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Untitled Photograph

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How does information affect noise? Information, we must steadily remember, is a measure of one's freedom of choice in selecting a message. The greater this freedom of choice, the greater is the uncertainty that the message actually selected is some particular one. Thus greater freedom of choice, greater uncertainty and greater information all go hand in hand.

From The Mathematics of Communication, by Warren Weaver.

I have been asked by several people, “What is The Promethean?” I dawned on me that in none of the previous issues has the origin of The Promethean’s name been addressed. Prometheus was a God in Greek religion. He was very intellectual and a supreme trickster. His contribution to the human race was stealing fire from Zeus and returning it to man. Likewise, The Promethean seeks to steal “fire” in the form of art and literature and return it to the general population.

There are different ideas out there about what The Promethean is. Perhaps you’ve already noticed some changes in this issue like the color cover and the warped title text. The color cover will be (budget permitting) a regular occurrence. The title text is my own doing. Why? To illustrate a point—nothing is certain. Everything is open to change. There is no specific type of work or genre that we limit ourselves to. If you have written, drawn or photographed anything that is unique and creative, we want to print it!

Now that this issue is complete I must express many thanks: to the staff of The Promethean who put up with my endless requests and helped to create an outstanding issue; to everyone who submitted and filled otherwise empty pages; to Nancy in Student Services who gratefully shared her computer time; to Heidi for her input and understanding (and to whom I owe dinner); to the workers in the information office who sorted through piles of paper for me; to Bev Petersen for the use of her laser printer; to the employees of Davis and Fox printing who answered my endless questions; to Nancy in Student Services who gratefully shared her computer time; to Heidi for her input and understanding (and to whom I owe dinner); to the workers in the information office who sorted through piles of paper for me; to Bev Petersen for the use of her laser printer; to the employees of Davis and Fox printing who answered my endless questions; and to everybody else who made this issue possible.

My apologies to Aaron Brown for inadvertently “borrowing” a couple of numbers. (That’s a bit cryptic, so don’t panic if it makes no sense to you.)

This issue is dedicated in memory of Professor Clifford Horn.

Erich S. Schneider
Editor-in-Chief

To Clifford Horn,
In Remembrance

The joy of each
moment,
The passing of each
day--
You remembered.
The smile on a bleak
afternoon,
The greeting of warmth--
You embraced.
A gift from God
and a gift to others
you are.

From Bobbi Day

AWAKENING
Many years I've searched in vain
For one to bring me peace
One to take me by the hand
And lead my heart to light
I'd once endured a pain so great
From promises unfulfilled
Sealing the passage with my soul
And donned a mask of happiness

Then my vision came to be
Blessed with a touch of magic
Who shook the core of my refuge
And did cast light upon darkness

At a shattering of masks
Crumbling of perfect walls
Memories fluttered through my soul
And gave life to forgotten emotions

Siprián

Dedicated to Elvia De Leon

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