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Untitled Artwork

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From the Editor

Ah. spring. The time of year when a young man's thoughts turn to thoughts of how to fill this page without lapsing into meaningless babble. And love—but at the moment, that isn't foremost on my mind.

Modern technology is often a wonderful thing. Oh, sure, I know it has its critics—most notably that Unabomber guy—but most people tend to agree that it tends to be useful most of the time. A perfect example is this issue's cover. If you haven't seen it yet, go ahead and sneak a peek now. I'll wait.

See, you didn't miss anything. Anyway, this piece of art started out as a relatively simple drawing (a copy of which can be found right across from this line). I scanned it and saved a copy to disk. As a result, I was able not only to make it whatever size it needed to be for this magazine, but I could play around with it a little using a program called Adobe Photoshop™. I was just messing around, not planning anything serious, but I ended up with something I thought looked rather sharp. The artist, Caitlin May, agreed with me, and a cover was born.

I firmly believe that this issue represents a new standard for The Promethean. It is a standard that would not have been reached without the efforts of many people. First, Caitlin deserves another mention for not only the prize-winning artwork, but for agreeing it looked neat when "enhanced."

Special mention should also go to Dr. Lynnell Edwards, who decided to require her

andrew rothery

Creative Writing students to submit work as a part of the course.

Finally, a special thank you goes to Dr. Dan Wright and the rest of the staff—to Dr. Wright for continuing to show his faith in my skills (as well as writing an article which is sure to generate thought and maybe spark some controversy), and to the staff for putting up with my annoying little control issue. Weekly meetings aren't really so terrible, now are they?

I am so glad that's out of the way. Now can go back to thinking about love. Enjoy this magazine.

May: Untitled Artwork

From the Editor

Russia: Land of Contrasts, Land of Opportunity

Impressions of Russia speed through my mind almost as fast as the Moscow driver with whom we had hitch-hiked to a meeting with the second-in-command of Russia's vast forest resources. The meeting time had been confused, due to the language barrier between myself and my gracious Russian hosts, the Shubins. Sergei Polozov (my guide in Russia and my colleague from the biology faculty at Concordia University) and I were now twenty minutes late to a meeting with Dr. Anatoliy Pisarenko, Deputy Chief of the Federal Forest Service of Russia. The problem was compounded by the fact that we were still thirty minutes away by car and, in light of Moscow traffic, the chances of us reaching our meeting before Dr. Pisarenko had to leave for another meeting were slim to none. Because of the importance of the meeting, however, we decided to make a go of it. Waiting for us in Dr. Pisarenko's office was Sergei Volkov, Superintendent of the Smolensk Lakeland National Park, and personal friend of Sergei Polozov. To make the meeting could have caused significant damage to Volkov's position, since Pisarenko is Volkov's superior and Russian politics is no child's game.

Russian politics is no child's game

With Volkov's reputation at stake, Polozov and I hurried out to the busy street near the apartment complex where I was staying and, in the manner of the entrepreneurial Moscow citizens who might be persuaded by American dollars to abandon what they were doing and take us to our destination. Amazingly, within three minutes a man of about 25 pulled his white-Nissan sedan over, and, after a very brief negotiating session, agreed to take us to the Forestry Building in downtown Moscow for $20 U.S. I should have known we were in trouble by his}

This was a Nissan, the ticket to total road domination.

Andrew Kunert

Charles Kunert

London: Land of Opportunity

With Volkov's reputation at stake, Polozov and I hurried out to the busy street near the apartment complex where I was staying and, in the manner of the entrepreneurial Moscow citizens who might be persuaded by American dollars to abandon what they were doing and take us to our destination. Amazingly, within three minutes a man of about 25 pulled his white-Nissan sedan over, and, after a very brief negotiating session, agreed to take us to the Forestry Building in downtown Moscow for $20 U.S. I should have known we were in trouble by his trembling hands and the fact he was not driving a Lada or Volga or another of the other traditional working-class Russian automobiles. No, this was a Nissan, a foreign car and, as anyone who has observed Moscow driving recently realizes, the ticket to total road domination. No sooner had we settled into our seats than the driver roared off into the middle of the heavy traffic, weaving in and out of spaces I swore were impossible to penetrate, speeding at rates in excess of 110 kilometers per hour, squeezing between cars stopped at traffic signals, and even moving into oncoming traffic lanes, causing the cars in them to swerve dangerously out of the way. This trip made any thrill ride at Disneyland look like child's play. At one point, for just an instant, I thought we faced sure injury as, at 70 kph, our driver misjudged the traffic and switched lanes behind a truck doing 50 kph and we found ourselves staring into the truck's differential, our hood some two feet under the truck's