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Pencil Drawing

The Idol

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Special Thanks

Capital Printing

A.R.T.S. House

Student Forum's Finance Committee

Coffee

Letter From the Editors-in-Chief:

After 79 years of traditional "Idol worshipping," we find ourselves at the brink of an innovative and transitional period for the Idol. This year instead of one editor, two editors in chief worked together to compile the Idol. Also for the first time the staff found a fitting place to hold meetings. The A.R.T.S. House, a newly established theme house, provided us with the proper forum for creating an art and literature magazine. Despite these changes in administrative responsibility and forum, the Idol continues to seek a diverse, vibrant group of artistic submissions.

In accordance with change and tradition, we hope to bring an artistic consciousness to Union by bridging the gaps between academic and artistic excellence. By composing a publication such as this, The Idol crew works to ensure and promote artists on campus. We hope that our small contribution will push other artists to create beyond the pages of our magazine. There is an artistic identity awaiting us all.

To all those who submitted, THANK YOU! We spent many many hours of deliberating in order to represent your work well. We hope we did you justice. To those artists still modest and perhaps a bit unwilling, please submit next year. We would like to thank our contributing editors for their hard work and input. To everyone, in the words of a fellow artist and thinker, "In art the hand can never execute anything higher than the heart can imagine." - Emerson.

Enjoy the Idol of 2006,

Sam and Zack

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All That Lives is Water

Viscosity is our
disparity.

My
thicket of hair
mops your
titian pillow
while I sift

my dust-caked mandibles
thru your ethereal locks.
I see some semblance in
the August wheat of Montana
quilt fields. Your eyes
become Grinnell Glacier
melting in its placid
beryl hue. Ice
cream melts in a pebble
strewn puddle while

we meddle in tongue
n Fifth Ave smells
of vanilla Christmas.
By spring, I'll
sing as a proud
erratic—*Ay fafadagim*
da n sip your
memory thru

bamboo shoots. Think
of me at your water
cooler n let me slip
into your blood stream.

Michael Montesano

Provincetown Stars at Night

Reclining on the concrete steps, across from the Penny Candy store,
She acts no less like a queen, upon an island of perfumed pillows.
Raising one eyebrow, she looks past her remote regime of moored sail boats,
as smoke billows from her upturned nostrils, like a lady-dragon's sultry steam.
Mist mixes with the salted air and the aroma of the Portuguese Bakery,
Looking again, she might now be celebrity.
Adjusting her sunglasses, applying gloss to her lips, she turns her hand only
slightly to flick,
Ash from her Citrus Mint cigarette.
She doesn't give it a second glance.
Even the admiring producer, I assume, gravels at her feet, unable to compete
with her,
Uncompromisingly enticing allure. "A star without a movie," he claims.
Throwing her head back, in a lathered laughter,
"That's Hilarious!" she exclaims.

Greta Murphy

The Banditos of San Felipe: A Dream Poem

A long and winding marble staircase leads me to the hotel saloon where brass spittoons are half filled with yesterday's chaw, and Joe, the barkeep, knows my drink before I manage the words. *Rum and ice* he says in a gravelly voice, like Leonard Cohen, who smokes three packs a day and will live longer than Charles Atlas.

"Why can't I taste the liquor," I mutter, but Joe disappears into a back room and so does Sarah, the sad-eyed girl with a fake ID who sat next to me, vigilantly sipping her Brandy Alexander and telling me stories about sainthood and her high school prom. I pray they never hear the gunshots.

Entering the lobby, a bellboy dressed in a ridiculous red suit helps me with my coat. Long and black, best investment I ever made, lots of pockets to hide my .45.

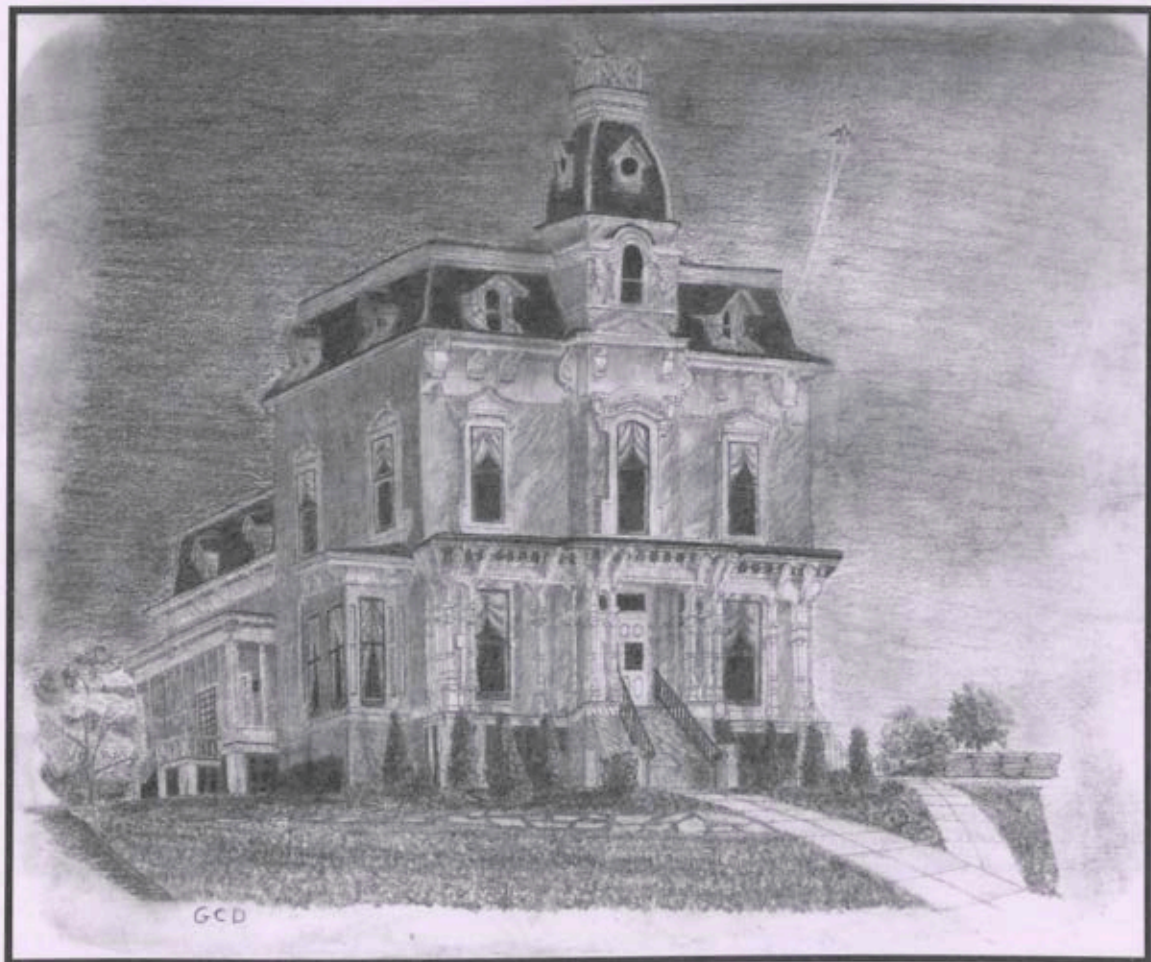
I swing the front door wide open. Never check out, just leave a closet of clothes behind, suits to dress a thousand men, Hawaiian shirts and bell-bottoms, all my old lives but, I don't forget my mask, bandana style. I grab it and put the paisley pattern to my tainted face, for when I step into the streets, they aren't paved with gold or macadam but with a thick dust that keeps a man from thinking clearly because all he can do is taste the desert in his mouth.

A black car, top down, chrome on the dash, with a red steering wheel pulls up.

My father jumps out of the driver's seat and polishes the Cadillac hood ornament until it shines like a bayonet leading the way to the Cardon Cactus Inn.

Dad wears a shirt of vivid white, puffed at the sleeves, the most pure color in all of brown Mexico and as we tear out of town his Desert Eagle shines in its holster. I throw my mask to the wind and watch it become a speck in the rearview mirror where I see my naked face for the first time hardened by the elements—his face—numb to the rattlesnake kiss of the sandstorm.

Ross Marvin



Greg d'Otreppe
Pencil Drawing

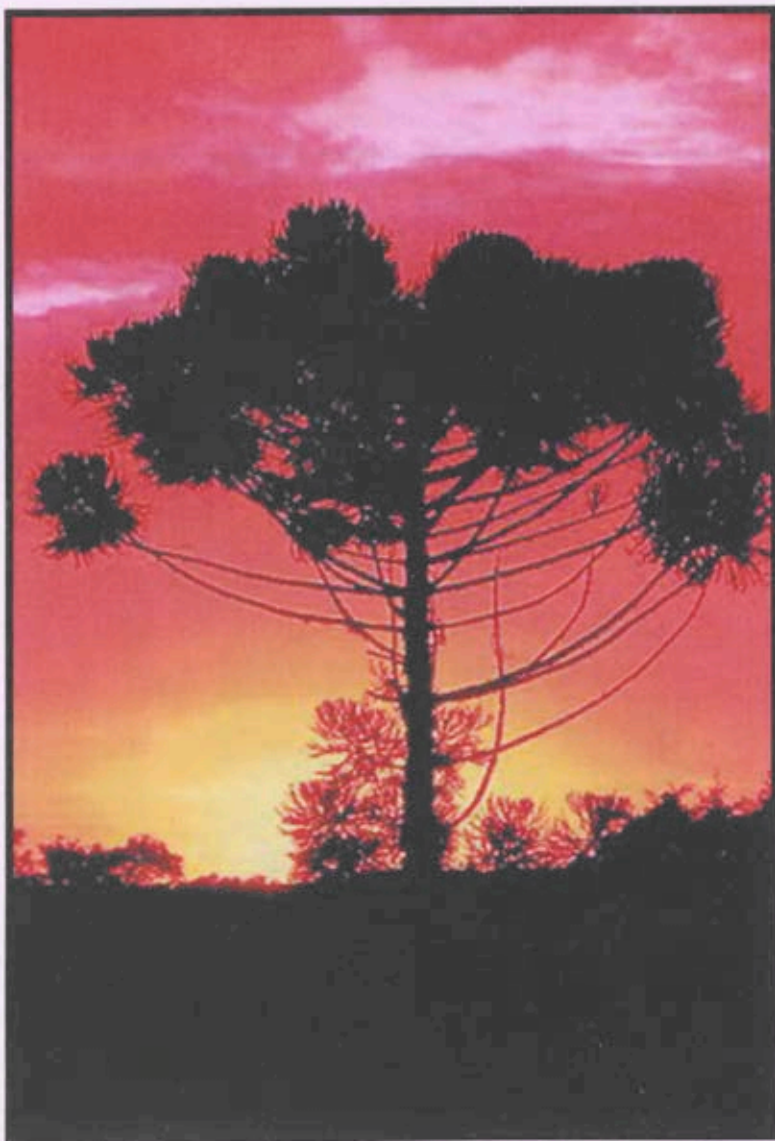
The One

Looking into their eyes and falling into who they are
Understanding everything about them
Accepting their faults and special qualities
Waiting anxiously for the moment you see them
Wondering what they're thinking about
Wanting to fall into their arms and stay there for eternity
Longing to spend the rest of your life figuring them out
Giving advice and confidence
Making them feel special as if they're the only person in the world
Feeling connected
Talking whenever possible about anything and everything
Being random
Loving them
Thinking about that person continuously
Being satisfied
A reason to live life
A once in a lifetime, long-lost treasure...found
Holding them in esteemed confidence
Receiving and processing their personality
They're a part of you and you're a part of them
Soul Mates

Stephanie Perry



Devin Harrison
Photo



Risa Dubow
Photo

The Trees of Jordan

Those eyes, they watch and see all,
The Trees of Jordan with it long and deep roots deep in the Earth,
Consumes enough water to last this long summer,
It knows that it must stack up and save so that the summer is not as bad,
A small child runs to a shop with a letter addressed to New York,
Made from paper out of the trees of Jordan,
Small animals come and play,
Run around its trunk, but the Trees of Jordan are not fooled,
They know real love when they see it,
Those animals will come and go,
But what they are looking for has passed long ago,

A young one sits under the Trees in Jordan,
Watches the sun trace the red skies,
From Aman to Washington D.C.,
He questions what it is he should do and asks the trees for some advice,
He asks for a sign and waits all night,
Until last the Good Lord says for all you do is right!

Charles A. Sumpter

Blister

Twisted in the points of your mouth, I kept your truths,
dangling as you bargained your kiss, you were so wasted.
Boil water, childish hands,
burned into my skin and filled me-
Into the humid New York Summer.

Cold climates that contract brought caution to care.
Crisp ideals crept cautiously,
behind a soundtrack full of lies-

spins
around around

rubbing against memories meant to last til August.
But I'm still here.

Were there suppose to be cries? Frictions felt?
Wasn't the seventeenth track going to free you and I?

release infection

A Freebird, catching a midnight breeze,
So much youth you need to seize.
Faster, faster, I breathe your words in with a clove
Thick smoke of auburn thoughts heavy in my head
sharp on the lips you failed to-

kiss coherently

On the lake, the melody lasted so long it stung my fingers and spilled stale beer.
Awoken back from a reality- check out at Newark Airport's customs, perhaps Penn Station.
When I was free to sweat and think, anticipate and require,
all that would be a Summer without desire.

Head swells, six months.
Your hesitant image blisters,
I try to draw you out at a meticulous pace.
Can this heal?
Through a date, time, emotion, or place?

This eats at me, this passion is puss.
Idle hearts fester and fill,
Past yellow is a –

sickly red

Bled out as I knew it would.
Just enough each time, a steady glow.
A cancer, failing to kill- it should
The weight that is mine, waiting for the last note,
as long as your free as a bird,
Nothing rubs against your emancipation,
Perhaps you'll remember this one, unlike the first, second or third.

can't change
won't

Run West, Italy, London, did you reach Paris? One of two Rome(s)- both?
Beneath my nails is your location.
It tears right through my senses.
Wasting still as thoughts rub away a future beyond you...just a few more songs.
August repeats, [spins around around]
No destination.

Swollen
Just can't imagine how far I've fallen.

Z. A. Lazovik

The Sea's Reprieve

Inspired by *Mermaid*, 1900 by John William Waterhouse

Eyes blue with midnight, morning gray, golden afternoon churning and churning and churning.
Ivory skin beaded with the sea lips parted the shimmering end of her body curved in the dying foam.

Waist long auburn locks salt kissed sun caressed combed smooth with the ridges of a broken shell.

Moss blanketed rocks turquoise gray sea chiseled cliffs arched into the pale pink sky and fading horizon.

The face that haunted a thousand dreams immortalized an aching reminder hanging on the wall.
A mermaid in the mist the sea's immortal reprieve a love floundered in the churning and churning and churning.

In a dream at the cusp of the sea from afar she watches him spellbound cursed by the turquoise gray waves.

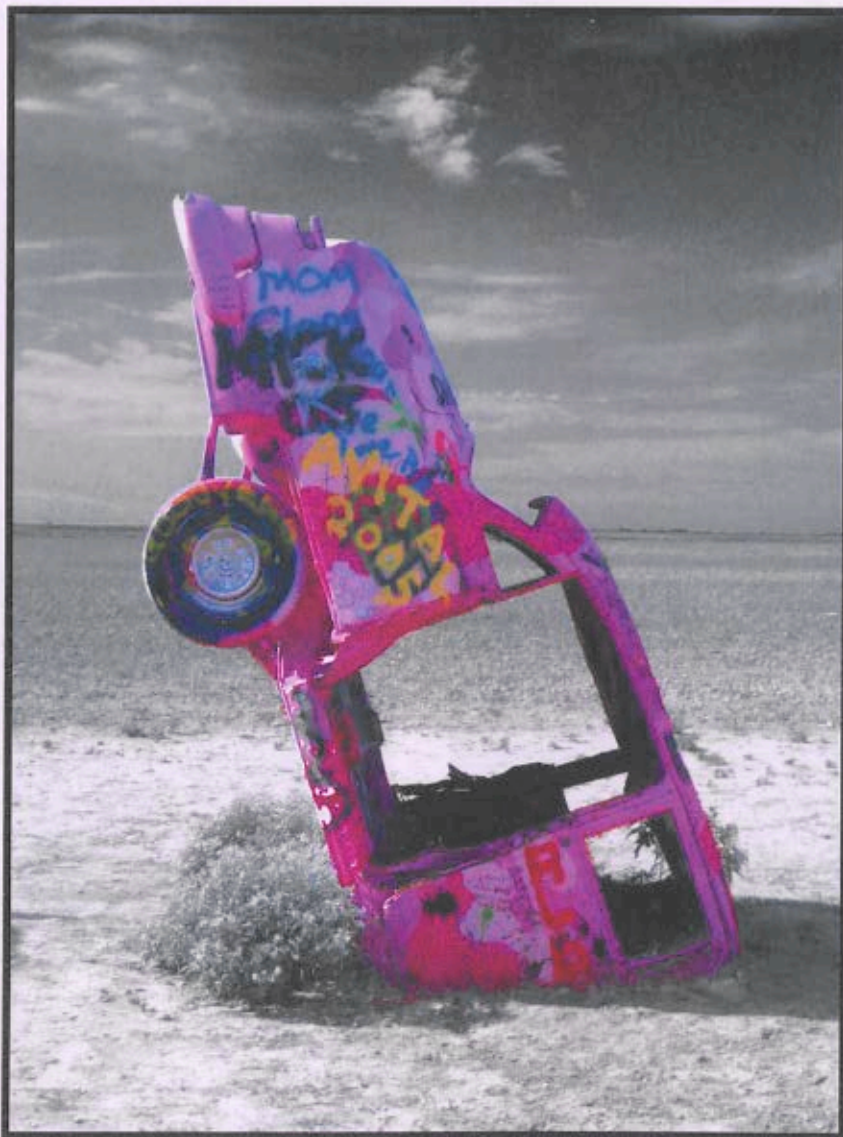
Eyes blue with midnight, morning gray, golden afternoon churning within parted lips auburn locks.

What the sea wants, the sea shall have.

Stephanie Spano



Cadillac Ranch, Texas



Walter Yund
Photo

Queen of the New London County Fair

*A pain stabbed my heart, as it did every time I saw a girl I loved
going the opposite direction in this too-big world.*

--Kerouac

I had not seen her since the wreck
When I lost control on Canada Street

I called to her and we began to talk of nothing
Grasping for that old fluidity of speech

When the conversation turned to the weather
My insides began to purge

I could tell from her eyes she was saddened
By the thirty pounds I had gained

She was headed back to Connecticut
No address where I could reach her

Where years earlier she had been
Queen of the New London County Fair

And as she drove away she never looked back
Not even for one of her infamous pageant waves

Her car disappeared down the avenue
I could hear her sing along with the radio

That same voice she used when we played duets
That old Gram Parsons song about going home

Ross Marvin

From Grinnell Glacier Trail



Michael Montesano
Photo



Nell Alk
Photo

Furby

"Ma'am, we're going to have to ask you to leave."

I look up.

"What?"

The security guard stares. His stance oozes "Don't fuck with me," but I know these mall security guards can't really do anything.

"Please remove yourself from the mall immediately."

My thirteen-year-old eyes stare over the table, the Furbys. I can feel tension like static electricity mounting on me.

A given volume of air can only accommodate so much electricity before it reaches the point of release. Before negative ions are transformed into electric phenomena. I hear Sheryl turn to face the guard behind me and feel a scene brewing like a storm.

"Excuse me?"

"You. Must leave the mall premises. Now." He turns and mumbles into a plastic radio.

Money is still changing hands. Tight rolls of three, four, five, twenties are stuffed into my hands by hopeful consumers looking to make their kid smile Christmas morning. I'm a walking bank, holding more money than I ever have before. And I'm loving it.

"We're a branch of northeast charitable group. We sponsor the AARP. You can check with the charity coordinator. Our name is on the lists."

You have to give it to Sheryl. The woman can smile.

Light and sound travel at different speeds through the same medium. The speed of light in air is 670 million miles per hour. The speed of sound in air is approximately 760 miles per hour. I see her before I hear her heels on the cool painted concrete. The exact speed of sound may vary due to temperature and the humidity in the air. You can tell how far the storm is from you by counting the seconds between lightning and thunder. Between light and sound. One second, one fifth of a mile. Her shoes echo and sound louder.

Money rains down on me. Boxed Furbys lifted like morning mist from the table. My words, like a zephyr, flowed. "It's like a learning curve. You play with the Furby, and you teach it new tricks, new words, and new actions. See, so if you press its tongue in like this," I push the candy red button into the plastic beak, "It knows you are feeding it." The Furby gurgled.

The woman approached like a gale. Mall security for hire surrounded her like debris in a tornado.

She stops in front of the table, clearing the small crowd that had gathered. A small plastic tag tells me her name is "Amanda Rodgers." Amanda turns to the first guard and communicates nonverbally. He tells her we've ignored his eviction. "You have been asked to leave the premises by your own choice," she begins, and then turns to the phalanx of security "All right, lets pack it up."

Stop.

Rewind.

Two weeks earlier. I am at my father's house staring at the cover of Newsweek. A Furby's loving doe eyes stare back at me. In festive red and green: "The Toys." And then in yellow, smaller and in a more deferential font: "What—and what not—to get this season." A phalanx of 'Made in China' invades the front page, with a Furby taking center stage.

I'm salivating.

Sheryl was always on the up and up for a quick buck. A self-described jack of all trades, she knew that Furbys were selling for 170 dollars on e-bay. She knew they were the toy of the season. She knew. Oh, she knew.

Fast Forward.

A parking lot in Fort Lee at twelve-thirty on a Wednesday night. Two Asians with extended bellies and greying hair chain smoking Luckies sit in an unidentifiable station wagon. Sheryl, her own wagon idling in neutral on a tarred hill on the other side of the parking lot, grinds the gears into first and the car rolls.

Stay in the car, she says and gets out from behind the wheel. The Asians get out and open their trunk. I see boxes and boxes. Sheryl approaches them and turns down a cigarette. They open a box with a key and the clear plastic wrapping gleams in the smog glazed moonlight. Furbys. Boxes and boxes of Furbys.

George Jung once wrote of his monopoly on American cocaine, "You know, I mean-- you know, like in Scarface, just dump it. You wanted this whole table filled with cocaine; I'll fill it three feet high. Who the hell cares? Snort it. Stay here twenty days if you want. I don't care. Burn some money in the fireplace, fuck it, you know, I mean--it all meant nothing. It was insanity. The money meant nothing."

Jung: American Cocaine Importation in the 1980's:: Sheryl: Furby Supplies for the 1999 Holiday Season.

I saw Sheryl reach into her purse and hand the men a roll of bills the size of a dinner plate. They helped her load all of the plush gold nuggets into the back of our car, and melted into the night.

Back at the house my greedy hands went to the boxes.

"No," I was told. "These aren't for us. We're going to sell them."

Which brings me to the mall. And Amanda.

You know how malls pander to charity groups during the holiday season. How those 'donations welcomed' tables spring up where crotchety old women in wolf pack sweaters will clumsily wrap your book hoping for a dollar to revive their own lost cause.

Sheryl approached a janitor and explained our righteous dilemma. "Hi there, can you help us for a minute? (Smile broadly) I'm here with my son to wrap gifts and take donations for our church, but there doesn't seem to be a table for us to use. (Implausible frown.) Do you know if there is any way for us to get one? Because we drove all the way here and it would seem silly to just go back now, for want of a table."

Sure, he had one. It would be just a few minutes. He returned and didn't flinch when Sheryl told him he "done a real mitzvah."

Sheryl made back her investment in the first fifty minutes. She stuffed folded bills into the opening of her bra when my pockets were full. She stuffed folded bills into an empty cardboard box when she was far past DD. Furbys disappeared off of the table faster then I could replace them from the cardboard boxes behind me. We were on fire.

Play.

Amanda walked forward and catapulted Furbys in a tidal wave toward me. Only the truly desperate parents were still trying to pay us by this point. I remember not relinquishing a bruised Furby between my knees until a balding father handed over his 90 bucks.

Sheryl, in the meantime, was construction paper purple. "What do you think you're doing?" She said it again and again, louder and slower, like someone who is speaking to a foreigner who she doesn't think understands.

"Come on, boys, let's go." Amanda was speaking English, but a different language. I ran around the columns of cheap black suit that marched forward and collected the scattered toys, slamming them into a torn cardboard box.

"Sheryl, forget it; let's go!" I started to move toward the exit struggling with two unopened boxes and the opened one. She was yelling at that woman like a drill sergeant, a Nile delta of veins blooming from the side of her neck with every barked obscenity.

Guards picked up boxes and threw them. It was all a show. Sheryl grabbed a box from the hands of one guard and picked up the last one from the floor. She started walking after me, and the guards hurricaned after her like bees to honey. Christian mothers in theme sweaters looked over their own charity tables at us as we walked the gauntlet out of the charity area. Whispers sounded behind us like the closing of a curtain.

The bunch of them, black clad, formed a semi circle around the doors. Sheryl turned around and moon walked the last few feet before the mall ended. Fucking incorrigible.

Outside the air slapped me upside down like a screaming newborn. My breath was heavy, and not just because of the weight I carried. I looked at Sheryl. We could have been arrested. Yeah, well, what the hell.

We got into the car and onto the highway. It was cold but we were sweating and cracked a window. We had burned the mall down. But this was America, and there was another around the corner. We would double our money yet.



Samantha Seide
Photo

Crystal cup smashes, jagged shards slide o'er
Expansion on hard, cold, smooth, tiled floor.
Steady drummer's beat resounds in her head,
Blameless blood sheens crimson, legs as lead.

Behind glass panes, rain patters and renews,
Saplings, and grass bright greens in pooling dew.
Tangled roots drink, suckling deeply—reaching.
Leaves and buds bloom joyously—searching.

Wildly, spinning in a sole drop of rain,
Barefoot, palms outreached, freely and sans shame—
Face upturned, head thrown back, long hair whipping,
Mouth a pleased O, skin glowing, glistening.

Wind twirls, leaves dance enthralled in ecstasy.
Light steals shadows, a broken reverie.



Jessie Blakeney-Hayward
Photo

Because of You

I walk through each day with a warm heart,
because of you
Moments of beauty surround the air
because of you
The glistening of the sun sparkles
because of you
Darkness fades away
because of you
A rhythm of breaths continue
because of you
Dreams become true
because of you
The presence of life appears
because of you
My being is unknown
because of you

Stephanie Perry



Danielle Denufrio
Photo

Past the Holy Poems

Before religion mattered, I lay still,
Beside my mother's mother as she reads.
Aloud, the bedtime prayers float like clouds,
Between her heaven and my earth. Between
The sheets, I lay still, breathing, listening,
To her angelic voice; the words take shape.
But in the air her prayers dissipate
I only hear movements her creased mouth makes.

Greta Murphy

Way of Sounding

There is a way of sounding, I know,
who lives in the smaller compartments
of lines a thousand times memorized
and words accidentally sacrificed,
qualms fundamentally compromised.

My scheming's all for reformation,
my wishing's all for instant salvation:

I save my smallest steps
to stand them heel-to-toe on your chest,
feathers alighting--Would you feel?
You would my Whole.

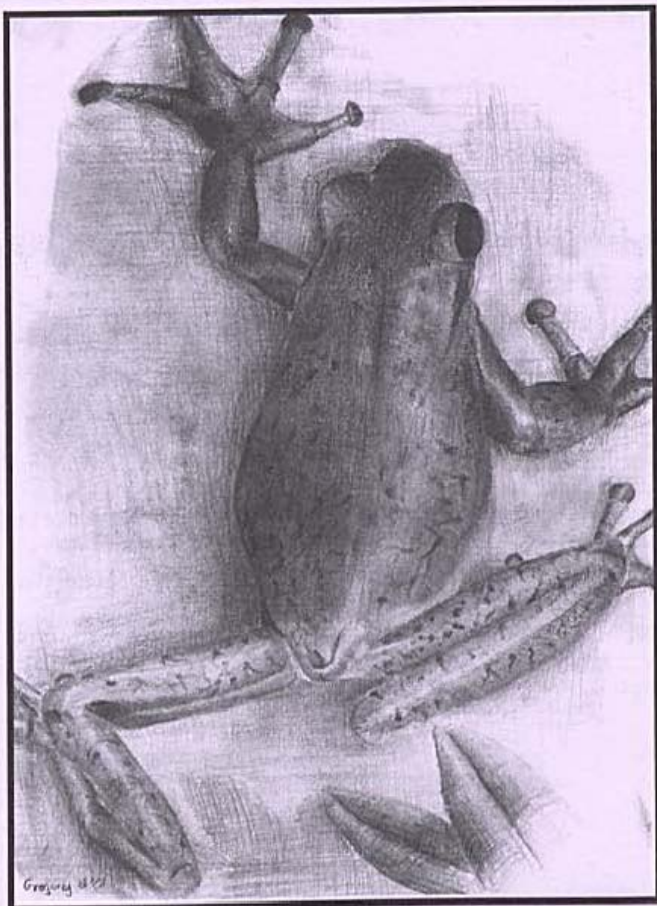
Regina Chuiminatto

Q-Tip Head

There's earwax crawling out of his hearing hole.
Looks like the gunky crumbs stuck 'tween the counter top and the fridge.
Mama says clean 'em, you're young.
Licked 'is ear.
tasted like aunt celeste's asparagus once its been sittin out all Christmas day.
When my tongue stuck out to say yuck my cheeks kissed the eyes cause of my squishy face on.
I thought he'd start yellin 'bout the stupid TV.
Yup, he didn't even look for my 'spression.
Prolly cause he was talkin' so loud his dirty ears couldn't see me.
Prolly.
I hope he doesn't know his ears so dirty. Somebody should tell him like I told him.
Maybe he didn't hear him.
I make sure to clean my ears 'fore I saw him again, set the example.
Maybe he saw the Q-tips on the counter.
Yup the tips tippin for him woulda been nice.
Maybe then I could get to talk 'bout my tongue saying yuck.

Samantha Seide

Green Tree Frog



Greg d'Otreppe
Pencil Drawing



Highway Through Cholame, 1955

New York rain
Gray dreary
Moody Jimmy

a near empty pack

disheveled unshaven
smoke fades
into the city rain

Moody Jimmy
Gray dreary
New York rain

a mother waiting always waiting for her son
beneath the fields of corn where she lay eternally
his fingertips forever scarred by the casket's burn
the darkness of the gravedigger's ditch consuming
she lay and waited always waiting for her Jimmy

the empty city streets were all too real
endless gaps between the rows of corn
haunting despite the miles and years
her face her voice chased the silent screams

the characters a failed disguise to hide
a Rebel wandering East of Eden
through Indiana cornfields city rain

Insomniac dreams at Jerry's Bar on West 54th Street always the same
A futile chase among empty rows his name whispered in that gentle voice
beckoned forth by an extended hand a motherly smile before
the city rain drowned her in cement fields and phosphorescent darkness

ashes strewn a dying cigarette the empty street calling

"So long I think I'll let the Spyder out."

Pioneer Cemetary, Nevada



Walter Yund
Photo

what dream did you have
that was so awful it
 burned your skin and
made you... weep
for lack of a better word
they poured salts onto your tongue
 to stop the bleeding, they
held you in contempt of manhood
 when you resisted
handing you papers
 they are all wrong, tell them
 tell them
whole sympathies dissipating
 what i think of, gemstones and tigers
they rolled you into a bundle
 like jesus
then crucified your saintliness
 in a dank, roach-infested motel
but where could you have hidden
 inside the wall perhaps abandoned pool
no, they took off flesh hacked it like miners
 any symbols you looked for
fell away like blood
 only left to your self
and where did the eye
 run off to
melting visions
 of a midnight lamp that inhaled quick, sharp
 went in, the out
ignited the stove bathed in kerosene
 white sheets coming in
white sheets going out.

Lauren E. Wetherell

Love's Hunger

Can I take it back?
Can I undo what I did?
Why even ask?
Nothing can be undone,
But everything can stay broken.

It started well enough,
On a July morning.
We were immature,
And there was a real hunger.
It was still intact.

We spent a lot of time together,
And I thought it was working.
The temperature was rising,
It seemed like we were doing it right.
That's what it looked like.

At first it was fun.
I thought it was supposed to be like this,
She seemed happy too.
We never noticed the cracks,
Or at least we tried to ignore them.

It is hard to remember
When it broke
I guess it was me who cracked it
And in a split second
It fell apart.

I tried to keep it together,
But it just wouldn't hold.
She pleaded with me,
But I was careless,
I just let it dissolve.

She turned up the heat
My back was turned
I was getting the oil
I poured on the oil
All she could do was shutter

It was getting hot
Things were really sizzling
It was getting closer
She felt it
I felt it

Finally the time came
And it was done
It had cooled off
It wasn't what we expected
It didn't work out like we wanted it to

It was probably my fault,
I wasn't used to such a commitment.
She was hungry for it,
I wasn't that enthusiastic.
That's probably why it didn't work.

I should have been more careful,
And done what she wanted.
She had more experience doing this,
She knew what to do,
But I didn't listen.

It would have turned out OK,
If I listened to her,
But I ignored her pleas.
I allowed it to fail.
Now we are both hungry.

It is hard to do it right,
Every step involves care.
I should have worked harder.
I should have listened to her.
It is hard to cook eggs.

Ilya Aspis

Curbside Dreams in the City

Taken from the cradle of servitude,
Nude, numb etches of limbs upon the concrete;
I am traced, bisecting the ill-fated prude
Velvet lacings through gotten attitude.
Knaves crumble arousing Nietzsche's conceit;
Blasphemous creatures dwelling on trial.

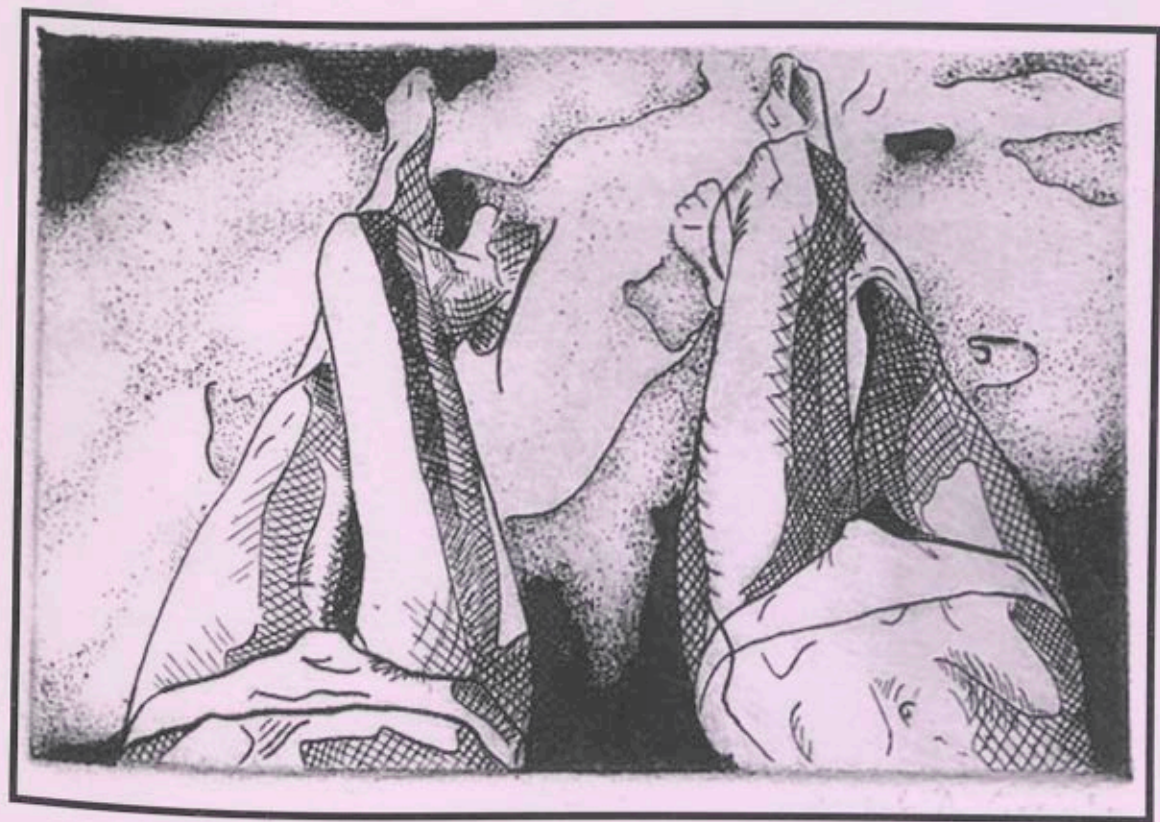
Visions of florescent tendrils defile
Brute reflections; opaque conflicts follow.
Decisive thoughts are nothing in bile,
Plush safe he think, concur the denial.
Breech smoke of the melting elders tallow;
Black patches of gum confront absent souls.

Collect infancy from cradles the toll
To decode the Paradise never found;
Only stale echoes of the past to tell.
Green flashes on red, yellow cautions smell,
Form tunnels billowing with burned fuel sounds,
Brights streaking rivers of steel embankments

His death, without a glance of His consent,
Said nothing, while thorns sharpen, as bramble blew;
Entrails of a quiescent alignment.
Behold shadows of my disfigurement,
Where is He to make everyone anew?
Everything has reached its capacity.

Davin Reed

Untitled



First, work in that property, or follow through with it, in order for students to understand how mathematics are connected to everyday situations, only, it must be grounded upon research. It needs greater work in being linked. *Mathematics*, 413 (1992)

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Each year in the geography of world politics we see a new set of problems of development and management of natural resources, and a new set of problems upon which the United Nations should focus its attention. (K. G. Gromyko, 1973)

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¹ For the purposes of these regulations, a child will be considered a child in transition if living elsewhere than it shall be considered a child if living elsewhere than it shall be considered a child.

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There are a number of other factors that may influence the results of the study. For example, the study was conducted in a single country, which may limit the generalizability of the findings. Additionally, the study was a cross-sectional design, which means that the data were collected at a single point in time. This may limit the ability to establish causality between the variables studied.

... (faint text) ...

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For each of the properties of these lattices, we will be able to construct a sufficient set of restrictions of lattice elements and, if that is possible, a unique, if found, normal subset of these lattice elements. We shall

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