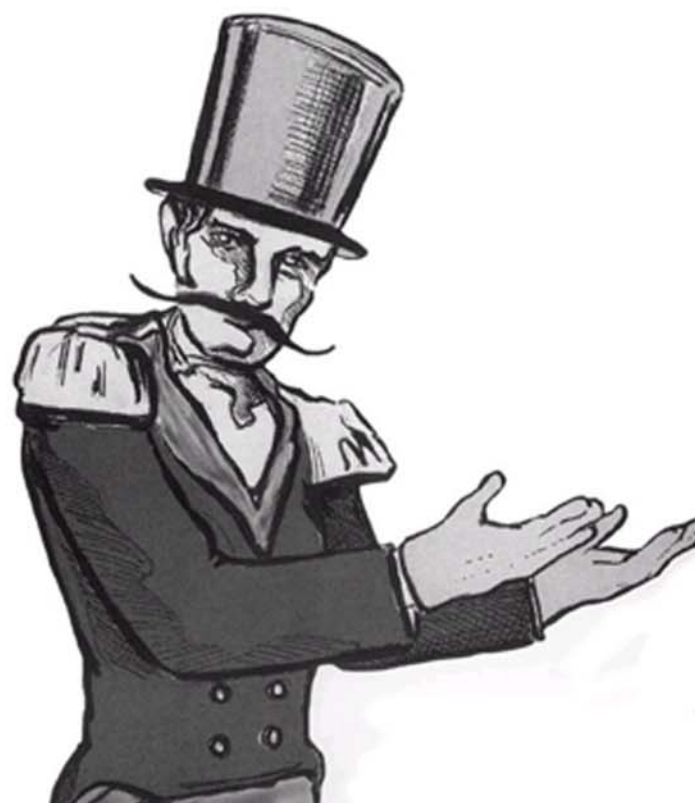


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inkwaves

Milwaukee School of Engineering



Ink Waves

A Collection of MSOE Student Creative Writing

Editors

Dr. Carma Stahnke

Prof. Joanne Dyskow

Layout and Design: Melissa Sweeney

Cover Design: George Algire

General Studies Department
Milwaukee School of Engineering

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by Greg McDonald

Roundy's Poetry

Roundy's dairy, Roundy's meat
Roundy's everything to eat
Drink a little now and then?
Why not try some Roundy's Gin?

Roundy's noodles, Roundy's bread
Be completely Roundy's fed
And, my friends, be Roundy's clean
Use their soap and shaving cream

Roundy's, Roundy's, Roundy's, Roundy's
'Tis grand to have that name surround me
Roundy's boasts the lowest price
Bless you Roundy's... bless you twice

by Ross Huntley

Alphabet Haiku

I have been quite stuck
Just like spuds fixed in the ground
Cozy where I yam

Bleeding Heart

by Misty Schunck

Just walk away
and let me be
Let me drown in misery
It is bad enough to die
but I will not let you
enjoy the feel of my blood
swirling in great pools around your feet

You worked your way into my heart
then you ripped it out from my thin frame
easily breaking the glued together pieces
leaving me to drown in my blood
lying next to my broken heart

Writing Haiku on a Friday

by Andrew Kleitsch

Five, seven,... five; -knock!
Knock! Five, seven, five. Knock!! Hi!...
...just writing haiku...

by Misty Schunck

Dancing

Dance on clouds
skip through water
outshine the sun
with but a smile

Come join me
dance skip smile
Just for a little while
and some more
stay some more

Never-ending dance
water never evaporating
sun never dying
never stop being you
being with me

The Dancing Robot

by Greg McDonald

My friend why do you blink your light
while slowly moving left to right
in the morning, noon, and even night
of every single day?

In that Aluminum enclosure
you have never missed a measure,
and forever you will move your feet
to dance to every single beat
of every single day

As your joints begin to squeak,
sure some oil comes in handy
As your coolant starts to leak,
a bolt is loose for sure

Don't you worry about your batteries
it is just a small catastrophe
that you'll someday have to stop for me
to charge them all again

Oh you know it all my dancing robot
tango, disco, waltzing, fox trot
any form it matters not
it's just another way

And your nuts and bolts will never hit the ground,
'Cause you just can't stop your dancing all around

by David Beasley

Dark Days, Bright Nights

Can't explain and express what I'm going through
Surprised I was able to write it on this paper,
To him, her, all of us, and you!

My back's to the wall,
Better yet, it broke!
Front's facing a whirlwind ahead
No outlet on one side,
and the other, it's dead....

...Exactly like the street I lived on,
you had to turn around
Go back the other way
Nothing further bound

Ever since I was young I always wondered
Building my own plan with Legos,
Keeping from going under

In a darkness I remained
Little gained,
Though I played with kids in elementary
I felt so closed and solitary

I'm the type that likes to survey the field,
'Watch the show'
Sooner though, I wanted to be in that 'show'

Can't live if you have nothing to live for
Survive and strive
I was once told to "Live your life to the limit
and love it alive"

Before the next day, I would think that night
What I did wrong, and how to make it right
I was shattered, cracked and busted like glass
Hard to wake up, every day was like yesterday passed!

If you knew what I knew, and knew when I knew it
Had a place in this world--just had to view it
Wanted less hating, more loving,
Yet the lack of love I had back then
made me feel so loveless

Under constant stress, felt tied to a chair,
Weren't you there?
If you could imagine this,
it would poof away, and be bare!

To describe this further and further,
Like distant lands,
I'm like the whole world,
difficult to understand!

Yesterday was yesterday though,
Today is today
I was told not to quit
Can't give up on this day

I know what I did wrong
Yet it can't all go on me
Tried to change for others
Just doesn't work, you see?

It's like Michael Jordan in North Carolina,
never picking up a basketball
Or Brett Favre in Southern Mississippi
never throwing a football

The legends in this century never had it easy
Took months, years before the first person
recognized what they already seen

And now...

Can't do nothing else but follow my dream...
As long as they're good
Keep them all alive, like a river and a stream
Live while we're living, by faith, not by sight
What starts in the dark,
will soon end up turning to light

The Experiment

by Monica Block

Once in a while, born to this world
Is a person not of astonishing genius,
But of incredible foresight and fortitude.

There being such a person, female, and
While liking both art and science,
Demonstrated a conniving mind.

As a child, she hid a penchant
Many would have for bloodshed, for
A reason known to her, and maybe only understood.

Write very well, could she, but hiding this especially:
Writing novels at a tender age,
But telling no one.

Through elementary schooling,
Others mused 'how average' she was,
Keeping up with all the others steadily.

Yet in some areas she was more than common:
Keeping journals of great idioms
To have for another day.

High schooling went by equivocally,
Something to pass the time, it seemed,
And a front to disguise her clandestine labors.

For, writing, writing, did she always
Trying to make the most
Of her lifetime.

In post-secondary education,
She went about her daily affairs evenly,
Never showing her true spirit; staying it deep within.

Oh, why would she do this, leaving unknown her skills?
How could she do this, felt she not human envy?
Yes, at times, she felt remorse.

But she knew a guiding principle,
One stronger than envy; and, indeed, are not
Weaker, those perturbed by non-immediate accreditation?

Adulthood came and did goodly employment.
Still she spent her joyous times pursuing,
Secretly, her great experiment.

With every passing year,
It became more complicated
Containing unpublished texts of any sort and size.

Employment promotion, demotion, and termination
Marriage, children, eventual grandchildren
Each only a side for her life's real work.

Cruel and heartless? Not at all.
Respectful, respected; loving and loved always
But constantly aware, she had something else going.

Compose, did she, of length and of concision,
Humor, drama, fantasy; fiction, nonfiction;
Novel, poetry, essay.

Strange her idea; indeed what was it?
What would cause her to act in such fashion?
Truly she knew it well, and deep within, felt it.

Years went by and still she continued
Writing happily in anonymity,
Welcoming the passing time.

Not morbidly though,
No, for every year she would age
And sooner could the result of her experiment come.

Time passed and she left, leaving messages
Behind for her relations, to find
The treasures of her labors.

Find and uncover, they did
Her stores – a treasure trove so deep and wide,
That others beheld it with gasps of astonishment.

Word of her talent spread and she would be known
For works of insight, clarity, and meaning,
Of depth, and poignancy.

Now she was written of.
Now whole university departments labored
To interpret and unravel the mysteries of her novels.

What the scholars drew, free of her influence,
She wanted, so back from a forged death
Could proclaim her works' meanings.

She could show the fallacies, if any,
In the assumptions and interpretations that
So-called experts made in artistic expression.

To see what others and the author thought,
To see the discrepancy and the difference:
The goal of her lifetime.

Fake Trap

by Crystal Vertz

We can take you in
We can shape your mind
We can help you learn
Whatever you want to find
It's so easy for us
You wouldn't understand
We can easily manipulate you
With just the touch of our hand
We can show you love
Or our equivalent ways
We can give our affections
Or take them away
Find us tonight
We'll show you all fun
That is unless
You decide to run
Take my hand
I'll show you my rage
Too bad for you
You'll belong in my cage

by Greg McDonald **For Justice or Evil:
An American Obligation**

A tormented child lay curled in the sand
as his wounds bleed a stain on the earth
By torture this boy will heed the demands
of a father that hates what he's worth
That tyrant, whose arms should be open with love
instead is unmoved by the sight
A shadow is cast by Apollo above
over the scene of an unhonored right

Each tear that he sheds falls silent and vain
for his father to watch and enjoy
Though all can be told from the sight of the pain
no help will be sent to the boy
His father, a villain, stands fearlessly still
No challenger must he beware
If I am not forced to bend to his will
have I any reason to care?

From Snow to Rain

by Crystal Vertz

It's December, and it's raining
Why does that feel so strange
Now is not the time to be raining
Nor is it the time for crying
Times have changed and people
They're definitely more different
There's no need to be left to past
But in looking back—amazement!
Things may have been simpler
Then
But we learned and discovered
More
So things are more complicated
And yes things have changed
But did we bring values with us?
We left behind our changed ideals
But the principles mattered
It used to snow when I was little
Twelve years ago, I was playing
In snow
But now I walk to college classes
In rain
And now I walk, accepting this change
...But would still rather have snow.

by David Beasley

Girl From Afar

I saw you sitting down, in that brown seat
Couldn't bear looking, had to take a peek
Eating a pizza sitting next to some friends
Sometimes I wish the moment would end...

.....but.....

...with the nerves, pauses, and huh's?
came the wow's, yes's, stares and smiles
Could've sworn I seen you before,
Yet I hear many say that line
Nice shirt on plus more in store

In the middle seat, that's where you are..
I'm on the right side across, thinking
"How can i get this far".....to you...

....Yet here's what i'm gonna do..
Talked to two others for a few
flew away like a bird, right out of the room...
but soon after, i had to fly back soon

Turned your head and noticed me..
Said "Hi" like it was supposed to be...
 Man, I'm so crazy!
Don't want any bad images or negativity
I was told to "Do what i feel, if it's real,"

...and really....

Yes, you are that girl from afar!
Beauty landed in the eye of me!
They can say whatever, but they cannot see
Might have thought otherwise..but you're
my darling, my lovely.....

The shining summer days
And hot summer nights
The fun in the wispy snow
And snuggling close under warm blankets
The April rain and melting snow
The falling leaves of late September
Pleasant memories of seasons past
What do you expect to get
When your mind is in a daze
Times all blend together
There's no distinction—just a haze
But now I am more focused
My path laid before me in fall
Many choices may push me to stray
Nothing should be allowed in my way
I have support for what I have asked
I can gain a lot in this world
I have grown: I know I can do this
I'll create new memories for me
Ones I can remember
I have faith in who I am
No more hiding, crying, or bleeding inside
For I am here, now, forever

Mosee Beat

by Dr. Chuck Tritt*

Hey Daddy-O, "This place is so square it's a cube and so straight it's the shortest distance between a point." Now on with the show...

Physiology is the place to
Be all you can
Become something more than you
Were going to study for that next
Examination.

Thermo drives the engine of
Destruction, construction, reconstruction, restitution,
Institution of hire
Education of the few for the
Mini-computer problems in
Easy to solve, dissolve, resolve, revolt.

Mil... Spec defining what you must
Walk... the straight and narrow
Keys fit most locks the
School up tight for the night
Of the living dead
Engineering the future Kern Center of the universe with increasing entropy.

Biomaterial tissue engineers polymerize tomorrow
Is another day
Before yesterday is really
Tomorrow will come
Home soon to see what you've missed
By a mile, meter, micron
Icon from Nikon microscopes for surface characterization.

*The editors would like to note that faculty submissions are usually not accepted for Ink Waves. Exception was made in this instance due to threats of torment at the hands of Far Darrig.

by Christine Lohman

My Life as a Leaf

Here I pose for you
As youthful as a young child
I'm naive and petite
My shades of golden yellow appeal to you
Pleasing to the eye, I am symmetric
Sharp 45 degree angles mark my complexion

I'm changing, I'm changing
Quick come play with me

My skin is getting rippled like wet paper dries
It is as rough like an iguana's skin
Every cell is defined, I'm so dry
My yellow is fading to a rust colored red
My pigment is changing
I think I'm going to die

I'm changing, I'm changing
Quick come play with me

I'm physically weak
I can't hold my form
I crumble into pieces with every step
Shriveled up
This is my death

My Unfortunate Friends

by Greg McDonald

I had a friend named Chipmunk Ed
He had some white spots on his head
One day while strolling to the store
I stepped on him now he's no more

I can't believe my friend is dead
I toss and turn each night in bed
The murder weapon's on my floor
A shoe still stained with chipmunk gore

Soon I met Ol' Chipmunk Pete
Just like Ed but twice as sweet
I took him out the night to spend
Exercising like the wind

I told Ol' Pete to watch my feet
He looked for safety in the street
That is where he met his end
A pickup came and squashed my friend

by David Beasley

Renewed Visit

Long time, no see or hear
Where did you go?
Been a while since the last time
The last time? Last year..

One year, seven months ago, you remember?
Thinking back, the day I know
On the day of my graduation,
I made a big mistake, hit the wall..
Forgot to tell her how much I felt her..

..blew it all!!!!...

That's the ending, but wait..
...Let me go back to the beginning
Looking back that school year, I still remember

Outside my study hall fourth hour,
and every day two weeks before
Knew I had the power, yet...

....You're walking down the hallway straight to class
And me? Too stoked, and would let you pass
This continued for about three weeks
Couldn't help myself, felt so weak

"What am I to do? I asked
Wrote it in my journal versus going to others
Ended up figuring out the door you came out of
Past the auditorium, and to her friend's locker

Could've said "Hey" to anyone, not her
She was a work of art, had to draw a better picture
So on the day the bell rang
The door opened, she looked when I spoke...bang!

How did I do it? Makes me wonder
If I didn't, would've been another blunder
Heart rushes, feet trip, and all in a bliss
Although I want to tell you this...

You remember the day I graduated
Feeling so elated, like Ali...
The Greatest!

I had so much to say,
I had so much not to say
Thought I would never see you again,
Every day I prayed

Only God gave me the chance that I deserved
This time I won't be standoffish, and not reserved
Imagine it was that day in June, wrapped in a band
over today...would you take my hand?

Words and Thoughts: Ignorance & Arrogance

by Muthanna Raqtan

- o When you think you know the most about something, know you have just gained the arrogance of an ignorant.
- o When you discover more about something, you probably know less about it.
- o Knowledge doesn't necessarily help us discover the truth, but it certainly helps us escape ignorance.
- o When our very existence is a miracle, with ignorance and a lot of arrogance, we think that reality is captured only with logic.
- o Our very existence is a miracle that doesn't conform to the reality of logic.

Stop Stealing My Change

by Greg McDonald

Give it back!
You wretched fiend
Confounded ill-conceived machine
Stealing quarters, hoarding snacks
Drop my chips or give it back!

Give it back!
You demon spawn
Your light may glow and say you're on
But they're still wet, my shirts and slacks
Dry my clothes or give it back!

The lives of men in present times
Depend on these unfeeling things
Cruel conniving bots of crime
Who tend to cheat by stealing things

We give them change and dollar bills
So in exchange we get a good
But it's a lie, they keep the frills
They'd steal our organs if they could

Give it back!
My change you thief
Unlike the rest I'm not naive
Your con's a means of world attack
Reveal your plan and GIVE IT BACK!

by Arturo Delgado-Rendon

Untitled

I kept a secret because I was not allowed to let it flow,
I lost my lips as time flew away,
They never knew that spirits came out of the snow,
The sea married the moon to keep her awake.

We all are one and not at all,
We divide humans and create wars,
The darker, the dumber,
That's what we once thought.

The truth is out there,
At least that's what we think,
I should ride a bear,
And write my journey on white ink.

Nevertheless, I never forgot the ones,
Jesus, Clinton, Madonna, and Mickey Mouse,
Who had been keeping my mind busy,
So I could forget a bit about the past.

I am now glad I discovered that our minds are being controlled,
By silly leaders, terrorists, teachers, and neighbors,
Who taught us to fight, but never to love.
If we could work together, we would live more hours.

My secret I will keep,
Because even if I say it,
They would be more worried about Saddam,
Than the way their loved ones are feeling.

Utmost Despair

by Annie Latzig

I hate this pen I'm holding,
because I should be holding you.
And I hate this paper under my hand
because it should be you.
And I hate these words
because they're not the whole truth,
because truth is much more than a few words can say

As I packed up your clothes I couldn't help but feel
like you were ending something good,
before it had a chance at being real.
I can't predict the future
and the present makes me sick.
I've completely given you a part of me,
I never thought I would
I told you how I felt because
I thought it would be good.
Am I scared of forever?
And losing the American dream?
I'm willing to accept that,
but are you willing to accept me?

Last night you said two things
that are sitting under my skin
That you didn't love me
and the future looked quite grim.
Both of those are hard for me to accept.
I want to see us next week
and month and another three months down the road.
I've never seen you look so cold
Your face looked nothing like you,
nothing like the person I'd grown to know.

The clock chimes to tell me that today you may not call.
Last week we would have been in the middle
of a forty minute loving riddle.
It seems so unfair to me--how I let myself go.
I did what I felt was right
Put everything into our relationship.
Now you don't want to be with me.
It seems to me that you are holding back.
To think I tell everyone how confident we are in each other
And how we trust each one another
And how great our relationship is only to
find out its only been good for me.
That makes me feel like I let you down.
I couldn't convince you
that the right person to help me through
this confusing time in my life was you.
And I want to blame you.
And I want to be angry with you.
And I want to call you
a quitter for giving up,
but instead I hate this pen and paper
and I should be holding you.

What Right

by Misty Schunck

How dare you
What right do you have
to insult my very being
Mocking who I am
My existence isn't dependant
on those such as you
How dare you
over step your bounds
You cannot take it back
it has already been said
Respect I hold you none
It was not returned
even when I did
You have no right
you speak of what
you do not understand

by Jason Zidek

Who am I to you?

I am no Shakespeare.
I am just a simple man.
I am a thoughtful man whose love shuts out all fear.
My creativity will not move you like his words can.
No sonnets have me as the author.
I could never produce a work that is read every place.
I only know the truth and what I feel for sure.
I know what is real and in front of my face.
The touch and fragrance of the one I love is the most pure.
Sometimes words just don't satisfy the emotions I have for you.
Does expressing these feelings make me a Shakespeare?

I am no Romeo.
I am a humble man who cares deeply.
Sometimes there are times where we must leave each other and go.
To be able to be apart and stay together shows a love as strong as could
be.
To try and imitate him would be a lie.
I would give anything to be with you.
I strive simply to provide happiness and not make you cry.
Thoughtful and loving actions own my time no matter what I need to do.
Pleasure is found in the look of pleasure in my lover's eyes.
Sweet things I can do crowd my mind like a gift as a nice surprise.
Does acting on my feelings make me a Romeo?

So I ask you again, who am I to you?
I cannot be a Romeo.
I cannot be a Shakespeare.
I am simply your true love.
I am your one and only.
I am who you are meant to be with until the end of time.
I don't need to be anything else but yours.
There is nothing that would satisfy me more.



I am yours.

Barbeque In the Clouds

by George K. Algire

The thrust was immense. The recline was sickening. And the time it lasted, unnerving.

Seat seven-B shook out a few pills a friend had given him before he left. They were round with a "V" inscribed. "Pills is pills," he sighed to himself before dry-swallowing several. The plane shook violently from side to side as though it was a marble tossed carelessly into a funnel. He assured himself that this was normal and ordered two tiny wines from the stewardess. Moving back from first class into coach, seat fourteen-C was trying to fight his prejudice in regards to the dark man sitting across the aisle and two seats fore. The faint scent of the twenty-something businesswoman in fourteen-B was no more than an atom over the margin of not being technically a pheromone, an intermittent distraction from concern.

Seat twenty-six-F was leafing through a booklet of compact discs trying to match her selection to her dynamic mood, on her way to stand in her ex-boyfriend's wedding. Beside her, a twenty-something man was settling in to warm himself by the phrases in his mind that a just-friend he was paying a just-friendly visit to had said to him on the phone before getting on the plane to visit the girl. Seat twenty-six-F was wondering why he hadn't so much as glanced in her direction. She cued up track two, and reclined the seat. But in the seats most aft and port, a mother sat with her daughter. The child peered from the double Plexiglas window at the sodium glow of the grid becoming more and more intricate below. Her mother held the page in her novel with a thumb and waved down a steward for two blankets and two pillows. The cabin was filled with the sound of rushing air, drowning out any conversations fore or starboard. The girl tucked the blanket around herself and stared up at the light, fan and call button console out of her reach. They were departing from a visit to the girl's grandmother. It occurred to the girl that she had but three grandparents. She put three and one together, had the thought, and asked her mother.

"Where do we go when we die?"

Her mother tightened her lips, and looked straight ahead while marking her page. Funny, she thought, that this epiphany comes prior to the still un-asked question of how babies originate. Certainly in adult minds the causation

crosses the mind more frequently. Though learning not to be stunned by her child's intellectual development, she relaxed her eyes and fought a smile. A true test of her agnostic profession, she realized.

"Well, what do you think happens?"

"I don't know. That's why I asked you," she rolled her eyes.

Her mother knew she was stuck. She'd half-hoped her daughter would shed some light on the subject for her. Climbing into an airplane was comfort at its least. Envisioning sandwiched cars flaming in the sun on an interstate, or a helicopter's view of a train wreck all strewn around the tracks like sausage links on a butcher's floor made the statistics for safety eight miles high only slightly more convincing.

"Well, you know. Some people say that we go to a big barbeque in the clouds. Everyone is there, and there's a heck of a band," the mother nudged her daughter and chuckled softly.

The child gazed out the window at the moonlit cumulus landscape.

"No. I don't think so. What else?"

"Do you remember we got lost while camping? When we walked down the gravel road until it turned into a dark scary forest. Remember what we did?"

"We held hands?"

"Yes. And we turned around and went back the way we came."

"Living backwards? That's weird, Mom."

"Maybe we wouldn't notice the difference," said her mother, and counted the times she suspected not knowing whether she had perished. She had been in her share of traffic incidences, each time lucky to walk. Her daughter often reminded her that she was not a ghost, and was thankful to have her company.

The stewardess came back with packages of honey-roasted peanuts, a club soda and orange juice. She smiled brightly at the girl, too deep in thought to acknowledge, and wheeled the cart toward the nose of the plane, first with a shot of her lipstick-framed teeth at the mother.

The girl sipped the juice. Her mother sipped the soda and began fighting with the foil around the peanuts.

The girl set her glass down and admired the deep orange of the liquid. For a second, she let slip the still posed question, which reminded her of it once again, “Come on mom, what happens to us?”

“No one knows dear, but there are many stories. Some think you just start right over again as somebody else. Or something else.”

She felt, at the age of six, that she hadn’t been somebody else for very long and let her mind wander over all the things taught in Social Studies that her recently visited grandmother had seen in her days on Earth. She wasn’t yet aware enough of the human condition to shudder. Instead, it intrigued.

Her mother was in a thought cloud of her own. Wondering if it would be better to die and be forgotten than to live out the rest of her days in observance of her actions while losing conscious control of them. Back to six-year-old mode, she came.

“Have some peanuts.”

The girl crunched, squinting, pondering.

Her mother yawned and draped a blanket over her lap.

The girl’s mother was able to pin down why the sky is blue, where milk comes from, and where the garbage goes. This abstract conversation had gone on too long for the girl’s attention span.

“Where do you think we go, Mom?”

“I’d like to think we take our favorite vehicle into a sunset of our favorite color. And when we get there, we will know the answer to every question we ever had. Maybe there will be a town of little houses all colored like the favorite color of the people who live inside. But sometimes, I think we just fall into a restful sleep, dear.”

This outpouring silenced the girl. She drank the rest of her juice, and quietly asked her mother to recline her seat. They yawned in succession. The girl shut her eyes. The sound of rushing air became the sound of wind blowing by the girl’s ears, on a tandem bicycle with her mother, riding into a half-sphere of deepest orange. Before nodding off, she thought she saw a rainbow of little houses.

When the cabin finished tearing into pieces, and frigid water filled the remains, the mother and daughter reached their destination in the sun. They slept restfully, all knowing.

“A natural, unpretentious style is best. It signifies sincerity, for one thing: when people say what they really mean, they tend to say it with disarming simplicity.”

Jacqueline Berke wrote that one quality of good writing was simplicity. Good writing and good sayings have something in common—simplicity and sincerity. In “A Dying Art: The Classy Exit Line,” Lance Morrow writes, “...the genre of great last words died quite a few years ago.” If this were true, then one would be led to believe that people are no longer sincere. If anything—with modern times—people are becoming more educated and are coming up with “classier” exit lines. The modern era has a different set of exit lines and potentially meaningful one-liners. It takes growing up in this era to understand and interpret fully what is considered a sincere exit line or one-liner. The scope of seriousness, humor, and what is taboo has changed and will always be changing. Lance Morrow should have written, “The Ever Changing Art: The Classy One Liner.”

In the past, to be considered a famous person, one had to do amazing things; for instance, Abraham Lincoln—a now incredibly famous figure—was one of the sole reasons slaves were ever freed. He said “Four score and seven years ago...” in a speech referring to the past that ultimately led to the freeing of slaves. Later on, Martin Luther King Jr. led a civil rights movement—for minorities—and today he is looked at in a sacred way. Martin Luther King Jr. said, “I have a dream,” which has been alluded to—and not to mention mimicked—more times than one can count. Today we have people like Jesse Jackson who are interested in many of the same things as the famous aforementioned people were. Jesse Jackson said, “If my mind can conceive it, and my heart can believe it, I know I can achieve it.” Will Jesse’s words be taught in classrooms or even remembered in the future?

In the era we live in, to be famous means to be Hollywood. If you were to ask someone about one of the more important things that he or she has heard of lately, the most common reply would be about a movie star, from a movie, or about any other type of famous person in the entertainment business. Replies could range from, “Can you believe what Justin said about

Britney?” to “Terminate the terminator?” I’ve grown up in an era when the only famous lines that I can remember are from the big screen: “I’ll be back,” “Do you want to shag now or shag later?” and from Fight Club, “Our generation has had no Great Depression, no Great War. Our war is spiritual. Our depression is our lives.” Is this a good or a bad thing? Is there anything worthwhile in these lines which are considered to be important in this era?

It’s apparent that destruction, sex, and controversial issues are what the people want to see and hear about. Flicks like Terminator gave us a futurist approach to the death and destruction that we may be capable of. The Austin Powers movies were laden with sex and humor. Films like Fight Club challenge our morals and go against what is taboo. These are the things that catch people’s attention and stay on the mind of the viewers. Will we remember them in the years to come? Abraham Lincoln and Martin Luther King Jr. are easily remembered, but will the Bill Clintons and the Tonya Hardings be remembered in the same fashion? Clinton and Harding demonstrated the sexual and destructive tendencies of our society just as the movies did. Is our era more filled with violence, sex, and humor than other eras? Or is our era lacking the truly important people like the Kings and Lincolns? Will people remember when Clinton said, “I did not have sexual relations with that woman”?

Times change and ages come and go, as does the importance of an event or moment from that age. There are few things that hold importance or are remembered for more than one age. It is harder to determine what is important now or what will have an impact on the future versus deciding what is important from the past, like Martin Luther King’s impact on the civil rights movement. In this age—my age—society is portrayed through Hollywood, not great leaders. I live in a society where if someone says what they mean—or is sincere—it is because they want to make a quick buck or get some publicity. Abraham Lincoln and Martin Luther King Jr. didn’t say what they said for money. They said it because it was what they felt was right. Today, to say something classy or to be sincere is equivalent to saying something that will make you money. Entertainment—whether it is the News, Hollywood, or Sports—provides a medium to say what is classy or sincere, and in most

cases, this has to do with money or publicity. If it doesn't involve money or politics, chances are it doesn't matter and nobody cares. Perhaps that's how it has always been, but in this day and age I feel like it carries too much weight. I want to see a Ghandi or MLK rise among the ranks and start saying what is important, sincere, and classy.

Contributors

George K. Algire, Sophomore, EET (Cover Design)

David Beasley, Sophomore, MIS

Monica Block, Freshman, BUS

Arturo Delgado-Rendon, Junior, EE

Ross Huntley, Senior, AE

Andrew Kleitsch, Freshman, ME

Annie Latzig, Senior, AE

Christine Lohman, Freshman, CE

Greg McDonald, Senior, EE

Muthanna Raqtan, Senior, EE

Andy Salzwedel, Freshman, BE

Misty Schunck, Junior, MIS

Melissa Sweeney, Junior, BSTC (Layout and Design Only)

Chuck Tritt, Professor, EECS

Crystal Vertz, Sophomore, BUS

Jason Zidek, Freshman, ME

About Ink Waves

Ink Waves is published by MSOE's General Studies Department. Designed to showcase students' literary talent and to encourage writing potential, Ink Waves attests to this department's belief that science and the arts can and do coexist. Students may submit writing of all kinds: fiction and nonfiction, poetry and prose, leisure-time writings and classroom assignments. Ink Waves is published every spring quarter. We accept submissions and inquiries at any time.

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