MCHENRY COUNTY COLLEGE LITERARY/ARTS JOURNAL

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STUDENT LITERARY EDITORS:

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Matt Irie · mirie@mchenry.edu Amy Ortiz · aortiz@mchenry.edu Starr Nordgren · snordgren@mchenry.edu Paige Lush · plush@mchenry.edu Justin Schmitz · jschmitz@mchenry.edu

FINE ART PHOTOGRAPHY/ADVISOR:

Justin Schmitz Assisted by Matt Irie

DESIGNER/ADVISOR: Ryan Duggan

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MISSION STATEMENT

It is the mission of *Voices* to recognize and showcase the visual arts, musical and literary talents of McHenry County College students.

Voices provides a forum for students to practice curation, jurying, editing, and technical production, which enhances the artistic experience and provides real art-world experience.

EDITORIAL STATEMENT

Voices publishes work that reflects the literary, visual, and musical pointsof-view of contemporary community college students. Although *Voices* does not organize content thematically, the student editors, who are appointed annually by the faculty advisors in each discipline, select work that represents the contemporary zeitgeist of the McHenry County College community.



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BEST OF MAGAZINE

Voices 2019 is proud to announce Awards for the Best of Magazine

LITERARY:

Jan Bosman The Gun Speaks

VISUAL ART:

Rachel Garrison Easter Selfie

MUSIC:

Nathanael Bingier Recover

Voices wishes to acknowledge students for their excellence in literature, music and visual arts.

THE DAN RISCH MEMORIAL SCHOLARSHIP

The Dan Risch Memorial Scholarship is awarded to outstanding and promising visual art students. This Scholarship is generously funded by Dan's family and friends in memory of former MCC art student Dan Risch.

The 2019 Dan Risch Memorial Scholarship winners are:

Roni Durbin Natalia Gubernov

N T S



MUSIC

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- 2 KEANU SALVADOR (WITH BAYBERRY DRIVE) / Know
- 3 NATHANAEL BINGIER (WITH THUH WHUH THUH FUZZ) I Saw What You Did and I Know Who You Are and I Am Coming to Your House
- 4 **KEANU SALVADOR (WITH BAYBERRY DRIVE)** Don't Wait on Me

To hear this year's selections go to soundcloud.com/mcc-voices/sets/voices-2019 or simply scan the QR code below.



P.S. GIVE THE BOOK A FLIP THROUGH AND WATCH THIS CORNER. BEST OF MAGAZINE

JAN BOSMAN Poetry



Grass by Carl Sandburg 1918

Pile the bodies high at Austerlitz and Waterloo. Shovel them under and let me work— I am the grass; I cover all.

And pile them high at Gettysburg And pile them high at Ypres and Verdun. Shovel them under and let me work. Two years, ten years, and passengers ask the conductor: What place is this? Where are we now?

> I am the grass. Let me work.

The Gun Speaks by Jan Bosman 2018

Sweep up the glass at Stoneman-Douglas. Swab down the halls at Columbine— I am the gun; let me cool.

Then, sweep up the glass at Sandy Hook And sweep up the glass in San Bernardino. Swab down the halls and let me cool. Tomorrow, next week, when some passerby might ask: What does this plaque mean? What happened here?

> I am the gun. Just let me cool.

BEST OF MAGAZINE RACHEL GARRISON Easter Selfie



OIL ON CANVAS, 40" X 36" X 1.5"



CAROLINE STRAY

Pinecone Pot



NATALIA GUBERNOV Courage





ARYLIC, 40" X 30"

AFTERLIFE

BANG! The bullet drew straight through me. I couldn't move, I couldn't breathe. All I could do was lie there and bleed. The room around me became digital and started to twitch like a hologram. No one else was in the room with me. Then, I felt a tap on my shoulder. I looked up to see Jo and suddenly I had the strength to stand up and hug him.

"Welcome to the Afterlife." he presented a new world to me. A new world that I wouldn't be able to enjoy for very long.

EARLIER THAT DAY

"Your brother is dead." Those were the exact words I was dreading to hear. I hugged my mom and cried in her arms. Jo was my idol, my mentor, and my best friend. He was coming over the day he got into the accident and when I heard that crash outside my apartment, I prayed to God that it wasn't him. I guess I didn't pray hard enough. A head-on collision cost him his life. The doctors and investigators assumed it was a drunk driver, although they didn't know for sure since it was a hit and run and no one saw the car again. I opened the door to my apartment, turned on the lights, tossed my keys on the table and walked to the kitchen. I rummaged through the liquor cabinet to find the whiskey. Once I did, I grabbed a glass and slumped on the couch.

How could this be? I thought and took a swing of the whiskey. I heard a light crash and peered to my left to see a frame face down on the ground. I put the bottle and glass on the coffee table and lifted my body to go clean up the mess. When I picked up the frame, I turned it over to see the picture of Jo and me at the beach a couple of years ago. "Oh, Jo. I'm so sorry this happened to you." Tears streamed down my face. I gently put the picture back on the shelf and took a good look at the beauty that was our friendship. I walked back over to the couch and took another shot of the whiskey. I laid down and slowly closed my eyes to hopefully dream of something better than this reality I was living in now.

"Come on, Jo!" My brunette pigtails sprung with joy as I signaled for Jo to follow me.

"Let's go!" I climbed up the old rickety tree house like we did every day and once I stepped to the top, I pointed at Jo and started to laugh.

"Haha, I beat you!" Jo started to climb up.

"I'm going to get you, Claire Bear! Don't you move!" Jo said playfully. I screamed and laughed while Jo threw his arms around me and tickled me, making me laugh even harder.

"Claire." An older and quite familiar voice entered my head. I still saw the small scene play out as I heard this voice appear in my dreams.

"Claire!" It screamed and the dream of my childhood memory stopped. Everything around me turned black and I heard it again.

"Claire, you're in danger. Please, listen to me. It's Jo." I sat up breathing heavily. My sweat poured down my face. My eyes quickly jumped around my living room analyzing everything they came across. Everything was normal.

It couldn't have been Jo. I thought. I grabbed the phone to call my mom.

Surely if Jo was around, he would come back to talk to mom too, right? The phone rang and rang.

"Hello?" "Mom! Where are you?" "At home. Why?" My mom sounded concerned.

"Did you have any dreams or nightmares last night?" I quickly asked.

"Well, no not particularly. How come?"

It took me a moment to ask. How was she going to respond? I didn't know whether to tell her or to just say goodbye.

"It was Jo, Mom. He came to my dream last night."

"Honey, were you drinking last night?"

"Yes, but that's beside the point. He was here, a picture fell last night. It was the one at the beach two years ago!" I leaped up and headed for the kitchen.

"Claire, it is too soon to be telling me these things I can't -"

"No!" I snapped.

"I'm not kidding! He came to my dream. First, it was an old memory of him and me in the woods but then it got dark and he said something to me. Like I'm in danger or something. I think he's here with me."

"Claire! Whether we like it or not, Jo is gone." She said sternly.

"You need to accept it as I have. Now go and get some rest. You have class tomorrow." She hung up and I slammed my phone on my kitchen table. I needed a way to prove it all and convince my mom that this phenomenon actually happened. I figured he could come back to me in my sleep, so I laid back on the couch and closed my eyes in hopes I could sleep again. I started to drift off into a deep slumber. My breath slowed down, and I saw nothing but darkness. Then I heard it again; Jo's voice.

"Claire!" The same voice as before called out so I decided to call back to him.

"Jo! Where are you?" Suddenly he appeared in front of me, smiling. I held back tears and smiled back at him.

"You don't know how glad I am to see you," I said choking down my tears. "I'm glad you're here. I'm not surprised you figured it out."

"Figured what out?"

"Claire, this is real. This is not a dream. But deep down you knew that otherwise, you wouldn't have called Mom. Claire," he moved closer to me.

"I'm not dead," he stated. I was shocked. Surely, I was dreaming, and he wasn't really here. I saw his body and the doctor literally said the words, 'your brother is dead' to both me and my mom. This dream was messing with me and I had to wake up.

"Jo, I've gotta go this is really getting to my head and-"

"Claire, wait! I'm not kidding. The afterlife, when you 'die,' you don't die. You travel to another dimension."

"But that doesn't make any sense. Dimensions aren't real."

"That's what you think and what you've been told. You really don't know what's on the other side of the hill until you get there. Trust me, all of this is real. But I'm not here to tell you what's completely on the other side, that's for you to find out when you get here. I'm here to tell you that you're in danger." This was too much information. I am going to school to be a Private Investigator and nothing has ever stumped me like this, literally ever.

"What do you mean danger?"

"You're smart, Claire. You can find who it is." "Jo, what do you mean? Why are you being so vague?"

"Just go and figure it out but be cautious. The person who killed me in the accident wasn't a drunk driver. It was a setup."

"Seriously, Jo I don't know-" I sat up, again sweat pouring and breathing heavier. I thought about what Jo said. I decided I needed to do some research. The only other person I thought of getting help from was my best friend, Kelly, who also was a PI. I traveled to

(continued on page 12)



her apartment and knocked on her door. When she opened it she smiled.

"Claire, I'm so glad you're here. How are you?"

"I need your help." I snapped. I walked past her into her apartment. She looked very confused.

"Is this about Jo and your dreams?"

"How did you know that?" I was stunned. Was she having them too?

"Your mom called. She's worried about you. I am as well."

"The dreams are real! Jo appeared to me! I can promise you, he told me that I am in danger and that his death was a setup!" I blew up in Kelly's face.

"Please, you have to believe me. You're the only other person I trust." I pleaded. Kelly smiled.

"Claire, I do believe you. I'm sorry about everything that has happened to you. Jo must be back otherwise you wouldn't know the truth." She slowly walked to her desk.

"What are you talking about? The truth about what?" Kelly opened her drawer and pulled out a gun and aimed it on me.

"About me." BANG! The bullet drew straight through me. I couldn't move, I couldn't breathe. All I could do was lay there and bleed. The room around me became digital and started to twitch like a hologram. No one else was in the room with me. Then, I felt a tap on my shoulder. I looked up to see Jo and suddenly I had the strength to stand up and hug him.

"Welcome to the Afterlife." The room disappeared and a whole new digital world drew before us. I stood in awe at the beauty around us. It was like one big video game but real. Flying cars sped past us, big cyber buildings grew with every step we took, and there were people everywhere. They were just like humans but moved even more swiftly. "This is it? This is what happens when you die?" I held his hand tighter.

"Not death entirely, but a trip to another world."

"Then how were you able to contact me in the human world?"

"Dreams are like phone calls. A day there is like a year here, so I had a ton of time to look around and find you. I also knew this would happen before it did which is why I had to tell you that you were in danger." The cars around me looked like gold and silver eggs just flying past our heads. Jo looked at me in sorrow.

"Claire, I'm so sorry you had to move on from Earth. Mom must be frantic. Losing both her children within 36 hours I just-"

"Jo," I stopped him. "We can visit her. Everything will be okay with mom. Leaving Earth wasn't such a bad thing either I mean look at this place. This is crazy. I honestly love it here." As I said that, a bright light shone through a crack in Afterlife's sky.

"What is that?" I pointed and we both stared at it.

"I think someone is trying to bring you back."

"But Jo, I don't want to leave you!" I sat up again breathing heavily. This time in a hospital bed with doctors all around me and wires suffocating me.

"She's back!" a doctor holding a defibrillator yelled to the other doctors.

"Hey sweetie calm down. Everything is going to be okay," another doctor tried to calm me down.

"I can't stay here!" I said through my breathing tubes.

"Please. Jo can't do this without me. I need to go back!" I pleaded.

"Back where honey?" the nurse asked. "Afterlife."



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OIL ON CANVAS, 17" X 14.5"



DIPTYCH ARCHIVAL INKJET PRINT, 30" X 40"

LAURIE WITTMAN Japanese Painted Fern







Victorious! At least I thought I was. I had restored What had fallen, And through me, Had fallen what was restored. In the end. It was Brutal. That is what it was. For the storms brewed The shocking spears of lightning, Creating anew, From what could have been simply Renewed. But no matter, The days go on. As July becomes August Until the eternal dawn.

JULIA FISHER Wrapped In Patriarchy



OIL ON CANVAS, 27" X 25"







CERAMICS, 11" X 6" X 3-4"



JONNA KIVISTO This is Us...



DENISE HOOVER 60 Degree Angles



01L ON CANVAS, 40" X 45" X 1.5"



JANET GAFFNEY

Spaghetti Western



VAN DYKE PRINTS, 24" X 29" EACH



MAKE HAY WHILE THE SUN SHINES

My dad was an obsessed man during haying season. He lay awake at night, plan-ning and praying. He lost weight and his jeans hung from his hips. He understood that the window for cutting, drying, baling and storing the alfalfa crop was narrow—dictated by the weather or by God. With only two daughters and a wife to assist him, Dad sometimes hired Edwin, a retarded local fellow, to work a day or two.

In 1952, my sister and I were 15 and 13. Edwin was in his 30s. He walked splay footed, kind of like he was searching for his balance. He wasn't self-motivated, but with specific directions, he was strong enough to put up bales or shock corn. And he loved to drive tractor, any tractor. He was also smart enough to calculate what he was owed by the end of a day.

In his youth, my dad had been a bit of a rogue, yet he trusted my sister and me around men—dates and hired hands alike. While he never lectured us about the "birds and the bees," (perhaps figuring that the farm animals offered ample examples) he ex-pected us to handle ourselves.

Late one perfect haying morning—low humidity, 90 degrees, cloudless skies and bright sunlight—dad pressed Edwin and me to take the tractor and empty wagon down the lane to the farthest hayfield, out of sight of the farm buildings, to bale up another load before lunch. Dad had heard on the Philco that a weather change was on its way, and he wanted to get this first cutting into the barn.

I had never been alone with Edwin, although he had worked for my dad on other occasions. I had seen him at the dinner table when workers took a break, or around the farm buildings when others were present. On this day, my dad had assigned me an impor-tant task, and I was expected to follow through. The situation, however, seemed different, and I was wary.

When we reached the field and set about hitching the tractor to the New Holland baler, Edwin kind of draped his arm around my shoulders, the way a sixth grader might have done with his first date at the movies. I ducked from beneath the arm and mounted the tractor. Edwin hooked up the wagon and climbed on it.

I could feel his eyes on my back and bare legs as we circled the field, windrow to windrow, bale by bale. My mind was working as fast as the plunger on the baler. After nearly twenty minutes, with half of the field cleared, I shouted over the hum and clank of the machinery, "Edwin, let's unhook the tractor and head to the house for lunch. I'm starving. You drive."

While he steered the John Deere up the rutted lane toward the cow lot, I clung to a fender for dear life.

GLORIA STEWART Tweet Tweet











ARCHIVAL INKJET PRINT, 24" X 34"



KATIE RECUPIDO *TC Tracks* **RON ORIST** Untitled 3



ACRYLIC, 40" X 46"

MICHIGAN REVISITED

He watched the white-capped waves approach, all rushing, surging, ready to burst.

And when they lay upon the sand, they rested quietly, lacey bits and pieces, at peace and spent.

He wondered, where did they begin and where have they gone, leaving slowly fading marks in the sand?

When he was a boy, it was trains he wondered about with his ear to the rail to feel their coming.

Swiftly they passed, whistle blowing, mailbag throwing, giants of the rails.

The engine appeared first, pulling cars and caboose, pursuing the curve of the rails further up the line.

Soon they all disappeared, clickety clacking down the track, leaving only a ghostly memory by a small-town station.

He wondered where they came from and where they were headed, to some unknown adventure a young boy would love?

He went to the lake and the family cottage he saved to own, so his children could be free of the city and know what he knew. Here he had frolicked as a boy, carefree and happy, away from illness in the city and the Depression.

Then his life rushed over him like the waves over the sand as he saw his joyful youth again.

The rest of his life with his children and wife, like the waves hit the shore and were gone again.

Like the train, it arrived and dispersed all their lives around the curve, each to their own destination.

A smile crossed his face as he began to embrace the momentum his life had encountered.

Someday, he too would disappear with only lacey edges of kindness left, slowly melting into the sand.

The roar he had made as he moved through life's rough grades would die down as he passed beyond the bend.

He would know where waves began and where trains finally went, but for now, he was content only to wonder.



DENNIS RAGUSIN

By The Pool



MARY MARIUTTO Modern Monolith #2



SILVER GELATIN PRINT, 8" X 12"



OIL ON CANVAS, 48" X 24" X 1.5"



MADISON BENTZ Poetry



You were fire. I was water. We complemented each other quite beautifully: like a dimly lit fire on a deserted beach beside one of the great oceans. But in my attempts to keep your embers bright, I snuffed out your flames. And you evaporated my being whenever I crept too closely onto shore. Though as elegant and as beautiful a sight we were to behold, you were destroying me bit by bit, and I could not keep you burning bright through the cold nights.

With admiration from afar, We both know that if we ever got too close again, We would most certainly kill each other.

YUENCHENG ZHANG View



ARCHIVAL INKJET PRINT, 30" X 20"



GRACE

where were you? she asked why weren't you there? I had imagined your calming comfort your innate softness I had prayed to you I had spoken for you vowed that you were the most beautiful woman who had ever been and this was true even within my mother's crudeness in what became mine you find yourself fighting against the grain of what you inherit can we change these things? I've always only wanted your grace the flowers you carefully manicured around your front steps St. Michael in stone, the bluebirds who still follow me while I run sing "I am with you" I remind myself that you follow my steps but I haven't seen them in so long perhaps it's time to take a trip

RAINA WILLIAMS Good Form



ARCHIVAL INKJET PRINT, 19" X 13"



JOSIE ROCHELL Tempest in a Teapot




PIGMENT PRINT, 8.5" X 11"



ANDY LECHNER

Wild and Crazy



CERAMICS, 5" X 5" X 5.5"



ARCHIVAL INKJET PRINT, 30" X 18"





A man is reading a newspaper on a bench His eyes scanning each word carefully Hoof shoes clump and church bells ring, but only the news on his mind A little boy goes up to the man and asks "What are you reading?" "About the cotton gin. Slaves can work even faster! Isn't that something?"

A man is on a bench reading his newspaper on something A young girl in a dress walks up to the man on the bench "Sir, may I ask, what are you reading?" "Women are demanding the right to vote" he explains carefully "Someday, will we get that chance?" she asks He laughs, "Voting? *Hah* that requires a mind."

A man is on a bench reading a newspaper, gratitude on his mind He sheds a single tear as if he was pierced by something A little boy walks up to him and asks "What are you reading?" "America has won the Great War!" he explains carefully The boy salutes, "I'm going to be a soldier and live what you are reading!"

A man is on a bench, he's crying as he's reading A little girl wonders what's on his mind "Why are you crying sir?" she glances at his newspaper carefully "They lynch us saying we'll never be worth something." The girl looks at the man on the bench "Just for the color of our skin?" she asks While cars pass by, a man sits on a bench and a girl asks "In that newspaper, what are you reading?" "A new device called a computer!" he says sitting on his bench She looks at him amazed, so many questions on her mind "Computers? Cool! They must be something!" He chuckles and explains his readings carefully

A man is sitting on a bench, reading his phone carefully No one walks up to him or even asks "What are you reading?" "Do you want to talk about something?" They are on their phones, ignoring his reading They are in their own state of mind No one talks to the man on the bench

But if they did talk to him on that bench Would the man have told them his readings? We'll never know because something else was on their mind



THE WINTERGARDEN

Stalk shadows stretch thin. Too many uncounted days sink dark upon legions of fallen leaves, brief notice of one or two acclaimed in happenstance leaving strewn ground for the rest, waded through as inconvenience, raked or burned or blown away, they leave no marker or memory as sentinel Mothers grieve to no avail.

This fallow ground once brought nourishment for both body and soul; red juicy tomatoes, gay sunflowers even stalwart watermelons who withstood much adversity, but finally yielded to rape, brandishment of sticks to satisfy the caprice of an evil unthinking mind. This Wintergarden sees no season. Land is not replenished. There is no nature, so death is not natural, death is not given, it is taken by force. These are fallen leaves of Sandy Hook, daisies ripped up from Pulse, insane smashing of innocent growth, leaving countless devastated gardens in Miami, Los Angeles, and Las Vegas; even whole fields in Rwanda.

Wasted, all wasted so many days, so many ways, so many times. Here left as scant memory and honor in only two days of media attention, blasé "thoughts and prayers," and the final numbing disowning affront-"I'm glad it wasn't me" When did shame die in the Wintergarden?

JOHN DIEDRICH Elizabeth





JEWELRY, BRASS, PLASTIC, 12" X 3.5"

SARAH BAUCOM Cauldrons







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The ideas and the opinions expressed in *Voices 2019* are those of the contributors and do not necessarily reflect the attitude of the Board of Trustees, the administration, the faculty, or the staff of McHenry County College. Materials for Voices 2019 were submitted by students who have been enrolled in courses at McHenry County College during one or all of the previous three semesters. The pieces selected for inclusion in Voices 2019 were based on the student editors' opinion of their aesthetic merit. It is the policy of McHenry County College not to discriminate on the basis of sex, age, race, religion, national origin, or handicapped status in its educational programs, as required by Federal regulations. Inquiries regarding compliance may be directed to Michelle Skinder, Assistant Vice President of Human Resources.

McHenry County College 8900 U.S Highway 14 Crystal Lake, Illinois 60012·2761 815.455.3700 • http://www.mchenry.edu

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V O I C E S

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