

Malanga “Souls” Photo Exhibit Opens at Menard

Each photo was snapped at a moment of seeming profound interpersonal understanding, of relationship, of trust between photographer and subject. Those those moments are shared with/experienced by the viewer.

Eeek Mice #5

Last night, I got back from an art opening, turned on the kitchen light and a mouse (I hope) the size of my loafer ran across the counter top, dropped to the floor, continued across the room and disappeared under the stove.

I screamed (no meek “eek,” this time).

They’re back! Eeek Mice #4

I was watching Judge (Madam, you’re an idiot) Judy on TV when out of the corner of my eye a brown furry-looking thing the size of my shoe scurried under the sofa I was lying on.

Ebooks and authors: The math of publishing doesn't add up

Authors have no idea what books cost or what profits publishers make. But even a former English major like me can figure out that authors make next-to-nothing...If only I had a day job, I'd know not to quit it, just yet.

Eek #3. Mice? Men? Is it really over?

I'm hoping it's really over between me and Arthur and Jack—the mice I named after old boyfriends so I wouldn't feel bad if they got caught in sticky traps or had their necks snapped by the other kind...