

# REFLECTION





# REFLECTION 2011

Gonzaga University Journal of Art and Literature

*Reflection Staff*

Adriana Stagnaro, *Editor*

Michael Gray, *Managing Editor, Literary Selection*

Jacey Fink, *Literary Selection*

Valerie Topacio, *Literary Selection*

Annie Gould, *Art Selection*

Crystal Goade, *Design and Illustration*

Eric Tra, *Illustration*

Jeff Dodd, *Faculty Advisor*

Copyright © 2011, *Reflection*, Gonzaga University, Spokane, WA.

All rights reserved. No portion of this magazine may be copied or in any way reproduced without written consent of the editor and Gonzaga University. Views and opinions in *Reflection* are those of the individuals and do not necessarily represent the views of Gonzaga University.

We have many people to thank: Brian Jones of Lawton Printing, Marshall Martin, Joanne Shiosaki, Chris Wheatley, and all who joined in the project this year, from beginning to end.

Printed by Lawton Printing, Inc.

Cover Art: *Etna Fence*, Annie Gould



# TABLE OF CONTENTS

<i>Chihuly's Skyline, Tacoma</i> , Molly Johnston .....	1
<i>On A Tour Of The Choyers' Silk Factory In Suzhou, China</i> , Michael Gray, Editors' Choice Author .....	2
<i>Ndakasimba</i> , Kurt Guenther .....	4
<i>Serengeti 1 and 3</i> , John Morey Maurice .....	5
<i>Espera</i> , Sadie Sattler .....	6
<i>Paracas, Peru</i> , Emily Hnatishin .....	7
<i>A Walk In The Andes Mountains</i> , Amanda Gilliam .....	7
<i>American City Satire</i> , Laura Kussman .....	8
<i>High Fidelity</i> , Adrian Freuen .....	10
<i>Oasis</i> , Virginia Whalen .....	12
<i>In Memory Of</i> , Molly Kernan, Editors' Choice Author .....	13
<i>A View From Les Deux Magots</i> , Maura Latty .....	14
<i>Where To Draw The Line</i> , Crystal Goade .....	15
<i>Rorschach Test</i> , Annie Gould .....	16
<i>Neah Bay</i> , Michael Gray, Editors' Choice Author .....	17
<i>Last Synapses Firing on the Beach Where We Met.</i> , Alyssa Harvey .....	18
<i>My Waking Dreams Of Cannon Beach</i> , Joseph Fortunato .....	19
Featured Author: Ashley Ruderman .....	20
<i>Thursday</i> , Ashley Ruderman .....	21

<i>Pi, And Other Reasons To Keep Circling</i> , Ashley Ruderman .....	23
<i>Variations on Ghazal: For the Spokane Transit Authority</i> , Ashley Ruderman .....	24
<i>Unpublished</i> , Ashley Ruderman, Gurian Poetry Prize Winner .....	25
<i>Meditations on Sinning</i> , Ashley Ruderman .....	26
<i>Music</i> , Ashley Ruderman .....	27
<i>The Nights When Air Is Waterproof</i> , Ashley Ruderman .....	28
<i>Painting With Two Balls</i> , Crystal Goade .....	29
<i>Pure; Brothers; Loved</i> , Virginia Whalen .....	30
<i>A Child's Guide to Adulthood</i> , Shannon St. Hilaire .....	32
<i>Bountiful I</i> , Adrian Freuen .....	35
<i>Before</i> , Claire Topalian .....	36
<i>Teabowl; Tea Pot</i> , Eric Tra .....	37
<i>Wallace, Where God Lives In Silver</i> , Michael Gray, Editors' Choice Author .....	38
<i>John 19:34</i> , Josh Lewis .....	40
<i>Kind Light</i> , Anna Kecskes .....	41
<i>Weeds</i> , Julianna Whelan .....	42
<i>Fenced In</i> , Brett Bollier .....	43
<i>Cigarette Life</i> , Molly Kernan, Editors' Choice Author .....	44
<i>2010 BC</i> , Crystal Goade .....	45
<i>The Dead</i> , Michael Gray, Editors' Choice Author .....	46
<i>Untitled</i> , Blair Kelly .....	47

<i>I Am New</i> , Haley Swanson.....	48
<i>Dancing In The Dark</i> , Annie Gould .....	51
<i>Self-Portrait</i> , Katrina Zappala .....	52
<i>Steam</i> , Molly Kernan, Editors' Choice Author .....	53
<i>Silence and Stone</i> , J.W. Trull .....	54
<i>Passing Me By</i> , Brittany Abad .....	56
<i>When Your Father</i> , Claire Topalian .....	57
<i>Portrait Study</i> , Tiffany Griffith .....	57
<i>When You Were Sick</i> , Molly Kernan, Editors' Choice Author .....	58
<i>Gray Day</i> , Annie Gould .....	60
<i>The Old Berry Woman</i> , Julianna Whelan .....	61
<i>A Fisherman on the Shanghai Metro</i> , Michael Gray, Editors' Choice Author .....	62
<i>Untitled</i> , Kristina Williams .....	63
<i>Perdersi sul Fuime Tevere</i> , Sam Lungren, Gurian Non-fiction Prize Winner .....	64
<i>Lucca</i> , Keagan Strong .....	68
The Michael and Gail Gurian Writing Awards Winners .....	69
<i>A Step Ahead</i> , Crystal Goade .....	70
Contributor Biographies and Further Musings .....	71





*Chihuly's Skyline, Tacoma*, Molly Johnston

Camera: Canon

# ON A TOUR OF THE CHOYERS' SILK FACTORY IN SUZHOU, CHINA

*By Michael Gray, Editors' Choice Author*

In connected rooms, machines reel thin threads.  
Women in clean blouses sort cocoons,  
bobbing like a furious crush of rain.  
It is too empty, too quiet.  
I imagine hopeful girls from Sichuan, Gansu,  
or Anhui, dropped like silk fibers into boiling water,  
unspun in sweaty Guangdong.

*Go On With Your Visit*, a sign urges.  
A gleam of sky pierces drying skeins  
reeled into hanks those  
stitching girls coil and pile,  
desperate for escape or quick riches.

See how we make silk. I shuffle past  
four women stretching quilt layers  
like smog lingering. Visitors, with  
clumsy American hands, try. The smog  
dissolves. Go on, this is our work.

Watch the fashion show. Long  
cheongsamed women in half-smiles  
pace and spin, pace and spin, then  
disappear. Tomorrow, no different. Another  
flock of cameras and thrumming spokes.  
No hopeful girls.

Your visit ends at the gift shop. Gasp  
at silk and spill your money. Exiting,  
I imagine the girls in Guangdong, silent  
as the short mannequin.

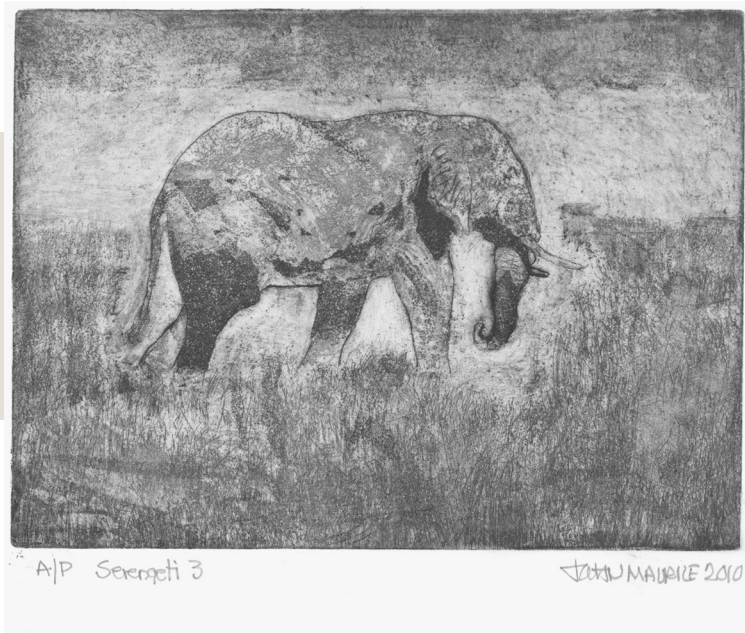




*Ndakasimba*, Kurt Guenther

Camera: Panasonic Lumix DMC TZ1





*Serengeti 1 and 3*, John Morey Maurice  
Intaglio Prints

# ESPERA

*By Sadie Sattler*

Algo, algo

Something - anything substantial.

Without a promise of God's blessings he sits and begs for humanness.

¿Para qué?

We have to ask.

We feed ourselves with the capital lie:

He needs nothing, some work ethic.

All of those chicle kids belong to him.

Instead, we chew on our words and feed ourselves with the glances we steal from him.

You want chelas y chicas? You sell some chicle.

Bellies full of principles,

We hurry away before he robs us  
of our ignorance.



*Paracas, Peru*, Emily Hnatishin  
Camera: Canon EOS Digital Rebel XTi



*A Walk In The Andes Mountains*, Amanda Gilliam  
Camera: Sony



# AMERICAN CITY SATIRE

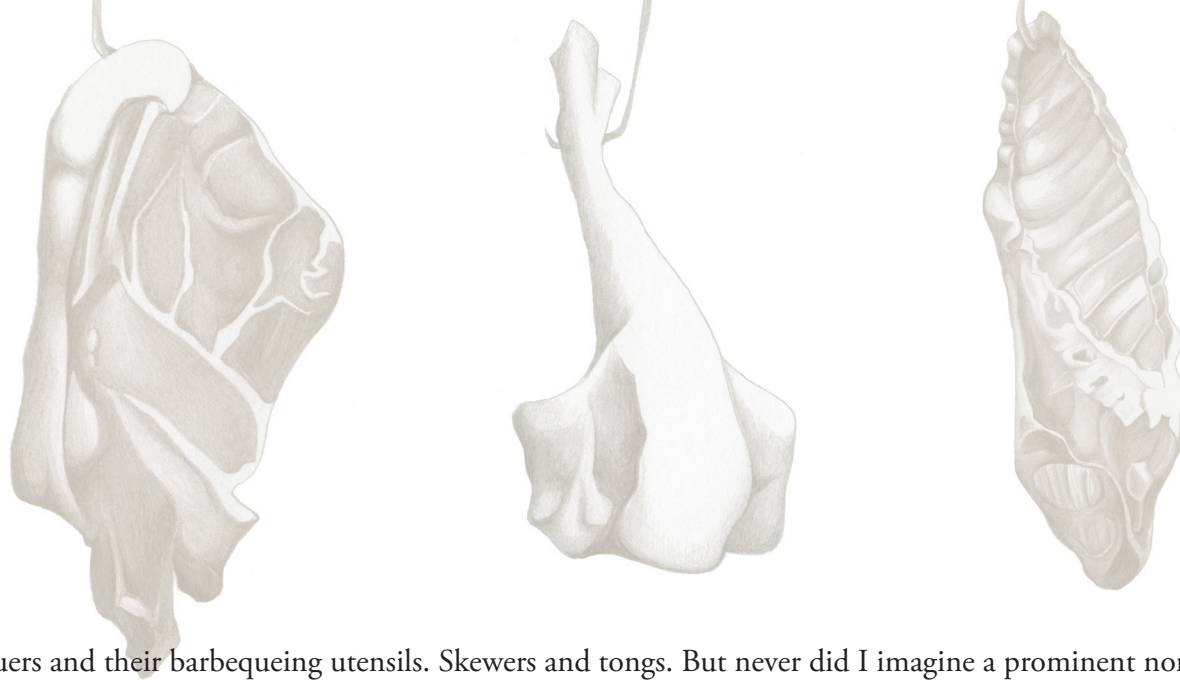
*By Laura Kussman*

Meat. I've been perched in this unruly restaurant watching what I assume to be young, granola-looking students flurry about the streets for roughly three hours now. I only question their inherent being because these natives present themselves in such a way that I initially mistook everyone to be throngs of homeless people drifting. Either way- meat walking.

Meat. Still there sits a mountain of, now cold, animal protein inert on my plate. When I stare at it, it stares back. Maybe it has something to say. Maybe this pitiable cow had aspirations for its life other than having its insides pushed around via fork in repulsion by a foreigner. It's almost as if I myself just meandered into a pasture, murdered, mutilated, and ripened the cow just moments before it arrived in my lap. No one remembers you, cow. No one cares. You are nothing but another clogged toilet.

We, as outsiders, have always branded American cuisine as being conquered by meat. Piles of





meat. Barbequers and their barbequeing utensils. Skewers and tongs. But never did I imagine a prominent northwestern metropolis to share the same portions of meat one would envision suitable cuisine in Germany or the south.

This is the third restaurant I've been to in this town that, post ordering an entrée, said entrée has been ruled by meats. Attention cooked vegetables and willowy pomme frites: bow down to King Ribs! King of Meats from the small municipal of My Plate. Beef. Chicken. Pork. Heaps and heaps of meat. A miniature regeneration of Venice's Carnivale- side events falling shy to the main attraction: meat. Doesn't the common American saying go "third time's the charm?" Maybe it doesn't work for foreigners.

I think I'll take chef around back and go Titus Andronicus on their asses. The Portland City Grill has a recent addition to their menu: meat pies. Human meat has to be utterly exquisite. If beef is so commonly (and extensively) consumed and enjoyed, human venison will go above and beyond any prospects I could ever have for it. I'm bloody genius.





*High Fidelity*, Adrian Freuen  
Graphite, Gouache, Gesso and a Laser Cutter  
300 Weight Artistic Fabriano Paper  
22 in. x 60 in.



*Oasis*, Virginia Whalen  
Camera: Nikon D50  
Taken on Plum Island, MA



# IN MEMORY OF

*By Molly Kernan, Editors' Choice Author*

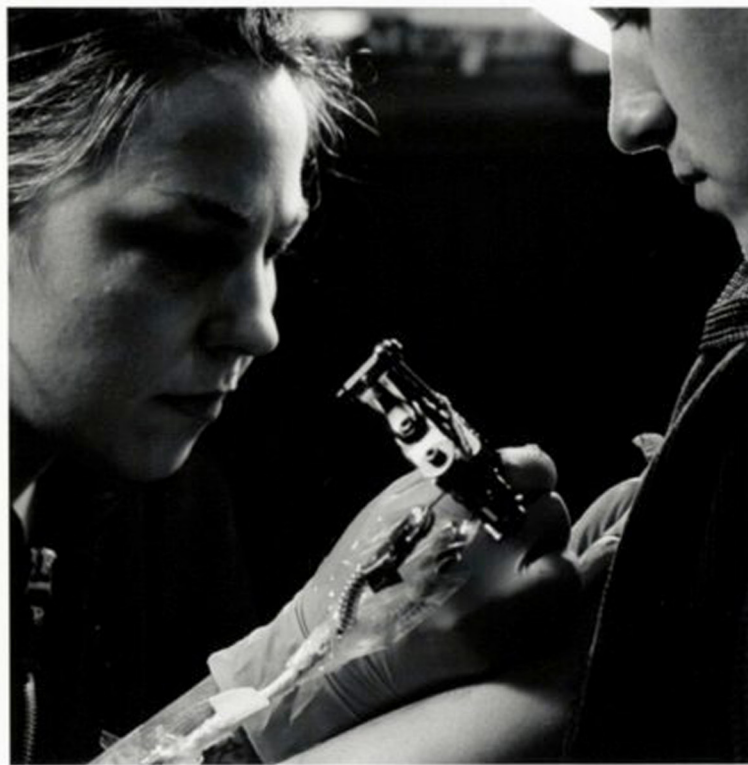
If the world were to end today  
in some final nuclear blast,  
polar bears heaving under a swollen sun,  
and soggy bodies foaming in the streets,  
and were I the last to see the tall buildings fall,  
and just by chance find a car still ripe with the last few drops of gasoline  
we ever pulled from our now crisped over earth,  
I think I would drive.

Through empty streets, weaving  
my way to a phantom store to pick up phantom groceries,  
and at every burnt out light, adjusting my mirror  
I would signal  
Left or Right.





*A View From Les Deux Magots*, Maura Latty  
Oil Pastel on Paper, 7 in. x 9.5 in.



*Where To Draw The Line*, Crystal Goade

Camera: Nikon, 35mm

8.5 in. x 11 in.



*Rorschach Test*, Annie Gould  
Camera: Canon Rebel Xt



# NEAH BAY

*By Michael Gray, Editors' Choice Author*

Sail here by ferry, late. The croaking  
gulls would never know. Their pink claws scratch  
the green dock. Glistening sea lions sing to the  
breakwater. The Strait of Juan de Fuca frames  
a stretch of road that winds like a harpoon line  
at the fenced-in edge of a continent,

wrapping its macadam past Sequim.  
Totems rise at the Elwha gas station, like  
humpbacks' stench, hateful as the last hunt.  
Now tourists buy fat-chunked salmon hung  
inside a shack, and gawk. They watch stray  
dogs that stud the street like banana slugs,  
and axe tangled brambles, then

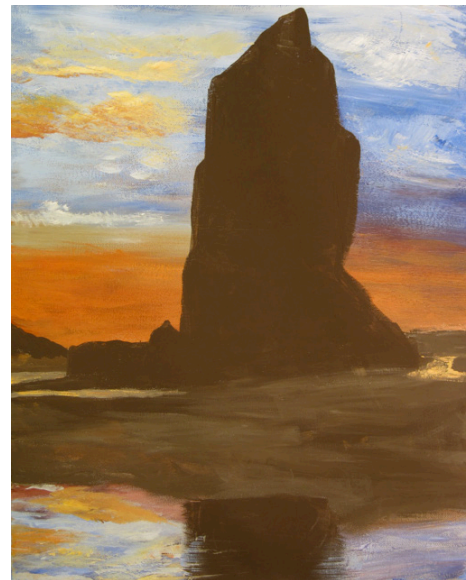
return. The brambles they stacked sprout,  
thick in another spot. Their misquoted glottals,  
mangled like driftwood spanning the road,  
still ring sour like the sea lions' song.

This is not their life. Here, halibut boats  
go out, come in, full. The fishermen have names.  
At home, most names echo like the gulls,  
fall through clawing fingers and float away,  
ferry wash.

# LAST SYNAPSES **FIRING** ON THE BEACH WHERE WE MET:

*By Alyssa Harvey*

peering through thick lenses to bend light this illusion existing in horizons or between  
pages or pages between leather covers between palms between palms like a child learning to read  
trails of ants and the ice-cream man's Pavlovian melody empties playgrounds like buckets  
of sand are emptied for castles or crow's-feet are baked in sun over time with laugh-lines  
sand emptying into ocean and away from me bending light for a prism of technicolor daisy  
centerpieces and you wore white or bending light in that exact moment I met you first in  
my daydream and again at the beach picnic you wore white polka dots we spit water melon seeds  
we lost our shoes and footprints in sand walked down long carpets and hallways to first  
breaths when we had our first you wore white and you held him and I held you on  
toadstools you grabbed me ran through spouts of water at midnight caught dandelions to wish  
and later you hit you fell you cried and I held you and our first held me and my footprints  
are lost again like when we lost them the first time I couldn't breathe, could only sing.



*My Waking Dreams Of Cannon Beach*, Joe Fortunato  
Acrylic on Canvas, Three 17 in. x 24 in. Panels

## FEATURED AUTHOR

### *Ashley Ruderman*

“If the season of Carnevale went unmarked by masks, sweets, or children dressed in elaborate costumes, the streets of Italy would still mark the coming and going of this winter celebration. Handfuls of confetti are constantly tossed up into the air, and if you missed actually seeing an explosion of little paper pieces, the evidence remains stuck to the ground, beneath your feet.

The interpretive nature of poetry can be misleading. That is, people generally understand poetry to be a calculated order of words that come together in order to mean something. But I’d like to suggest that this doesn’t have to be.

The images and ideas I have used for my poetry are little, every day observations. I like to use simple images. They, on the individual level, are the chopped up bits and pieces that compose every bag of confetti you will ever come across. If by grabbing a handful of this mixture and releasing it into the air, you find something enjoyable within the experience of watching each and every paper flake float to the ground—you’ll be reading this kind of poetry correctly. There is no prescription, or moral, or intentional take away other than the mere experience of grabbing a fistful and releasing. The airborne moment may not last long, but I hope you find it worthwhile.”

- Ashley Ruderman



# THURSDAY

*By Ashley Ruderman*

Every other Tuesday from the 27th onward,  
The Complementor and I will play hopscotch in the park  
next to the zinc statues. We will hop until the chalk is  
worn out, until my ankles sprain, or  
until the statues tell us to go home.

Our hands will be calloused by Friday. Peeling  
and boiling and mashing potatoes until our palms  
blister. This will only last one week. From then on,  
The Complementor and I eat cookies and smoke cigarettes, instead.

On Monday mornings, The Complementor and I read,  
but we never read the same books.

I will go to church only on the first Sunday of the month.  
The Complementor will work on five hundred piece puzzles,  
of hot air balloons. This, is not ideal. But we take a  
break from being 'pc' and wear toilet seat covers because  
they're free cowboy hats.

The third Wednesday of each month,  
The Complementor and I sit.  
Our eyes water from the wood smoke,  
we let it wrap around our hair.  
We still wonder what it means to ‘have feelings for.’  
But you know, it’s hard to see.

Saturdays are saved for setting out sugar water for the  
ladybugs. The Complementor read on Monday that they  
like that. I’m still uncertain. When they land on  
our hands we tell them: “Ladybug, ladybug—  
fly away to heaven and bring us back a slice of bread.”

# PI, AND OTHER REASONS TO KEEP CIRCLING

*By Ashley Ruderman*

In Japan they make square watermelon;  
that is, they crop cubes of melon in boxes  
for the sake of saving refrigerator space  
and yet the fruits remain unchanged still  
tasting like sweet sweat: There must be  
a woman in this world, who deliberates  
between the two, only to grab the round  
rind, allowing it to roll around her cart.

# VARIATIONS ON GHAZAL: FOR THE SPOKANE TRANSIT AUTHORITY

*By Ashley Ruderman*

A woman on the bus soaks everyone in Swahili— she's too loud and keeps booming us all in the spot between the breast that's empty.

The Complementor can sell a used car to a used car salesman.  
I'm still asleep like a letter in an envelope, waiting to be opened.

Sending rocks in the mail is one way to make sure your neighbors know that no one can speak while inhaling; no one will hear you.

If I'm found on the ground, pick me up and give me food so I can eat where spider webs lace the elbow of a window sill.

Listen, A— If God is real, He can make possible a woman to rise on the third day. And so I wander for a good valley.

# *Gurian Poetry Prize Winner*

## UNPUBLISHED EXPLANATIONS

*By Ashley Ruderman*

a·ware [uh-wair] –adjective

#. Pay attention to your left hand as it makes little deposits not unlike the suicidal in the tendency to give things away.

be·lief [bih-leef] –noun

#. I wonder if it is time to start taking horoscopes seriously again.

con·nec·tion [kuh-nek-shuh n] –noun

#. The dirtiness of garbage bags and how their lips kiss each other, the plastic roll they're a part of before the perforated split.

de·lib·er·ate [dih-lib-er-it] –adjective

#. Miles south of somewhere a car drives with two left tires skinning the rumble strip.

pos·si·bil·i·ty [pos-uh-bil-i-tee] –noun

#. We're eating fruit soup for dinner tonight. The broccoli has been eaten by white butterflies, the ones that trump the air, the ones my mother hates.

# MEDITATIONS ON SINNING

*By Ashley Ruderman*

IV

Slower than Sunday jazz she taps  
one by one, piano keys.  
Lingering in stale air—  
so loud clock ticks are audible  
over the resounding note—  
held until it's drained.  
And then she'll tap the next.

V

The handle of her steel tool is well  
worn from nights spent  
sharpening knives in the kitchen.  
She keeps these instruments scattered—  
hidden where she'll need them:  
beneath sinks, within books, behind curtains.  
Their handles are well worn too.

# MUSIC

*By Ashley Ruderman*

Music of dropped symbols, garbage trucks in reverse as the insides crush and condense. Children crying, static, garage doors opening, scratched records, kettles whistling. Music

of car horns, diminished chords, gasping, glass shattering, roar of a crowd in the moments of victory, roar of a crowd in failure. Click of cleats on asphalt, toilets flushing, panting. Music

of refrigerators. Keyboard punches, squealing wheels, public service announcements, the laugh track mismatching the audience. Sirens. The whoosh of the stage curtain rising. Jackhammers. Music

of feedback. Broken PA systems, paper shredding, balloons popping after a birthday party. A shopping cart being pushed into another. Zippers, cracking knuckles. Hairdryers, drawers opening, busy signals. Music

of grinding teeth. Pillow fights, the ocean. Dogs barking, rain turned hail popping upon contact with cement. Gunshots, planes taking off. Pictures being taken, peeling a banana, diving boards reverberating after the splash.

# THE NIGHTS WHEN AIR IS WATERPROOF

*By Ashley Ruderman*

Cantaloupe, and the tough way its skin is spidered—  
but every once in awhile,  
when humidity takes an evening off  
to buy new bobby pins we  
can reach toward two raised beds that bear vined  
cantaloupe. Popping one ripe off,  
and rolling the pound ball toward the door,  
The Complimentor and I scrape the spider  
skin away and lace a sugar web back on  
as we slice and broil. We slice and broil.





*Painting With Two Balls*, Crystal Goade  
Oil on Canvas, 17 in. x 14 in.

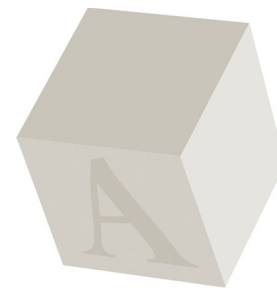




*Left to Right: Pure, Brothers, Loved, Virginia Whalen*  
Camera: Nikon D50

# A CHILD'S GUIDE TO ADULTHOOD

*By Shannon St. Hilaire*



Today I made the unfortunate discovery that I am a grownup.

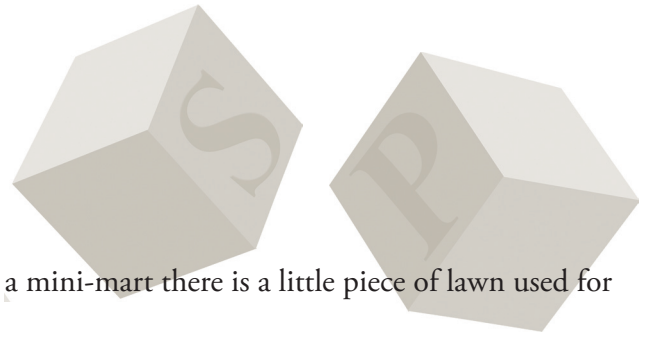
It happened when I looked back on my childhood and was ashamed, embarrassed, wistful, and relieved. It happened at a stoplight while waiting to turn left. The most ordinary place in the world. It's true what they say about life happening while someone else is opening a window. Your own life happens while you are opening windows.

In class, at my first job, in the car, all day, all day, I had been carefully not-thinking. I awoke from this unplanned nap, most uncomfortably, on the way to my second job. It was this dreamless sleep, of which I had been unaware until I awoke at the stoplight, which confirmed my adulthood. It was not an awakening as so many have claimed, but a sleeping. That is the dreary fate of a grownup. I realized with dread and relief that waking up only meant I would have to go to sleep again. A respite from my faded dreams, a return to numb sanity.

My insides were baffled while my outsides went unremittingly to work.

My favorite coworker, Zena, knows what I am thinking even when I don't, so she gave me a hug when I walked in. My boss laughed when I spilled bleach-water on my black pants and I laughed too because I need more hours. Zena and I practiced doing funny walks while hiding from the customers. I cried a little bit in the walk-in refrigerator. While I was mopping the floor my thoughts got so loud I was afraid someone would hear them.





Outside our building, next to the road and across the street from a mini-mart there is a little piece of lawn used for employee breaks. Zena and I took ours together.

Zena didn't graduate from high school and did all sorts of drugs, but you wouldn't know it from looking at her; she is positively angelic. But beneath the glow, she is pale and frail, literally about to break, literally broken. She aches. Every day, standing, walking, 32 years-old, Zena gasps in pain. I know because I hear it. And somehow, like magic, she is strong; the more she tells me about herself, the less I know. I want to ask, but you can't interrogate someone about their painful past while chopping zucchini.

"It is sad that I feel more safe looking at the stars here than in my own yard," said Zena, sprawled on the grass.

"Yes," I said. I wished she could come over to play at my parents' house, on the right side of the tracks.

After break-time, the entire staff begins to sing. The work, which we have all done for years, is painful in its mindlessness. Our personalities, so distasteful to each other at first, have meshed, and we have come to resemble a family. And when we have run out of things to say to each other and the thoughts in our heads begin to chase each other in circles, we must sing to keep alive, to keep from killing each other. It doesn't matter which song, as long as there is one. The way other families play board games.

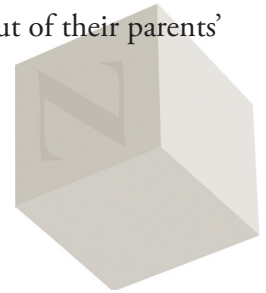
I realized that the most important thing about being a grownup is carefully not-thinking. It means that you don't think about what you want anymore, because what you want is irrelevant.

I began to ponder what it means to be an adult, now that I am one. My circular thoughts chased each other around long enough to form themselves into a list, the dullest I will ever make:

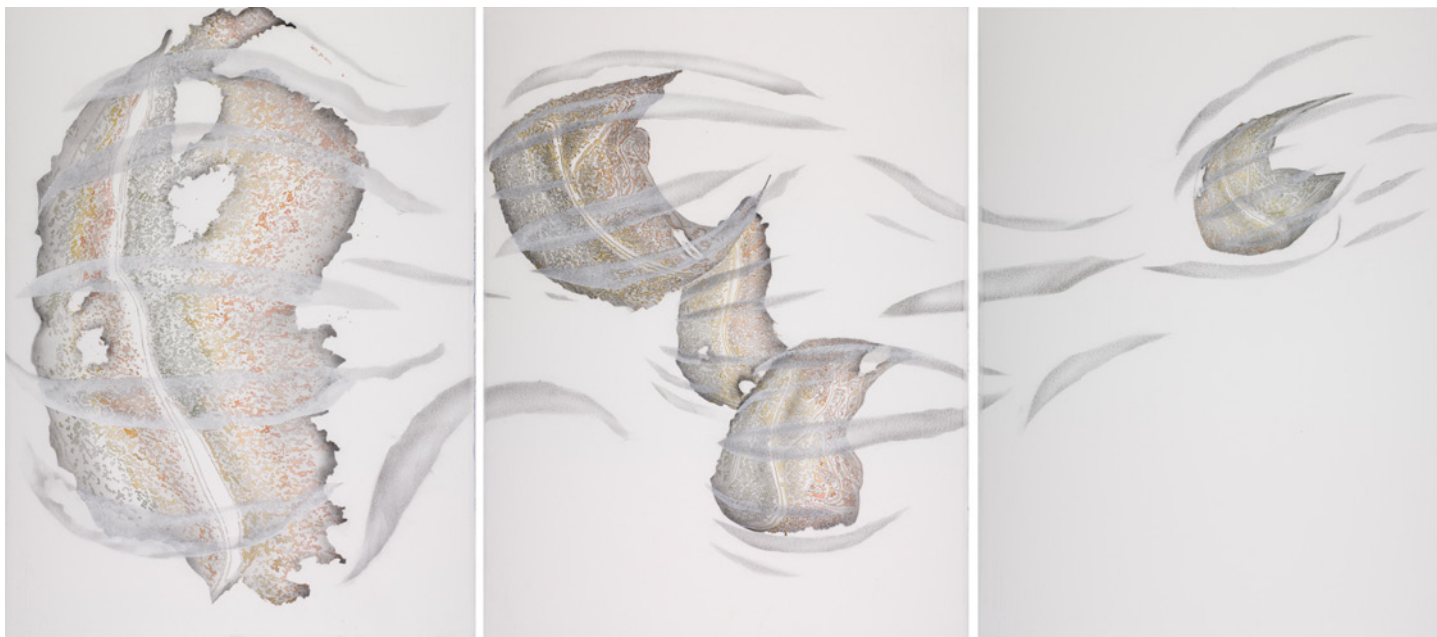
- Combine your trips to the grocery store and the bank in order to save gas, which is currently \$3.41 per gallon.
- When you go to work, pretend you like it. Pretend you like everything.
- Trade your today for your tomorrow, which will never come.
- Stop thinking about yourself all the time. Better yet, stop thinking at all.
- Know that you know nothing but what you must do.

I began to wish I had never made this discovery. It would have been much easier to have never woken up. Now all I want is for my spinning head to stop.

Most people think they become adults when they lose their virginity or move out of their parents' house. But really it happens when you fall asleep.







*Bountiful I*, Adrian Freuen

Graphite, Gouache, Gesso and a Laser Cutter

300 Weight Artistico Fabriano Paper

22 in. x 30 in.

# BEFORE,

*By Claire Topalian*

there were the split apricots wrecked on the porch  
Or the beaten, crusted shells on the tired shore.  
There was that woman, who told you about her son—  
In the creases around her eyes,  
Something else was stitched.

Did one thing ever infect you like that—  
Take you apart,  
Fill you with honey  
And leave you, finally,  
Alone? Is it still buzzing in your skull?  
Is it resting in your gut  
Like a cold precious stone?



*Left: Teabowl, Right: Tea Pot, Eric Tra*  
White Crackle Raku on Porcelain; Green Celadon on Porcelain

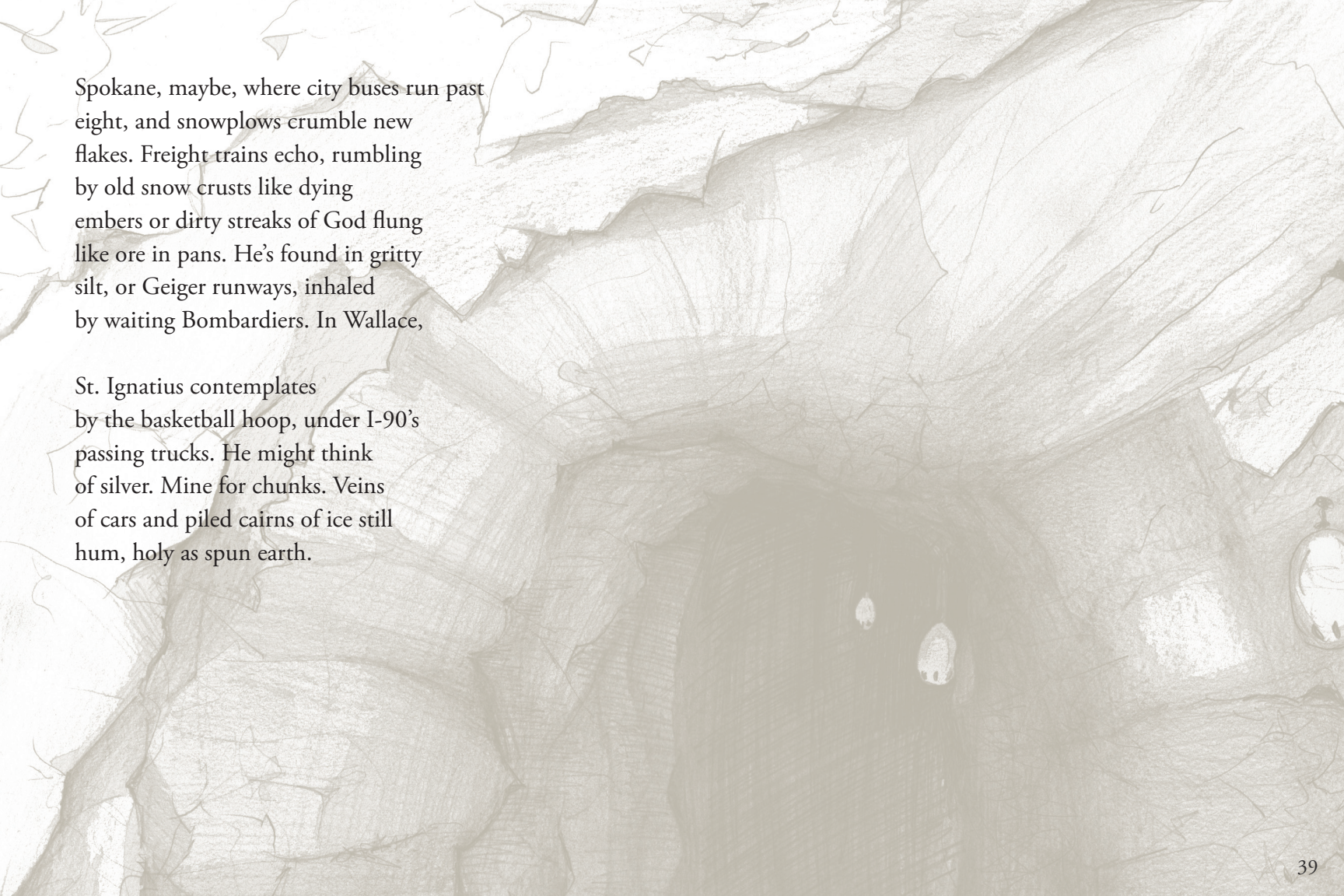
# WALLACE, WHERE GOD LIVES IN SILVER

*By Michael Gray, Editors' Choice Author*

Say you found God here,  
stashed in mortar between  
cracked ice on frozen concrete steps  
below a punched-through sign filled  
with wind and falling snow. Or  
in ore chunks and antique tools  
and the old rail depot, its tracks consumed in road,  
that summons tourists to roam bordello rooms.  
Here is silver. Here it bleeds.  
More fish sicken, gills swelled, filling  
the Coeur d'Alene, and burn  
birds' lungs with metal silt.  
You prefer another town,  
some other streets.







Spokane, maybe, where city buses run past  
eight, and snowplows crumble new  
flakes. Freight trains echo, rumbling  
by old snow crusts like dying  
embers or dirty streaks of God flung  
like ore in pans. He's found in gritty  
silt, or Geiger runways, inhaled  
by waiting Bombardiers. In Wallace,

St. Ignatius contemplates  
by the basketball hoop, under I-90's  
passing trucks. He might think  
of silver. Mine for chunks. Veins  
of cars and piled cairns of ice still  
hum, holy as spun earth.

# JOHN 19:34

*By Josh Lewis*

When I was ten, Grandad told me  
how to kill

coyotes: take a knife, he said,  
and slit the throat

of one of the lambs.

He said it was necessary.

Let the lamb  
bleed into the snow, and dip

the blade into the blood pool.

Place the knife  
in the freezer, keep it there 'til

nightfall, then shove  
the hilt  
into the frozen ground.

The coyote

will come along, sniff it, lick it, and soon  
the animal will  
split  
his tongue and go on licking.

Come morning, you'll find your sheep  
safe,  
and the coyote dead

because he didn't know,  
couldn't stop.





*Kind Light*, Anna Kecskes  
Camera: Kodak Easy Share, C713

# WEEDS

*By Julianna Whelan*

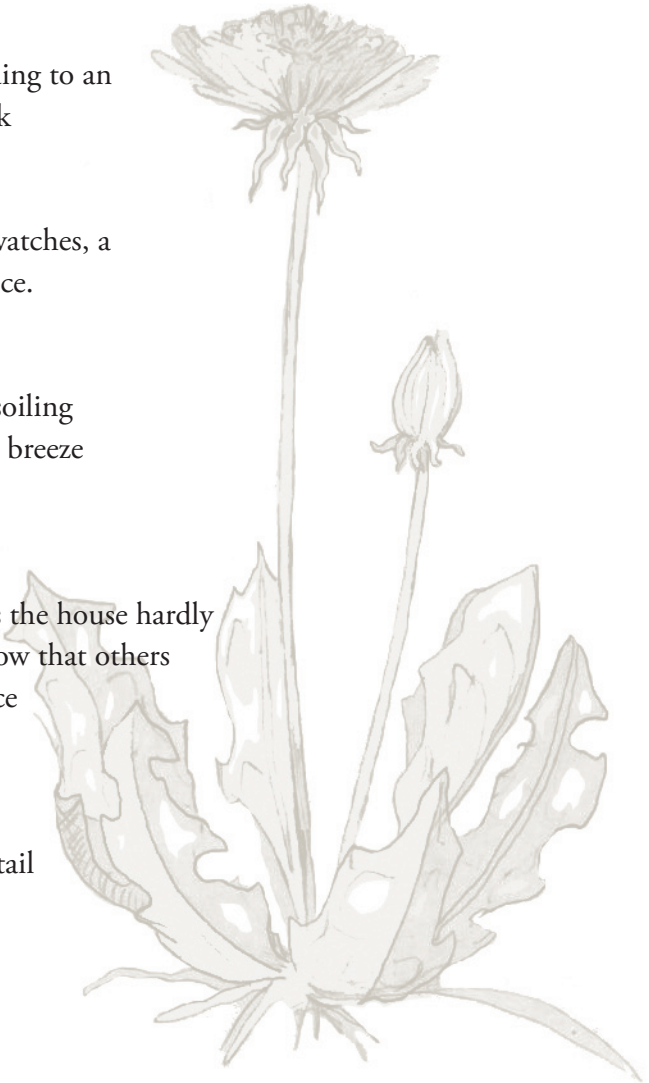
The dirt road off the highway leading to an  
Old driveway and that 1952 Buick  
Going five miles an hour.

A cat on the peeling window sill watches, a  
Suspicious panther, ready to pounce.  
The Buick stirs up a thick cloud

Of dust. It swirls like a tornado, soiling  
Clothes too long on the line. The breeze  
Moves horsetail weeds with  
roots from a neighboring

County. With rotting porch steps the house hardly  
Welcomes. What does the cat know that others  
Don't? A mysterious disappearance  
The New York Times said.

A handprint left on the window,  
Unseen like the roots of the horsetail  
Weeds as the Buick passes  
The house and heads up the  
Hill to a firework show.







*Fenced In*, Brett Bollier

Camera: Nikon D40, Location: East Spokane, Spring 2010

# CIGARETTE LIFE

*By Molly Kernan, Editors' Choice Author*

I wonder,  
If when you're pulled from the pack  
Is it the ecstasy of wallflowers?  
Grasping handtohand  
A dance partner leaving the line of lonely boys and girls.  
Awe and pride in one night. Burning  
Over the dance floor leaving lips and fizzling  
To sleep as the sunrises  
Goodbye.

Or is it,  
A prisoner of war  
Lined up among comrades. Shrinking  
Into coldwetbricks,  
Waiting.  
His name called  
With rifle shots to follow.  
The barrel smoke wasting  
And drifting away.

Or is it even,  
Ferdinand and his fellow bulls.  
Prancing in the field, butting heads  
Proving their worth to men in silly hats.  
Unknowing the spear that waits for them.  
The wildcrowdwailing.  
The boot to stomp them out.



2010 BC, Crystal Goade  
Oil on Canvas, 28 in. x 36 in.

# THE DEAD

*By Michael Gray, Editors' Choice Author*

## *Portsmouth Harbor, UK*

Waiting for the South West Train, I wander the platform and peer into the track well. A crow rots by the shunt, its clean-picked ribcage exposed like the spars of spinnakers rippling in the crisp English Channel wind. A cold one, like the four travelers, sitting on the bench, readjusting sleeping bag straps and staring at concrete. Not the bird clutching a cigarette in stiff claws. The travelers did not leave their wrinkled maps and gaze into the crow's eye-holes. In a few hours, the boats in beach muck rise with the ebb tide, and the train, soon, with the travelers, will close its doors for Waterloo station.

## *Cataldo, Idaho*

It is Pilgrimage. We tread a road whose name I do not remember. Something crushed a turtle's shell, and perhaps its narrow head. We can do nothing. It seems best to let it hide in long, dry grass, away from cringing girls who squeal, turn their heads, or moan. They talk of other things. I take a few pictures, as in Portsmouth, and see the way the cars weave their plated bodies on this stretch of road and do not stop.





*Untitled*, Blair Kelly

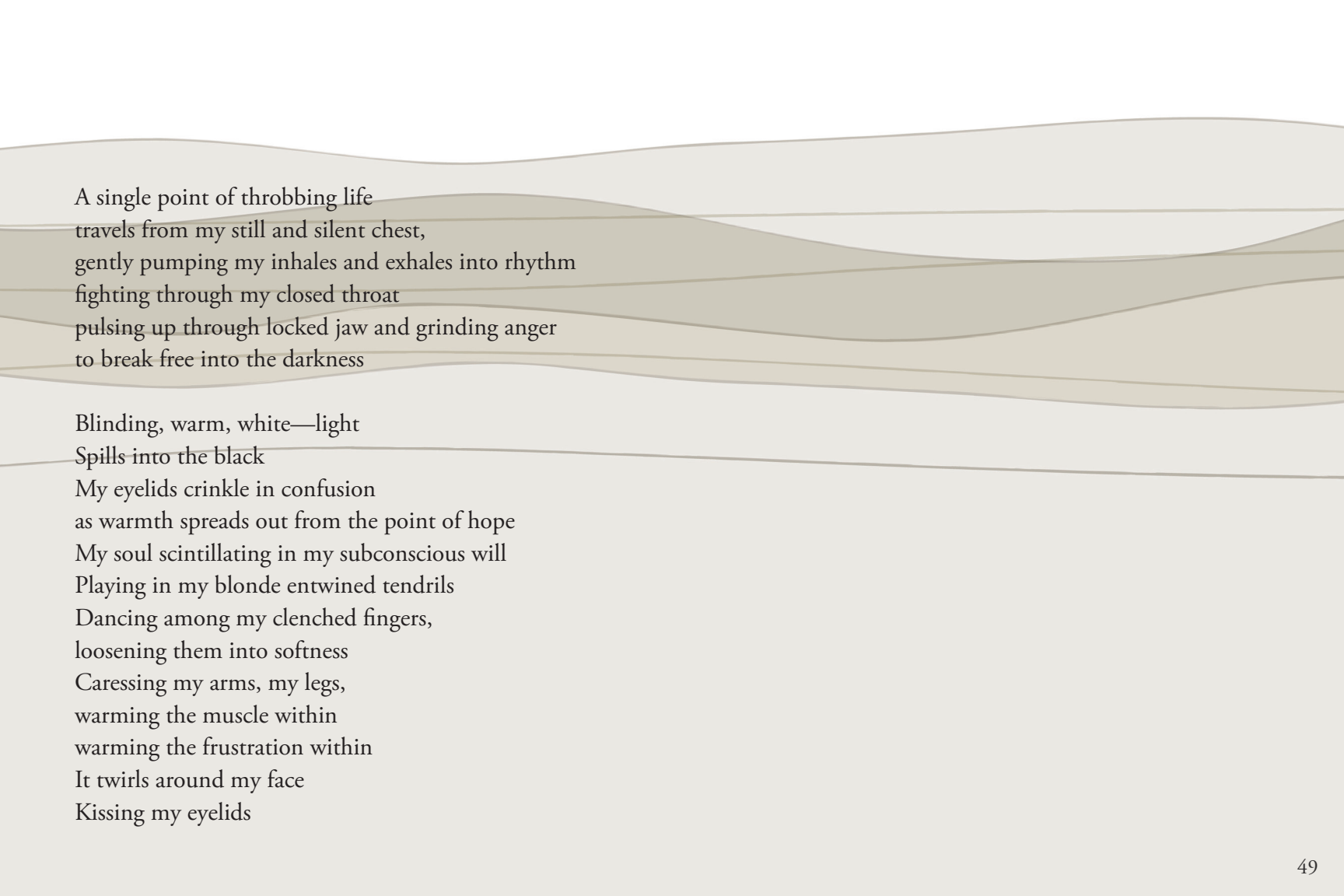
Camera: Canon EOS Digital Rebel XT, Shutter: 1/800 sec, Aperture: f/10, ISO: 400

# I AM NEW

*By Haley Swanson*

Velvety fingers of frigid water embrace my tangled heart  
as I sink lower into the depths of the bay  
Limbs locked,  
pointing to the four corners of the earth  
Pale, smooth, lifeless—marble  
Half-moon fingernails, light blue  
Lips torn shut, deep blue  
Eyelids stinging in the salty shelter  
Shimmering hair floating around water logged ears  
My light is waning,  
feebly pulsing beneath its cold prison  
The glow from the street lamp above filters through  
fingers of dusty brilliance playing upon my alabaster surface  
Cars rush ahead on the bridge  
sending vibrations through the stone silence  
Still, dark blanket

I am submerged  
I am static  
I am surrendering.



A single point of throbbing life  
travels from my still and silent chest,  
gently pumping my inhales and exhales into rhythm  
fighting through my closed throat  
pulsing up through locked jaw and grinding anger  
to break free into the darkness

Blinding, warm, white—light  
Spills into the black  
My eyelids crinkle in confusion  
as warmth spreads out from the point of hope  
My soul scintillating in my subconscious will  
Playing in my blonde entwined tendrils  
Dancing among my clenched fingers,  
loosening them into softness  
Caressing my arms, my legs,  
warming the muscle within  
warming the frustration within  
It twirls around my face  
Kissing my eyelids

Whispering in my ears  
Face yourself. Change yourself. Become yourself.  
My mind reels  
Steel latching down upon denial  
No.  
The essence encircles my brow  
and pushes,  
squeezes the determination, the faith, the strength  
out of the dried shell of refusal  
Yes.

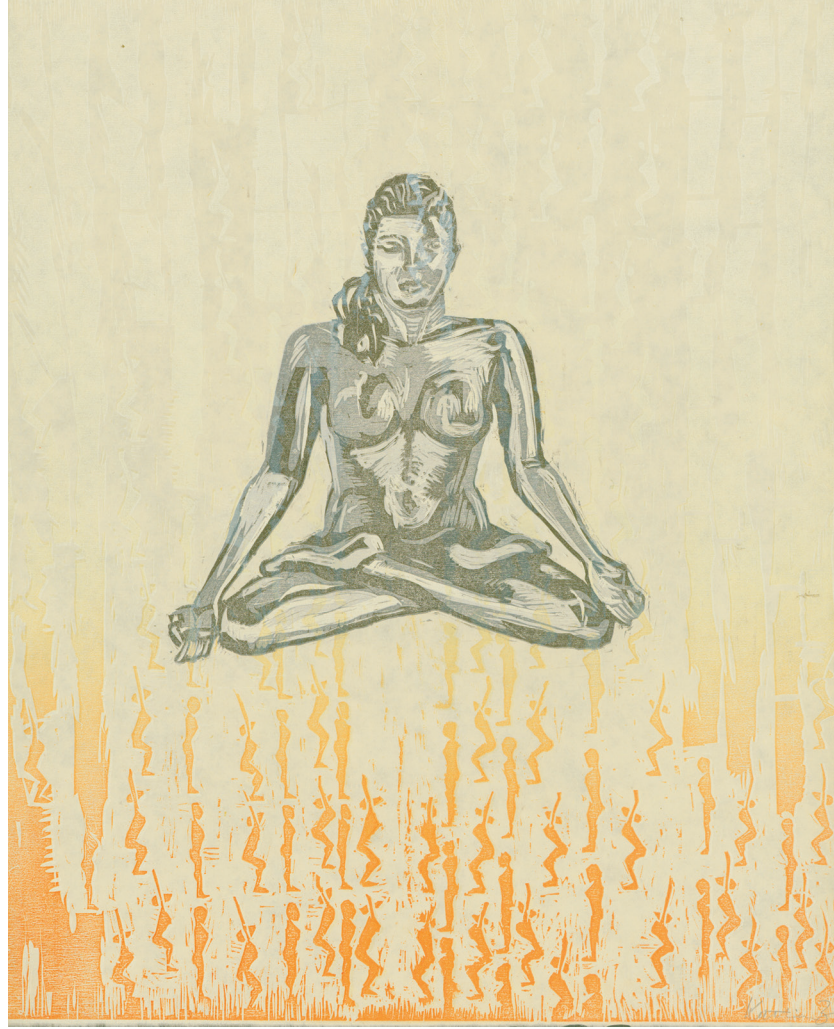
The bay, it dried up.  
And my heart, it was untangled,  
straightened, and stroked.

I am new.



*Dancing In The Dark, Annie Gould*  
Camera: Canon Rebel Xt





*Self-Portrait*, Katrina Zappala  
Multi-Block Woodcut Relief on Rice Paper



# STEAM

*By Molly Kernan, Editors' Choice Author*

We sprawled across the linoleum of the kitchen floor,  
sticking to the tile in the trim July heat.

The refrigerator door wide open;  
General Electric.

He struck a match and lit his pipe, shaking out the flame  
and breathing deep.

His smokey exhale lingering  
until it hit the fan, swirling.

Heat clung to me

but as I watched him breathe out the smoke, like a chimney,

I could only think him a boy in winter.

Laughing at his Laughter;  
heaving misty breaths, like a steam engine passing over a snowy peak.

a boy in winter

and I clung to him to keep him warm.



*Silence and Stone*, J.W. Trull

Camera: Canon Powershot SX110 IS

Location: Scotchman Peak, Clark Fork, ID

September 2010



“One man in the sun alone  
Walks between the silence and the stone:  
The city rises from his flesh, his bone.”

- Archibald MacLeish, *The Sheep in the Ruins*



*Passing Me By*, Brittany Abad  
Photograph, 3 in. x 5 in.

# WHEN YOUR FATHER

*By Claire Topalian*

Who pushed your bike with streamers until you were brave,  
Packed your lunches by special request,  
Who patiently told you the spelling of “Running Away”,  
And chased you around the house  
(you with a baby tooth dangling from grinning gums),  
With a paper towel and a gentle hand,  
Comes to you, afraid—  
His mother has given up living—

You will not know what to do.



*Portrait Study*, Tiffany Griffith  
Ebony Pencil And White Chalk on Paper  
19.5 in. X 24 in.



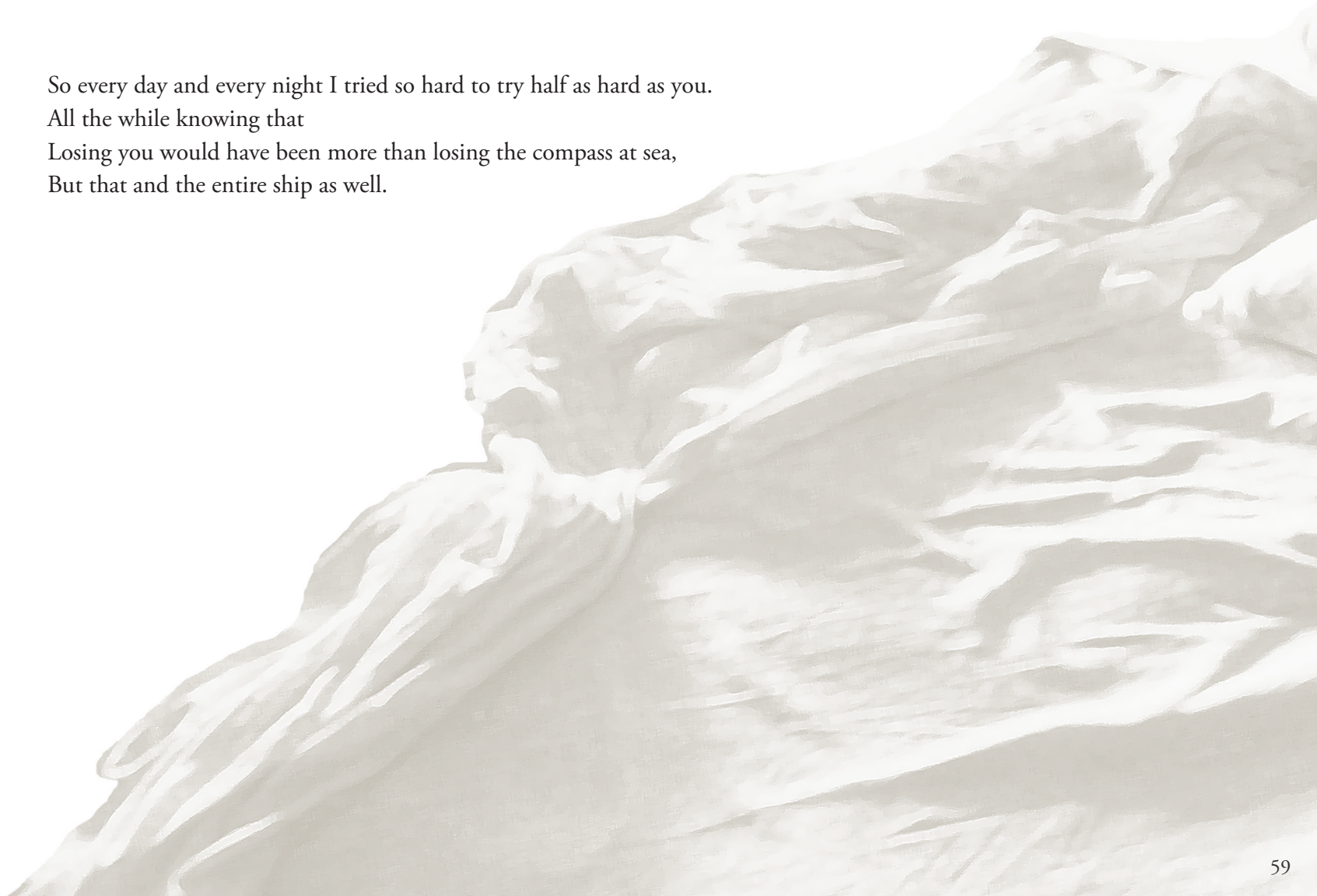
# WHEN YOU WERE SICK

*By Molly Kernan, Editors' Choice Author*

For a week, you only drank Power Aid  
As you, each day, shrank into yourself.  
And some nights I stayed up,  
Phone in hand, reading you stories when I was  
Too scared you may not make it through the night.  
You every day drove me to school,  
We talked about the ski season and the fishing trips and the softball games to come,  
That we both knew never would.  
You every night made dinner, and even though she had just left,  
Your endurance never failed.  
You learned to make salmon with the sweet yellow sauce that took four nights in a row to perfect,  
That even now is still your favorite thing to cook.  
We watched our shows, as each night you fell into sleep earlier and earlier,  
Until it was just sleep.  
And even then you smiled, one dimple on thin cheeks, waking every morning to drive me to school.  
Then waiting every evening to hear what all had happened,  
Which, even I, who knew how meaningless the 8th grade news was now,  
Told in great detail the workings of my world.



So every day and every night I tried so hard to try half as hard as you.  
All the while knowing that  
Losing you would have been more than losing the compass at sea,  
But that and the entire ship as well.





*Gray Day*, Annie Gould  
Camera: Canon Rebel Xt

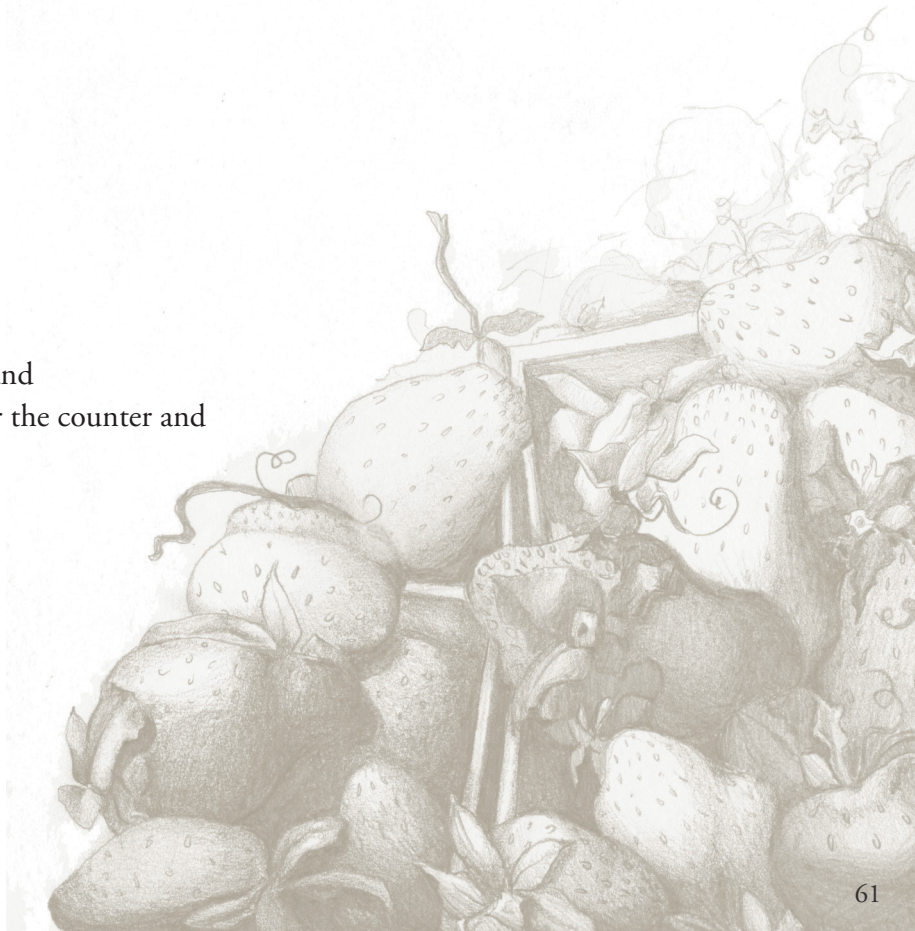
# THE OLD BERRY WOMAN

*By Julianna Whelan*

Every summer while I was growing  
Up, my mother and I drove down the hill  
In our station wagon to the berry  
stand on East Main, the small white building,  
Set apart from the rest. My mother  
Loved strawberries and would pay any price.

The woman who sold us the delicious red berries was  
Frighteningly old with wrinkled leather skin, yellow eyes and  
Frizzy white hair. Her back hunched over, she peered over the counter and  
Down at me with a menacing smile.

Like an old gargoye or a creature creeping in the  
Night, her voice was raspy when she asked my  
Name. I never said a word in fear my mother would  
Trade me for a flat of Strawberries.





# A FISHERMAN ON THE SHANGHAI METRO

*By Michael Gray, Editors' Choice Author*

He rides from Jinshajiang Rd in search of home.  
Far west, the dammed river submerged his life,  
and he floated east to this city above the sea.

Like deep-sea anglers, sweaty motorcycle men  
wait, as passengers alight. The men block the roadway,  
and shout, "We will give you a ride," patting back seats.  
But pedestrians dart like skates and slide with bags  
along the concrete wall. The men's fingers waggle  
like ominous lights. Gold rings hot in the city night  
remind him of nets cast and pulled and glinting  
with blunt scales. Doors snap, sealed firm as jaws.

The Metro glides to Hongkou Football Stadium, where  
Shanghai policemen suck fragrant cigarettes above  
the natatorium. Yet, he sees no policemen, but  
a pod of paddlefish, identical, wearing blue shirts  
with epaulettes notched like gills. They emerge  
from the shadow of the north stand. Quiet, like

Zhuyi cops lingered, smoking over plans for stolen land. When water rose, the man debarked.

In a stone trough, cucumbers bob,  
gaunt, eyeless carp and backed-up trash.  
The only fish left.

He rides a line to Yuanshen Stadium.  
Basketballs hop like his old catch, brown  
with what drifted from the local brewery, then  
to Zhongshan Park, where turnstiles shred  
the crowd like the dam that forced the man east.  
They rush into the train like waves  
claw the shore, and retreat. Girls  
squat on tiny stools along the corridor. Quick  
as crabs snip the air, one thumbs through  
jerseys suspended from hooks, flashing inks  
like gutted perch the man once cooked. Say

he rides the line or never woke, or climbs  
from the dream, flits past a cart of mugs,  
near an empty lot. Shoes jut along the road,  
glowing. Polyps in a misplaced coral reef,  
or the ribs of fish that swim the iron stream.



*Untitled*, Kristina Williams  
Sepia Ink, Printmaking Intaglio Relief (Hard-Ground And Soft-Ground)



# *Gurian Non-fiction Prize Winner*

## *From* **PERDERSI SUL FUIME TEVERE**

*By Sam Lungren*

• • • •

It became immediately apparent that an Italian Post Office is the last place anyone seeking calm or seclusion should ever venture. Actually, anyone, especially those who do not speak fast, fluent Italian, should simply avoid Italian post offices at all costs. Italians in cities are generally pushy, impatient and highly resentful of lines. These tendencies are apparently aggravated by post offices. I was skipped twice after my number came up on the board before muscling my way up to the window.

“Buongiorno signore. Ho bisogno di una licenza di pescare, per favore” I said, as practiced.

All I got back from the Florentine man behind the window was a raised eye brow and a patronizing “Che?”

Crap, I thought. Apparently ‘fishing license’ is not a cognitive translation. Wondering why I ever thought this would be possible without a dictionary, I tried again to explain my request in garbled and invariably mispronounced Italian, mixed heavily with Spanish. Somehow the idea eventually came across and the man walked off to consult another employee, then another. He then went rifling through file drawers and finally found a small green form.

After much mistranslation, a quick jog over to campus for advice and eleven euro, I got my carbon copy and was on my way.

From the Florence Santa Maria Novella Train Station, I caught a regional south to Arezzo. Two hours later, I arrived and walked across the street and asked the attendant at the bus depot how to get to the town of Sansepolcro. He told me the bus number I needed and pointed.

A few minutes later a bus bearing the correct number arrived. “Questo va a San Sepolcro?” I asked the bus driver as he hopped down.

“Non lo so,” he responded, brushing me off and walking away into the crowd. You don’t know? I thought. Great. Slightly anxious, I checked my ticket again.

“Si,” said an old woman who had overheard. “É questo.”

Relieved, I climbed on board after her and soon a different driver who apparently did know where he was driving took the wheel and we were off into rural Tuscany.

In the hour and fifteen minute drive, the road crossed tilled, muddy fields left for winter and weaved up through undulating hills thick with fiery red and yellow hardwoods. Coming over one of such hills, the bus followed the long arching wall of an ancient castle, towering imperiously over the lowlands. There was a party of nearly a dozen men and boys bird-hunting with dogs along the fence line of yet another fallow field.

I did not see it coming, but wrenched my neck looking back at a small, pale green stream passing under the bridge. Half a mile later, a sign announced the town of Sansepolcro and I hopped off at the next stop. I backtracked back to a gas station by the bridge where I had been told one needed to buy a day permit to fish in the river. The station was for some reason closed that day. So without another moment’s thought, I crossed the road, crossed a field and ducked off into the trees by the river where I hopefully would not be pestered to produce a permit.

It was at this point when I began to consider what the hell I had gotten myself in to. I was now trespassing, three complicated hours from anybody I knew without any way of reaching them. By this point it did occur to me that telling somebody where I was going might have been a smart idea, but I had missed the opportunity hours ago.

Upstream a ways from where I crouched self-reflecting and assembling my fly rod in the underbrush, an Old Italian man was drifting a tiny pencil float with a jig through a slow pool using one of the ridiculously long spinning rods favored by Europeans. He sat placidly smoking a cigarette and making the same flip cast again and again. Still wishing to remain unseen and avoid the awkwardness of inept conversational interaction, I snuck further downstream to a nice looking run that tailed out into a soft riffle.

I don't know if it is boyish optimism or plain impulsiveness that makes me always start a trout stream with a dry fly. There was no surface activity, or any insects for that matter, but I simply cannot help myself. Low brush and ivy spilled over the banks on all sides of the tiny river like they were trying to reclaim the water for the territory of dry land. Such cover begs to have terrestrials glided up close, so I happily obliged. Unfortunately, the trout I dreamed would be lurking in the shadows did not materialize in pursuit of a stimulator, ant or mosquito. When I ran out of bank and patience, I hacked my way back out to the field and went searching for another access point downstream.

My legs got torn on the shrubs and brambles and caked in mud trying to reach the river at each of the access points I explored. I threw every fly and technique I could think of, but only hooked the trees behind me.

As darkness slowly began to dampen the brightness of the candle-like trees, I hacked down a sparse game trail to deep, undercut trough formed downstream of a fallen tree.

I tried a few casts from the bank I was on, but could not get the correct drift because of fast water between me and the deep slot. The thigh-deep water was shockingly cold, but I charged as quick as could over to a tiny but dry sandbar. From here tried something that had not occurred before: a steelhead streamer swing. With a small black wooley bugger, I cast quartering down and let the fly sweep across the slot and in to undercut. On my first attempt I felt a minute wiggle. I quickly stripped in the line.

I doubt that ever again in my life I will take as many photos of a four-inch trout. I was pleased to have somewhat legitimized my excursion, even with such a miniscule German Brown. I let it go and tried the same cast and presentation again. And again. And again.

By now it really was starting to get dark and, to the best of my knowledge, the bus I needed to catch was coming in about 45 minutes. I toughened up and recrossed the river. While I sat shivering on the other side, I noticed a presentation I hadn't thought of before. I stopped trembling and made a long roll cast back into the trough I was fishing earlier, let the fly drift down it, caught the tension, threw a couple mends and swung across the tail out in front of the next riffle. As I ripped line off the reel to add length, my rod came alive. The slack in my hand disappeared and more line came flying off the reel.

I got the fish under control rather quickly, but it continued to battle and take line as I fought it upstream to where I stood. I jumped back in the frigid water for fear of popping the hook, whetted my hand and grabbed the chunky 14 inch brown trout.

I set it down next to my fly rod amongst the fallen leaves on the bank. It seemed to blend perfectly with both the brown and yellow-gold of the foliage, except for the exceptionally large red spots along its sides.

I snapped a few pictures then held the fish back in the water to revitalize it before letting it go. Unlike most recently caught trout, it zipped off before I could even run water through its gills again.

At this point, I was consummately satisfied with the day. I packed up my rod and strolled across the muddy field to the road leading back to Sansepolcro. I made it just in time to buy a cappuccino and catch the bus back to Arezzo.

• • • •



*Lucca*, Keagan Strong  
Camera: Lomo Fisheye II, 35mm Film



# THE MICHAEL AND GAIL GURIAN WRITING AWARDS

## Poetry

Prize Winner | *Unpublished Explanations*, Ashley Ruderman

Honorable Mention | *Meeting My Mother*, Claire Topalian

Honorable Mention | *Wallace, Where God Lives in Silver*, Michael Gray

## Fiction

Honorable Mention | *The Perfume Bottle*, Stephanie Brooks

## Non-fiction

Prize Winner | *Perdersi sul Fuime Tevere*, Sam Lungren

Honorable Mention | *We Thought the Same Thoughts of the Ancients: Rooted*, J.W. Trull

Honorable Mention | *Koulourakia*, Stephanie Brooks



*A Step Ahead, Crystal Goade*

Camera: Nikon, 35mm

8.5 in. x 11 in.

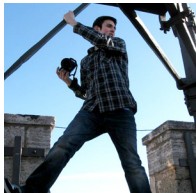
# MEET THE ARTISTS

## *Contributor Biographies and Further Musings*

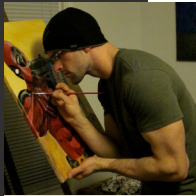


**BRITTNEY ABAD** is a freshman English major who is a certified Austenite, a Kings of Leon intellectual groupie, and a coffee fiend. She spends her life in Crosby and loves Thomas Hammer coffees.

*Passing Me By*, p. 56: This photo was inspired by a project I did called, *The Soundtrack To My Life*. This photo is about a character in a novel entitled, *Life* discovering the concept of time and its precious value to her existence.



**BRETT BOLLIER** is an engineering student from Portland, Oregon, who is rarely spotted without a camera.



**JOE FORTUNATO** colors inside the lines, but draws all his own lines. Italian motorcycles are red, prison uniforms and expense reports are black and white. Important life decisions should be made accordingly.

*My Waking Dreams Of Cannon Beach*, p. 19: I painted this at a point of transition in my life. I had planned to make a trip to this beach last year, and I should have, but I put it off in favor of the things I thought I had to do. When our means become our ends we tend to forget why we started to do them in the first place. Our daily relationships, views and activities become self-justifying and we forget their purpose is to make us happy. I was thinking about how I make plans and don't follow through. How I have always felt compelled to wake from my waking dreams instead of bending reality to meet them. This painting is of one of those dreams. It marks a course-correction for my life and the realization that ours should always be a pursuit of "incandescent" happiness.

**ADRIAN FREUEN** teaches printmaking in the Art Department.

*High Fidelity*, p. 10; *Bountiful I*, p. 35: My work is extracted from our ephemeral world. Our human derived ideas of politics, religion and economies are founded in our collective mindset and directly affect our natural world. The effect resides in our implementation of our ideas. I choose images that are fostered by our social constraints that I find captivating as well as provocative. I abstract the subject matter where by I express my statement.



**AMANDA GILLIAM**, after living in Lima, Peru for three years there were thousands of experiences to make memories of, but when those memories fade I will have a thousand photos to help me remember...

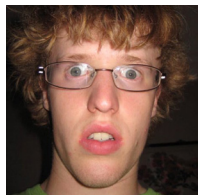
*A Walk In The Andes Mountains*, p. 7: I just tried to capture a moment and feeling where words wouldn't have been enough to explain this breathtaking view.



**CRYSTAL GOADE** is a senior who believes that only a champion knows how it feels.



**ANNIE GOULD** is an aspiring artist that wants to inspire new ideas. In my photographs I try to convey a certain response from the viewer without trying to complicate or alter the image. I want to show that an innate object can have the same spark and meaning as a famous piece of work. My work shows a blend of modernity with a classic background and can be simplified with the subtle but bold design elements.



**MICHAEL GRAY** is a senior English Writing Track major obsessed with Shanghai, fish, and association football. He lives with his twin brother, James, who, tragically, does not like poetry. There are various Grays. Daniel loves late-night jam sessions. Peter crams empty V-8 cans between couch cushions. Hana skis and Lily dances. Michael's major influences include Richard Hugo, Elizabeth Bishop, and James Wright. He recently co-starred in a Chinese music video and seeks an MFA. As *Reflection* managing editor, he grocery shopped with James Gray and Joanne Shiosaki, criticized bad poems but also read good and excellent ones, and ate bagels.

*A Tour of the Choyers' Silk Factory in Suzhou, China*, p. 2: I value subtlety in poetry, and here, utilized a place-specific object, the *Go On With Your Visit* sign. Rather than trying to politicize the content, I drove the poem with the place's language.

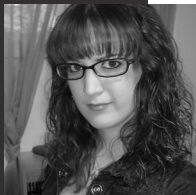
*Neah Bay*, p 17: I borrowed the line “/at the fenced-in edge of a continent/” from “Desert Tortoise in the Rain” by Joseph Bruchac.

*Wallace, Where God Lives in Silver*, p. 38: Wallace is no longer in motion. You find God in modernity, stuck in Spokane's constant cycle of wheels.

*The Dead*, p. 46: I photograph roadkill.

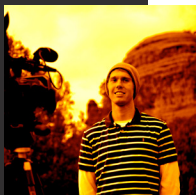
*A Fisherman on the Shanghai Metro*, p. 62: Inspired by a July 2010 consumption of fish parts at an East China Normal University canteen.





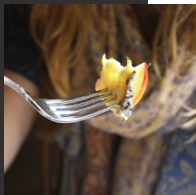
**TIFFANY GRIFFITH** is a senior Psychology and Art major. You can usually catch her red (or blue, or green) handed in Jundt working on her latest painting. She almost always has a cup of coffee or tea nearby. And yes, she is analyzing you.

*Portrait Study*, p. 57: When it comes to people, I prefer drawing from life because there is really no other way to capture the nuances of light reflecting off the various planes of the face. It creates a greater sense of the illusion of depth and reality, capturing the viewer's attention for more than just a passing glance.



**KURT GUENTHER** is a sophomore majoring in Psychology and Religious Studies. He enjoys lucid dreaming and riding the moving walkways at the airport. If he could choose his perfect meal it would be made up of wheat thins, black licorice, carrot juice, and a Trader Joe's organic pizza.

*Ndakasimba*, p. 4: This photo was taken from a safari boat in Chobe National Park in the country of Botswana at sunset. The title was influenced by the Shona (Eastern Zimbabwe tribal language) phrase Ndakasimba kana makasimbawo, which means "I am strong if you are strong." I also want to thank my grandma for her love and generosity in taking me on that trip to Africa.



**ALYSSA HARVEY**, recent alumna, cringes at the words "heart" and "soul" even though that's the only song she can play on the piano. Many thanks to Dr. Marshall, Prof. Dodd, and Ms. Dawson. And thanks to Gregory Hudson for the photo!



**EMILY HNATISHIN** loves taking pictures while traveling. She likes ballet flats, floral prints, and ruffles. Emily does not like life-threatening and extreme activities.

*Paracas, Peru*, p. 7: Sometimes you just stumble upon an awesome shot...



**MOLLY JOHNSTON** is a junior pursuing a major in Public Relations with a minor in Art. She is spending her spring semester in Florence, Italy, and exploring Europe one photograph at a time.

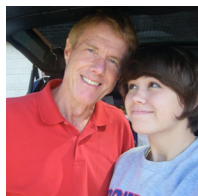
*Chihuly's Skyline, Tacoma*, p. 1: This photo was taken during a week-long immersion trip last spring in Tacoma, Washington. Since the group was practicing living simply, this was taken with a Canon point-and-shoot camera.



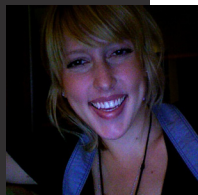
**ANNA KECSKES** is a freelance (and slightly obsessive) collector of funny shaped erasers, carnival masks and postage stamps. She has no children, but watches Disney movies and eats graham crackers as if she did.

*Kind Light*, p. 41: I took this picture at my parents' house in Montana, my own personal winter wonderland. We had gotten over a foot of snow two days beforehand, and I was outside trying to photograph the trees and plants on this particular afternoon. I actually snapped this shot really quickly, as the afternoon light was rapidly fading and my niece was requesting my help with her snow fort. It wasn't really a choice to be distracted away from the picture. Snow forts always win, hands down.

**BLAIR KELLY** is a sophomore History major with dreams of being an historical photographer. Until time machines are invented she is stuck playing pretend.

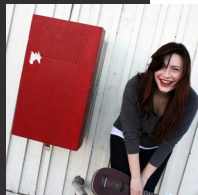


**MOLLY KERNAN**, aka Commander Cool, loves Taco Bell and Billy Collins and that's pretty much all you need to know.



**LAURA KUSSMAN** is a fan of the galactic Pandora station and wants to hear your jokes!

*American City Satire*, p. 8: Alright, well, I'm not good at talking about myself but I wrote this piece after we were instructed in one of my writing classes in Florence to write a satire about a city in America from a foreigner's perspective. Being a vegetarian and after speaking with my professor, who is from London, I came up with the idea of death to meat king. I'm pretty sure no other country has a franchise called "Buffalo Wild Wings" besides America.

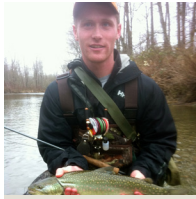


**MAURA LATTY** enjoys playing sweet melodies on her ukulele while strolling through the desert, or perhaps a moonlit beach. Amongst her favorite things are tea that tastes like Christmas, David Bowie, and gluten-free, sugar-free, egg-free, dairy-free snickerdoodle cookies. She'd also like to give a little shout to b&e Photography for her photo.



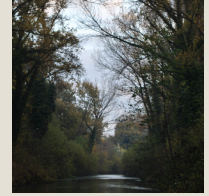
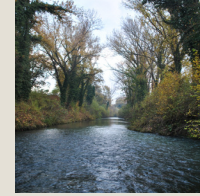
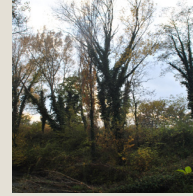
**JOSH LEWIS** is a Creative Writing major and veteran improvisation... improvisationalizer... improvver... He does improv. He is always thinking about something, but not always are these thoughts deep and philosophical. Oftentimes he is imagining life as a musical, complete with perfectly executed choreography and cartoonish bluebirds.

*John 19:34*, p. 40: The first draft of this poem was written a year ago, but I cannot remember the initial inspiration for it. Originally it was a four part poem. I set it aside for several months until early this past semester, when I worked on it a bit with Washington's poet laureate, Sam Green. With his help, I attempted to morph the poem into something less wordy, more direct, and more vivid in language. Its first title was "The Nicene Creed," so the poem is definitely, to some extent, religiously inspired and connected, though I'm still unsure how it exactly fits in. I consider this poem a draft, and I don't plan on finishing it for a long while. It's still missing something. On that note, I do hope that Gonzaga finds it something to think about, regardless of what you believe in.



**SAM LUNGREN** is a senior Journalism major who has never let school get in the way of his education.

*Perdersi sul Fiume Tevere, p. 64:*



**JOHN MOREY MAURICE** is an established printmaker and longtime member of Gonzaga Law School faculty. His goal as an attorney and artist is to “make things happen in positive way.” He draws his inspiration from the other countries in which he has lived - India, Indonesia, Italy, Saudi Arabia, and Brazil - as well as the 32 additional countries he has visited over the years. His portrait was painted by Ric Gendron, a well-known regional Native American artist.

*Serengeti 1 and 3, p. 5:* It starts with a smooth, shiny copper plate and an idea. Intaglio printing is all about the creative process that starts with laying down a textured image of the idea on the surface of plate in geological ridges, canyons, plateaus, and valleys using a combination of tools, chemicals, and techniques. A thin layer of printers ink is applied to the altered surface of the copper plate. A piece of slightly moist, specially crafted paper is carefully laid over the top of the plate. The plate, ink, and paper subjected to great pressure. This pressure transfers the ink from the surface of the copper plate and imbeds the geological imprint deep into the surface of the paper. The result is an image which is permanently captured on paper. An abstract idea has been transformed into a visual reality to be enjoyed by the artist and shared with others.

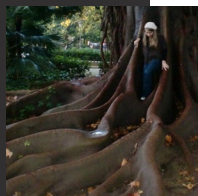


**ASHLEY RUDERMAN** is a junior who spent this spring wandering around Florence, Italy. She now wishes that a philosophy major could be crammed into one year.



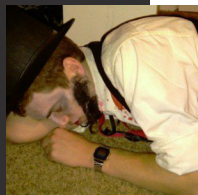
**SADIE SATTLER** suggests you take everything she says with a grain of salt and a wedge of lime.

*Espera*, p. 6: I wrote it on a flight to Hawaii last summer to go on vacation with my parents. I had just returned from six weeks of studying in Mexico and was reflecting on the different worlds I have been privileged enough to have a glimpse of. I did not write it with any didactic intention; it is just a reflection and reconciliation of thoughts.



**SHANNON ST. HILAIRE** has a huckleberry-based life, is certain that she could master any language without prepositions, and enjoys looking up castle-rental prices.

*A Child's Guide to Adulthood*, p. 32: This story began all at once. I was really at a stoplight waiting to turn left on my way to work when I realized that I was an adult in all the worst ways. It was a moment that changed me, even though I realized later that it was overly dramatic. The story is not meant to be a way to see the world, but to cast light on the devastation that comes with a necessary realization. I didn't write the story until one night months after the event. I set it aside as worthless for over a year, then heavily edited while I was abroad last semester. I don't know how Gonzaga will read the story; I simply hope that it will make the readers feel something. Although it would be too much to hope that they will feel as if the tops of their heads were taken off.



**KEAGAN STRONG** wants to see the rest of the world. His artistic influences include Scott Stapp, Nicki Minaj and Kevin McAllister.



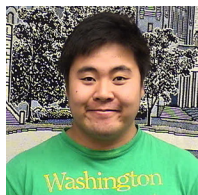


**HALEY SWANSON** is a freshman English and Communications double major. *Pride and Prejudice*, the smell of black coffee, and Taylor Swift break-up songs are her biggest inspirations.

*I Am New*, p. 48: This poem was an ongoing project during my senior year of high school and freshman year at Gonzaga. One night I was driving back from Seattle across the floating bridge over Lake Washington. The water was black and the lights from the opposite bridge were shining on its glassy surface—a combination of ultimate light and darkness. This inspired the metaphor of being tapped underwater, one's soul the only point of light. *I Am New* is poem of rebirth, of a spiritual shift. On the surface level, it portrays a difficult stage of change in my life where I felt trapped in my own mind. On a deeper level, I hope people who read it can see their own fears in mine and be inspired to eradicate those inhibitions. In the end, an individual has the power to imprison themselves and the power to break free.



**CLAIRE TOPALIAN** is a senior majoring in English with a concentration in Women's Studies. Hobbies include daydreaming about social revolutions and eating toast (often at the same time).

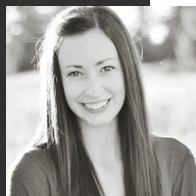


**ERIC TRA** is a senior Art major who loves everything about the Northwest.

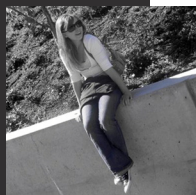


**J.W. TRULL** is caught in a prolonged and stupored state of illusion. You can find him on the riverbank somewhere between the micro and the macro sitting, waiting patiently, listening. (memes: ecology, marx, deleuze, poetry, beats, public space, fractals) [jwtrull@gmail.com](mailto:jwtrull@gmail.com).

*Silence and Stone*, p. 54: My brother and I barged from cities nearest next; black pavement whetted the way. We slipped into territories well-known but forgotten from memory. The intoxication of the forest set in quickly. We stumbled through the abandon burning wild in our minds. The embers glowed hot through the whites of our eyes. This piece began at the foot of a mountain and ended as the sun's fingers slipped from sight. Sometimes I wonder if the camera's shutter ever closed or if I am left perched on a rock turning pages in Whitman, spinning with the sunlit Earth.



**VIRGINIA WHALEN** is a sophomore Psychology major who loves God, running on scenic trails, peppermint tea, cooking, photography, quotes, random acts of kindness, summer storms, Greenbluff apples, wholesome conversation, dark chocolate, sleepy newborns, handwritten notes, family reunions, sunshine, and captivating books.



**JULIANNA WHELAN** is a senior majoring in English. She loves sunshine, coffee, and the color pink. Her closest friends and family inspire her every day. Mom, thanks for educating me. Dad, thanks for getting me. And Michael, I love you!

## **KRISTINA WILLIAMS**

*Untitled*, p. 63: The print represents what is beautiful to me. Jellyfish are extremely beautiful creatures that can also be very dangerous. I find how graceful they move and their colors attractive. They are remarkable creatures, jellyfish can be so captivating and mesmerizing to watch, but they can also have a deadly touch.

## KATRINA ZAPPALA

*Self-Portrait*, p. 52: I practice ashtanga yoga and have been since my freshman year at Gonzaga. My art practice and my yoga practice are both very important to me. I refer to these things as a practice instead of something I “do” because I continuously work with them at so that I can improve. With that said there is no telling when and at what rate I will see growth in my practice. Since spring of 2008 I have come a long way in my yoga practice but there are many postures I’m incapable of. For this print I chose to show Lotus because it is a posture that is slowly becoming a tangible goal. Maybe in five years I’ll get it.

*“Inspiration exists, but it has to find us working.”* - Pablo Picasso

Brittney Abad	Emily Hnatishin	Sadie Sattler
Brett Bollier	Molly Johnston	Shannon St. Hilaire
Joe Fortunato	Anna Kecskes	Keagan Strong
Adrian Freuen	Blair Kelly	Haley Swanson
Amanda Gilliam	Molly Kernan	Claire Topalian
Crystal Goade	Laura Kussman	Eric Tra
Annie Gould	Maura Latty	J.W. Trull
Michael Gray	Josh Lewis	Virginia Whalen
Tiffany Griffith	Sam Lungren	Julianna Whelan
Kurt Guenther	John Morey Maurice	Kristina Williams
Alyssa Harvey	Ashley Ruderman	Katrina Zappala