

(frankly)

edition one;
spring 2007.

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read: (featured literature.)



(Kelly Harris)

Hugh

(Will Bankston)

“You lean forward because you have to, but you lean back because you get to.”

It was another astute observation of behavior articulated by the theater teacher. He was critiquing the scene from some classic play taking form in the front of the large room with the black rubber floor. This statement seemed especially relevant to Hugh, an exceptionally pale male, situated in the second of three rows. Even now his head was almost perfectly propped above his knees, with his forearms serving as the buttresses for this organic, but colorless structure. The chairs were fully capable of leaning back, and as such, the majority of the students comprising the class were reclining at the small angle the firm plastic made available. Hugh's body was acute. Their bodies were obtuse. A few formed perfect right angles. Apparently he had to, but some got to. Some had neither privilege nor responsibility, or perhaps the perfect mix.

As he sat balled up like a seed, he was alerted, in a very matter of fact manner, to a thirst sensation. It wasn't delivered forcefully, but not weakly either. It was just there. That is, amidst all of the comforting commodities that the room had to offer, including that wonderfully bendable chair, he was left wanting water, that simplest sustenance. However, he had matters at hand.

He looked to his left and met eyes with his partner. They were up next and would soon be playing the roles of frustrated newlyweds exploring their New York City apartment for the first time together. He was supposed to be angry, and slightly anxious. She was to start out calm, and then reciprocate that anger. For preparation, he had been responsible for making many choices that determined the exact conditions that had led his character to this point, both proximally and mentally. It didn't matter if the epics of this historical creativity were never explicitly presented to the observers. It was simply a tool for prying open the head of the character and situating one's self inside. It allowed both knowing and knowing about. So much so, in fact, that Hugh felt he was more acquainted with this legitimate persona of fiction than he was himself. This made him feel somewhat counterfeit. Still though, he could relate to the strict parameters that the situation produced, insofar as excellent execution of the scene would only be the product of many purposeful actions, each with the sole intent of acquiring precisely what this character desired. Irrelevancy was his enemy.

It seemed reasonable for characters to take this approach, but he wondered how long he could maintain such efficiency. Plays lasted roughly two hours, and even they had an intermission. Besides, he had the courtesy of inserting any specific experience he found suitable into the annals of this character's extra-theatrical life. Hugh's life, on the other hand, could run for eighty consecutive years, or more, or less. It's true, this ambiguous span bothered him, but other worries were much more potent.

"I don't want any trouble." These were the words of the estranged father to his runaway son. It was said with a steady and rhythmic cadence. It was a noncommittal delivery, not disinterested, but not involved either. The only thing definite about it was that it brought the character no closer to his ever-culminating desire.

"Stop." The teacher paused the scene. "That phrase can mean many things. Your responsibility is to eliminate all uncertainty. Is the father saying it because he's willing to fight the son? If so, stand up straight, glare, and say it slowly and lowly. On other hand, if it's supposed to be some type of plea, don't be afraid to beg."

As the scene resumed, that is, with a more definite direction, Hugh thought about the series of happenings that had placed him in this class, this chair, these clothes, this posture. Nothing was completely clear, and those few events that seemed relevant were most likely obscured through amplification. It appeared that choices were really never made, only far off decisions. He had decided that prior to graduating, there were certain skills he wanted to refine, if not perfect. One such ability was that of public speaking, and he had heard, from now vague sources, that this course, more than any other, gave one an audience. It wasn't a question of wanting to take it. To him, this was solely a matter of necessity.

He glanced upward. The lights in the room were exceptionally bright, but Hugh didn't mind. He had always been a type of generous middleman when it came to anything luminescent. He absorbed very little such matter, sending most of it back at some new, but predictable angle.

The two in front were receiving some closing input regarding their presentation. In a few moments, Hugh would exchange positions with them. After that some new couple would perpetuate this cycle further. Not endlessly, just further. At this time though, he remained inwardly collapsed on his chair.

Despite his thirst, his throat wasn't dry. He knew that he could rattle off the necessary lines, even emphatically, without the smallest sip of water. Still though, even if it lacked any apparent practical purpose, he wanted the cool clear liquid. He then surprised himself. That is, his thoughts began entertaining the idea of leaving the class and drinking from the fountain outside. He would return quickly of course, but it would still push things back, if only in the slightest way. It really had no place in his life long equation. If anything, it would skew the results. Regardless, it was not without its draw.

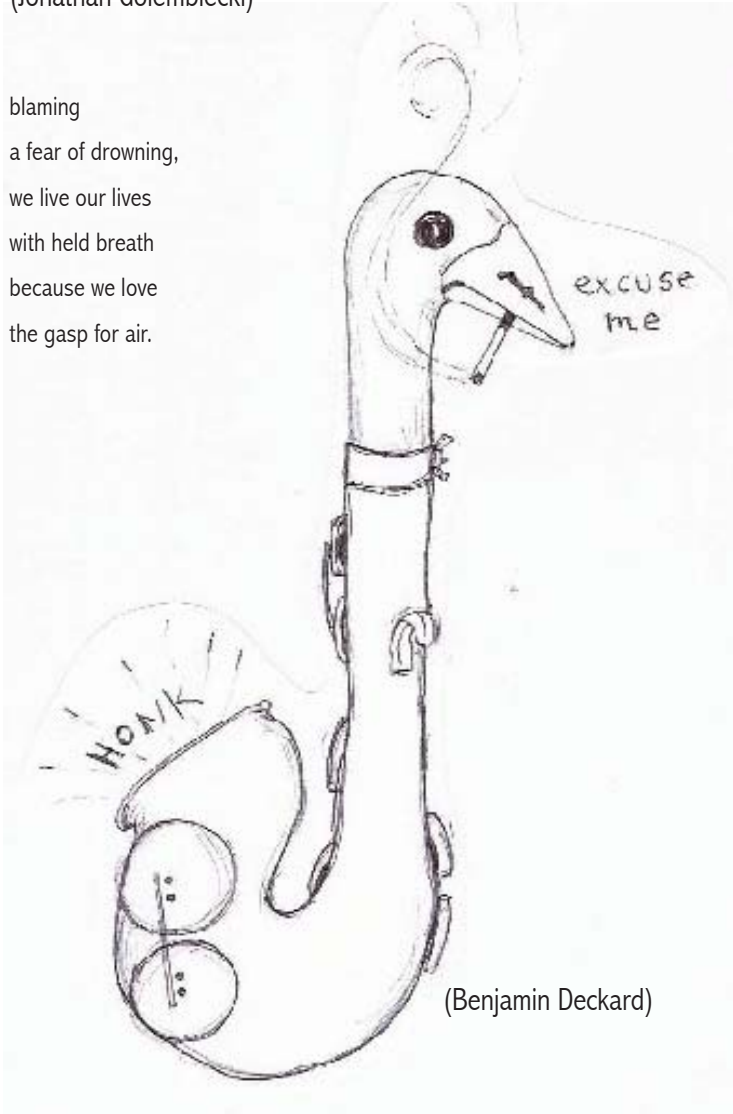
His bent frame encumbered such pondering, so he straightened accordingly.

This notion had unnatural strength and took arms against those other more reasonable cognitions guarding that previously plotted path to success. The battle was fierce and casualties began accumulating. It seemed that their blood flowed from his mind to his face, producing a rich color his skin had never before taken. In fact, his cheeks became warm and took in all the colors except that now visible vibrant red, which they gave back to the dull surroundings.

At this point, the choice made was irrelevant.

oxygen
(Jonathan Golembiecki)

blaming
a fear of drowning,
we live our lives
with held breath
because we love
the gasp for air.



Our Mutual Bus

(Rebekah MacLeod)

There are those whose presence in your life is a well-established fact, and whose impact on you is applauded by many. There are also, and just as importantly, those who enter your life quietly and leave just as they came, but who leave their marks on your heart, bringing a smile when you may need it the most. It is not however, those people themselves whom I would recognize here, but rather the force that brought us all together. I give you, then, random persons whose paths never would have crossed were it not for this almighty presence, this over-riding force, this mediator of all sizes, ages, races and backgrounds: our mutual bus.

His name is Steve. We ride the same bus nearly every morning, and from the first time I saw him, faded baseball hat on head and beef jerky in hand, he amused and intrigued me. Friendly and outgoing, he rarely stops talking. He often alarms complete strangers by starting up a conversation, as if he were recently speaking with them but their conversation was cut short, and this present interaction is merely a continuation of that previous one. However, when he isn't talking with someone else, he carries on a spirited conversation. . . with himself. He'll smile and nod when he agrees with himself, vehemently shake his head and scowl when he disagrees with himself. I've seen him having what I would swear to be a fight with himself, or a pleasantly casual talk with the three of him, all while chewing at the ever-present stick of beef jerky.

She fits in my stereotype of a sorority girl. Talking on her cell-phone, but otherwise silent and stand-offish, she yet exudes friendliness and confidence. What an asset to the house! When I made a comment to her about the driver's ability, her startled glance and one-word reply (unless "uh-huh" counts as two words) made me imagine what she might say to her "sisters" about me: "Ohmigod, today, this girl on the bus, like, *talked* to me."

Every Monday, Wednesday, and Friday morning I see the Spanish professor riding to work. I can't decided if he's handsome or distinguished, or just some bizarre mix of the two, but with his gray hair, glasses and beard he pulls off both with ease. Sometimes his wife rides with him, but there is always one or more of his friends, students, or coworkers riding at the same time, with whom he talks animatedly in Spanish until it comes time to disembark. He then kisses his wife goodbye, if she's with him, and gets off at the corner of Russell and Third Street. And since he gets off the bus before me, he must have to walk farther, because I always beat him to Stanley Coulter.

I scan the bus for another seat, but it's inevitable. The only seat is next to the slightly greasy looking, jittery man about halfway back. Gingerly I sit down on the edge of the seat next to him, half feeling guilty for my hesitation. Then the seat begins to shake. *jiggle, jiggle*. I look at his hands, twitching and moving on his bouncing knees. *jiggle, jiggle*. I glance at him out of the corner of my eye. He's looking around nervously, compulsively, his eyes darting to and fro. *jiggle, jiggle*. It's contagious, and I find myself tapping nervously at my bag, then stop myself. It's going to be a long ten minute ride. *jiggle, jiggle*.

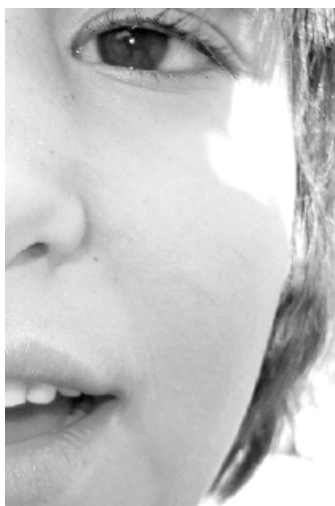
The old lady's jaw hangs slack and she's two seconds away from drooling as she looks out the window for her stop. She's well on her way to senile, and looking at her I see my future, if I don't get off this bus soon. It's a twilight zone in its own right, and I feel like it will change me into something else, something more frightening, like it seems to have done to its drivers and regulars. Will I ever be like them? Then I reach my stop and get off. The sun is radiant as it sets, and birds are signing and I realize it, remember that those people are nothing more than my amusement, placed by the bus to divert me from the otherwise invariable same-ness of these days. For that I am grateful, as I watch it drive off into the sunset--*our mutual bus*.

When Blanca Knows (Stephanie Cain)

The sweaty heat
parts from between
cheap cotton curtains
as her little voice
bellows out in Spanish
inaudible words distorted
by the power behind them.

She smiles; eyes wide
and skeptical as she
races past strangers
who will never
understand her. Just
like they'll never
understand the heat
she sits in each day
or the sun that's so
much closer to
her world.

She lets a chosen few
pick her up and swing her.
For a moment she forgets
and giggles like
any happy child would.
The soft chatter of the thrill
of being bigger than the world
or than the imposing
foothills that block
her view of what's to come.



She doesn't smile in their
pictures. She hides her face with speed
and tries to laugh it off as joke.
If she doesn't get to keep
a part of them, why should
they take a part of her?
especially her sonrisa
which she saves for a day that can
better promise her more.

Although right now
she thinks they're
ignorant of any
feelings she consoles
one day, she'll figure out
Who showed her the
Hope and who gave
her the Strength
to bellow out the windows
and tower over the foothills.
One day, Blanca will know.

look: (featured artwork.)



Banksy

(Stephanie Cain)

London's guerilla graffiti artist, Banksy, has claimed his fame — although he prefers to remain pseudo-anonymous — by leaving his mark in cities and countries around the world. His stencil graffiti can be seen throughout England and along Israeli West Bank barrier. Banksy says he makes stencils prior to putting them up to save time conducting the illegal act.

Banksy's art covers mostly political and social issues in a satirical manner. He often targets advertisers by leaving disgusted rats making fun of billboards or painting over advertisements entirely. He shared his feelings about advertising with *ADbusters* magazine saying, "The thing I hate the most about advertising is that it attracts all the bright, creative and ambitious young people, leaving us mainly with the slow and self-obsessed to become our artists.. Modern art is a disaster area. Never in the field of human history has so much been used by so many to say so little."

Banksy's innovative and confrontational messages challenge individuals to think about the society around them. Like this cheetah, Banksy asks you to break out of the corporate cage and make your own decisions.

<http://www.banksy.co.uk/>

Other artists to checkout:

www.senvald.com

www.kurthalsey.com



(Courtney Hannibal)

(Jesse Bowen)





(Jesse Bowen)

(Courtney Hannibal)



(Kelly Harris)



(Ashton Bahler)

(Louis Filosa)



(Pedro Ajsvinac)

think: (editorials, ideas, & opinions.)



(Jesse Bowen)

Consumerism?

(Shannon Campbell)

No one can deny that our society is becoming more and more defined by the things we own. The next step is to ask ourselves: is this a healthy definition? Certainly not (but you already knew that).

Take a look around. It's hard to walk more than fifty feet without seeing another Louis Vuitton bag, iPod, or pair of Ugg boots. Now, don't get me wrong. I'm probably just as guilty as the next customer. I often — much *too* often, I might add — forego my convictions of living a simple life and give in to my impulses when it comes to buying *things*. To say that most of these things are really necessary to living a satisfying life, however, would be quite a stretch. So, this is as much a reminder to myself as it is to anyone else. And I'm not, by any means, exhorting people to sell all of their worldly possessions and give all the money to a greater cause (not that this is a bad idea, if you feel called to do so). But when it gets to the point that we don't even look at the blue sky on a beautiful day because we're too busy typing on our BlackBerries, it has gone too far.

I guess if you have the cash, it's up to you to decide where and how you use it. After all, maybe you really *do* need that vanilla latte every day to make you feel better. Keep in mind, though, that people *will* still like you, even if you don't own a pair of Gucci sunglasses. Perhaps there's a more worthwhile way to spend your money — and your time. At the very least, don't let yourself get so caught up in materialism that you can't smile at a random passerby or notice that the trees have all blossomed.

Go for a walk. Sit outside (or inside, even) and read a good book that you *want* to read. Draw a picture. Have a conversation with a friend. If anything, I hope we can learn to judge people by their personalities rather than their possessions (that is, if we have to judge people at all). Just remember that there is so much else to enjoy, past all the nice cars, expensive products, and designer clothes.

Design Consilience: Connecting the Dots

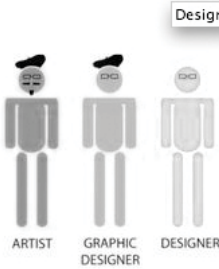
(Noel Titus)

March 23, 2007

Engineers As Creative Design People

A graphic at [Logic+Emotion](#), used in context of a discussion on whether "Designers Are Enemies Of Design", depicts the creative people involved in solving design problems.

The "D" word. Debunking the design myth.



Design isn't just about making something pretty.

Design is about creative problem solving.

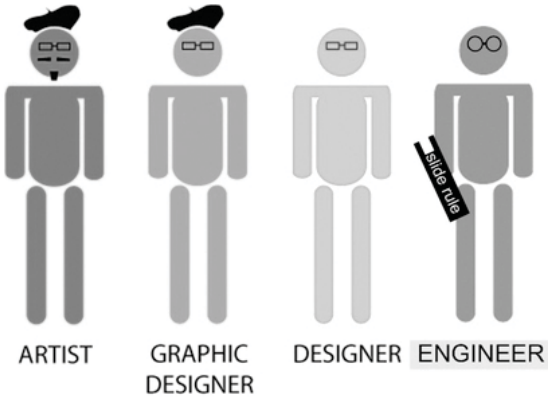
Everything is designed.

Marketers need design.

Marketers need good design.

Good design doesn't always need marketing.

There needs to be an addition to this equation of creative problem solvers.



Innovations in materials, performance improvements in existing products and revolutionary developments that enable design innovations come from the engineer. With multidisciplinary teams involved in solving design problems in organizations, the new engineer is not the geeky, gray, slide-rule wielding traditionalist. Stay tuned for my rendition of the new engineer in the design-centric age.

Posted at 11:20 PM in [Creativity, Design](#) | [Permalink](#) | [Comments \(1\)](#) | [TrackBack \(0\)](#)

Noel Titus, a member of Purdue's engineering community, explores the symbiotic relationship between product design and engineering. He discusses how the functions of the left and right brain are not mutually exclusive, but rather, work best hand in hand to create the ultimate product. In his own words, "Creativity and innovation are becoming important for American competitiveness and it is important for engineers to become part of this conversation.... The skill set necessary includes both left brain analytical ability and right brain creativity." For more, check out the website at:

<http://titus.typepad.com/>

Thought v. Belief

(Jon Dillow)

I guess I should start this out by saying this is what I think I believe. It has sprung from my perceptions and is colored by my attitude. I expect that you as the reader will read this with some doubt because there is most certainly room for doubt, and I encourage it. If you resonate with what I am saying we probably have similar beliefs. Now on with the bog... What is the difference between a thought and a belief? It's simple. A thought is an action. A belief is not. Both make up aspects of the mind, but only one, thought, has any DIRECT effect on the future.

The difference between a thought and a belief is like the difference between walking a path and the path itself. A path directs our steps, and so beliefs are what shape our thoughts. Our brains are wired in networks of nodes and connections, or paths, and the more a particular connection is fired through, walked down, the stronger that connection becomes and the clearer the path for thought is.

Can we change our beliefs? Yes, very much so. All we have to do is change our thoughts. But if our thoughts are shaped by our beliefs then how can we change them? Well, we have some wiggle room. Our brains have an amazing and not yet understood capacity to change, and we have an unlimited number of potential pathways in our brains from node to node. We have the capacity to think thoughts that diverge from our beliefs. It is much more difficult to think a divergent thought than it is to think a thought that aligns with our beliefs just as it is much more difficult to duck into the undergrowth off a well worn path. If we actively

choose to start using the divergent path though, it will become more worn and the old thoroughfare of our belief will become murkier until eventually we consistently use the new path until it becomes our belief. Brains, the internet, social networks, interstate highways, they all work the same. The more a path is used the more robust the connection becomes. Some beliefs are tenuous and easy to change, but much of our neural networks of belief are laid down when we are quite young, and if we want to change them, it takes a LOT of work, but we can.

So, passive thought is determined by our beliefs, but active thought can be used to forge new beliefs. A belief is just a series of connected pathways in our brain. It is the net. The thought is how the electro-chemical chain reaction happens to course through that net. We, through a power undetermined by science, have the ability to determine how those messages are routed, and therefore how we think. The more we think a particular way the more rooted those thoughts become, but they have the capacity to be changed. Now sometimes belief change happens gradually through consistent active attempts to change them, and sometimes beliefs can change suddenly. This sudden change can happen because of an epiphany, which is when 2 previously circuitously connected networks suddenly find that major nodes have become connected. Beliefs can also change quickly because some outside force has drastically altered a person's perceptions and forced a belief change.

Back to the path, a path can become very windy as it lengthens from village to village to encompass further and further destinations. It may even be that that one path nearly doubles back on itself more than once. Villagers, though, because the path is well worn might be walking miles out of their way to travel between two villages on the path. All it takes is a few adventurous souls to duck through the woods to find that the two villages are actually much closer than they appear. Everyone within a matter of weeks would be trudging the new path until it was smooth. And then, of course, a flood could knock the bridge out so there was almost no way to walk that same old path any more. Storms that knock bridges out are akin to reams of undeniable factual information in the world of thoughts and beliefs.

Thought v. Belief, the Buddhist take (although I am not actually a buddhist)
There are no woods. The path is an illusion. There is only thought. This is enlightenment.

solve: (puzzles & games.)

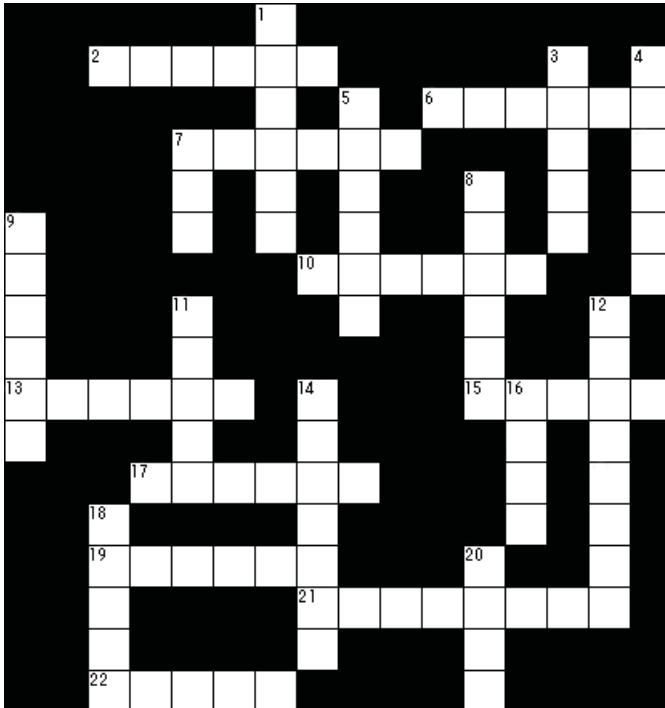
crossword:

across:

2. a seamstress's medium
6. plug's counterpart
7. a hole in the wall
10. a source of vanity
13. Bugs Bunny, for one
15. nearly perpendicular
17. a breakfast bowlful
19. an equinox season
21. trade
22. an in-class _____

down:

1. evening meal
3. wake-up call
4. a paper-connector
5. the neighborhood conversation
7. candle or bees'
8. a great departure
9. recollection
11. a fruity beverage
12. cardiovascular or aerobic
14. pajama material
16. a shade-giving plant
18. a morning boost
20. not check or charge



create your own poetry:

use all of the following words in a poem, & see what you come up with. if you like it, submit it for the next edition of (frankly).

blind	darling
inquiry	loutish
formal	swept
garbage	

“The dismissive ‘I couldn’t care less’ is often used with the shortened ‘not’ mistakenly (and mysteriously) omitted: ‘I could care less.’ The error destroys the meaning of the sentence and is careless indeed.”

William Strunk, Jr. & E.B. White, *The Elements of Style*

sudoku:

		2 7 6	
	6		2
8		4 5	7
9 1			6 5
8		6	3
7 4			9 8
9		8 4	6
	2		5
		5 3 7	



1	5	9	2	7	6	8	3	4
4	7	6	1	8	3	2	5	9
2	8	3	4	9	5	1	7	6
9	3	1	7	4	8	6	2	5
8	2	5	9	6	1	7	4	3
7	6	4	3	5	2	9	1	8
5	9	7	8	2	4	3	6	1
3	4	2	6	1	9	5	8	7
6	1	8	5	3	7	4	9	2

(frankly) was put together so that we, as a community, might be exposed to fellow artists, writers, thinkers, et cetera. whether you love or hate, agree or disagree, appreciate or disparage: tell us; we want to know. we can't do anything without your ideas, suggestions, comments, & submissions.

help us help you.



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