

The Looking Glass

University of Idaho Honors Program

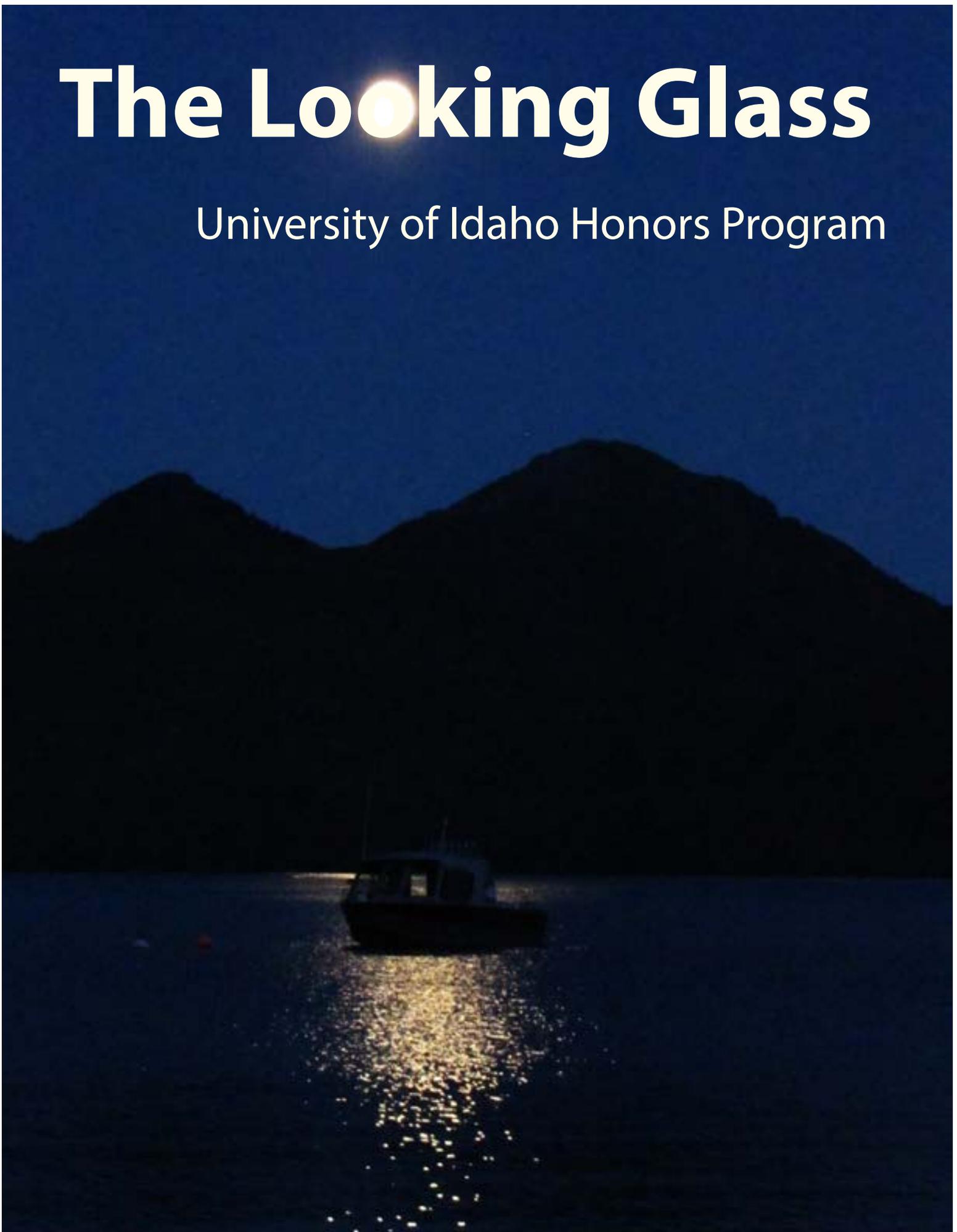


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The Looking Glass

Edited by: Will Loucks, Claire Stevenson, Ethan Hansen, and Megan Venlos

The Looking Glass is a publication by honors students and for honors students. It is a display of creative work done by students in the University of Idaho Honors Program. It shows that we are more than just a bunch of brains and book-smarts. We don't spend all our time studying. We enjoy and embrace art and many of the students not only pursue art as a major or career but also as a hobby and a passion. This publication is edited and put together by honors students as well. It is our publication to show the University that we are capable of more than good grades and high GPA's. We are well rounded individuals who are competent in multiple fields, and we are proud to be part of the University Honors Program. We are honored to present to you the 2012-2013 edition of The Looking Glass.

"City of Dubai" *By Philip Vukelich www.philipvukelich.com*



Lessons from the Enlightenment

A recipe for social change

By Taylor Rogers

We live in an interesting time. Long gone are the times of Immanuel Kant, in which he and those of the Enlightenment dreamed of a free society where people had the liberty to think for themselves- to exercise critical thought. We have even progressed passed their dream- in our society we are no longer limited to only the elite having the ability to think for themselves and express those thoughts. Today, anyone can express their thoughts, criticize our government, and critique our society. If Kant and the Enlightenists heard of our society, they may consider it a Utopia in which we can freely follow reason and express it- A Perfect World! But we are not. Why are we not this perfect Utopian society? Because we have a problem unimaginable to Kant and

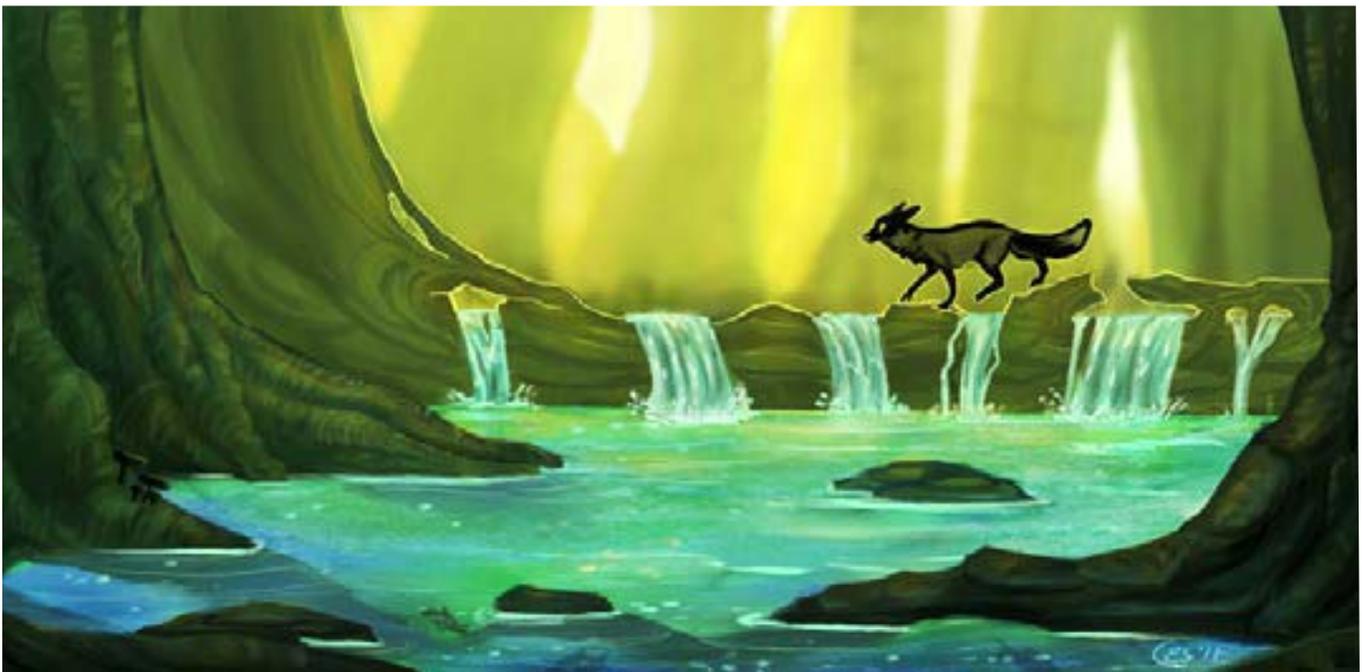
those of the Enlightenment- a lack of will.

We have unabated, unlimited freedom to think critically and make our thoughts known to more people more easily than anyone from the 18th century could ever imagine. With smart phones, tablets, and the internet, we not only have a wealth of information and knowledge literally at our fingertips, we have a way for our thoughts, our societal criticisms, to touch thousands if not millions of people! One good message, written by someone previously unknown can travel around the entire world, change thousands of lives, and be read by millions immediately after being written. So why do we feel limited? Why do we not do this?

We squander this immense power for change on entertainment, mindless pleasure, and instant gratification. Why? Why do we do this when we have the power to change the

world? Many would argue that we lack the willingness- that we lack the will to move from what is easy to doing what is real, meaningful, and purposeful. As Kant said, it is far easier to let others tell you how to think, what to believe, and how to feel than to do all that for yourself. However, the answer to this question of creating a critical thinking and better society was not, as Kant thought, being given the ability and freedom to think critically. No, we now have that and still haven't reached the point of becoming their Utopian society. Instead, Kant was right in another criticism- a criticism still relevant today. This criticism is that we don't have the courage to reason, to think for ourselves, and if we do, then we don't have the courage to take the next step- to step up and make our thoughts known to the world.

Never in our history has this been so easy to do, and yet never in our history have we squandered such a power on entertainment without



"Just Passing Through," by Claire Stevenson. Digital painting.

value and gratification without work. Do the hours you waste on Facebook cause you to exercise real critical thought? Do the tweets you receive from your favorite celebrities expand your knowledge of how to better our society? Very few could answer yes. Even fewer would take action with this new knowledge, apply it to our society, think of how to better it, and let the world know. Kant would be rolling in his grave.

What was once easy is now easier. Time can be wasted by the hour learning nothing of value. Sites such as Netflix and Hulu allow us to watch hours of television without consequence. We must wake up! We must use the greatest power yet to come to this world. The power of an idea, when combined with the power and ease of the internet, can change the world! So we must turn our superficial inclinations meaningful. Do not complain about our society if you have done nothing to change it and, therefore, done everything to keep it the same. We have been lulled into a sleep devoid of critical thought by our technology. This power for good can, if we are not careful, not alert, lure us into an entertainment coma from which we do not want to awaken. Our Information Age, I would argue, has become the Entertainment Age. However our Entertainment Age could become, if enough of us exercise our new-found power, an Age of Social Change, a Neo-Enlightenment!

Are we not taught the benefits of critical thought in our very schools? Are we not "encouraged" by our society to exercise reason? Take advantage of this! Never have we been so fortunate! We have what those of the Enlightenment only dreamed- the power and freedom to think. So do not waste it! This is what matters- turn our energies from purposeless pursuits to those that better our society. Two options lay before us- we will either doom our society to perpetual mediocrity and our people to purposeless meandering, or we will choose to be responsible citizens of the world, and with that, usher in a new Age, a Neo-Enlightenment. . . .



On the Horizon

by Kelly Christensen

The storm is there.

It is ever present.

I cannot escape.

No matter how fast I run I will never get away.

Let the rain fall down on me.

Let it fill my lungs,

Take my air.

Let me sink slowly into my thoughts of thunderstorms.

Thunder fills my mind.

The storm is here and the ship might not make it through.

Murder In Midwinter

By Sara Hendricks

Daniel rose through the shreds of a dream when the phone rang. It was still dark outside—not that the absence of light served as an adequate marker of time in early December. For all he knew, he could have slept entirely through his shift and slipped into the following evening. Groaning, Daniel rubbed a hand over his face, as though he could banish the cobwebs of his dream. Nevertheless, he wasn't exactly coherent when he first rolled over and pulled the earpiece and receiver off his nightstand. Holding the contraption by its brass stem, he glared balefully at the clock on the wall. He could read its thin, gleaming hands despite the darkness; it told him that it was just before five in the morning, a time he hadn't been intimately familiar with since he'd traded in his beat in the Lower City for a detective's badge.

Blessedly, the shrill ringing ceased when he put the earpiece against the shell of his ear. "Daniel Pyper speaking." He tried to banish the lingering sleepiness from his voice but only partially succeeded. It would have to do.

"Hello, Daniel."

Oh. Shit. He came immediately, completely awake at the sound of that voice, sitting up instead of simply propping himself on his elbows. Regardless of the fact that the man on the phone wasn't in the room, it felt wrong to be at anything other than full attention in his presence. Not to mention he would probably know otherwise. Daniel didn't know how he would, but it was exactly the sort of thing that the detective irrationally dreaded. He had gone through years of training, but he still always felt like the eight-year-old boy he had been when he first met the man. Time marched on even for a dhampir, yet the Queen's Warden seemed immune to its effects. Daniel tilted his head away from the mouthpiece for a second to clear his throat. "Good morning, sir."

Whatever was going on, this was

no social call. Only something that verged on a national security issue would have his true superior phoning him at four in the morning: not the Chief Inspector, nor the Commissioner, and not even the Minister of Police, but Him. A chill weight dropped into the pit of his stomach.

"Good morning," the Warden said. He sounded as domineering and arresting as always, but also tired. That had been a common trait in his voice since the beginning of the war, not that Daniel had ever dared comment on it, but now he just sounded weary. "Are you familiar with the Vaisine Magician's University in the Upper City?" Always directly to the point, and impossible to define as either a good or a bad omen.

"Yes, sir." Daniel had never attended it—his talents lay in areas other than magic, and he had been trained accordingly—but everyone knew the seven bell towers and their parent University that dominated the half of the Upper city not already occupied by the Palace Rynathmor.

"I received word this morning that a murder took place there during the night. I need you to handle it with... some delicacy. The boy who was killed was the Exchequer's son, which by necessity means that a number of influential personages will be involved. I require someone dependable that I can trust to see to this case. In a time of peace I would be investigating it myself." The heavy pause told Daniel with even more certainty that something other than the Exchequer's family was at stake here. "Can you do that for me, Daniel?"

He was already sliding out of bed, balancing the earpiece against his shoulder and roaming as far as he dared on the short cord in his search for clothes. "Of course, sir."

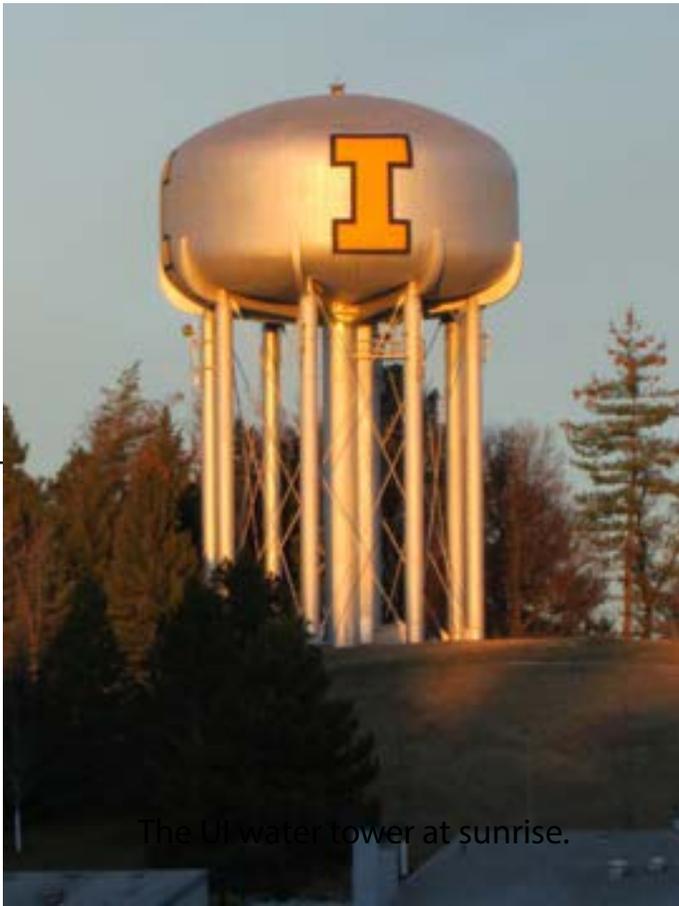
"Good. The rest of your department is already on their way; the weather may prevent you from making good time, but I ask that you arrive there as soon as possible. They will brief you on the details. Goodspeed, Daniel." Crackling static told

the police constable that that his superior had already disconnected the call. Replacing the earpiece on its hook, he set the phone back on the nightstand and turned to tear through his bedroom to find clean laundry.

He dressed quickly, pulling a sweater on over the shirt he had selected and coiling a long scarf around his neck before donning his mackintosh. The chill fabric of his pants made him shiver as he put them on; woolen socks warmed his cold toes before he thrust his feet into the knee-high, treated boots he wore in the winter. They had lasted him all through his terms as a beat cop, and Daniel had never quite been able to replace them. Long seasons of wear had worn them in until nearly every other pair of shoes felt somehow wrong. Daniel only paused long enough to stuff his wallet in the pocket of his coat, dig a dry scone out of the kitchen, and pat down the rest of his pockets to make sure he had a pack of cigarettes and a lighter before he stepped out of his apartment and locked the door.

Descending the creaking, frigid metal stairs to reach the level of the street, Daniel glowered at the thick snow he stepped down into. It reached well past his ankles, almost to his knees, and the sidewalk felt icy under the soles of his boots. Even worse than that, thick flakes of snow still fell from the dark pre-dawn sky, limned momentarily in the rays of light cast by the gas lamps illuminating each side of Baker Street. The slushy mess in the road gave evidence to the fact that the steam plows had been by sometime during the night, but now their work was being undone by the continued storm. At least the wind hadn't manifested as anything more threatening than the occasional gust that created little cyclones in the flurries of snow.

Shivering in the cold, Daniel pulled on his gloves and lit a cigarette. The street looked utterly deserted, save for the curtains of falling snow still drifting to the earth. Moving carefully across the slippery surface of the sidewalk, he began to brush the snow from



The UI water tower at sunrise.

"I Am the University of Idaho"

Will Loucks

his car. Treated to hold up against the elements, his mackintosh didn't allow the ice crystals to bleed in and chill him further.

At times, he thought that simply trudging through the snow on foot would be preferable to driving there in his car. It was a vastly older model than what the aristocrats drove, lacking both a heating and a cooling system. Its engine belched smoke more often than not, though Daniel had paid to have it fixed more times than he cared to count. Its floorboards were nearly rusted through—by the end of the winter, he thought, he would likely have to have them replaced too. But the old clunker still ran, which was all he could really ask for considering his limited resources.

Daniel just hoped that the temperature wouldn't keep the engine from

starting.

Five thirty had passed by the time Daniel was able to get the hunk of metal to purr to life. He'd been cursing under his breath the whole time, a constant string of expletives with no real anger or conviction behind them. They had served as a way to pass the time more than anything else; Daniel supposed he should have been praying instead, but though he dutifully maintained the first portion of his loyalty to "God, Queen, and Country," he had never been very pious. The idea of a God seemed too distant and impersonal to be truly involved in his life. What would a supreme being want with a dhampir police constable anyway?

Climbing into the driver's seat, Daniel pulled out into the deserted street and was soon making his way

past Templeton to the M8 that would take him across the river to the Upper City. Daniel was from the respectable part of what was technically the Lower City, the district optimistically labeled Middleton for its slightly more affluent residents, but his paycheck wasn't quite impressive enough to afford an apartment in the areas closest to the aristocracy. Perils of being a civil servant.

Making the journey at all had consumed his thoughts since he had awoken. Now that he had nothing to occupy his time save the drive itself and the stale scone he'd brought with him for breakfast, his thoughts invariably turned to the phone call that had roused him in the first place. A high-profile murder would prove tricky enough to handle, particularly when the nation already had a war hanging over its head. But what about the investigation would be so important that it demanded the Queen's very attention? After all, He wouldn't have called Daniel unless that was true. In the simplest sense, their division dealt with crimes involving the inhuman. Whatever he would find when he arrived at the University, perhaps that would shed more light on the situation.

Of course, Daniel had made himself intimately familiar with all the high-ranking members of Parliament. His training had demanded it; anyone that was important to the Queen, and thus to his superior, had to be included in the extensive inventory of information he had systematically memorized. As he recalled, the Exchequer only had one son. Yet Daniel couldn't think of any particular political enemies allied against the man; the Exchequer was of the majority party in the nation, heavily loyal to the Queen and supportive of the war. Which meant that the murder had likely been personally motivated.

Unless, of course, the murder was linked to some kind of deeper plot. Which, considering the turn the war had taken, Daniel couldn't completely discount.

He finished his breakfast just as

the M8 took him across Chandler's Bridge. Its multitudinous lights glittered like distant stars amid the fog and falling snow; even the river seemed to have been swallowed into nothingness, obscured by a white veil. Despite himself, Daniel couldn't help but feel a lonely chill creeping past his layers of clothes. He had glimpsed only a few other cars and carriages on the road, their shining lamps smudged into indistinct blurs as they passed. The storm system had predictably hunkered down over the city the night before, but it seemed loathe to leave. Even the sun had not yet risen to do battle with it. The only sound Daniel could hear was the muffled crunch of his own tires over the snow. As he neared the middle of the bridge,

he could not see where it met the land on either side.

Balancing one elbow on the steering wheel for a moment, he lit another cigarette and drew the warm smoke deeply into his lungs. This edge-of-morning isolation was bad enough. To imagine being murdered in the dead of a cold winter's night, his life and breath slipping away indistinguishably into the fog... It occurred to Daniel that the fog was breath in a way, the singular exhalation of all the dormant souls buried under the layers of frost and snow. Would the city even wake that day, or would he and his colleagues be the only people alive in the strange grey twilight?

Shivering, he tried to exhale the thought with the next drag from his cigarette.

When he reached the end of the bridge, he had to brake slightly to keep from sliding down the slope that led back to the street. Perhaps the most humid region of the city, Siren Ward was the closest the Upper City ever came to a slum. Narrow buildings clustered close to the water front, slanting towards the river like the drunken sailors that occasionally wandered over from Needletooth. The police force waged a constant battle with them to prevent the bar brawls from likewise spilling over into the aristocracy's backyard. Nevertheless, the occasional body still washed up on



"This is a photo of one of three sleeping caribou that were just off the highway in Jasper National Park, Alberta." - Jared Mahoney

the wrong side of the River Tros. Early spring always turned busy for the homicide department, when the first thaw revealed the corpses that had settled there during the winter.

The M8 ended there, fracturing into an array of branching streets that connected to the main arterials in the Upper City. Cutting across a few of the well-plowed side streets, Daniel soon made his way onto the wide boulevard aptly dubbed Magicians' Stroll. It ended at the gates of the Vaisine Magician's University, the entrance to the campus guarded by wards and even, legends said, statues that would come alive in defense of the place. Daniel had never heard of them actually becoming animated, but the huge griffons above the gates certainly looked ferocious enough.

He couldn't see the gates themselves until he was nearly upon them, their gleaming spikes dulled by the storm. Typically, the gargantuan things didn't swing open until well past sunrise, signaling that the campus was open to students as well as visitors. Now, however, they stood wide, guarded by a barricade and four men in the blue uniforms of police constables. One of them strode forward through the snow, and Daniel rolled his window down as he approached.

The constable—Leland Adams, a pock-faced man with close cropped blonde hair—had on his best "kindly fuck off you're not wanted here" expression until he realized who was driving the car. Daniel was halfway through digging his wallet out of his coat before Leland laughed hoarsely and waved a hand. "No need to show me that," he said. "I know well enough who ye are." His voice could have been interpreted as a growl by someone who didn't know him well. "Took ye long enough to get here." He sniffed.

"Car's a temperamental old thing," Daniel answered with a grin. Leland snorted in amusement and spit into the snow.

"Go on, get that damned block out of the road!" Leland's face, already red in the cold, turned even redder as he shouted at the younger policemen. "Detective Pyper finally got 'ere, and

he'll be wanting to meet up with the other lads as soon as possible, ye hear?"

As the other three scrambled to fulfill the order, he turned back to Daniel and leaned against the car door. "I ain't been up there myself," he said in low tones, "but I heard it's... grisly. Hope ye haven't had yer breakfast yet."

Daniel nodded. "I should be fine."

"Yeah, I bet ye will be, ye fucking dhampir." For all the apparent gruffness in his tone, it was said affectionately. Leland thumped the side of the car and then stepped away. Daniel saluted him before proceeding through the cleared gateway and onto the University's campus. The constables behind him quickly barricaded it again at Leland's prompted shouting.

The new snow hadn't yet obliterated the tire-tracks created by the other police vehicles. Following them, Daniel soon emerged from the end of the long, tree-lined drive and into the main area of the campus. The University's buildings loomed out of the darkness, illuminated by wrought-iron gas lamps and a heatless magical light that glittered along the edges of the roofs and crenellations. It engendered an eerie impression through the snow and fog. Typically the gray stones shone almost like silver in the sunlight; now they had been reduced to nothing more than drab gray.

Daniel drove on until he reached an outcropping of police cars clustered at the base of the first bell tower. A clock face shimmered on each of the four sides, glowing from within with a white-blue light that dripped down the side of the tower before melting away into shadows near the base. The clocks, however, had been a later addition to what had been used for ages to harbor the nation's largest representation of Ahoshiel, the highest-pitched and smallest of the seven Angel Bells.

Since his childhood, Daniel had been intimately acquainted with those bells—Ahoshiel, Lirciel, Hapriel, Sobael, Claariel, Mehatel, and Nabel. Though he could not carry them himself, they were the primary

magical artifact and weapon used by the monarchy's Wardens. From the time in centuries past when the Rynathmor line had first claimed the throne and begun to appoint Wardens to protect their nation, the Angel Bells had served as a beacon of light and hope in a world combat-
ted by darkness. It had been the first Wardens and their magic which had first pushed back the shadows that lurked around the edges of civilization's firelight—shadows which gave birth to creatures like Daniel's forbears. While he, as a dhampir, was recognized as no real threat to the populace, the same had not been true of his ancestors. Even now, Daniel could feel... something the closer he got to the University's seven bell towers. Half a repulsing force and half a seductive beckoning toward oblivion, he shivered and tried to force it away. He had trained him to work despite such distractions.

Parking his car next to the others, Daniel killed the engine and climbed out into the snow. He spared only a moment to hope that the car would start again when he returned. Finishing his cigarette, he flicked the butt into the snow and then crushed it into the ice with the heel of his boot

He found another pair of young constables stationed at the base of the bell tower, guarding the entrance to its inward steps. Perhaps needlessly, he flipped open his wallet and showed them his detective's badge. "Detective Pyper. I'm here on the Warden's orders."

"Of course, sir." One of the constables stepped to the side and opened the door for him. The inside of the tower appeared dark save for the lingering white-blue light from above. A stretch of rope cordoned the area off; Daniel ducked underneath it to ascend the stairs. "The others are already upstairs documenting the crime scene. They've been expecting you."

"Thank you." Daniel spared him a smile before gripping the cold metal of the railing and beginning the ascent. What he wouldn't give

for another cigarette! But lighting one in Ahoshiel's tower felt profane. He would just have to do without.

The light from above grew brighter as he drew closer to the top of the tower. So too, he noticed, did the coppery-salty smell of blood. He wasn't sure if humans would be able to smell it all the way at the base of the tower, but it served a constant companion for him as the climbed. A few landings intercepted the advancement of the stairs; on each, Daniel found a small group of officers having conversations in hushed tones. Each time, he simply saluted them and moved on. Though he was far from excited to see the crime scene—who truly could be?—the thrill of his job had settled into his bones again. Daniel had always liked puzzles. To be trusted with

one that the Warden himself would normally be tasked with unraveling, Daniel couldn't help but be filled with a focused, intense energy. By the time he reached the innermost chamber that housed Ahoshiel, he was nearly jogging up the steps.

What he emerged into, however, gave him pause. Daniel had never been inside the bell tower before, but he felt a certain degree of awe at its size. Even though Ahoshiel was the smallest of the Angel Bells, this version of it stood taller than he did. Suspended from above by thick cabling, it hung like a dark, sleeping bird of prey from the rafters.

Many people thought that the clock faces themselves gave off the blue-white light that lit up the inside of the tower. That, however, was only a

myth. Instead, this Ahoshiel had been treated with some kind of magic that made the bell itself glow. Daniel could barely stand to look at it at first, and had to squint against the light. As his vision began to adjust, he took in the rest of the scene and nearly recoiled at the wrongness of it.

Of course, the scent of blood had grown the nearer he reached the top, and the chilled tang of it had struck him full in the face when he entered the room. Still, Daniel had expected a pool of it spreading on the floor, not... this. The walls, beams, and floor were all covered in blood. But rather than a chaotic splash of that red liquid, it had been spread liberally, deliberately, and used to paint every surface inside the bell tower with symbols Daniel recognized as dark in nature. Even the surface of Ahoshiel itself had been graffitied with arcane letters, marring the otherwise pristine, pure glow of the Angel Bell.

The only place not meticulously traced with patterns of blood was directly below the hollow of the bell. Or, rather, Daniel realized as he inspected it further, the continued drip of scarlet fluid had obscured more sigils and the red circle that they had once jaggedly adorned.

It had dripped there. He looked up.

And found the Exchequer's son. He was hanging from the clapper inside the bell, the pale flesh of his exsanguinated body disappearing into darkness.

Abruptly, Daniel was glad that he was a dhampir. How the human officers and forensic specialists had managed to stay in the room, he could not guess at. The miasma of violent death hung over the room like another storm cloud, oppressive and cloying. Fortunately, the cold meant that there were no flies buzzing around the carnage. Daniel watched his vaporous breath wisp away toward the ceiling.

No wonder the Warden had called him. •••

Cobble Stones

by Courtney Flynn

I want to be a cobble stone

Soft, rounded, traveled.

I want all of my rough edges to be eroded off.

I want to be appreciated, even though I am small,

For my color. Green, brown, tan, gray, blue,

Any color will do,

But I want the person who removes me from my home on the river bottom

To look at me and think,

"What a pretty rock"

Before they sail me through the air, so I

Kiss the swift current before sinking.

I want to settle on my own terms,

But the river moves me along, banging and bruising

Against other stones.

As I roll along, control

In the hands of outside forces.

I wonder if the one who threw me knew what he was doing.

A Salute to Influenza

Kelly Deobald

Thank you,
Influenza,
for being
a royal pain in my every-
where;
for the shivers that make
my legs, and back
ache.
Oh, and thank you for the
gnarly headache too,
you shouldn't have.

Here's to drinking orange
juice

and tea
and soup
all day
and to the astonish-
ment when you find that
you're still dehydrated.

Polymorphonuclearleuko-
cytes.

... I need more drugs.
I understand the meaning of
your words,
English textbook,
but your sentences are lost
on me.
Ah, the gentle uneasiness of
a fever;
the body's brutish,
imprecise Protector –

Pure in character,
but would fry the mind
to save le corps
without thinking
twice....

So here's to waking up
in the middle of the
night to roll over;
Discovering that the new
position
serves both as a sweet
relief
and the most all-en-
compassing agony
that you've felt for some
time.

It is quite surprising
how debilitating the
flu feels.
Primarily because of how
un-motivating
and annoying it is.

So here's to watching Disney
movies

when there is home-
work afoot!
the type that begs to
be done early.
Oodalolly.
Here's to a legitimate reason
to sleep
until three in the after-
noon
and nap-attacks
when you've only been
up for three hours

Here's to the hope,
that you haven't al-
ready infected
your friends
your family
or especially your room-
mate.

Here's to two days without
showering
and hoping you can
just
survive classes on Monday

Here's to whining
when you fall ill
(#firstworldproblems)

So thank you,
Influenza,
for stealing my weekend
and helping me drop
a dress size
(the bad way).

Aura

Marco Mendoza

People say my light shines bright
A golden aura like the sun.
An inner core with a passionate
flame
That reacts and burns away.
With no direction and feeling lost
And the people we love will search
for us.
We shield ourselves like iron
To protect and hide within.
It will be up to me to fight
That shadow that eats light.



Semester at Sea

By Nicole Johnson

Last May, I was lucky enough to set sail on a voyage with Semester at Sea. Never had I imagined in the fall semester of 2011, when I first learned about Semester at Sea, that I would begin the greatest month of my life by flying independently to Costa Rica and embarking on the journey of a lifetime from Puntarenas. The days between May 21st and June 15th, 2012 hold the most influential moments of my life thus far and I find myself very thankful for my experience with Semester at Sea every day.

Even though the whole month I spent

on the Short Term 2012 voyage had tremendous impacts on me, there is one moment that stands out which has changed the way I see the world. I kept a journal throughout the voyage and on the evening of June 9th, 2012, I wrote:

Tonight we had conversation circles after our time in Costa Rica. We were asked five of the hardest questions I have ever been asked and I am going to staple them into my journal as a keepsake. I don't know why we are so lucky. Why does the United States have so much money? Why do we have such a great education program and health care? Why do I deserve all of this? All I did was be born. What difference does that give me of someone else who is born, but in another country that is poorer? Life is not fair – but what makes me so special? I

used to just think I was lucky because I have a supportive family, but now I realize that I am lucky for so many more reasons.

I have continued to have thoughts like these ever since that moment in time.

Such as just now when I got up from typing at my own personal laptop to grab a glass out of our cupboard and fill it up with water from the tap that is safe for me to drink. I remember it being much different in the places we visited in Latin America and how

"I used to just think I was lucky because I have a supportive family, but now I realize that I am lucky for so many more reasons."

I never understood why it was so easy in my home country, but not in theirs. I remember talking to Ros on the night of the conversation circles and I could never agree with her more that sociology is the perfect major for me, as I now have so many more questions about the human population.

Due to the questions the conversation circles and Short-Term voyage brought up, I thought for a while that I would pursue a career in development after I graduate in May 2014. However, after giving the idea more thought along with having an increased value each day on the international perspective Semester at Sea has helped me obtain, I plan on spending my time after college working in a study abroad office or for a study abroad program, with the dream of working for Semester at Sea. This way I can help others work toward acquiring their own international perspectives that they can value as much as I value mine. I believe that once enough people have global perspectives of the world, we will better be able to reach out and lend a successful helping hand to those who need it most.

I always look forward to the days I can share my experience on Semester at Sea with other people. Feel free to contact me at john5244@vandals.uidaho.edu or visit www.semesteratsea.org.

Red

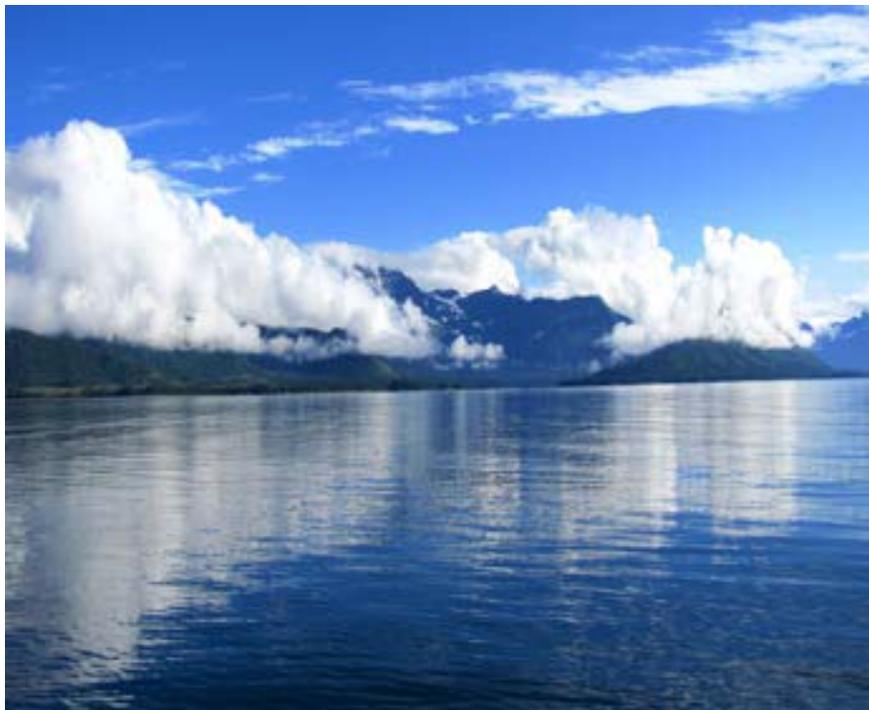
By Marco Mendoza

The night covers you in a shroud
And your beauty endowed.
Your twisted heart full of grace
It has me in your embrace.
Your appearance a fiery red
Tying us with a needle and thread.
If only my heart would speak
Then my love would shriek.

Enough

It is enough to watch wispy clouds race across a pale gray sky
As the first light drop of rain descends
Enough to feel the pull of gravity
Gently dragging you down the hillside
Enough to hear birds and share communion with the stalks
Of grass that are shivering in the breeze beside you.
It is enough to see the lighted windows
And not enter
Enough to hear the engine
And watch your fear dissipate
It is enough to dream and watch the world
Without swallowing—
It is enough to do
And enough to be.

E. J. Hansen



"Mt. Denson in eastern Prince William Sound, Alaska. It rises just under 6,000 ft. straight out of the ocean and has a major waterfall that plunges over 1,000 ft (the summit is obscured by clouds)" - Jared Mahoney

Cage

Every word leaves its mark
Deep gashes in the dark.

Pent up sadness pent up rage
Waking the monster from its cage

Pent up anger pent up rage
Waking the monster from its cage

Every tear has its price
Turning cold to ice.

Every act comes out to play
Leading me to betray.

Pent up darkness pent up rage
Waking the monster from its cage

Pent up madness pent up rage
Waking the monster from its cage

My monster is alive
With it, I will thrive.

Every heart has been broken
Holding me to be unspoken.

Marco Mendoza

A (Question)

As I sit in the sun waiting for my next class, I ask myself:

What is science?

I could look it up on the Internet or in a dictionary, but I feel that definition would not suffice.

I need something more relatable.

Science is the road less traveled that Robert Frost went down.

It is not the easy, smooth and well-traveled route.

Science is the complicated concerto played by an expert on stage.

It is the feeling of awe each person gets when hearing that very same song.

Science is everywhere and a part of everything.

It can be ignored temporarily, but never permanently.

Science is evil. It goes against the common beliefs of the time.

Science rubs people the wrong way until they accept it.

Science is an unanswered question.

It is a goal never fully reached.

Science is incomplete, but always working towards an impossible end.

Science is a quest into the unknown,
And it holds me in awe.

Kelly Christensen

Color According To Doc: Figment or Pigment? One Chemist's Hunt for the Origin of Color

Victoria Hart

Tom “Doc” Bitterwolf is always animated, but today he’s almost bouncing. As he settles into the packed office he’s occupied for 24 years, his voice and eyebrows reach their upper limits. Doc can’t wait to talk about color — where does it come from, how do we perceive it, does it even exist outside our imagination? The University of Idaho chemistry professor addresses every technicality of the biological, physical and chemical systems that create color before posing the same question he’s been asking himself for decades: “To what extent does your brain make up color?” “Isn’t that just a wonderful question?” Doc said. And he isn’t the first scientist to ask.

THIS GUY

Isaac Newton conducted his first experiments with prisms in 1666, and Doc said the young prodigy was probably already aware of theories regarding light and the spectrum. The 24-year-old Cambridge graduate closed his blinds and cut a hole in them so a sliver of sunlight shot into the room. “Now, if you’ve ever been there, you know that the sun doesn’t shine a lot in Britain,” Doc said. “The fact that he was able to pull this off is just incredible.” Newton waited in his darkened room, and when a beam of light entered and hit the opposite wall, he placed a prism in front of it. Doc said other scientists had worked with prisms before, but none were as bright as Newton. “He was the first one to recognize what was really going on here,” Bitterwolf said. He recognized that the prism divided white light into a rainbow of colors that had everything to do with the properties of light and little to do with the prism’s powers. Chandeliers and rainbows had long since revealed the rainbow, but Newton understood its origin more clearly. Color has always been shaped by perception, and Doc said Newton’s mysticism led him to divide the spectrum into seven definite colors — resulting in the ROYGBIV rainbow we understand today.

EYES

Bitterwolf said perception of color begins with biology. At the most basic level, color is produced when receptors behind the eye respond to light and send a signal to the brain, which deciphers the image. “This is where things get really cool.” Doc moves from his desk to another chair and leans forward, elbows on his knees and long, gray hair curling behind his ears. Humans, he said, have three receptors for light. Rods sense outlines, movement and distance in high resolution to create what Doc called an HD, 3-D, live-action coloring book. Cones detect color information and deliver a less well-resolved image to the brain. At the same time a third receptor picks up light and shadow, triggering chemicals that activate our sleep-wake senses. Bitterwolf described a Picasso painting of a mother and child that consists of a thin, black outline with color smeared haphazardly across the image. Facial features and hair textures are drawn clearly, and filled with blue, brown and green smudges. The mixture seems sloppy at first, but after a few minutes the picture becomes more definite. “Your brain colors between the lines,” Doc said. Each cone contains three molecules, each of which detects a different wavelength of light. Bitterwolf sketched a nanometer scale on a small grid-paper notepad that began with blue/violet on the left at 400 nm, and extended to red at 700 nm. He drew three arcs that intersected along the spectrum, one in the middle and one on each end, all reaching across one another’s boundaries. The middle section represents yellow/green color information. When certain voltages of light hit the cone, that combination is sent to the brain and interpreted as color.

DYES

The sun produces visible, infrared and UV light, and when its rays collide with anything — from a backpack, to a flower, to someone’s purple hair — compounds in those materials reflect and absorb different areas of the spectrum. The colors we see are reflected, and those we don’t are absorbed. So a flower that looks red consists of molecules that reflect red light and absorb the shorter blue and green wavelengths. As it happens, those molecules are larger and more common in nature. Flowers with blue or purple hues tend to grow in the shade because their molecules are more sensitive to light. The first pigments and dyes were made from natural materials such as plants and shells, but color revolutionized chemistry when one man created mauve. Bitterwolf said modern chemistry exploded — the pun may or may not have been intended — when British chemist William Henry Perkins created a color-fast dye that wouldn’t fade with wear. Instantly, mauve was the color of 1856. Chemists were among the first creators of colorful paints as well, and Bitterwolf said he finds the “hideously toxic” paints and dyes of the Middle Ages especially interesting. He said many colors were derived from poisons such as lead, mercury and cadmium. Doc supposes the scientific tendency for experimenting with pigment may stem from an inherent preference many chemists share. He said it isn’t unusual for groups of professional scientists to leave a national convention and visit an art museum. “Chemists tend to be incredibly visual,” Doc said. “We’re thinking in terms of images.” His own research revolves around organometallic compounds. “My colors are pretty boring ... mostly yellows and browns,” Doc said. “Basically we shine light on molecules and see how they behave ... they do all sorts of interesting things.” Despite centuries of research across the globe, color perception still raises questions with uncertain answers. Do one person’s cones interpret voltages the same way others’ do? How much does color perception rely on language, culture or even genetics? Does color always exist or is pigment a perpetuated figment of our collective imagination? “The brain takes the information, and at that point,” Doc said, “... it’s magic.”



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