

HAUTE DISH

The Arts & Literature Magazine of Metropolitan State University

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Welcome to Haute Dish

Summer 2008

I found time the other day actually to sit down and write a piece that I wasn't required to write for a class, or for an extracurricular, or for work, and I nearly forgot how nice writing for fun can be. I know most Metropolitan State students are in the same boat I am-- between school, work and family, there is barely enough time to get your head above water just to breathe.

I hear daily, "I wish I had more time" or "it feels like time is moving so fast" and what I hope for all of you, as the weather gets nice, and we all start to venture outdoors for a wonderful summer, is time. Time for you to create. Time for you to write. Time for you to take some photographs. Even time for home renovations or napping more often, if that is what you are wishing for.

I hope you are able to allow yourself some time to breathe and take in this new issue of Haute Dish. There are some amazing pieces here from students, staff and alumni that are truly worth taking a bit of time out of your day to relax and enjoy.

Rebecca Haven, Managing Editor

[Many thanks to those who helped](#)



*Tommy Knocker by artist
Stephanie Kamerud*

POETRY

Summer 2008

postscript number 1

by Louis Murphy

postscript number 2

by Louis Murphy

The Ledge

by Holly Calo

Currency

by Colleen Abel

Fool's Gold

by Thomas Lucas

Dubrovnik

by Sonya Luhm

Rubbing My Grandmother's Feet

by Sonya Luhm

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Loud Souviners

by Lisa Scott

Waiting

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The Other Star

by James Henderson

Late Night

by James Henderson

Prose

PROSE

Summer 2008

Unraveled

by Bob Babin

The Wolf

by Louis Murphy

Daily Affirmations of a Teenage Girl

by Misha Jameson

Welcome to Haute Dish

Summer 2008

Baby Girl

by Michelle Leon

Yellow

by Christine Lieberg

VISUAL ARTS

Summer 2008

Click image to enlarge



Allium Sky
by Misha Jameson



Elote Man
by Misha Jameson



Incomplete
Misha Jameson



Crest and
Monument
by Misha Jameson



Old Woman
by Sonya Luhm



The Memoirs of
Ruby Dubois: A
Dogs Life
by Kristin Johnson



It's Not Just Black
and White
by Stephanie
Kamerud



White Waves
by Stephanie
Kamerud



Tommy Knocker
by Stephanie
Kamerud

ARTSY STUFF

Summer 2008

Artsy Stuff is the Haute Dish dish on the arts community around the Twin Cities, but especially Metropolitan State University students, staff and faculty. Know an MSU artist or writer you'd like to see profiled here? [Email Haute Dish](#) to tell us about it!

Bio: T. Ethan Glassel

The author for the following peice has a bio. Here it is.

The Arbiters

A peice we couldn't bring ourselves to totally reject because of the length restrictions seen here in its not-forced-to-be-edited-for-length glory.

It's Not Just
Black and White

by Stephanie Kamerud



BIOS

Summer 2008

[Michelle Leon](#)

[Holly Calo](#)

[Colleen Abel](#)

[Thomas Lucas](#)

[Matthew Spillum](#)

[Misha Jameson](#)

[Bob Babin](#)

[James Henderson](#)

[Louis Murphy](#)

[Sonya Luhm](#)

[Kristin Johnson](#)

[Lisa Scott](#)

[Christine Liebeg](#)

[Stephanie Kamerud](#)

SUBMISSIONS

Summer 2008

Submissions!

Can't help picking up that pen, paintbrush or Pentax? Want the world to see your your creative side?

Haute Dish can help.

The editorial staff invites students to submit to the Fall 2008 edition. We would like to publish your poetry, short fiction, short personal essays, graphic stories, comics and artwork.

The submission period is currently open to current Metropolitan State students.

Please send your submissions to submit.hautedish@gmail.com and include a cover letter (with a short bio) in the body of the email.

We will take about four weeks after the July 25th deadline to review all the submissions, and will be in touch with you shortly after. If you have not heard from us by August 23rd, 2008, please email us at hautedish@gmail.com.

Guidelines

In the cover letter, please provide your Metropolitan State University Status, your name as you would like it listed, a max 75-word bio written in third-person, and the genre(s) of the piece(s) you submit. Please also beware that submitting to an online magazine can mean that your piece may not be formatted exactly how you want it to be due to constraints of the medium. If this will be a major problem, please also address that in your letter.

- * Poetry, maximum of 40 lines; prose poetry, 750 words.
- * Prose should have a maximum of 1,500 words.
- * Music should either be original, public domain or have appropriate rights for use. Submit in MP3 or video format.
- * Performance art (acting, artistic demonstration, musical) can be submitted in video format (AVI, MOV, WMV).
- * Graphic stories, scanned and limited to one page.
- * Comics, scanned and limited to three panels.
- * Photograph or scan your drawings, paintings, sketches & sculpture to submit them. Please make sure that there are no time or date stamps from your camera on the photos or you may be asked to re-photograph or re-touch your submission.

[Guidelines continued on next page.](#)

SUBMISSIONS

Summer 2008

Guidelines continued from previous page

All written work should be submitted either in the body of the email or as a .rtf file. All artwork must be in .jpg format, include a title, and be at least 800x600 pixels.

Poorly copyedited writing, no matter how brilliant or creative, often gets rejected. So please be sure all writing is thoroughly copyedited.

If you need help with your writing, all along the way from your first draft, to revision, to polishing a piece right before submitting it, [The Writing Center](#) can provide invaluable support. [Email them](#) to schedule an appointment.

For large video or audio submissions, please contact the Haute Dish webmaster, [Kenny Bellew](#), for submission assistance.

Submissions: submit.hautedish@gmail.com

Fall 2008 Deadline: July 25th, midnight

STAFF

Summer 2008

Managing Editor

Rebecca Haven was born and raised in St. Paul, MN. After spending six years in Cleveland, OH, she realized the Twin Cities isn't so bad-the rivers in the Twin Cities don't catch fire. Rebecca lives in Minneapolis, MN with her un-creatively named cat, kitty and whatever friend ends up on the couch for the night. Rebecca has been published in Haute Dish, Double Dare Press, STC-TC and The Metropolitan. Someday she hopes to actually get paid to write.

[Haute Dish Staff continued on next page.](#)

Welcome to Haute Dish

Summer 2008

Haute Dish Staff

Associate Editors

Emily Urness, Prose Lead

Dean Muldoon, Poetry is a graduate of Metropolitan State University's College of Arts and Sciences. Muldoon earned a nomination for the Outstanding Student of the Year Award. He earned his Bachelor of Arts degree in professional communications/public relations during spring commencement. Muldoon is also the immediate-past president of the Metropolitan State University Chapter of the Public Relations Student Society of America. Muldoon is an avid writer, photographer, humorist, and stimulus check spendthrift.

Krissy Domm, Poetry is a senior majoring in Creative Writing at Metro State. She's lives in South Minneapolis with her cat Isobel. Isobel has yet to pop the question.

Christine Liebeg, Prose is a robot disguised as a college student who adores Transformers, learning about all things, and writing to her heart's content. She works in IT for Metro State and likes to create mayhem and dirty socks in her spare time. She currently resides in the small town of Hampton with her adopted human family and is working towards completing her creative writing degree.

[Haute Dish Staff continued on next page.](#)

STAFF

Summer 2008

Associate Editors, Continued

Jessie Ness, Prose lives in St. Paul with her husband and two cats. Through trial and error she has learned that doing any type of work at home is impossible with all of the distractions. Her hobbies include reading, writing and, pardon the cliché, shopping. She is currently working on her first novel.

louis murphy, poetry lead likes writing. he also likes snow cones and puppy dogs. and nuclear fusion. he likes action flicks that drool the doldrums and romances where everybody smokes. he finds them both hilarious. louis is still interested in why the word "weird" is spelled so strangely. and he likes cute fluffy bunnies, raucous crows, and cows that fart (is there any other kind?).

Debra Kelly, Art Lead is a junior at Metropolitan State University and is on the one-class-a-semester, 10-year plan. She lives near Como Park with her teenage daughter, Faith, a cat named Ivan and, occasionally, her son Dylan (who spends most of his days on the U of M campus). "I love living near the Park," she says, "It's one of the few places in the western hemisphere one can sit on one's front porch and hear lions roar!"

Susan Solomon, Art She reads, she writes, and she is ready for the revolution.

Welcome to Haute Dish

Summer 2008

Haute Dish Staff, Continued

Webmaster

Kenny Bellew is the new Haute Dish webmaster and will also be a prose editor for the next issue of Haute Dish. He's been a technical writer for the last 16 years and is currently the Senior Technical Writer for the Minnesota division of Hewlett-Packard. For the last 5 years, he's also operated a Flash programming company specializing in multimedia. He started his graduate studies in Technical Communication in Spring 2008. Kenny likes biking, running, photography, gardening and blogging. Check out his [student web page](#) and his [various blogs](#).

Poetry

Welcome to Haute Dish

Summer 2008

postscript number 2

by Louis Murphy

there is no cloth
as finely woven
as the pattern
we made together

The Ledge

by Holly Calo

Change is hard
Mother said
Many years ago.
Today I found it true.
With twenty-seven years
They tell you good-bye
And wave you out the door.
Friends are gone
"Family" broke to pieces.
Leaving all you've ever known.
Too young to retire
Too old to rehire
Left without a clue.
Many tears shed,
Mostly for missing
What you won't see
Day to day.
Trying to be perky
For all to see
But, inside your
Stomach, nausea.
At any minute
You could hurl.
Your life has gone
From safe to precarious.
Hanging on a ledge.

Currency

by Colleen Abel

You have this habit of coins
whenever you sit down spilling
out of your pockets, something
about the way your pants drape low
on your thin hips, coins of every
currency, foreign, our own, pound
coins, quarters, lire, euros, loonies.
No, I don't mind helping to
gather them. After all, what was there
before you? The poverty of crowds,
the strict billfold, the heart
hollow as the child's cracked bank.

Fool's Gold

by Thomas Lucas

Their fins, endlessly searching the transparent glass,
have become thin and spoiled like a frayed wool
that continues to unravel. It has become apparent,
to the many, that the glass contains the whole.
Choreographed movements to the left and to the right,
up and down, and all around the dancers exhibit
their beauty. The flash of color, in this group held so tight,
gives us 'scene one' of the never-ending story.
A sudden change in light; the lid of their enclosed world
opens. Stunned and dazed with uncontrolled excitement,
the senses are confused. Will this change bring food,
an addition to the school, or the web that separates?

Dubrovnik

by Sonya Luhm

In this place, home to no one
but the few who think to make it
I recline, undistracted by my bare skin
cradled by flattened stone
emanating stoic warmth to the cove
Beads splash at my chest
then down, below breast
drip slow to rump,
where seawater is
still palming me like a lost toddler
I listen out onto the turquoise shimmer
beckoning with shy waves
I am squeamish of the snails
though brown and soft and slow
But I drop into the gentle laps
and once below
my locks float in every direction,
mirroring the anchored greens
I bob as an infant
and watch, mesmerized by the two clouds above
consuming the sky like curtains closing,
until one kisses the other on the forehead.

Rubbing My Grandmother's Feet

by Sonya Luhm

While she sleeps on the pleather
cot, small lights bleep and breathe:
in-out in-out.

Taking more of the
thick cream
going over again in between
all the toes, both high arches
cracked heels until
a stone would feel the warmth
from my hands.

I imagine it felt that her feet
were asleep—when all you feel is
the shadow of pressure accentuating
the numbness, a tingling of sensual
tintinnabulation, swimming through warm
spots in the cool brown lake she missed.

The way neither croon nor cry
while sleeping is heard,
but voice simmers over sand:
ashes floating,
soaking,
sinking in a foot's hushed wake.

For Smokey

by Matthew Spillum

The last time I said goodbye to you
you arched briefly into bleary awareness,
an interruption in your day of mostly sleep.
Eyes long since shocked to dilation swum
and bobbed to find the cause of the disturbance.
I wondered what it would be like, as you crackled
a dry cry, equal measures complaint and greeting,
to be twenty years old and a cat.

Age and care curling in tufts around you, fur
gone dusty looking, you sought my hand again
and again, seeming happy to have something sure
besides the soft chair seat and the slow, pained trips
to the kitchen or the basement.
Purring never left with the years.
Not like the traitorous limbs, no longer agile or
certain.
Not like the brain that stopped you seizures from
time to time.

I felt your insistent bony little self against my hand
felt the deep, pleased rumble that came as much
from the heart as the lungs, and I felt a little guilty.
For I had woken you from sleep, where you could
once again be whole and strong, not a prisoner
in a frail cage, made weak by the weight of time.
I gazed at you, that last time, and conjured the you
that must have danced in your cat dreams. The you
that scattered, shy of strangers...the you that pounced
on a friend and demanded your due, unsatisfied
with perfunctory petting...the you that talked all the time
about whatever was on your cat mind.
I said goodbye to you, that last time,
and you slipped back into old cat dreams.
Fur tousled, limbs thinned and stiff,
you curled in your quiet. drowsy dignity
and leapt into eternal youth.

There Will Be Days Delaney

by Matthew Spillum

There will be days, much later
when you stand on your own. When the hands
of others are just hands, and laps
are places for napkins, or a circuit
around some track. Come those days, we
will sit back and marvel at you.
And our then weathered hands and
fragile aged laps will not be needed
for every moment of your waking hours.
Perhaps you will look upon our timorous
shells as something of an unpleasant duty
lingering only as long as you must
before taking flight once again.

There will be a time, maybe you will be
driving away from another uncomfortable
obligation, when you will be struck by
memory unbidden. When you will recall
a warm cradle of arms, a soft lap beneath you.
There will be faces, drifting in and out
of focus in this vision, and those faces will
seem the very definition of safety. Beaming
down like the Sun on you.
Maybe you will shake it off. Maybe you will
be transfixed. I hope you merely realize
that for every time we make you feel like
running, there was at least one time we held
you, and you never wanted it to end.

Slow Fade

by Matthew Spillum

Sun played through trees along Nicollet Mall. I think it was summer, your hand encasing mine. Couldn't say what you were wearing. Couldn't say where we had lunch. There exists but a light-dappled snapshot of a sidewalk I can turn to in my head.

1975 Minneapolis doesn't exist anywhere but in my memories of walking to the office with you. I remember crying when a song played while I waited for some movie to start, some forgotten film. Can't even remember the name of the song, or who sang it...Robert Goulet?... was in your apartment.

That strange bachelor pad that seems like nothing so much as the set of a show. You taught me to play cribbage there, on a board the size of a stool, with steel and brass pegs that filled my four-year-old hands. I beat you, first game out.

I have let slip the bonds of fury that grew up from absence's fallow fields. Buffy St. Marie sang to the gathered masses at the Winnipeg Folk Festival, and the night sky swirled in dream-mist preparation for the northern lights.

You sat patient as I talked to you, took your leave when I'd said my piece. Since then, your presence has faded to an ever-shrinking mental slideshow.

I find you come up less and less often, more as a cautionary tale than a person. I find your story useful in my line of work, when telling people they've had enough. "We want you back here, so I think that's your last drink. I wish someone had done that for my dad."

There is no good way for someone to get mad after that.

You are fading. And I find solace in that, your absence no longer heavy. In two years, you will have been dead as long as you have been alive, and I will finally have forgiven my six-year-old self for letting someone else have that cribbage board after the funeral.

Loud Souvenirs

by Lisa Scott

A map spattered with tiny red rivers. At first, a wild scream shedding the voices from inside. Slowly, like a dance, pain evaporates, and flesh fills the banks. Who said one cannot control the creation of life flowing so beautiful.

Little men in sunken trenches, beautiful camouflage, pale peach with shiny red buttons. Fighting for control on a battlefield of internal chaos. Voices scream while metal pierces their flesh. No wound can compare to the pain inside.

Patchwork quilt reflecting how the outside matches the inside; old pieces of cloth telling an intricate beautiful story. Delicate fabric made of flesh tied tightly with red yarn. Sewn together by a bright red scream whose warmth envelopes the body, taking control.

Every stroke, every detail I control. An abstract not of the outside, but of the inside stains the masterpiece. A Loud scream, flurry of paint; colors so beautiful-- only the strongest survives, red. Monet never painted on a canvas of flesh.

Volcano erupting from the burning flesh; splitting the body into pieces, taking control. Suddenly, raindrops of molten rock of red fall and penetrate the crevices, flushing out the inside. All that is tragic, all that is beautiful can no longer be mute, only a bright red scream.

There is no pain, just the calm rush of a scream racing to seep out of the flesh. As it surfaces, a moist beautiful mist can be felt. Everything remains in control despite the howling waves inside. An ocean washes with water red.

My bright red quiet scream- all thoughts inside rise to the flesh. How powerful to control many things beautiful.

Waiting

by James Henderson

5 a.m., St. Paul, Minnesota, August.
My daughter's television flickers in the hallway.
She can't sleep in the dark. She can't sleep alone.
Air conditioners hum across immaculate green
lawns
A slap on the concrete front door step as the paper
is delivered
and the front light goes on. Five minutes later, it
goes out.
The world is ready to get up in the predawn
paleness.
Birds are already squawking and screeching.
You, beside me, are ready to get up, get going, get
a move on,
and I am ready to fall asleep, but I can't
help wonder what news lies in the newspaper on
the front step.
What country has the U.S. invaded now?
What new scares have we found to fear?
Which people, politics, or religion have we
identified as threats?

I ought to look for work today, when I get up, or
maybe tomorrow. A full time job, this time, one
with health benefits
and a living wage, not a part time job at half pay
without benefits. Not again. Even it means working
60 hours a week with extra hours paid in comp
time I'll never be allowed to take.

Two more years and my daughter will be in college, I
hope, if she can get the grants and the loans. Then
she'll be on her own, in most ways, and I can turn off
the electricity for the television and the lights.

I hate to think this way. I don't eat my young. My
people don't eat their young, but I've heard that
people in Greece are paying good money for native
speakers to teach their children English. And your
family lives there and they have offered their homes
for us to stay in. Why they want to learn English is
beyond me. I guess it's the language of the New
American Century, of empire.

Maybe they want to get to know their enemy.
I don't know and I don't care—I'm ready for a move.
A child of the Vietnam War, I realize I've been ready
for a long time.

I'm ready for civilization. I'm ready for universal
health care and the 40-hour workweek with a paid
vacation. I'm ready to be taken in, like how in an old
movie I saw once, an elderly couple, with open arms,
open hearts, and open minds, took in a boy who
stumbled from the woods, a boy raised by wolves.

The Other Star

by James Henderson

A star glides through the limbs of a maple tree as I walk.
In and out of masses of leaves, stopping when I stop,
starting when I start. Shutting one eye and then the other,
I can ping-pong it from one side of a branch to the other.
In the hum of air conditioners, against the blue-black sky
in the humid air, I can move this pinprick of twinkling light
a million miles this way, then that and the fantastical
world that I imagine orbits it.

An undiscovered world of sunken waterways,
and silver cities where red and blue balloons
shaped like zeppelins weave their way through
skyscrapers in the air from which hang dense jungle
gardens— It's a world of mirth and laughter, a world of the
eternal sunny day, a world so light and carefree, I can
misplace it with my eyes at the end of the driveway.

Later, in our bedroom, I sit by the window and watch you
sleep.
Shadows of maple leaves swim on the ceiling and the wall
behind you. You breathe freely. I can slip into bed with
you.
Under the white sheet that wraps your golden skin and
your dark hair, I can move your arms, your legs, but I
cannot move you.
When I touch you, you will face me or turn away—the
choice is yours. In your arms, freedom is just a concept of
distance.

The leaves of the maple rustle, an ocean of
sound, waves of leaves like waves of water. The
air conditioners turn on and off, pacing
themselves. If the people from the planet
orbiting the other star should call, like drunken
revelers, formless and giddy with light—big
joke! If they should
ring the front doorbell, their luminescence will
light up the ceiling.

If they should open their mouths to ask for
Lucy Ricardo, Fibber McGee, or Gracie Allen we
will hear angels sing of endless possibilities, of
cosmic union, of a new future.

If they should come calling, asking for an
interstellar rendezvous, I will invite them in for
coffee, sit them down in the living room, and
tell them a story, a long complicated and
sobering but simple story
of gravity and commitment, of years and years
of us.
I will tell them we and we alone inhabit this end
of the galactic neighborhood.

I will tell them: We are here, we have been
here, and we will always be.

Late Night

by James Henderson

I would lie in the dark
and listen to my heartbeat,
my father on the floor
on cushions taken from the bed
until, the floor creaking under his weight,
he'd bend over me and listen.
I lay motionless, breathing deeply and regularly.
I knew this would fool him because once, afterward,
I heard him tell my mother in the living room,
"He's asleep. His breathing is deep and regular."
Then the theme song to
The Late Show Starring Johnny Carson
would blare from the television,
and Johnny and his guests would begin to talk.
I couldn't hear their words,
only the mumble of skits and conversation,
punctuated with bursts of my parents' laughter
mingled with the laughter of the studio audience.
Now, I lie on the hardwood floor
beside my daughter's bed
on Cinderella and Snow White pillows
scented with rayon and polyester and listen
to my heartbeat.

Downstairs, my wife is watching television
—Johnny Carson long gone—
a mumble of conversation and scripted
laughter coming through the floor.
I listen awhile to the muffled laughter
then stand and lean over my daughter,
listen to her breathing, poised
until I'm sure it's deep and regular,
then tiptoe out the bedroom.
At the door, I look back at her
and leave the door open a hand's width,
just in case she wakes, so she'll
be able to hear her mother and me
downstairs,
so she'll know she's not alone.

Unraveled

by Bob Babin

Bill stood frozen in his mother's vacant kitchen. The surging wave of anger that had swept over him was gone, leaving him ensnared in a chaos of emotions. His thoughts drifted from memory to memory. He tried to focus by centering his attention on the heavy metal Samovar he held. He nervously drummed the hard surface with his fingers as he pondered the past. A long file of memories, tied to this space, welled up from his tortured mind.

"Shit...unraveled, it's all unraveled. How'd this happen?" He whispered.

His fingers trembled as he touched a large round dent in the metal tea maker. That dent would have brought his mother to tears. It was her prized possession, passed down from her Russian grandmother. Years of loving polishing had left the metal surface mirror bright. His face, reflected in its shiny exterior, was marked and gullied like wind worked sand. His hair, as if overnight, was as much gray as brown.

Where does the time go?

Carefully averting his eyes from the floor, Bill slowly turned and surveyed the room. He felt as though half of his childhood memories were framed in this square. But he hadn't realized...until now, how worn down the place was. The emptied cupboards were faded and chipped, and the appliances would not likely survive the first days of the new owners. He remembered the hours upon hours his brother, Sammy, and he had spent playing and competing for their mother's attention in and around this room.

There were bad memories, like the time he was sent to collect his father for supper, and instead found his twisted and lifeless body inside their overturned farm truck. And it was left to him, with his dad's dead body still fresh in his mind, to stand in this room and tell his mom. Worst of all, he'd never had time to grieve. Instead he'd spent those first months working from morning till night trying to keep his mother from falling apart, and helping his uncle harvest the crops. And where was Sammy through all those hard months? Well, Sammy was nowhere to be found. Running away was already his style. He only stuck around if he had something to gain.

[Continued on next page.](#)

Unraveled, Continued

Mom even looked a bit like Karen Carpenter, the singer of that song. Sammy liked to tease her about the syrupy lyrics of some of her favorites, but her voice was the one thing that would stop the bickering and battles of the two brothers.

Well, now she was gone, along with her house and the remaining land, both sold to pay off her medical bills. After she'd passed, Sammy and he had brought their wives over to the old house and divided her belongings. They'd managed to divvy up the few worthwhile things without much arguing, but things had turned nasty when they'd got to the contents of the china hutch. And what had caused the most trouble?

"A stupid old Russian tea maker," he whispered.

Of course both of their wives had an eye on the thing. Sammy's wife, Joyce, saw a way to make some easy money, sentiment be damned, just like Sammy. And Bill's wife, Cathy, wanted it for the family history. He'd tried to bribe her into accepting something else, a promise of a vacation...anything, but she was determined to keep it near, so no luck there. And the squabble went on, and on, and every old wound was reopened. Well, now the arguments were over.

"Shit, it's all unraveled," Bill groaned out. "How did...Oh god."

He looked down at the floor, and at his brother's still form, his head pooled in blood. A heavy silver tea maker could start an argument or, swung with the energy of years of anger and frustration, end one...this time for good.

The Wolf

by Louis Murphy

"You know what I like?" Alan turned from the television to face me. "I like that video we saw yesterday, the one where pigeons fly up in the air when that girl runs through them."

I didn't know what he was talking about, but I smiled and said, "Yeah." I had learned that I had to respond or he would feel insulted.

Alan sat with his smoked-glass eyewear on, the cheap gold frames that reminded me of a trucker in a B-movie, or possibly a Mafioso. Either way I could not quite see through the lenses, and I wondered where his eyes were looking.

"You know Roshambo, I wonder where your mind is at," Alan said sitting forward. His hands clasped each other softly but I had seen them turn into fists all too quickly. "You look like you have something on your mind."

"You didn't tell me you were going to beat her," I said. "I wouldn't have made that call for you." I winced as Alan sat forward a little more, almost out of his chair.

"All you saw was me putting my belt back on," he said. "You never heard a sound, never saw anything did you. That blood on the belt buckle--I cut myself shaving is all."

I knew he was right. What I had seen could all be explained away, except for his words: "You use the buckle end 'cause it tears 'em up a bit. That way they learn."

And I had called her--the prostitute. Alan wanted the redhead--said he needed to teach her and her dad a lesson because the old man had robbed Alan the other night. It would never do.

The whole situation was just fucked.

[Continued on next page.](#)

The Wolf, Continued 01

These are the kinds of people you run into in halfway houses sometimes. I was there because I had just gotten out of the hospital, but I couldn't tell where the others had come from. Most days I wouldn't have cared, but Alan was for real--always for real. He was unoriginal in an intense manner. When he had his glasses off his roaming eyes reminded me of a wolf, desperate and wild, hypnotizing, sucking you in when he stared.

I stood up from my chair and went upstairs. Alan went back to watching television, and I hoped his thoughts had turned away from me.

As I sat in my room I thought back to how I had first met Alan: he had pushed me when he moved into the house, and when I said, "hey, hey," he turned with his keys clenched knifelike in his dainty hand and took a stab at me; I should have seen then that he was too wild to be trusted. But I was still coming down from my first recognizably manic episode, and I trusted everyone back then. When the time came for conversation I just assumed that Alan's talk about the "organization" he was a part of was untrue; I should have known better.

It has been a week since Alan got jumped outside of the bank, and I still do not know what to believe. It seems almost too surreal to think that he would try to bring fifty thousand dollars into any bank and deposit it. And he insists that it is going to be one hundred thousand now that Kitty's father has to pay him back.

We are all crazies up in this place. But if he's so crazy then why beat up a girl, a prostitute he says, to send a message... And why is he so nervous about getting paid? Is he bipolar just like me, and this is just a terrible nightmare of his that I have become part of? One way or the other, I can't prove anything, that's for sure.

Alan showed up today with a locked briefcase. It was heavy--he made me heft it.

"Geez man, what's in this thing?"

"Kitty's dad finally paid up," Alan the Wolf smiled. "I had to threaten to beat her again, but he got the message. Looks like he found the cash somehow. Now I just have to put it in my bank account. Not in my name of course."

[Continued on next page.](#)

The Wolf, Continued 02

There was no stopping Alan from hurting others. I was convinced of that when I left the halfway house a week later; I tried to distance myself from him, but somehow he hunted me down and showed up at my new apartment.

"Ro', Ro'. You can't just get rid of me like that you know; there are consequences to losing Alan. You know too much about me. You might even say we are close to family."

"No Alan," I said, making an attempt to step around him, "there is nothing to keep us together." But he blocked me. "I am a good person," I said. My voice cracked. "You beat up...people...the...and who knows what else. I am a good person."

My rambling had the desired effect. Alan let me through to the door, but then he turned to me and sent ice-needles down my spine--"But I owe you Roshambo, I owe you. You may not see me anytime soon, but you will see me."

It has been seven months since I have been in a hospital, or even near one. My illness is under control, and I have a job, and an apartment. Life is good (knock on wood) and I work hard to keep it that way. As I step out of the car after driving home from the store, and grab the two bags of groceries, my cell phone rings. I set the bags down on the curb to check who is calling; maybe it is someone from work, they said they might need me to telecommute on-call tonight. But the name says 'unidentified caller' and I pick up to see who it is.

"Hey Ro'."

"Yes, and who is this?"

"You're a nice kid Ro, but you never should've tried to shake me."

"Who is this?" and then I remember that voice. It was one that I had almost forgotten. It belonged to a man that I had met in a halfway house months earlier.

"Hey Alan." My testicles tried to crawl back up inside me. Why has he come back?

[Continued on next page.](#)

The Wolf, Continued 03

"I been watching you Ro', keeping a tab on what you been doing. You know I owe you for making that phone call."

"Call it even."

"Oh no Ro', I owe you."

Fuck.

"I went back to jail for a few months," Alan says, "just got out and decided to get in touch with friends."

"I'm not your friend Alan."

I shut off the phone and retreat towards my apartment building. Barely being able to think, I unlock the secured outer door; then I sprint up the stairs to my second floor apartment. The door to the apartment slams behind me and I turn the lock; but as I walk around the corner I can see someone sitting on a chair in the middle of the living room.

It is Alan the Wolf. He is smiling at me, with a front row of gold teeth and his hair greased back, wearing the same gold-rimmed sunglasses.

"What are you doing here?" I stammer.

"Just came to pick up what is mine."

Alan got up from the chair and kissed at me.

I started to shake, but blurted out, "I told you--I am a good person. I don't want to know you."

[Continued on next page.](#)

The Wolf, Continued 04

"Don't talk back Ro'; can't stand a bitch that talks back," Alan said.

There is the blur of his fist. He hits me.

And then, as he recoils and I fall stunned to the ground I see the ending of my life coming, and I die like a coward. It is too much. I stand up and in a second I am on top of him, pushing Alan over the chair, backwards, as I grip my keys the same way I had seen Alan grip his so many months before; I sit on his chest and stab him in the eye with my car key, tearing through the cornea and white with a popping sound. Alan lets go of me and holds his hands to his eye socket. Then, as he screamed and flailed on the living room floor, I got up and went to the phone to dial 911. I couldn't stop officer. He broke into my apartment; he hit me--he was still coming. He's dangerous. It has been months, months since I seen him. Only wanted to have a quiet dinner and watch TV. He's a monster--a wolf. He used to beat this girl; he hit her with a belt. Oh god."

They gave me time to be served at a psychiatric hospital. When I got out they sent me to a halfway house first, to get used to real social life. It was there I met a guy named Frank. Frank the Wolf.

Daily Affirmations of a Teenage Girl

by Misha Jameson

A Week's Worth of Daily Affirmations to Improve the Self-Esteem of a Certain Teenage Girl Who Shall Remain Nameless, as Written in Her Journal which Her Wormlike Little Brother Better Not Read, if He Knows what's Good for Him

Sunday

I am beautiful and my life has purpose. It doesn't matter if that loser David Sharper snapped my bra strap and broke it in front of all of his football buddy jerks after the homecoming game last night. It just proves that he likes me, anyway.

Monday

I am beautiful and my life has purpose. I will not go to Hell for wearing black Doc Martens and fishnets to church like Pastor Abbott said I would yesterday. If anything, he will go to Hell for desecrating the pulpit with that greasy disgusting comb-over.

Tuesday

I am beautiful and my life has purpose. Getting sent to Principal Madison's office for the third time in the first month of the school year says nothing about me, it only says something about how bad Miss Trish's stupid boring math class is.

Wednesday

I am beautiful and my life has purpose. I am not a pathetic scumbag like Alisa Miller said I was yesterday in Miss Trish's stupid boring math class. Alisa is a pathetic scumbag for going with that loser David Sharper who really likes me and not her and she doesn't even have any idea.

[Continued on next page.](#)

Daily Affirmations of a Teenage Girl, Continued

Thursday

I am beautiful and my life has purpose. I will not go to Hell for putting my gum in Alisa Miller's hair in choir practice at church last night when Associate Pastor Reed said to get rid of it. I might go to Hell for being so happy about how Alisa Miller will look in her dorky cheerleader's outfit with all her hair cut off.

Friday

I am beautiful and my life has purpose. I will not go to Hell for having sex with David Sharper behind Gene's Gas Station last night, even though he is a loser. I might go to Hell for being so happy that I get to tell Alisa Miller about it in math class today after I tell her how bad she looks with her hair butched.

Saturday

I am beautiful and my life has purpose. I am not a bad person for being pissed that Alisa was home "sick" (which means chicken) yesterday and probably won't go to church tomorrow either so now I have to wait until Monday to tell her what a pathetic shorthaired scumbag she is for having a cheater boyfriend like that loser David Sharper who is not only a Catholic but who also has a pretty tiny you-know-what for a football player.

Baby Girl

by Michelle Leon

"You can hold her if you like" the nurse gently told me, her hand on mine. My dad was across the room--his furrowed brow expressed a blend of embarrassment, pain and sympathy. I remember lying in the hospital bed, wearing a little girl's flannel nightgown, even though I was seventeen. It was the one I always wore when I was sick--white with small cherries, nubby from being washed too many times. As I looked out the window I could not respond, even though I wanted to so badly.

Two days later Dad and I, with the local priest, Father McKinley, buried her in a plain pine box, as leaves of red, yellow and brown floated down from the cloudless sky like falling stars, and were carried off in the cool fall breeze. Her Georgia grave is simply marked "Baby Girl Monroe." When I was sixteen I liked to be called Stevie, like Stevie Nicks. Stephanie sounded too dorky. I loved wearing my favorite flowered sundress--cream with thin straps, black Candies slip-ons with wooden heels and my big tortoise shell sunglasses. What a dreamy girl I was--all strawberry lip gloss, chocolate brown velvet and heart shaped locket. I even remember how I used to smell-- teenage, a combination of Loves Baby Soft and the Virginia Slims menthol cigs that I used to buy from a hotel lobby vending machine when no one was looking. Getting all A's and taking a.p. courses was suddenly embarrassing to me that year, just like the unicorns and rainbows I had painted on my white dresser just two years prior.

I lived in the beachside town of Eustis, Florida--"The City of Bright Tomorrows." It was just Dad and I in those days. My Dad-- a sweet ole bear of an electrician, who volunteered at the local boy's home; he was the best. We lived in a small, old, yellow and blue Caribbean style cottage, in a neighborhood called Sherwood Forest, on Maid Marion Lane. Our yard was full of ginger and palmettos and I loved to sit on the porch swing--just thinking.

One day, during my pre-teen's, my Dad-- who always wanted to know what I was thinking-- said to me: "You know Steph, it creeps me out when you women cry, but I know that is something you have to do sometimes, even if it is for no reason. I promise I will try to not get too creeped out if you ever have to cry." I love him so much for the way he really tried, through all those years, through all of our losses.

[Continued on next page.](#)

Baby Girl, Continued 01

In the tenth grade, I lost my best friend Andrea when she died in a motorcycle crash. Crystal clear in my mind is my teenage grief— awkward, desperate, not knowing I wasn't supposed to talk about people who have died. I remember the teenage mourning, my friends and I, with our bad poetry, the photos in our lockers and the tribute page in the yearbook, so raw and out in the open. We didn't yet realize how the world wants you to mourn: be quiet, go back to your business and don't break down. After that, everything just got really weird. I had a new boyfriend, Bob, who was 23--a drummer I met at a party. He lived in his parent's basement. The only reason I hung out with him was because he knew everyone in all the bands and got invited to all the cool parties. Bob always thought that everyone was giving him dirty looks, and, most of the time, they were—especially my Dad. Bob used to "borrow" my birthday money to pay for smokes. He slept on a pull-out plaid couch that had wagon wheels for legs and smelt like mold. That is where I lost my virginity.

I hid the pregnancy as long as I could by not eating and by wearing my biggest peasant tops and hippie dresses. I never told Bob. My Dad tried his best to hide his disappointment, but I remember the hurt on his face. I can still feel it when I think of him holding me as I cried. That was the worst part --letting my father down. Together Dad and I decided that adoption was the best decision. I went away to the Emma Willard School for Girls in Alma, Georgia. Emma Willard was the school for "bad girls", and I'll admit I liked thinking that I was a bad girl. But, even then, I knew it really was just another place that I didn't fit in.

Ten years ago, at dusk on a fall eve, my baby girl was stillborn. There was a kind older nurse who, after carefully washing and dressing her, brought her in the room for me to see. Baby Girl was swaddled very tightly in a cottony pink blanket, fleece cap on her tiny head and one of her tiny hands was curled under her chin. Her hair-- curly, dark and long-- stuck to her chubby peach shaped face. Her skin was irritated and red, rosebud lips pursed and long lashed eyelids were closed so tight. She was silent and still. The motionlessness, the eternal silence, the quiet, quiet, quiet: the bottomlessness of that chasm created a breach in me that has never been repaired. I then returned to twelfth grade in Eustis and never talked about what happened in Alma, Georgia ever again. Somehow, so unbelievably slowly, time passed. As a freshman, I entered Alabama State University, lived in the dorms and once again called myself Stephanie.

[Continued on next page.](#)

Baby Girl, Continued 02

That was the year that I decided appearances really did mean a lot. I dressed in crisp button up shirts and pleated shorts or pants in neutral tones. I learned that hard work and clear focus could propel you over the rough patches in life. After college, I married a boy named Scott, a fair-haired and even-tempered veterinarian with a gift for cooking and the piano. We met at a political fundraiser at a mutual friend's house. We settled down in upstate New York in his hometown of Ashford Hollow-- a place very far away and different from the bougainvillea and banana trees of Eustis. We now live in a brown and cream English tudor, with thick ivy clinging to the stucco, pine trees towering in the green, green grass. We have two perfect children, Ashley-- 2 and Steven-- 5. Scott and I never talk about the past.

This morning, I was sitting in my rocking chair on the back deck, and Scott asked me, "You seem so far away honey. What cha thinkin?"

"I was thinking that some white hydrangea bushes would look really pretty in the front yard," I replied.

"Let's hit the farmers market this weekend. You pick out all the plants and I will plant them all for my beautiful bride," my gentle Scott told me.

Tonight is a cool New York October's eve and the golden leaves are falling. My perfect husband and I decide to light a fire, eat homemade French onion soup and drink dry red wine. Ashley and Scott, lovely and fair, play contentedly in their rooms decorated with all the starry stars of the galaxies. This life is perfect, I tell myself, everything a girl could ever want. Yet, at bedtime when I read to my children by the blue glow of the nightlight, I can't help it. I think of Baby Girl.

Yellow

by Christine Lieberg

Wrapped in dark thoughts, Tristan found himself following his feet into the city park. He blinked, noticing the cobblestone path under his feet. When did THAT get there? The last thing he remembered was taking Percy out of his cage so they could walk together. Checking his watch, he discovered that had been half an hour ago. Talk about blanking out. Tristan looked behind him, down the crowded street, and took a breath. Somehow he'd made it through all the crosswalks without getting run over.

"Howdy!"

The voice made him jump. Snapping his head up, Tristan realized he was standing behind a middle-aged guy in raggedy clothes sitting on a bucket. An easel loomed in front of him holding up a large block of wood. Catching the teen's expression, the man's face crinkled in an apologetic smile.

"Sorry, didn't mean to startle you. It's just that people usually start asking me questions by now."

Tristan recovered by shrugging indifferently. "It's okay. I was thinking."

A soft plop of a paintbrush dipped in a cup of water answered before the man did. "Hmm. Must be some pretty deep thoughts."

"... You could say that." He wanted to leave and keep going until the universe ran out of space; only he found he couldn't. He watched the man's paintbrush sweep and swish across the odd canvas medium. His troubles left his immediate thoughts and he lost himself in the delicate dance of the brushstrokes. After a moment he realized he was standing in the painter's sunlight. He abruptly shifted to the left.

"Oh, sorry."

[Continued on next page.](#)

Yellow, Continued 01

"That's alright. You were keeping my back cool." The man set down his homemade pallet made of the curve of a plastic milk jug. Water hopped out of the paper cup when he dropped the paintbrush in. He wiped his hands on an old green towel. "What do you think?"

Tristan wasn't sure what to think. The world of art was a mystery to him. "I like that you're painting on wood," he mumbled.

"Regular canvas is too expensive. You can find wood lying around everywhere. It's not "proper" though, so not everyone likes it."

"Is painting your hobby?"

"My prime occupation. It doesn't pay all the bills, but heck, I love it." Blonde eyebrows peaked over the pair of round sunglasses. "Who's your friend there?"

"Friend?" Tristan had nearly forgotten, and looked at his coat sleeve. He automatically held his arm horizontally now. Percy clutched the jacket with all four feet and his tail, looking at him with one eye while watching a fly with the other, pointed in different directions. The chameleon focused both eyes on Tristan when he moved his arm closer to the painter. "Oh, this is Percy, my Mediterranean chameleon. I sometimes take him out with me when I walk."

"Percy, huh? Nice to meet you, sir." He rubbed a finger over the lizard's head. His eyebrows arose again when Percy flushed a brighter green. "...Wow. I wish my paint could do that."

"It means he likes being stroked there." Tristan caught himself smiling and sobered up. He was supposed to be sulking, durnit. The semester was coming to a close and he was sure he was going to fail. Again. Shaking his head, he glanced at the painter.

"So you said you don't make a lot of money, but you paint anyway. Why?"

[Continued on next page.](#)

Yellow, Continued 02

"Because it's what I like to do."

Tristan blinked and rocked back, lapsing into silence. That answer was too easy.

The painter gave him a long look. He couldn't see the man's eyes behind the dark glasses but he could feel them studying him. Percy looked at them both, one with each eye, bored.

"Whatever it is, kid, don't give up. You'll get there."

Tristan nearly choked. What was it with old people and just knowing things?

"I've tried and tried and tried," he sputtered, "but I don't see the point anymore. I... I don't know what I'm here for yet."

"I didn't know either til a few years ago. Some things take time. What do you like to do?"

He kicked at a pebble and watched it skip into the grass, stalling for time. "Read. And build stuff. Like model planes. And computers."

"Well there you go. You could design a plane in the computer and build it for real someday."

Yeah, sure. "Maybe. Most likely I'll be stuck at McDonald's forever."

"Hey, everyone has to start somewhere. It takes time to make a masterpiece, you know. Life's too short to be doing anything you hate. You've only got one shot at it, you know? Might as well spend it the way you like." The painter's expression softened. "Don't waste time either. It's not good for your health."

[Continued on next page.](#)

Yellow, Continued 03

"...I try not to." Tristan frowned, swiping at his wild hair to get it out of his face, the question straining to pour out of him. He finally let it go. "Is it really that simple? Just to do what you like?"

"Sure! Why not? That's the way it should be."

He gave a hesitant smile. "Well, if I graduate this year, I can go to a college with this really nice computer graphics degree. I'm pretty good with computers, and I'd like to work for Pixar or something someday, and—" He suddenly snapped his mouth shut. Had he really said that aloud?

The painter only grinned at him knowingly. "It takes effort. You gotta remember that. But beyond that, anything in the world can be yours. It's like that bumblebee, you know. Everyone says he's not supposed to fly but he doesn't listen and flies anyway."

Tristan's eyes widened. He'd heard similar things from his parents, and his teachers, and his counselor, AND his relatives, but coming from a total stranger... it made sense, somehow. A smile finally appeared on his lips. The man's bucket creaked as he turned around to face his painting again. Tristan watched the man's tight ponytail bob as he bent to retrieve his plastic paint pallet and brush. A dab of water mixed with a cheery vivid yellow, loosening up the paint with a few strokes of the brush. Tristan followed the black tip to the wood and around some sketched curves. The painter chuckled.

"I've always liked this color. It brightens up everything."

"Heh, I agree." Tristan stroked Percy's back. "Yeah. Um, I'd better get back home, Mister."

The brush waved good-bye over his shoulder. "Nice talking to you. See ya, kid."

Tristan turned on his heel to walk away, then paused in mid-step. "And thanks. I hope you make that masterpiece someday."

The painter sat back, surveying his work. "I already have."

Allium Sky

by Misha Jameson



Elote Man

by Misha Jameson



Incomplete

by Misha Jameson



Crest and Monument

by Misha Jameson



Old Woman

by Sonya Luhm



The Memoirs of Ruby Dubois: A Dogs Life

by Kristin Johnson

THE MEMOIRS OF RUBY DUBOIS: A DOG'S LIFE

CHAPTER ONE: ON WRITING

RUBY DUBOIS SITS ALONE IN A CAFÉ.
SHE SIPPS CHAMOMILE TEA.

HER PAWS STRIKE THE KEYS.
NEARBY PEOPLE DOCTOR COFFEE.
RUBY DUBOIS SITS ALONE IN A CAFÉ.



RUBY WORKS ON HER PROSE.
HER MEMOIR GROWS AND GROWS.
SHE SIPPS CHAMOMILE TEA.

IT'S ABOUT A DOG'S LIFE—
SO OPPOSITE THE HUMAN STRIFE.
RUBY DUBOIS SITS ALONE IN A CAFÉ.



SHE LONGS TO BE A FICTION WRITER
BUT A MEMOIR DEVELOPS
AS HER MIND GUIDES HER.

SHE SIPPS CHAMOMILE TEA.

RUBY DUBOIS SITS ALONE IN A CAFÉ.



What color is your heart? Ruby

It's Not Just Black and White

by Stephanie Kamerud



White Waves

by Stephanie Kamerud



Tommy Knocker

by Stephanie Kamerud



Michelle Leon

Michelle Leon is finishing her requirements at MSU to attend veterinary school. She la-la-loves animals, writing and things that are fun. Back in the day, she used to rock in the band Babes in Toyland. Michelle returned to Minnesota in 2006 after spending eight years in her beloved New Orleans. She'll tell you all about it if you buy her a beer.

[Next >](#)

Holly Calo

Holly Calo has a double major at Metro, Creative Writing and Technical Communications. She's hoping that someday one will pay her enough cash, so that she can retire and do the other. She loves to bead (it's her therapy) and she loves football. She lives in Richfield, MN with her three sons and one male cat (way too much testosterone). She's wants to graduate in 2009, hopefully before all her hair turns gray.

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Colleen Abel

Colleen Abel was born near Chicago, and she received an MA in English and an MFA in Creative Writing. She has received awards from the Poetry Center of Chicago, the Vermont Studio Center and the KHN Center for the Arts in Nebraska. She is also a former poetry fellow at UW-Madison. Her work has appeared in numerous journals, including The Southern Review, Notre Dame Review, West Branch and many others. She is a community faculty member at Metro State, and at Concordia University.

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Thomas Lucas

Tom enjoys a good book and the ability of good writers to draw you in. He always thought it was amazing how words can be used to touch our heart and soul. Tom also loves to spend the day at a museum looking at paintings. When he finds a painting he likes he looks into it trying to find the message or feeling the artist was trying to pass on. Simply put, Tom likes expression in words and art. He writes for fun and encourages others to do the same.

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Matthew Spillum

Matthew Spillum is a Graduate of Metro State's Writing Program and is currently in Minneapolis living, writing and working, though not necessarily in that order.

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Misha Jameson

Misha Jameson is a senior at Metropolitan State University. She lives and writes in St. Paul, and takes photographs wherever she goes.

[Next >](#)

Bob Babin

R.J. (Bob) Babin is a proud 2006 graduate of Metro's Creative Writing program, he lives and writes in Minneapolis. He hopes (despite his advanced years) to one day write a novel that his wife will describe as "not bad." While he was a student at Metro he had three pieces published in Haute Dish.

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James Henderson

An alum of Metropolitan State University with a degree in technical communication, I am graduating this spring with an MFA in writing from Hamline University. I work as a manager for a Pearson Performance Scoring Center in St. Paul.

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Louis murphy

Louis murphy likes writing. he also likes snow cones and puppy dogs. and nuclear fusion. he likes action flicks that drool the doldrums and romances where everybody smokes. he finds them both hilarious. louis is still interested in why the word "weird" is spelled so strangely. and he likes cute fluffy bunnies, raucous crows, and cows that fart (is there any other kind?).

[Next >](#)

Sonya Luhm

Sonya Luhm is currently a Junior at Metropolitan State University. While she is a champion for somewhat useless arts-and-crafts, she is currently pursuing a degree in creative writing, thinking (foolish as it is) that being a Starving Writer may be a more versatile alternative to being a Starving Artist. She enjoys poached eggs, you-tubing baby tigers and pandas, and traveling abroad.

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Kristin Johnson

Kristin Johnson has had more than 40 short pieces published in a variety of journals. In 2007, she won the Mystery Writers of America scholarship for her suspense novel, *Knights Before Us*, which is the first book in a yet-to-be-published series of language mysteries set in Wales. Kristin earned her master's degree from Metropolitan State University in St. Paul, Minnesota, where she now teaches writing. She is currently working on a children's novel. Visit her website: www.kristinjohnson.com.

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Bios

Lisa Scott

Welcome to Haute Dish

Summer 2008

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Christine Liebeg

Christine is a robot disguised as a college student who adores Transformers, learning about all things, and writing to her heart's content. She works in IT for Metro State and likes to create mayhem and dirty socks in her spare time. She currently resides in the small town of Hampton with her adopted human family and is working towards completing her creative writing degree.

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Stephanie Kamerud

Stephanie Kamerud is a registered nurse currently pursuing her bachelor degree in nursing, while racking up enough credits from her previous degree in Graphic Design for a minor in Studio Art. She carries her camera everywhere she goes and provides weekly photo gallery updates to her friends and family..... whether they want them or not. She also enjoys painting, traveling, motorcycling, renovating her house, and spending time outdoors.

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Thanks!

Welcome to Haute Dish

Summer 2008

Many Thanks

Rebecca Haven

I want to thank the editorial staff who always humor me and try my wacky ideas: Deb Kelly, Louis Murphy, Christine Leiberg, Jessie Lundquist, Susan Solomon, Krissy Domm, Dean Muldoon and Emily Urness.

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