

Fall 2014

# Crosscurrents: Fall 2014

Associated Students of the University of Puget Sound

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# Crosscurrents

*Volume 56, Issue 1*

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Set in Oranienbaum, Helvetica Neue, and Adobe Garamond Pro.

# Crosscurrents

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# editor's note

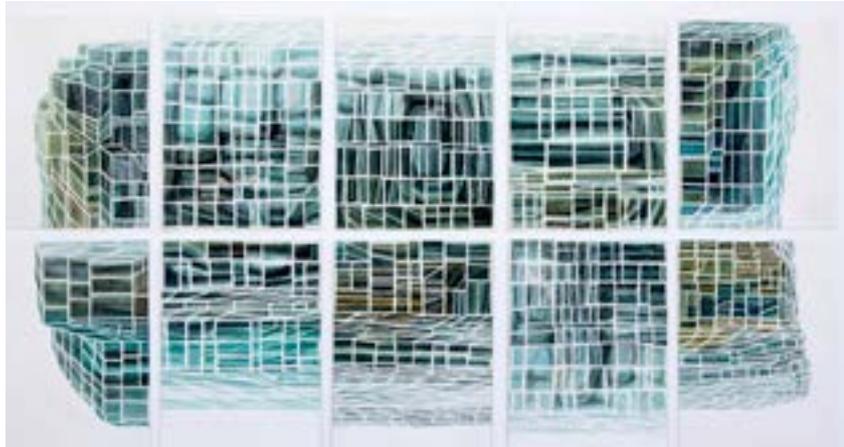
Relatively speaking, I have been at this for a while, and, with each year as *Crosscurrents'* editor-in-chief, I learn more about what my role truly involves: reliance. Each semester, *Crosscurrents* represents the culmination of the contributions of a number of people. Without those contributions, this magazine wouldn't exist, and my "job" wouldn't exist because, at its core, my "job" is to bring those contributions together into the confluence that is *Crosscurrents*.

So, thank you to the countless individuals who have contributed in some way to *Crosscurrents*. Thank you to the students who submit their work and to the staff who reviews it. Thank you to the guest contributors who provide their work, which enriches the magazine. Thank you to the faculty and staff members who advise us, encourage students to submit, and volunteer their time to review their work. Thank you to all the members of the editorial staff, who spend countless hours helping make this magazine better. And, finally, thank you for reading this, the culmination of so much hard work. You all make *Crosscurrents* possible.

A handwritten signature in black ink, appearing to read 'Emma Wilson', with a stylized, flowing script.

Emma Wilson, Editor-in-Chief

*guest contributor*  
**cynthia camlin**



Cynthia Camlin is an associate professor of Art at Western Washington University. She received her Bachelor's of Art from Duke University, her Master of Arts from the University of Virginia, and her Master of Fine Arts from the University of Texas. Her work explores ideas of the sublime and the disintegration of landscape.

The pieces featured here were created using watercolor and vinyl polymer emulsion on panels. Pictured above is Camlin's piece entitled "Water Fragment 1-10" and the series pictured on the following pages is entitled "Divided Earth."





## *interview with* cynthia camlin

*CC: What has inspired your current body of work?*

In graduate school in Texas in the late 90s, I was making landscape paintings of scenic areas outside of Austin where the city was rapidly expanding. There was much destruction of ranchland to create golf courses and mansions, and the new developments were sold on the promise of big views and natural beauty. This irony was not lost on me, and I found out, while reading post-Colonial landscape studies, that it is endemic to the genre of European landscape, based as it was on development, resource extraction, displacement of others.

Romantic-period landscape also brought us the idea of the sublime, fear made possible to bear through art. In art it is often expressed in the experience of human finitude and ephemerality, with land forms that dwarf the human scale.

I spent some time after graduate school making paintings that were an abstraction of landscape. My reference was early geology, crystals, the study of the earth as dynamic and changing. I made panel paintings and multi-sided structures with repetitive geometric forms, layered transparently with watercolors.

I returned to bigger views in 2007 with a series of large watercolor paintings of icebergs. I incorporated the abstract geometric forms into these paintings to contrast with loose, organic shapes of the underwater iceberg that I made by pooling watercolors. I wanted to show change in one frame, freezing and melting, stability and movement.

The icebergs referred to the psychological metaphor, to thoughts or memories that are buried or avoided, or to the idea that the unknown

is huge and dwarfs what we know. You could see the iceberg metaphor as expressing denial, like the elephant in the room, especially the denial of climate change. With climate change, icebergs are proliferating; they are the dissolving fragments of glaciers that are melting. They are the harbingers of sea-level rise.

In the last couple of years many of my paintings repeat the motif of an ice shelf of a marine glacier that is dividing and cracking. The calving of ice sheets, the fracturing of glaciers, is a symbol in my work like the icebergs. I present the shelf abstractly as a grid, or organization of grids, structures undermined from below or within by melt and movement. They are like systems that are brittle but unstable, moving by breaking up instead of bending. Right now I am working on an installation of multiple paintings that build a single, fragmented image.

*CC: Has living in the Pacific Northwest influenced or altered your work?*

I started using the imagery of polar ice before coming to the Northwest, before I ever set foot on a glacier. So the subject matter was underway before I had any real world experience of it. I think the biggest difference is that I am now in a region where there are lots of other artists, lots of other people of all kinds, who share my interests and concerns, where there is collaboration and exchange of ideas.

*CC: What medium do you typically use or like most to use? Is your choice of medium influenced by subject matter?*

I was one of the first artists I knew to use ink and watercolor on an absorbent ground on panels, with a ground that I used to concoct myself before Golden started making one. At that time I used watercolor and ink washes because I wanted the look of the 19th-century picturesque tradition, to suggest the connection with Colonial-period landscape. But I also wanted that reference in quotes. I used panels, instead of paper, eschewing the glass, mat and frame.

The iceberg paintings are on paper because only good thick watercolor paper can handle all the water of the pooling process that I used. Lately I have been using matte polymer paint on panels and canvas. Sometimes I thin it down and use it transparently like watercolor, but I also use more opaquely.

*CC: How does being a professor influence your personal work?*

I don't think it has any direct influence on the subject or technique of my work. I do think it puts pressure on me to be an active artist. I need a regular studio practice not only for the good of my work but also to be down in the trenches with my painting students and understand how hard it is for them – because it is hard for me too! I go through the emotional turmoil and breakthroughs myself; it takes me off the pedestal.

Teaching also requires me to be a lifelong learner. I have a deep education in the humanities that I draw on as a teacher, but I am constantly reading and bringing new texts to my senior seminars that I consider important and timely. I change the readings for my courses based on lectures, art exhibitions, and world events. I always want to shake up the expectations, both for my students and myself.

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# the remnant

*spencer de chennet*

Maybe it was a Tuesday,  
the day the neighbors quietly became  
the late neighbors.

No shots were heard.

Nobody stopped when they passed  
by.

They aren't late the way  
I woke late that day, before  
helping to carry in groceries  
while my mother swept the kitchen.

Nor are they late the way  
the late-day sun paled the bleeding  
mattress left against their house  
like it was too big for a moving truck

and all my neighbors had done  
was moved houses.

Nobody took it down. We kept waiting  
for them to return.



*untitled // nicholas reano*

*medium: digital photograph*

# balikbayan

*andrea nablet*

The monsoons have arrived. It is a Sunday evening, and I am departing from Costabella. The bellman opens the car door, “Goodbye mam Andrea.” In turn I thank him with a friendly *salamat* and buckle in my seatbelt. The driver inquires, “where you from mam?” broken English in my ears. “I’m from here, but I live in the US,” I hesitate, in a Californian accent. Suddenly in his eyes I am coated with gold, and for the rest of the ride I take quick glances at the taximeter. As we leave the hotel, I enter the tropical asphalt jungle. A flock of white-clad nursing students barely resist the rain under their makeshift newspaper huts. Barefoot street children play in grimy, dengue-infected puddles. Now, I can set the prostitutes apart from the rest. The smog outside is staggering, the air, putrid, and my mind drifts to the emerald foliage of the Sound. A couple and their two children hunched over a single motorcycle overtake our taxi in a dangerous maneuver. Yet the taxi-driver’s beep is only a fragment of the cacophony that Cebu City sings. We arrive and I pay the fare. I enter my grandparents’ house. There is an uproar of salutations. “*Hola hija*” my grandmother greets me with *cariño*. I kiss her on both cheeks and greet the rest of the party with the same decorum, including our Italian-Australian guest, Father Iacono. I wonder if all missionaries carry the same distinct smell of overwork or if it is strictly a European trait. The family surrounds the table to bless the food. It begins and ends with the sign of the cross, “*En el nombre del Padre, y del Hijo, y del Espíritu Santo. Amén.*” I avert my eyes from the roast suckling pig that is instantly devoured, and go for the *paella madrileña* sans the chicken. It is rich, and so familiar.



## *lethargy // christie chang*

*medium: digital photograph*

## this window *clarissa baldwin*

That salope of a late-night harpie :  
he came to this very  
sunsorched window,  
feathered his fingers  
across that then-glittering pane,  
and whispered her  
towards dusky adventures.  
that velvet midnight-moonlight  
sketched haloes over  
that hope-veiled face,  
while she fixed her body  
to this lazy pillow,  
swam through  
the gritted sluice of sleep,  
only enough to mumble a  
“maybe in the morning”  
her sleep-drunk vision flickered,  
thought this image never fades,  
of his hollow legged swish  
winking away under lamplight  
and trailing eddies of deceased romance

# 8:46 AM

*cody chun*

I remember rubble.

And mangled bodies beneath two-ton concrete blocks,  
And mothers who couldn't search through the fragments  
Because the building was still falling apart

A million glass shards around the base  
And the empty eyes of those who didn't make it out  
Each reflecting fire  
And pillars of smoke rising higher  
And men looking out of windows,  
Willing themselves to fly  
Taking a leap of faith  
When faith slipped through their hands  
And was crushed by concrete blocks

All this in the shadow of a falling building

I remember not going to school that day. I stayed in the apartment,  
with my mother and sister.

Around me I heard the wailing of a country on its knees.



*tangles // kaari selven*

*medium: black and gold ink on paper*

# i am death

*mikaela forest*

I have a shitty reputation.

People say they understand what I do is inevitable, but that doesn't mean they are necessarily thrilled about it. In truth, it is the exact opposite; they resent me for it. And believe me, I don't go about doing my work with a sparkle in my eye like it's some sort of sick hobby. And I realize you hate your desk job because it is boring and the air conditioning is always on too high and you get shit from your co-workers. But you do it anyway because it is your job. And I'm really just like you. I do what I need to do when I get the go to by the head honcho. And no, I'm not talking about that fat bald guy in the suit you've only met via Skype or the skinny bitch with the shiny hair who you are both infatuated with and want to punch in the face at the same time. My head honcho is far more powerful than any of your pathetic bosses. And let's not get sentimental here; I'm not talking about God either. God doesn't give the orders, Life does. Life can only be responsible for so many people at a time before she has to make cutbacks. Of course she doesn't revel in making these orders, but someone has to. That's when they are left in my hands. Expect the good news for her? She doesn't get the bad rep for giving the orders that kill people. Oh no! That gets put on me. I am the one who has to go around and carry out the deed, seal the deal. I am Death, and taking peoples' lives is my job.



*untitled // gaby yoque*

*medium: acrylic on illustration board*

## storm song

*lorna mcginnis*

Black outlines of the trees  
Stand written on cobalt sky.

Wind rings through their wet leaves  
While rain batters their branches.

Braced, they bend their trunks  
Into whirl of the night's refrain.

Notes that shred their skin of color  
Leaving their blanched skeletons bare.

Fodder for the tempest's dance,  
As it spins its open glaring eye.



*heartbreaker's hex // giselle morgan*

*medium: 35mm*

# skin

*emily smaldone*

May-June 2014

Great Basin National Park

It frayed as Basin winds blew west through arid summer air,  
Its color blotched and faded beneath Helios's stare,  
And Curlleaf whips rent holes in it that could not be repaired.

It sagged with every footfall that drew near the mountain's peak;  
As bone and tendon toughened, it grew brittle, fragile, weak;  
Thinning in the thinning air where none but birds could speak.

Its stitches ached with every ring of sharp steel edge on stone,  
And at each heave of crosscut blade, it groaned with timber's groan,  
Echoing with each pine felled the forest's mourning moan.

Its seams began to loosen in the current of the stream  
That cut through woodland undergrowth and daylight's filtered beams  
To wash these dusty limbs and murmur chilling mountain dreams.

It wore down with the grains of soil the current could not catch  
And with the clouds of pine-wood smoke impregnated with ash  
That tucked in every stitch the scent of campfire's glowing flash.

It shuddered in the silent air upon which morning eyes  
Opened as the sun arose to paint blue brushstroke skies,  
But still more at the crickets' strum resounding in the night.

It trembled to behold in the celestial dome grown dark  
The northern crown, the silver swan, the scorpion's beating heart,  
And countless glittering solar orbs in sweeping milky arc.

But still more in deep hollows that have never seen stars' birth,  
At life that teems in terra's vaults in spite of daylight's dearth;  
It cracked and failed then, far below as far above the earth.

Then through the rips the Curleaf whips have torn in it begins  
To show a supple leather grown beneath the sheath worn thin;  
A newborn hide is sloughing off this fragile human skin.

# [r.] carver

*clarisse nakahama*

Your desk is as you left it.  
The upper left hand drawer slightly  
opened, revealing a sliver of tangled papers,  
documented pleas to your editor  
and therapeutic trips to liquor stores.

Your desk is a riot,  
the perfect representation of your whiskey-soaked mind.  
Graphite-marbled eraser shavings  
dot its surface, rejected words  
that wait patiently for your return.

In the desk's far left corner,  
the tower of crumpled paper, a monument  
pulled out of your tumored lungs, looks ready  
to fall and spread discarded ideas through your final draft.

Front and center is your notepad,  
indented with scribbles carved by an angry pen  
and littered with doodles drawn by a desolate heart.  
This waits most anxiously for you.  
For the final words you will never write.



*wash me away // annie vela*

*medium: charcoal on paper*

gratitude

*leah shamilan*

This red cedar tree reaches up tall  
to heaven, bark splitting like  
veins and tendons taut in  
outstretched hands, glory;  
roots like bended knees  
fallen to the ground and forgot to rise, glory;  
looking upward like the needles  
trying to soak themselves in sunlight, glory;  
tears dripping like sap.

# how lovely to be a bear

*mikaela forest*

how lovely to be a bear  
who feasts and feasts  
and feasts some more  
until his belly is warm  
and his mind too stuffed  
to be troubled by the changing air,  
the darkness of the season.  
the bear who locks out sadness  
thoughts of loneliness  
feelings of isolation  
from crawling into his den  
because it is too crowded  
with warmth  
with comfort  
with solitude.  
his place to escape  
evade hardships  
to rest  
a place where sleep drowns doubts  
and where worries about the scarceness  
that lingers outside  
become lost in comatose dreams  
and hazy memories  
of sweeter times.



*porcu-pinecone // elissa gibb*

*medium: screenprint*



*untitled // gabby hall*

*medium: ceramic, mixed media*

# a boy and his dog

*leah o'sullivan*

Tommy's bike broke again. The chain slipped off the wheel, and he nearly fell over onto the empty street. He didn't know how to fix it and he was still a quarter of a mile from home, so he began setting out on foot, the broken bike trailing dejectedly behind him. He walked down the dirt road with his eyes on the ground; there wasn't much to see other than dying grass the color of pee and distant cows, the smell of something worse.

Tommy lived in Middle of Nowhere, U.S.A., but he didn't mind. All his friends lived here, and his parents were nice enough, even though they didn't have time to pick him up from school. Luckily, his elementary school was biking distance.

The stench of cows strengthened as Tommy neared a group of them grazing on a field. He only looked up when he heard a cat meow, seeing it walking leisurely on the edge of a fence. He smiled at the cat. Tommy had never had pets, but he loved animals. His mom was allergic to nearly anything with fur, and his dad emptily reassured Tommy that maybe when he was older he could take care of a pet on his own—he would have to, since he was home alone most of the time.

But Tommy loved animals, and dogs most of all—although to be fair, Tommy's heart was most dedicated to dragons, but he knew those were an unreasonable pet choice. As he walked further away from the cows, that cat, which had kept pace with him up until then, suddenly hissed, exploding into a ball of fur, and ran off.

Tommy saw the source of the cat's fear: a stray dog sniffing the dirt road. Tommy skipped up to the dog, which was thin but not

bony, a brown mutt with white speckles and a long nose. It sniffed at the ground obsessively, but turned its head up when it heard Tommy bounding down the road.

“Hi there, boy!” Tommy called to the mutt. In the back of his head Tommy knew that some dogs were dangerous, that they could bite or have rabies, but he’d had a bit of a disappointing day—not just the broken bike, but he’d tripped over his words reading out loud during English that day as well, and the pretty and awful Frannie Smith had gotten her friends to laugh at him and his burning cheeks—so he ignored the warnings from his conscience, set down the pitiful bike, and patted his thighs to beckon the dog. “Here boy! Come here!”

The dog walked over slowly, cautiously, keeping its wriggling nose on the ground. When he got closer, the dog lifted its head up slightly, and Tommy saw that where its eyes should be, there were only two black, gaping holes.

Tommy let out a little yelp in surprise, and the dog jumped backward, turning to run away

“Wait, come back!” Tommy called after the mutt. The mutt stopped and turned back around.

“Come here, boy!” Tommy called desperately, apologizing over and over again in his head for acting so rashly. So what if the dog didn’t have eyes? Tommy practically felt like he didn’t have eyes when he was looking at words anyway, so they weren’t so different.

The dog, surprisingly, made its way back to Tommy, and Tommy smiled with a sense of pride. The dog trusted him. His friends at school liked him, but he could tell they were embarrassed when he said the wrong word during a read-aloud in English, and they never stood up for him when Frannie Smith and her minions slew their mean words at him.

And his parents, for all their love and support, were gone from the early morning to just about dinnertime, and they didn’t even

trust him enough to let him entertain himself during those lonely hours with a pet. Yet here he was, getting a dog on the street to trust him! It wasn’t so hard. Tommy thought of himself right then as sort of a natural, in fact. He always knew he had a way with animals. He’d always wanted to be like Eragon, going on adventures with an animal friend, and even though the mutt was no dragon, it was good enough for Tommy.

The dog finally reached Tommy, who held out his hand to let the dog sniff it and tried not to look too much at the two bare holes he felt like were staring at him. The dog, seemingly satisfied with the scent of Tommy’s hand, licked Tommy’s fingertips, and Tommy beamed with a smile.

He knelt down and rubbed the dog’s ears, talking to it gently. “You’re going to be my new dog, buddy. I’m going to take you home and show you to my parents, and when they see how much you like me, they’ll definitely let me keep you!”

The dog sat down and looked up at him, panting and drooling a little and almost smiling, and Tommy forgot for a moment about the dead grass and the broken bike and Frannie Smith and his busy parents and just focused on the warm light inside of him, glowing with newfound love for this mutt on the street.

And then, very slowly, the dog opened its mouth completely, no long panting, all its yellow teeth visible. Its jaw creaked like a door hinge, and Tommy stopped petting its ears when he noticed and stood up, backing away slightly, more in surprise than anything else.

Tommy then heard a disembodied voice, a deep man’s voice that said, “You are a trusting young human, even though you have seen my hideous face.”

Tommy’s eyes went wide, and his mind raced through every fantasy novel he’d ever read about what to do in this situation. “Wow...” he said quietly. “You’re a talking dog.”

“I am no dog, young boy,” the creature continued, completely

still, not even breathing.

“Then... then what are you?” Tommy asked, all the while chanting, *Please say dragon, please say dragon in his head.*

There was a pause that felt like hours when warped by Tommy’s anticipation. Then the creature said, without answering Tommy’s question, “For trusting me, you have made a dire mistake, human boy.”

Before Tommy could react, two black, scaly arms shot out of the dog’s empty eye sockets and clutched at Tommy’s throat, the long claws digging into his skin. Then the dog’s body ripped open from the top of the head to the end of the tail, like stuffing out of the seam of a teddy bear, and out slowly crawled a massive winged creature, nearly the size of Tommy’s fifth grade classroom. It was inky black, its skin leathery and thick and covered in scales that glinted in the afternoon sun. Its tail was long, swinging back and forth powerfully. Its wings stretched out across the empty street, the tips nearly as sharp as knives. The creature, still clutching his neck, lifted Tommy into the air, opened its mouth, filled with dagger teeth, and roared deafeningly into Tommy’s face. Tommy struggled to pull out of the creature’s iron grasp with his hands, but it was too late. With a final squeeze, the creature broke Tommy’s neck, killing him instantly, and threw his lifeless body into its mouth. It chewed, swallowed, and growled in satisfaction.

Done with the day’s hunt, the dragon turned to the torn dog body and blew black fire onto it, torching the body and leaving a black mark on the street that later, no one would be able to explain. The dragon then looked up with its small black eyes and flapped its wings, blowing the broken bike away into the piss-yellow field of cows, and flew off behind the forming clouds in the sky, never to be seen in that middle-of-nowhere town ever again.

# select works

## art

*strength // dina mustakim*

## poetry

*handicapped // liana holcomb  
mccann*

## prose

## art review

*professor zaixin hong*



*strength // dina mustakim*

*medium: acrylic on gessoed canvas*

The strength of art is hard, if not impossible, to define. On gessoed canvas, we see a self-portrait of the artist centered within the entire composition. Her hair radiating, the protagonist faces us with a mystic visual appearance. The acrylic paints in blue, indigo, and violet resemble the effect of watercolor, pure, quickly executed, yet opaque. Around the central area, some irregular geometric grids in white seem to escape or capture the viewer's imagination wherever it might jump or dwell. Before I saw the original piece, a cosmological vision intrigued me based on its photographic representation. Likewise, a colleague of mine shared his impression: "I was thinking about all the art historical, cinematic, and sci-fi backgrounds that the image has, and wondered if the artist was drawing on them." But when the first-hand experience with artwork is available, art making speaks for itself.

In Kittredge, I chatted with Dina Mustakim in front of her visual revelation. In addition to knowing more about the art-making process, I found her story fascinating. In high school, Dina took quite a few art courses. When she came to the Pacific Northwest she planned to do pre-med. But her sister, a Psychology major at Puget Sound, encouraged her to focus on studio art. She showed her great confidence in Dina, "I would major in art should I have your artistic ability." This story reminds me of a universal issue of self-identity. Like those self-portraits made by great masters all over the world, Dina's work reveals the painter's unfathomable potential through a life of meditation. Whether or not we know the story behind this enigmatic imagery, one thing is for sure -- we are enticed to ponder what is happening at Puget Sound and beyond. Navigating the crosscurrents here and now, we find the source of inspiration in a dynamic paradox between divergence and convergence. That is what the strength of art is all about.

# handicapped

*liana holcomb mccann*

The month is alive  
and I wish I could  
    ski or  
        swim or  
            sculpt  
snow ladies on the moon.  
I wish I could  
    fly  
through the air like the Bandaloop dancers  
over Yosemite and  
    twirl  
my rainbow skirts in Spain.  
I wish I could  
        dwell  
in the sunset and the mountains and  
giant sentinel trees that peck at the sky.

But these live in canvas,  
and I wear each stroke like a cloak  
of remembered years.

# poetry review

*professor bev connor*

A poem of elegant syntax and lyrical imagery, the poet's title causes us to feel decidedly earthbound. We think of the possibilities of the word: physical disability by illness or accident or age, perhaps mental illness, or even more positively an artificial advantage in a game (though I doubt the latter) or any disadvantage that makes the achievements of our hearts more difficult—all challenges that seem to keep us tethered to the ground in one way or another. And though we are all literally earthbound by gravity, the keen desire to overcome gravity sings to us through the alliteration of skiing or swimming or sculpting snow ladies on the moon in a gorgeous fantasy--the sort an artist might well imagine.

The rhyme of "fly" and "sky" accentuates this keen desire to escape our bonds or limitations, whatever they may be. A kind of "Westward Ho" connotation of Yosemite and redwood trees that reach the sky and even in the same kind of climate as Spain. Lands of warmth, and in the case of California, a land that reaches from the ocean to the forests to the snow-capped mountains. The West that has always inspired a kind of independence and freedom.

The Bandaloop dancers are also an inspired simile: athletic dancers who turn the dance floor on its side, whether over Half Dome or urban glass skyscrapers, a heart-stopping vertical dance that hovers between art and flight, that seems to defy gravity itself.

Then at poem's end, we realize that painting can capture all that has been longed for in the poem. Perhaps the poet herself is a painter (choosing rainbow skirts in which to imagine dancing in Spain). Or perhaps the poet is really saying that the greatest heights are possible through art and memory, granting hope for all of us who long to lift ourselves beyond the everyday of gravity.

# title

*artist*

Voluptaquate sum utem qui utemporum vera que reperate eos illitis voluptate sedi sunt.

Faccabo. Ur? Ra sandandae volum re ne quo iusam, cone que que nemquis enihita ipsum fugitate et qui ut reium dolore que nem ex estem aut utem. Nem corem comnimu stiorrum quidunturi ullacesto tores abo. Onsendit facerum quam, quibusam expelendit facillabor alignih ilibus, cus sitionsed quam, et volut atur, ate que parum estis dem dollorunt doluptat volum qui beris ex eatur?

Dande nem eossit, tempeliquia sed ea pa corrum quam, illa venis sum ventis doluptae voluptatis quo tes et que samusam voluptae odi aspedit aut versped eum repta iniscit aute dolor molor ad que quunti ventis et quisciunt adipita voluptae pla poria nihilla ndicipi eniaepu dignis audae. Et occaborempel isitat inctemp orest, site voluptata nonest evenien tionseque aut voluptam ut ut od quisquo stibus volum sequia verum que eniendion et lab int eriorum fugia corest aut verro illitatemquo commolu ptatio exerum voloriamus nonse doloribus dolorer ovitem inimoss imporeperum as comnim quamet quiate nullautas ipsumquid que es nonsedio veleceatem harchil maximus nonsecta pro to iusaerum et exere ea enecaboressi beroviderum etus ipic tem idus etur aut porum di cus, sus, unt volut quo volorunt.

Ficipsam aspriet estibustis idiatem vel eiciis invenec eature dolupta doluptatio. Itation sectur? Et et hit volupta dollabore, tore iminten ecabo. Ibus, quiat plit quisit ut optur magnatur si del moluptur

# prose review

*bill kupinse*

Voluptaquate sum utem qui utemporum vera que reperate eos illitis voluptate sedi sunt.

Faccabo. Ur? Ra sandandae volum re ne quo iusam, cone que que nemquis enihita ipsum fugitate et qui ut reium dolore que nem ex estem aut utem. Nem corem comnimu stiorrum quidunturi ullacesto tores abo. Onsendit facerum quam, quibusam expelendit facillabor alignih ilibus, cus sitionsed quam, et volut atur, ate que parum estis dem dollorunt doluptat volum qui beris ex eatur?

Dande nem eossit, tempeliquia sed ea pa corrum quam, illa venis sum ventis doluptae voluptatis quo tes et que samusam voluptae odi aspedit aut versped eum repta iniscit aute dolor molor ad que quunti ventis et quisciunt adipita voluptae pla poria nihilla ndicipi eniaepu dignis audae. Et occaborempel isitat inctemp orest, site voluptata nonest evenien tionseque aut voluptam ut ut od quisquo stibus volum sequia verum que eniendion et lab int eriorum fugia corest aut verro illitatemquo commolu ptatio exerum voloriamus nonse doloribus dolorer ovitem inimoss imporeperum as comnim quamet quiate nullautas ipsumquid que es nonsedio veleceatem harchil maximus nonsecta pro to iusaerum et exere ea enecaboressi beroviderum etus ipic tem idus etur aut porum di cus, sus, unt volut quo volorunt.

Ficipsam aspriet estibustis idiatem vel eiciis invenec eature dolupta doluptatio. Itation sectur? Et et hit volupta dollabore, tore iminten ecabo. Ibus, quiat plit quisit ut optur magnatur si del moluptur

# inspiration

*jessica penick*

When an idea strikes you,  
hit it back!  
Dash it to the ground  
the concrete form, the physical  
word  
Mercilessly slay an idea that dares rear its ugly head  
to be chopped! Your pen a guillotine, a blade  
falling  
a long drop from the abyss  
where all ideas are spawned  
bubbling from between the crack  
of NEURONS firing  
kak kak kak kak KAK!  
automatic  
the tap of keys that beat  
with stick and mighty pen the  
idea  
the idea that dares strike  
lightning on a spire.  
Hit  
it  
back  
...

Then lay it bare,  
your soul  
upon the white sheet  
an example to others.  
An  
idea,  
twice shy,  
strikes another.  
STRIKES  
Someone.  
else.



*rainier reflections // anna dovzhik*

*medium: digital photograph*

## equilibrium *casey o'brien*

Somebody asked me yesterday,  
“So you write for fun?”

No.

I write the way you breathe.

It's involuntary.

It's a bodily response to stimuli, stimuli being

Sunset

Rainy day

Teacup

Curve of a shoulder

Delicate secret tuck of hip.

But so much more than that too

Isn't it?

Because

Because

I hear God in a pen's scratch

And find love

In the

perfect

order

of

lined paper.

I wish I could explain that sometimes I think I would die  
without this,

Without words

I am afraid, so afraid of who I would be without a pen in my hand,  
without my fingers  
tiptapping  
on a keyboard to tell me where I belong  
To say  
Here  
Here  
Here you are.  
I recognize myself in my words  
That's me, there she is, I found her.  
Because sometimes I wake up in the morning and my reflection  
in the mirror looks  
unfamiliar  
My hair parts to the right at night, while I sleep  
Moved I guess by unconscious dream fingers  
And then in the morning my symmetry is reversed and the  
world feels flipped on its  
head,  
Like standing up too fast.  
And the only way it ever looks right again is  
To write it all down.  
So I guess  
You could say I write for  
Balance  
I write for  
Equilibrium  
This is my stasis.  
Aristotle wrote about the idea of final cause.  
He believed that all things had a purpose and a place and we  
would get there,  
somehow.

This is my final cause.  
Midnight on a Thursday,  
Listening to the whirr of the fan and the soft beat of my own heart  
telling me I exist,  
yes  
I think therefore I am,  
I write.  
I write, therefore  
Therefore  
I must be  
Yes, yes.  
I am.



*rainier with lavender // jeanne-marie joubert*

*medium: embroidery*

# child support

*lorna mcginnis*

Characters: Jane, female, middle-aged

Robert, male, middle-aged

Setting: An expensive apartment. There is a black recliner in the living room facing the television. The living room connects to a kitchen with a mini-bar next to it. There are two empty shot glasses on the kitchen counter.

*Robert looks out the window and sees that it is Jane.*

Robert: Oh shit. *Robert pours himself a shot and drinks it.*

*Jane rings the doorbell. Robert answers. Jane is looking very together with immaculate makeup and nice flats. Robert is in a suit but his tie is undone and his face is red.*

Jane: Hello Robert.

Robert: Hello Jane. How are you?

Jane: I'm fine thank you.

Robert: Would you like a glass of water or something?

Jane: No thank you.

Robert: What can I do for you?

Jane: You haven't been calling and Lexie's getting upset. I thought I'd stop by and see what was up with that. She told me to say she misses you, by the way.

Robert: Jesus. I'm sorry. It's just with the job and all it's hard to find the time.

Jane: Well, can you try a little harder. Lexie doesn't understand you don't have time for her.

Robert: It's not like that.

Jane: Then what is it like?

Robert: Look Jane. I'm trying to beat this deadline right now. Could we do this later?

Jane: I just need ten minutes of your time.

Robert: Fine.

Jane: I need you to raise your child support for Lexie.

Robert: *Moves as if to pour himself another shot but sees Jane looking at him and stops.* Jesus Jane, you're like the IRS. Didn't I give you more money six months ago?

Jane: You said you were going to give more money six months ago.

Robert: No. I gave you the money. I can show you the statement.

Jane: No, you didn't.

Robert: Yes, I did.

Jane: No, you didn't.

Robert: Yes, I—

Jane: *Puts up a hand to interrupt Robert.* This isn't getting us anywhere. I'll look at the statement later. *Pause.* If you can't see your daughter at least support her.

Robert: *Reaches out and pours himself another shot and drinks it in one gulp. He slams the glass down on the kitchen counter. Goes to pour another... Stops himself.* What do you need the money for anyhow?

Jane: Lexie's going to Jefferson Academy this fall and we need the money for tuition.

Robert: Jefferson?! You came by to tell me you're sending her to Jefferson?

Jane: If you came by more often or called when you said you would, I

wouldn't have to.

Robert: With my job I can't just drop by whenever. She understands that.

Jane: Well if you don't show up you're going to miss things. Jefferson is an excellent school and my alma mater. They have experienced tutors for working with ADHD children like Lexie.

Robert: Alma mater?! It was an elementary school.

Jane: They have people who can work with Lexie. Teach her how to be more like the other kids.

Robert: Yeah. For how much?

Jane: \$25,000 a year.

Robert: I can't afford \$25,000 a year.

Jane: You make at least \$100,000. And you'd only have to pay half.

Robert: I don't want to spend my money on an overpriced finishing school.

Jane: Lexie's eight. And she's beginning to realize that she's not like the other kids. She needs this opportunity or I don't know if she'll ever make friends.

Robert: Friends cost 2\$5,000? Doesn't she hang out with that girl, what's her name Sarah, Samantha...?

Jane: It's Sophie. And she dropped Lexie when third grade started. Besides, what else are you going to spend it on? Booze?

Robert: Believe what you want to believe. I'm not an alcoholic. *Picks up the bottle to pour himself another shot then stops.*

Jane: It's even more pathetic than I remember.

Robert: I am not pathetic!

Jane: Then man up and support your only daughter. Take some responsibility.

Robert: I am taking responsibility! That roof over your head, do you think

it comes cheap?!

Jane: I pay for half that roof. I worked ten hours a day five days a week. I'm an executive assistant to the CEO of my company.

Robert: If you want money, go to him. I'm done opening my wallet.

Jane: It's a her for your information. If I want money I'll go to court.  
*Takes a step towards Robert, getting in his face.*

Robert: For Christ sake if you want her to go to Jefferson so bad pay for it yourself. Cut down on your Burbury or whatever the hell it is.

Jane: You think I have money for Burbury! I just lost my fucking job, okay! *Buries her face in her hands.*

Robert: Wait, you lost your job?

Jane: Yeah. They fired me by email. Five years with the company and they fired me by email. I called my boss and she wouldn't even talk to me.

Robert: Ouch.

Jane: No shit. Go on, gloat. You know you want to.

Robert: No, I don't. Give me a little credit. Why didn't you just tell me that in the first place?

Jane: And humiliate myself?

Robert: What, were you going to hide it forever?

Jane: I was going to try. It's bad enough I can't give Lexie all the opportunities she deserves. Now I have to come and ask you for help.

Robert: What's so wrong about asking me for help?

Jane: Look at yourself, you're so...

Robert: Pathetic. Yeah. You told me before. Looks toward the bottle but does not drink.

Jane: Go on. Take it. I'm done caring. It's just sad for Lexie that you're the only father she's got.

Robert: *Takes the shot.* I've tried to quit twice, you know? After we split.

Didn't work.

Jane: So why not try again?

Robert: I think it was the universe's way of telling me I couldn't do it. That this was the only life I was ever going to get. Taking shots and arguing with my ex.

Jane: Leave me out of it. I don't want to be a part of your self-pity.

Robert: It's not self-pity.

Jane: You really haven't changed much since we ended, have you?

Robert: Nah.

Jane: Still the martyr. But do you know who isn't?

Robert: What?

Jane: Your daughter. She has so much to be disappointed about but she never lets it get her down. When I go in to check on her at night, when she's asleep, I can see her smiling. I've always wondered what she's dreaming about that makes her so happy.

Robert: Do you really think this school can help her with her ADHD?

Jane: I really do.

Robert: Then I'll write a check.

Jane: Thank you. *Pause.* It would mean a lot to her if you called.

Robert: I'll try. It's just that stuff gets in the way. And then I think that even if I do call she'll be mad at me for staying away.

Jane: She's not mad. She's sad, which is worse.

Robert: I didn't mean to make her sad.

Jane: You never mean to, but you do.

Robert: Alright. I'll try for this weekend. I can't promise anything though. *Pause.* In the meantime, tell her that her daddy misses her too.

# untitled

*liam tully*

When they opened up the back of my head  
They saw the wires twisted, in a mess  
Some flattened, splitting into two  
Then coming back together

They said, "This isn't right,  
this doesn't go here.  
Why would he say things like that  
To someone he just met?"

His hand turned  
Rubber blue palm opened upward  
His assistant placed the pliers there  
And he went to work

My sleep was dreamless, but to sound  
Romantic and meaningful, let's say I  
Dreamed of the psychologist who  
Had me list all the words I could think of  
That start with "S"  
Snake...sermon...svelte...umm

He told me that my head hurt all the time  
Because the world worked one way,  
And my brain worked another  
Back in the land of metal and teeth  
The surgeon had moved on  
And was busy fixing my urge

to correct grammar, especially in  
situations where it would piss someone off  
But then comes the big nerve  
This is where the doc earns his money  
"See how this one is swollen right here?  
That's where the excess caring has built up.  
He cares too much, but we can remedy that.  
We make a small incision here,  
and let the fluid drain.  
But don't worry,  
we'll close him back up fully.  
Not like that lumbar puncture last year!  
Hah! Surgeon joke!"

So they let the fluid drain  
And then they closed me back up

I awoke  
And I liked more people  
But none of them to death  
And we had more conversations  
And I never joked about death

I didn't fear abandonment  
And when I stopped talking to a friend  
It was never intentional  
I didn't seethe with love  
Or blossom with hatred

I was where I was  
When I was  
I was fixed



*pinned // grace best-devereux*

*medium: pinned flowers*

# hasta que

*maddie corliss*

La flor recuerda de liviandad  
del viento de pasa  
que roza su tallo,

Considera la placidez  
de la roció por sus pétalos  
después de la llovizna.

Pero siempre  
olvida la tormenta paliza,  
el ventarrón despiadado.

Hasta que  
su tallo torcido  
sus pétalos destruidos  
y sus raíces arrancados

ella recuerda.

The flower remembers the lightness  
of the passing wind  
that grazes its stem,

Considers the tranquility  
of the dew on its petals  
after a drizzle.

But always  
forgets the beating storm,  
the ruthless wind.

Until  
its stem is broken  
its petals destroyed  
and its roots uprooted

she remembers.



*the magic in change // carly brock*

*medium: oil on glass*

# i am not blind

*nicole de biasi*

We found it on the wind;  
the voice of the moon,  
tinny and charged with bitter wine,  
plucking us from our wounds.

We dance, broken dolls with broken masks,  
sepia sounds caught between  
the frames of our movement,  
trenchant and stricken  
with the strain of the ages.

Here, a dance with crooked pawns  
on the crooked board,  
violins beating us with the time signature.  
And you, so wild with an ivory smile  
cut from your ivory face,  
seemed a man of unearthly mirth.

And with your voice, strained and crackled  
in the air so slowly sobering the night away,  
We danced beneath the silver copy of a light we once knew.



*crystalline // maddie peckenpaugh*

*medium: wood block reduction print*

## the light through the canvas

*anna elliot*

The next morning at 7AM when his wife came in, Steven Hart told her that the previous night was the most alone he had ever felt. The pneumonia was progressing so that he was drowning from the fluids filling his lungs. His hand, made claw-like from a stroke two years previous, had been too immobile and cramped to press the nurse's call button. He had lain in the dark hospital room gasping to escape the drowning sensation for hours before the morning nurse came to check on him and drained his lungs.

Steven had been in the hospital for two weeks. The strain of a short outpatient surgery to remove a dime-sized, discolored lump from the back of his neck had sent his previously existing pulmonary issues into distress. When Steven was in the Army Medical Corps, he smoked. After he became a surgeon and settled to raise his four children, he quit, but the damage to his heart and lungs was extensive.

"Can I get you anything, Daddy?" His three daughters still called him Daddy, although the youngest was thirty-six with three young children of her own. The shirt she wore was wrinkled from keeping it on for days. His daughters hated to leave him or their mother at the hospital alone for too long. Without looking up, he shook his head no. Most of Steven's energy was focused on forcing his lungs to accept the raspy bits of air he managed to pull into his throat. Trying to get his breath, he took a slow inhale, but he choked on the fluids filling his insides and started to cough and sputter and gasp, making the noises of a man just ripped from underwater.

"Nurse! Where's the Nurse?" his eldest daughter said, rushing out into the hallway. The nurse came in pushing a cart with a machine on it draped with plastic tubes and wires. Sitting Steven up in the hospital bed, she opened his mouth and forced one of the plastic tubes down his windpipe. Steven's eyes watered, rolling up towards the ceiling. His long fingers curled stiffly over his palms as he pressed his fists into the bed sheets on either side. His eldest daughter held her mother tight. She clutched at her

daughter's arm with arthritic hands. She couldn't see her husband through the tears clouding her eyes, although she tried to hold him in her gaze. Choking and gurgling so that his family could see his chest shaking with the effort, the machine siphoned off enough liquid for Steven to pass air into his lungs.

"Maybe we better let him get some rest," his wife said looking down and fingering her worn gold wedding band. Their sixtieth wedding anniversary was four months away. The nurse lowered the hospital bed back down and rolled the breathing machine out of the room.

"Jimmy's on his way, Daddy," the middle daughter said, "should be here tomorrow." Steven did not shift his gaze from where it was set on the blank back wall of the room. He could not find the energy to lend words of comfort. The four women filed out, each daughter stopping to kiss their father's forehead, or smooth a wrinkle on his hospital gown, and lean in to say "We'll be back as soon as you get rest" and "Love you, Daddy." His wife just smiled at him with tired eyes and lingered a while when she kissed his cheek. Steven stared down at his twisted hands as they left and closed his eyes after they were gone.

Steven's hands were flooded in the light from the stadium lamps. The sun had set hours before, turning the metal bleachers cold. Spitting rain beaded on the metal and on the skin of Steven's hands. Looking across the diamond, he could see the rain falling in sheets only where the stadium lights illuminated it. Past the outfield, he could see only darkness. The sound of cold rain pelting the metal bleachers echoed throughout the empty field. Steven closed his eyes and breathed in the smell of the rain hitting the dry dust of the diamond.

Jimmy played third base. He had a strong arm— or at least that's what his coach had told Steven at church the Sunday before last. *That boy of yours got a real rocket of a right arm, Steve. You oughta get down to a game before the season ends and see him toss it around a bit.* Before the season ends. The air was just starting to prickle with an autumn chill. Steven rubbed his hands together to take out some of the stiffness that had settled in since he sat down in the empty stands.

Alone in the hospital room, Steven took a slow, level breath and inhaled the smell of cleaning supplies and urine. He had spent forty years of his life in hospitals and he knew that no matter how they tried, the staff

could not use enough cleaner to fully mask the stench of human decay. Steven knew exactly what was happening to his body. He could read his chart and track his symptoms as well as the doctor assigned to him. He knew when the doctor rubbed his neck and slipped his hands into the pockets of his lab coat before he listed a number of possible treatments that he was giving the obligatory long-shot chances that distanced the patient from understanding the inevitability of their death. He turned his head and watched the numbers on his monitor. He knew what they meant. The fear collected in his chest and he struggled to keep it from drowning him.

Before his wife and daughters left the hospital for the night, Steven's wife said the Rosary with him, as was their habit each night before bed. She held the string of worn black beads in one hand and placed her other on her husband's. None of the words of prayer slipped from his lips and his cramped hand rested on the bed curled inward. When his eldest daughter prepared to leave, she smiled at him, "You'll feel like a new man once you get some sleep, Daddy," and, feeling her eyes start to betray her with tears, she turned and exited the door.

Again, he was alone with the sharp, rattling pains of his body failing him. The air in the room was stale. He fixed his eyes on the flowers next to his bed. They were lilies, white with a bright pink streak in each petal. Lilies were the flowers his mother had brought to the funeral of his uncle when he was a boy. He remembered because she was crying on the phone with the florist when she ordered them. He rarely saw his mother cry. She got the call informing her of her brother's death and set to making the proper arrangements. Steven didn't know then that his uncle had died, but when he came downstairs to take a glass of water up to bed, he saw his mother leaning against the wall of the kitchen where their phone hung, asking for a dozen white lilies, with heavy tears rushing down her cheeks.

Kneeling in the pew with his open hands pressed together, Steven listened to the funeral mass. The voice of the priest echoed out into the church and up to the rafters: *On this mountain he will destroy the veil that veils all peoples, the web that is woven over all nations; he will destroy death forever.* Steven closed his eyes and tried to picture his uncle with Jesus. *The souls of the just are in the hand of God, and no torment shall touch them. They seemed, in the view of the foolish, to be dead; and their passing away*

*was thought an affliction and their going forth from us, utter destruction. But they are in peace.* Steven trailed behind his father to the front of the church where the casket was. The stained glass windows lining the walls of the church were muted. Storm clouds had gathered outside and no light shone through them. His uncle's yellow skin was pulled taut around his bones. His eyes sat deep in their sockets; the skin around them looked bruised. What he saw was not peace. It was utter destruction.

In the hospital bed, Steven came in and out of sleep through the night. His eyelids twitched with exhaustion. When he felt himself drifting away he dug his fingernails into his palms. He learned that trick in the Pacific. When it got bad out on the beaches, he would dig his fingernails into his skin to feel something other than fear. To keep it from paralyzing him. To keep fighting. He pushed an invisible weight off his chest with steady breaths. He did battle with the fluids threatening to engulf him. He could see the corners of his vision going dark and he tried to blink it away. He used the strength he had left to choke air into his lungs. To keep breathing. To keep destruction from setting in. In the twilight of the early morning hours, the nurse called the family and told them to come in as soon as possible.

Steven scanned the family members lining the walls of the small hospital room. The florescent overhead light pulled the color from their faces. Two small grandchildren shared his chestnut curls and a chair in the corner, his brother and sister-in-law stood near the door. His three daughters stood closest to his bed. They held onto each other—the youngest rested her head on her sister's shoulder and linked hands with her husband standing close behind. Steven's wife sat at his side brushing his forearm with the tips of her fingers. The nurse had given him morphine, "to make him comfortable," she said. She directed this to the family: Steven had been only semi-conscious for a few hours now.

"How close is Jimmy?" The youngest daughter asked.

"Last time he called he was thirty minutes outside St. Paul," her older sister answered. Some in the room shifted their weight between feet, or looked out the window and then down at the ground. The youngest daughter turned and pressed her face into her husband's chest. She was silent, but you could see the wet spot on his blue button-down developing clearly.

The light in the room appeared remarkably bright to Steven. Everything seemed to blur at the edges slightly when touched by the yellow light coming through the window. The tiles on the ceiling reflected the light and pointed it down at him. The sunlight on his skin warmed his face and he could see the yellow brightness behind his closed eyes. When he was stationed in the Pacific as a young man, he would awaken in the doctor's quarters from the feeling of warmth on his face and the sense of bright morning light coming in from the window cut in the canvas before he opened his eyes.

There had been a man there, one of his patients, a soldier from Cedar Rapids, Iowa. Steven had only just finished school. They put him on a boat across the ocean to start stitching up fallen men. This kid from Iowa, he had taken some shrapnel in his leg, got infected. It was a sticky kind of hot there. They couldn't keep the flies out of the medical tent. Steven and the other men cut big windows in the canvas with their pocketknives to let in a breeze. All day the yellow light would come beating through those windows, lighting up the cots and the men in them. The kid from Iowa howled for days, he could feel the infection eating away at his leg. But the day he died he was quiet. In his hand he held a sepia-toned photo half the size of a postcard to his chest. It was of a young, pretty girl holding a baby boy, about one, on her knee. In the cot, the man's face was painted with golden light. His expression was calm, his mouth turned up slightly at the corners. His lips began to move just slightly. Steven leaned in to hear what he was saying. It was the same two names over and over again. *My beautiful Georgia. My boy Joseph. Joseph, sweet, Joseph.* The man died with the names on his lips and the warm sun on his face.

From his bed, Steven heard the door of the hospital room open.

"Did I make it?" Steven's son came into the room, looked around at the faces of his family, and rushed over to his father's side.

"I'm here, Dad, I made it. We're all with you now," Jimmy said, kneeling down so he was level with his father. Steven Hart moved his eyes across the faces of his family gathered there and lifted his hand just slightly, resting it next to Jimmy's. His son took Steven's hand in his. He could feel the warmth from Jimmy's hand loosening his muscles. *Jimmy. My boy, Jimmy.* Then he closed his eyes so he could feel the warmth of the golden light on his face.



## *take the trail // alesha brown*

*medium: digital photograph*

# welcome to eden

*leah o'sullivan*

She is beautiful

She is alone

Her hair burns bright  
Like Heaven's gates,  
Hanging from her face  
In swirling vines

Her slender waist mirrors  
The gentle curve of the  
Branches above her head

He laugh sounds like  
The breathless freedom of  
An apple falling from a tree

She says her name is Eve  
Her voice sounds like mine

She is paradise  
And she answers the love  
In my eyes with her own

But now I must go  
And as I stand and turn  
From the glassy pond  
So does she.



*untitled // andrea eaton*

*medium: steel sculpture*

# shame

*maddie criglow*

One Palm Sunday

I was chosen to be the accolade  
at a Methodist church in Baton Rouge.

I was eight and knew I didn't believe in God,  
but I didn't mind,  
walking down the aisle with all eyes on me.

Those eyes didn't seem  
to know my secret  
as I lit the candle right on time.

Sitting back down in my pew in the front,  
I realized I didn't remember my cue  
and waited until the preacher had to ask for the accolade.

He watched, ticked off, at his podium,  
as I lit the candle with no music,  
not knowing I was supposed to feel embarrassed.



*David and Bathsheba // Rachel Kalman*

*medium: oil on canvas*

“the church turns respectfully to  
those who participate in her life”<sup>1</sup>

*alexa himonas*

So she has a life now  
to rule and divide  
lives dedicated to men  
they live in her heart  
they are her head  
for she is made from a body of men  
science agrees that she  
even ever was made from atom's  
ribbons to tie her up  
ribbons to make her pretty  
and she will be pretty  
for she is his home  
bearing his weight in a well designed dome  
we sit under, but we can only wonder  
if she is clean  
if not we will scrub  
till we see white through the blood  
red window  
and we'll follow the light  
to arrive at his right  
of this I know less  
when I was born I was deemed almost  
all right  
flaws aside I still strive for  
the perfection of the man who died for

all of the people she survives for  
but as I strive  
I can't help but think she  
looks a lot more like me  
than he does

<sup>1</sup>Synod14 - Eleventh General Assembly: “Relatio post disceptationem” of the General Rapporteur, Card. Péter Erdő, 13.10.2014



