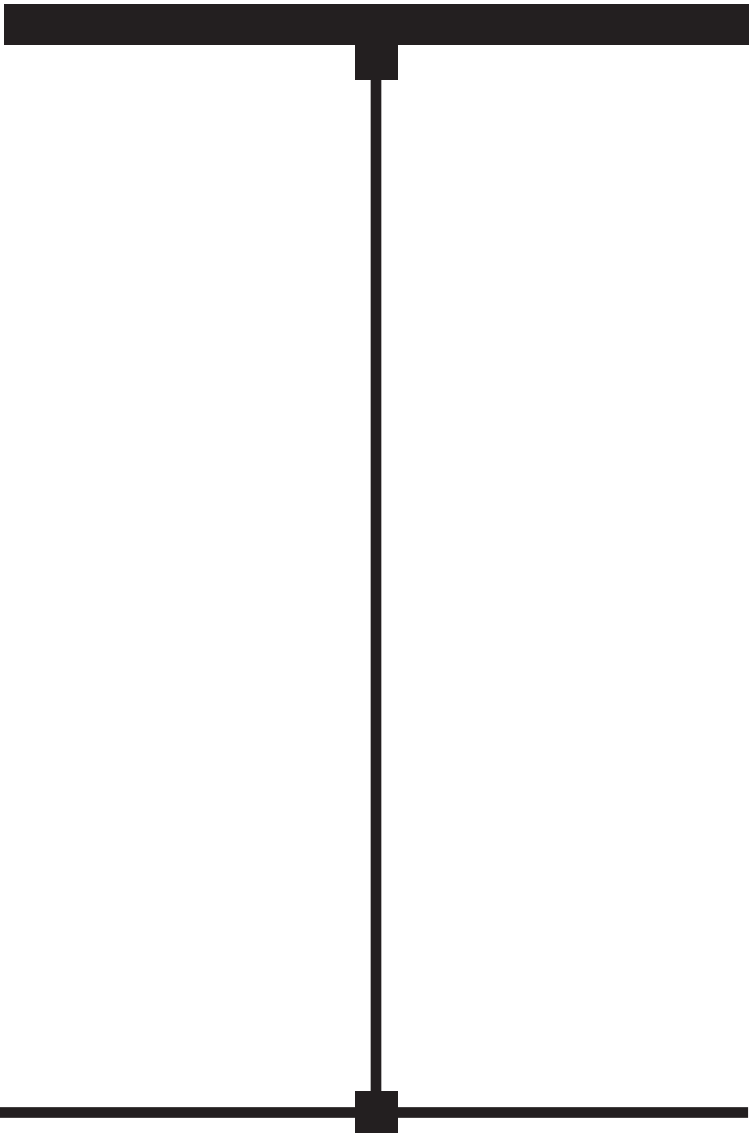
ERNESTO ANGEL CHAVEZ TRUJILLO is a graduate of the University of Arizona, Tucson, where he received his BFA, & MFA Degrees in Studio Arts with a focus on Combined Media. He has explored various mediums of art and continues to implement hybrid techniques and materials with traditional methodologies in creating art. His work has been influenced by many resources, including painters, printmakers, sculptors, and makers of art throughout the discourse of history. His work attempts to embody other disciplines of science, nature, and human behavior to create works of art that exemplify honest expressions of self. He is constantly attempting to uncover new methods of approaching art, both from a analytical conceptual view and continued studio practice. He eventually hopes that his work will influence others in creative and innovative ways. Ernesto has an extensive background as an insurance specialist, receiving his certification in commercial and grey market insurance with a focus in life and health and disability underwriting. Ernesto also has an extensive background in computer program and visual communication. He is currently an instructor on the Desert Vista Campus at CTD (Center for Training and Development) where he instructs in the Business Technology Program.



MANO SOTELO BFA Otis Art Institute Parsons School of Design, MFA Academy of Art University. His paintings have been exhibited nationally and locally, including the UofA Museum of Art, Tucson Museum of Art, Tucson Desert Art Museum and the Arizona-Sonora Desert Museum. Mano's work and bio can be seen at www.sotelostudio.com.

TOM SPEER received his doctorate from the U of A in 2000, taught English full time at PCC-West for twenty years, and now works as an adjunct instructor there. He is enjoying his semi-retirement.

JENNIFER WILEY is a writing instructor at the West Campus of Pima Community College. She recently earned her PhD from the University of Arizona and hopes to now have more time for two of her favorite hobbies, travel and photography.





The meaning of *Cababi*
is a Tohono O'odham term that means
HIDDEN SPRINGS



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