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LETTER FROM THE EDITOR

I LEFT SOME CLOTHES on the line for about two or three weeks a while back. It would rain and they would get drenched and the line would sag and threaten to sever on its metal fastening, but then the sun would come out for a few days and they would dry. I'd see them out there, taunting me to take them in. I don't know why I didn't – I knew it was stupid not to – but I would always forget or make up an excuse for why I couldn't spend two minutes to go fetch them. In any case, I'm glad I didn't. When I finally brought those clothes in, they were the best damn smelling thing I'd ever put to my nose.

When affordable electric clothes dryers first hit the mass market, I bet there was a block party in suburbia. They'd been liberated from some toil, and maybe that's good, but those clothes made me think that they'd also been deprived of that wondrous smell. That connection with the Earth, however slight, might just be something we've lost, and worse, forgotten we've lost – collateral damage in the barnstorm of progress.

If only it was just clothes dryers. Art has suffered a similar fate. From the mechanization of typesetting to the digital manipulation of photos, artists have increasingly seen their product devalued in the face of machines that can (re)produce it faster and more accurately. But what is lost in this push for efficiency? What is the rain smell of a painting?

We can't get rid of dryers, but they can't get rid of clotheslines. There is something in the craft of an art piece that demands humanity. Damn it, we, not machines defined art, and we are the only ones who can continue to do so. Google can do a fine job of searching for an opera but I don't think it's going to be writing one any time soon. Mechanization makes things easier – it does not make them free or better.

So what of it? How does leaving laundry on a line relate to a literary magazine? Well, I'm not certain there's a direct correlation, but I will say that when I open this edition of Pathos, I'm pretty sure I'll smell my sun-dried scarf.

J.E.
Perfect Picture
J. Moody

We traversed the state through a blistering summer – the hottest these parts had seen in decades – to find the perfect picture of ourselves; the ideal us dressed in blue aprons and dirty boots in the middle of a corn field, on one of those days when the stalks spun through the sweat in our eyes. The picture was startling, critics would later say, but too traditional for our kind, so we fled the farm lands and headed west, where a mock desert lies forgotten and we stirred the sand, swirling in circles with sticks to the ground to create a lifted cyclone for us to dance in; a perfect place for a kiss and a picture, but the sand got in her eyes and before long we were laughing and the dust had settled, so we hopped into the Datsun and kept at it, winding our way toward the forest in the pass, where the sun chased the shadows of the leaves across her face and in her eyes and she said, “This is it,” but the damn camera was out of film – the next store located in a beach town an hour away – so she shrugged and held my hand and I imagined us near the ocean, her dressed in flowing cotton and me sitting down, scared to get up and show the world my body, before she runs up with an abandoned sea shell, that is, her nose dusted with sand, and I take our picture with a red kite flying in the background.
Lone Rider Into The Abyss, Bao Vuong
I was at the location, doing my work, when a car arrived. It was a black sedan, if I had to guess a year, I'd say 1978. Anyway, I had a feeling about this car and it only worsened as I stood there, not moving. The car wasn't going anywhere either, just sitting there, clouds of white steam belching from the exhaust pipe into the dry winter air. It was as if the car and I were engaged in a silent struggle, each of us waiting for the other to make his move. People hurried by, bells rang, dogs barked, yet the car and I remained inside a still, quiet moment. Then, without warning, the passenger door opened and a wiry older man emerged. He was dressed in full military regalia, complete with medals and insignia pinned to his breast. Atop his head rested a sharply shaped navy hat. The engine shut off and from the driver's door came a similarly dressed man. They looked over the roof of the car at each other and solemnly nodded. They proceeded in unison to the trunk of the car and after much rummaging, the driver emerged with a large iron bell in his arms, which the other man hurried to help carry. The two of them struggled with the bell to where I was standing and set it down at my feet.

"Go ahead," said the driver. "Give it a ring."

He reached into his uniform and furnished a silver fork. I looked at it for a while.

"Well, what are you waiting for, son?" he asked. "Go ahead, give it a ring. Don't be shy."

Befuddled, I reached forward and grabbed the fork. Hesitantly, I held it to the bell, eventually tapping it lightly. I was amazed when a deep, warm bellow came from it, causing pigeons on a nearby telephone wire to scatter. I could hear multiple frequencies in the sound and they alternated between soft wet lows that cradled my ears and piercing highs that made my brain want to explode.

"Awful pretty, ain't she?" said the driver.

I nodded. Sure it was, but was that all? Pretty seemed a strange word. The sound was pretty in the same way a mysterious prostitute who haunts your dreams is pretty.

Yeah, that's it, I thought.

But I soon found myself being saluted by both the driver and the passenger, who had been standing erect and silent the whole time. Not knowing what else to do, I raised my hand to my temple and reciprocated.

"That'll be all, son," said the driver and motioned to the passenger.

They knelt down and lifted the bell from in front of me, carrying it back to the trunk. Once it was inside, they stepped back into the car without once looking at me. It was only as they were driving away that I saw the third man in the back seat. His right hand was handcuffed to the headrest of the passenger seat and his left was frantically picking his nose and scratching his head. Before I could fully comprehend the sight, the car pulled away and turned out of the parking lot. I crumpled back against the wall and let the night fall softly around me.
Obligation
Grant Neely

WHEN I WAS YOUNG and single I had to pay for my love with ever-increasing cover charges, expensive drinks, and nice clothing all to impress a cheap date. But now, many years later, I’ve found myself standing steadily at a slot machine. The lights entranced and enthralled me with the amount of combinations available for visual stimulation, all resulting in the mindless desire to play again. I’d been in this chair before many times, and since I wasn’t in a Vegas casino, I’d been having to buy drinks all day.

"Excuse me Miss," I said as I approached the bar, "I’d like another." I lifted the glass about eye level and gave it a rattle so she could hear the cry of my lonely ice cubes.

"Gin and tonic was it?" "Vodka I think, or was it rum? Ye-yes make it with rum this time." "Rum and tonic?" "Yeah why not," I said, as if substituting one type of liquor for another was the highlight of the day.

"Whatever you want Jerry." "Oh and no ice this time." "Well the glass won’t fill up all the way, but the pour will be the same," she explained. I was a little put off by that comment. Is that what this world has come to? Using frozen water to make your drinks look bigger?

"How about you just put it in a rocks glass then eh?" I asked.

"I can do that Jerry." "Perfect. I like to feel classy you know. Good drink for a good man. That’s what dad used to say." "If my dad knew I was bartending, he’d probably have a heart attack," she joked.

"No kidding," I laughed, "If I was bartending my dad would be smiling down from heaven just glad I had any kind of job! True story, my daddy never saw me with a set of work clothes on ever, I don’t think."

"I know Mama Rhonda would like to see you in a pair of overalls," she said with a smirk.

"I know it. But she ain’t gotta worry about that, she takes care of me and I for her. She’s been set up with a pretty penny that’s for sure. The p-"

"The penny that keeps on praying, I know. We should put that up in brass quotes Jerry, right up here, next to the top shelf."

Now that’s an idea, I thought.

For the better half of a year I’d been floating around the city, half looking for a job, half hoping a job would find me. I was like an ice cube floating in a pot of hot water, trying to stay afloat. Instead, I met Rhonda. We were playing slots one night in town when she ordered me a drink.

"What are you drinking?" I remember her asking me with a bit of sass.

"Something from the well darling," I said as I made eyes with her for the first time. She brought me Jameson on the rocks. Good girl. We were both single and over forty, somewhat of a social stigma these days, but we loved each other’s company. Neither of us liked to sleep alone and I think she picked up on the fact that I didn’t have much going on at the time. She took me in and I loved her for it. We talked for hours some nights, passing on sex and settling for a good conversation.

She told me how she’d been living in the same area for nearly her whole life and how she’d always dreamt of traveling across the world. I assured her the fastest way to make those dreams come true would be to hit the jackpot, get rich and never have to think about money again. She had other ideas.

"Haven’t you seen Judge Judy on TV?" she prodded, "People sue over dog bites all the time!"

"But this is different Rhonda. This is like, pre-
meditated aggravation of dog bites.” After Rhonda’s parents had passed, she started going on light jogs and walking through the neighborhood. There was a block in the neighborhood that had two pit bulls on it. Both belonged to different owners but were always out in their front lawn, ravenously barking at all who passed by. One day she decided to wrap her ankles with bacon strips and stuff her pockets with ground beef. I thought she was cooking breakfast, as I was still in bed, but then she was gone and the only thing left was the faint smell of bacon fat.

“It was brilliant,” she rambled on, “I walked right up to the fence and just kinda dragged my feet up against it,” she said, “you should have seen that dog, he wanted me that’s for sure. But not today. Now that they know I’m juicy, there’s no stoppin’ em.”

“Rhonda, Mama, have you ever been bitten before? Much less by a pit bull? You could get eaten alive with all that meat in your pockets. You might not even survive to sue!” I tried to counsel her but she was stubborn about her new plan. She wanted to see it through.

Ever since Rhonda’s parents had died, she had been in a manic mode of depression. They had been killed when their train derailed and flew off a fifty foot ravine into the frigid Columbia River. They had been survived by their daughter and son, both in their forties, who knew nothing of their death until the Amtrak legal staff arrived at Rhonda’s RV just outside Estacada. They said that from their brief investigation the railway service had determined that the conductor was incapacitated while at the controls. As they cleared the wreckage and began removing bodies, investigators found the body of a half naked woman entangled around the conductor’s corpse. Needles and a bag of white powder were found inside the conductor’s compartment. Upon hearing their twisted conclusion, Rhonda erupted in tears thinking of her mother and father and how they had been in love for so many years, all to be ended by the actions of a nympho-junky conductor. One of the men from Amtrak reached into his pocket and gave her some Kleenex, right on time. After a brief cry, Rhonda settled down to hear the catch of it all. Due to the results of the investigation, Amtrak had decided to settle with each and every family outside of the courtroom and wrote checks of varying amounts to each family with loved ones on board. Fortunately there had been a handful of survivors from the crash – not all of the cars had derailed. Since the business and luxury units were the first ones to derail, there were no survivors, as they bore the brunt of the impact. To avoid lawsuits due to the results of the investigation, the railway paid large settlement sums to the families with loved ones in first-class, fearing the impact of suits filed by those with the money for good lawyers. There were only four cars left on the track, all full of poorer passengers and the Amish. The railway service had paid them off too, helping with medical bills and reimbursing tickets. Taking into consideration the age of the deceased, Amtrak compensated Rhonda with a $40,000 settlement paid in full on the spot. Feeling as though they’d done all they could, the legal staff expressed their deepest condolences once again and headed for the door.

About a week after her first attempt of luring the dogs into attacking her, Rhonda went back to execute the plan. This time she added a few more items to the menu. She smothered her shoes with bacon fat, stuffed pork chops in her jacket pockets, wrapped the cooked bacon around her ankles and hid raw steaks in her pants. I caught her before she left that morning.

“Did you leave any bacon for my eggs Ma?” I said, sitting upright, still in bed.
She looked like a soldier ready to march towards the front line.

"There might be some left," she said looking down at her shoes. My head was pounding as the morning light hit my eyes. It dawned on me that she might actually die out there.

"Wait a minute Ma, are you really doing this?"

"I have to," she answered, "it's the only way."

"Only way for what? You're gonna get eaten alive, and for what? What if you change your mind halfway through when your ass is gettin' bit off? I mean, don't get me wrong, you're fast, but once those dogs get a smell of that grease, you're toast." I could tell she was reconsidering.

"You should come with me then," she suggested, "You know, for moral support."

Morals, I thought. What morals? It was bad enough that she thought of this plan, just so she could sue the owners of some hungry pit bulls. But dragging me into it all?

"You love me don't you?" Rhonda looked at me, "Why won't you support me in this?"

"Oh Jesus, really?" I wasn't about to get out of bed to go see her get eaten alive, but if that's what she wanted, so be it.

"Take my bicycle and stroll behind me a couple blocks or something, just to make sure they don't go for the jugular."

"With all that meat in your pockets, they're going straight for the ass, Ma."

"You're sweet Jerry. Okay, get up and grab the bicycle from the back. I'm gonna get a head start; you'll have to catch up. But don't get too close, people might know we're together."

"Alright give me a second." I threw off the covers and felt the cold morning air run through my bones. The clothes I had on the night before were at the foot of the bed. Dirty socks, dirty shirt, denim jeans and a flannel. I tied my boots and stepped outside, ready for my early morning surveillance ride.

I started out slow and forgot why I was riding a bicycle in the first place until I saw Rhonda jogging a few blocks ahead of me with the smell of bacon grease wafting behind her. I peered up ahead and saw her take a left down the street towards the dogs. I was getting anxious realizing how crazy her scheme was and how I was now somehow involved. I was about a block away and started hearing the barking of the dogs up ahead. I imagined things were going just as planned, but when I turned the corner on Rhonda's beach cruiser, I saw a particularly precarious situation.

"Jerry help me!" Rhonda yelled down the block. I almost swerved off the bike as I had to double-take the situation. It appeared as though one of Rhonda's legs was hanging off the fence as she violently tried to rip it away from the dog below. I rolled up and dumped the bike on its side, pulling on Rhonda's leg, trying to get it off the fence. Her pant leg had got caught on the spiral tipped fence and was ripping with every pull.

"What the hell were you doing?" I mumbled, trying not to draw too much attention to the situation.

"Was this part of your plan?"

"Well the fucker wouldn't bite unless I gave it something to reach for, so I tried to lure it by putting a leg over." It was just about dawn with the sky starting to light up the morning. One of the neighbors was bound to see us.

"Damn it! Get this leg off," I muttered through clenched teeth. "If the owner comes out, he's gonna be pissed."

"I know, I know. Hurry!" she whined. Just then I saw a man peer out through his window shades at the two of us.
"Fuck! C'mon Ma, we gotta go now!" As he opened the screen door Rhonda's leg ripped free, leaving behind two strips of premium peppered bacon and both pork chops.

"Ay! What the hell are you two doing?" the man yelled from the doorway. The dog barked ferociously as we scurried down the sidewalk. I grabbed the bike and started walking quickly with Rhonda by my side. Rhonda had a limp and I was sure I had shit myself.

"Here Ma get on the bike," I demanded, "Meet me back home, I'll take a shortcut." Rhonda looked like a complete mess. Tears streamed down her face and mucus dripped into her mouth as she looked back at me over her shoulder.

"I'm sorry Jerry," she said trembling. I blew her a kiss.

"Don't worry Ma." I quickly walked away from the dog who was still barking, along with his owner, who stood dumbfounded in his front lawn. I took a back alley through some neighboring houses and was soon out of barking distance.

When I returned to the RV, Rhonda was still in tears and nursing her bite. It didn't look bad but there was some blood, which could have been from the raw steaks, but either way, she was in pain.

"Now was that part of the pl-"  
"Shut up!" she exclaimed. "It backfired alright. I can see that," she said as she showcased her leg. I went to the fridge and grabbed some ice cubes, put them in a plastic bag, and put it on her leg. "Can we not talk about this ever again?" she asked. Of course, I said.

We decided to meet at the bar that night. She could trust to see me back at the slots chasing my dream of hitting the big pot. When Rhonda arrived, I was sitting at the machine titled "Cleopatra's Golden Hurrah". It was the most colorful of them all, and my favorite, because I always figured the most epic winner was sure to be sitting at such a throne. I reached into my pocket, where my allowance was, pulled a bill out, and smoothed the corners before inserting what I thought would inevitably be the fateful Jackson.

"PLAY NOW," the machine taunted.

It didn't even have the classic lever to pull down, just a pink neon button flashing in front of my face.


"Hey Ma," I called as she sat at the bar, "how's that leg?" I laughed to myself, thinking about the owner of that dog, and what he must have been thinking as we stumbled away from his fence, while steaks and bacon fell from Rhonda's pockets.

"Just fine Jerry." She scowled at me and kept talking to our friend behind the bar top.

I took a sip of my drink and felt the sweet burn of rum trickle down my throat. I was filled with glee and bewilderment each time I pressed that button. The possibilities were endless with all the money I could win. Maybe I could die a happy man, drowning in coins, and rum and tonic. At least it would be better than inhaling large gulps of the Columbia. Cleopatra stared me in the eyes as the machine played its journey through ancient Egypt, connecting lines of potential winning combinations on the bingo-like screen. Decorated cats, gems and jewels, golden pyramids, and lush cypress danced in front of my eyes, stimulating my imagination, all bearing the possibility of fulfilling my heart's one desire.

The twenty ran out, and with nothing to show for it. I took a long drink through my blue straw and reached the bottom rather suddenly. I peered down into my drink searching for another twenty but it wasn't there. I gazed back at Rhonda.

"Hey Ma, this machine's hot. I can feel it."
Free Thrill
Lucy Mihajlic

MY MOTHER SAID, "You could have gotten thrown in jail with the child rapists."
"I'm sorry."
"Are you sorry you stole, or sorry you told me?"
"Both," I said.
This was after my mother found out that I stole a pair of earrings from the gift shop at Coney Island. They were shaped like anchors. I snuck them past the punk store clerk and the midget clown who blows up balloons for the freak show. On Stillwater Avenue, the silver metal shone in the Brooklyn sun.
"Breaking the law isn't worth a cheap thrill," said my mother.
"Technically," I said, "It was a free thrill."
She didn't answer, because she was trying not to laugh. It was a mixed message. All my life, my parents have sent me mixed messages. My father is tightfisted, and my mother is a compulsive shopper. I thought theft was a reasonable compromise.
I told her that I read a book in which the protagonist shoplifted. I thought my lie would divide the blame between me and modern literature, but it backfired. Now my mother thinks that my reading material is pejorative to my ethical faculties. She spent the evening casting me sporadic looks over the top of Fugitives and Refugees every time I laughed out loud.
Now I have to leave the house to read my favorite books. At home I read St. Augustine, holding it upright so that my mother can see the cover. Then I hide Chuck Palahniuk in my book bag and go for a walk.
I don't live in New York anymore so it's no problem to find an empty park or a dilapidated dock where I can read and smoke. I try to do this no more than once a day. I can't afford to be a chain smoker, and anyway I'm perpetually paranoid that my mother will smell the smoke on my breath. I've made a concentrated effort to stop breathing.
I don't want to quit smoking, because in some ways, it's all I have. I miss the pretentious prestige of New York. I buy Starbucks and Vogue and Marlboro Lights from the local grocery store, and I wear my Commes des Garçons skirt, and I pretend that I'm better than everyone else.
I had to hit three stores on Fifth Avenue to find my Commes des Garçons skirt – on Black Thursday, which is dangerous in New York. Someone died on Black Thursday at a Wal-Mart in Long Island. What's worth dying for at a Wal-Mart?
My mother, the compulsive shopper, gave me a lecture about fiscal responsibility after she saw the skirt. She made me feel like I was two years old. When I'm with my mother, there's this sensation that I'm only pretending to be a grownup and any second now I'm going to notice that everything around me is made by Fisher Price.
This sensation started when I got off the redeye flight from LaGuardia and it hasn't stopped yet. I didn't look too closely at the airplanes on the runway, because if they were made of plastic, I didn't want to know.
What I wanted was to be back at LaGuardia. Queens, The Bronx, Manhattan, Brooklyn, even Staten Island. Ellis Island. Coney Island.
My mother said, "You could have gotten thrown in jail with the child rapists," and I felt like I was two years old. It was a mixed message. I thought it was a reasonable compromise. Technically, it was a free thrill.
Condom Machine (This Gum Tastes Like Rubber), Kyle Lee
Welcome To Sublimity

Alex Huebsch

He gently turns
the '85 Ford's radio down as a courtesy
to those who have not yet heard music so loud.

Or not in a hundred years.
Or not in a coon's age.
—Now Entering Sublimity—

Soggy, sleepy streets and
landscaped houses like dewy-eyed
debutantes.

Choked steering-wheel
Father's staunch sausage fingers
Mother's eyes cheshire in
rear view reflection.

A stop sign centers the town on choices.

Where addled adolescence
blackberry bushes with stickers and
playing with sticks and pushing
huff cans and Huffy bikes.
Spray paint turns capital S to lowercase.

Some grammar you cannot teach in

a classroom.

Now Entering sublimity.
Riding in truck beds
rolling
and wild red and fescue
invading beds of rhodedendren
the only way the dead can think to speak.

Rosemary, parsley, strip and sage
street signs
signify what's buried underneath.

Greatest achievement: homecoming king,
five dewy-eyed children.

You cannot leave
a novelty sign
you've only just arrived
tin cans and oak tree
homemade.

The truck, turns itself up
and around
rolling on.
Head Study, Michael L. Hostetler
The lock clicks in the heavy door,  
finally dropping the tired shoulders,  
captured by the once cushioned fabric  
of a squeaky desk chair.

Minutes pass between  
glassy eyes and scuffed carpet.

The preacher slowly pulls back the battered book cover  
blankly flipping crinkled pages of Holy Rhetoric  
hoping the tattered stories might yield  
a relevant word for the expectant Sunday faces.  
   Or some reworked idea  
   riding the ancient carousel of subject matter.

(He thinks)  
come sunday, the trained mouths are starved  
and all turn to smiles after  
consuming his cotton balls  
week after week.
For Your Health
Micah Dugan

Variation and Heredity, Erik White
Caged, Samantha Gentz
For Your Health
Micah Dugan

"Do you have cancer too?"
the old woman asks my grandfather
as she follows her husband out the door
on the second floor of yet another horror show—
plastic, sterile, air-conditioned—
I find the question odd
considering my mother and I are
sitting with my grandfather
in the Northwest Cancer Center
as a parade of nurses dig for gold in his veins.

They come from Montana—
from Billings,
from the scenic and spacious meadows
of daytime soap operas and bedpans,
from the last madhouse left
that still calls itself a madhouse.

This old woman—
arms bruised, black as night—
waddles past
as all the tube people
watch her exit,
watch her disappear
and wonder if they will ever see her again.
If so, which side will she be on?

Or will she still be straddling the line,
clinging to the darkness of humanity
like some shell—
a skeleton,
slowly becoming just another
delirious ghost?
Snatches P. Flabbergasm
M. A. Tait-Condie

She’s so foul mouthed and foxy, she masticates Cold War disasters and factious fairytales with their own mistaken baptisms and jigsaw cryptographies. Bitch stands in the back of the sanctuary and actually howls, “Fuck you Catechumen, iamb elsewhere! K.O.! Go echo-fucking in the devilish dust!” with her skirt all ridin’ up, while some delightfully comatose couple interjects, jabbing Dear John bywords 'bout delivering some dumb embryo, but she ain’t no hobby-hole. Fuck no! She’s an atomic flash with a proud lineage of gutters. Her people come up from under this planet-wide hiccup high-rise to haunt back-alley epicenters with blunt-smoke nosebleeds and ruby-red blisters. Among them, she’s a fuckin’ iconoclast, with her low hosannas and her crowbar faux-pas. She chews on ghetto mescaline, shoots up bathtub gin, and jigs on into her daredevil deadbeat heaven. This chick is one hot mean pagan. I’m tellin’ you, alcohol veins and razorblades pray to her. She’s the ringleader of the boot-heel faction in a five-fingered camisole, but she sure as hell ain’t lily-livered. Bitch torches tenements for her annual barbeque arson, holds a dogfight to each scab-knuckled bosom, and bombs nirvana bliss with each kiss. She’ll tell you straight up she got no taste for a hose that’s been housebroken. She’s got a goddamn bayonet on her butterfly gun and her barrel is ssssssssssmokin. No time for the dinky dick dig fondles of some gaunt, flaccid ecstatic hipster-dip in skinny black jeans. She like a man with MEAT on the bone, and sister, you know her whip-smart tongue will diagram your pansy. This one is the original guerrilla dove gangster. Yeah, she’s one badass bourbon bush pilot all right. Gotta real bitch of a dual lovin’ nature and a genuine fever for the harrowing storm. So make some noise dears, she called Snatches Flabbergasm middle name Porn.
Artist Biographies

Grant Neely
is majoring in English and is on the seemingly average “Six Year” plan at Portland State. He enjoys traveling, drinking micro brews in the Sellwood neighborhood, and plans on becoming a social activist in the future.

Micah Dugan
is a junior at PSU, a journalist, a poet, and pop culturist. Many of his works pay homage to his favorite poet Allen Ginsberg. Dugan also hopes to one day exist.

Samantha Gentz
studies Anthropology at Portland State University, and ensures that she still has time for art. Her work is inspired by the light and culture of Alaska.

J. Moody
is working toward a Bachelor’s degree in English and a Master’s degree in Education. She plans to radically change youths’ ways of thinking about the world through teaching – to be part of the revolution toward sustainability and equal rights.

Liz Yerby Dunn
moved from Baton Rouge, LA to Portland, OR to study Russian and art at PSU. She spends most of her time making awkward artwork which she occasionally documents on www.lizyerby.com.

Alex Huebsch
is local writer for theatre and film and is completing his degree in English Literature and Creative Writing at PSU. He has had 7 plays produced across the country at prestigious venues like On the Boards (Seattle), La MaMa E.T.C. (NYC), PICAs TBA Time-Based Art Festival (Portland), Bumbershoot Festival (Seattle), Network of Ensemble Theatre Summit (San Francisco) and many more colleges and festivals.

Chris Maday
was born and raised in Colorado, at the convergence of the plains and the mountains. After clawing his way through the dust and the dirt, he found himself in the Pacific Northwest, where he has been writing, studying English, and dreaming of America ever since.

Dan Brownhill
decided to move to Portland late one summer night in 2008, and seven days later he was behind the wheel of his Toyota Corolla leaving Rochester, New York for Oregon. Breaking free of the life he was expected to live, choosing his own meandering path of experience and writing has been a tremendously rewarding decision. He is currently working on his English BA with a minor in Writing.

Michael L. Hostetler
is an Art Practices major. He was born and raised in Union Mills, IN and moved to Portland in 2009 after serving 6 years in the military. His work references themes dealing primarily with the figure. He believes that the human form evokes a personal narrative to the viewer. The viewer can make connections to their own physicality by analyzing the figure’s composition, grace, and demeanor.

Lucy Mihajlich
is an English major at Portland State University who has been previously published in RAIN Magazine.

Erik White
was born and raised in Salt Lake City. A move to Portland four years ago rekindled a passion for creating art, and he decided to follow his childhood dream. He works primarily with ink and paint but if there’s a block of clay, a sewing machine, or basically anything in the room, he’ll play with those too. If you’re interested in seeing more, check out his blog at prayfortherain.blogspot.com.

The Unnamed
Not all artists chose to submit biographical information. Pathos nonetheless thanks them for their artistic contribution, and salutes their preference for mystery, anonymity, and the great unknown.