



2017

2017 Greenleaf Review (no. 30)

Sigma Tau Delta

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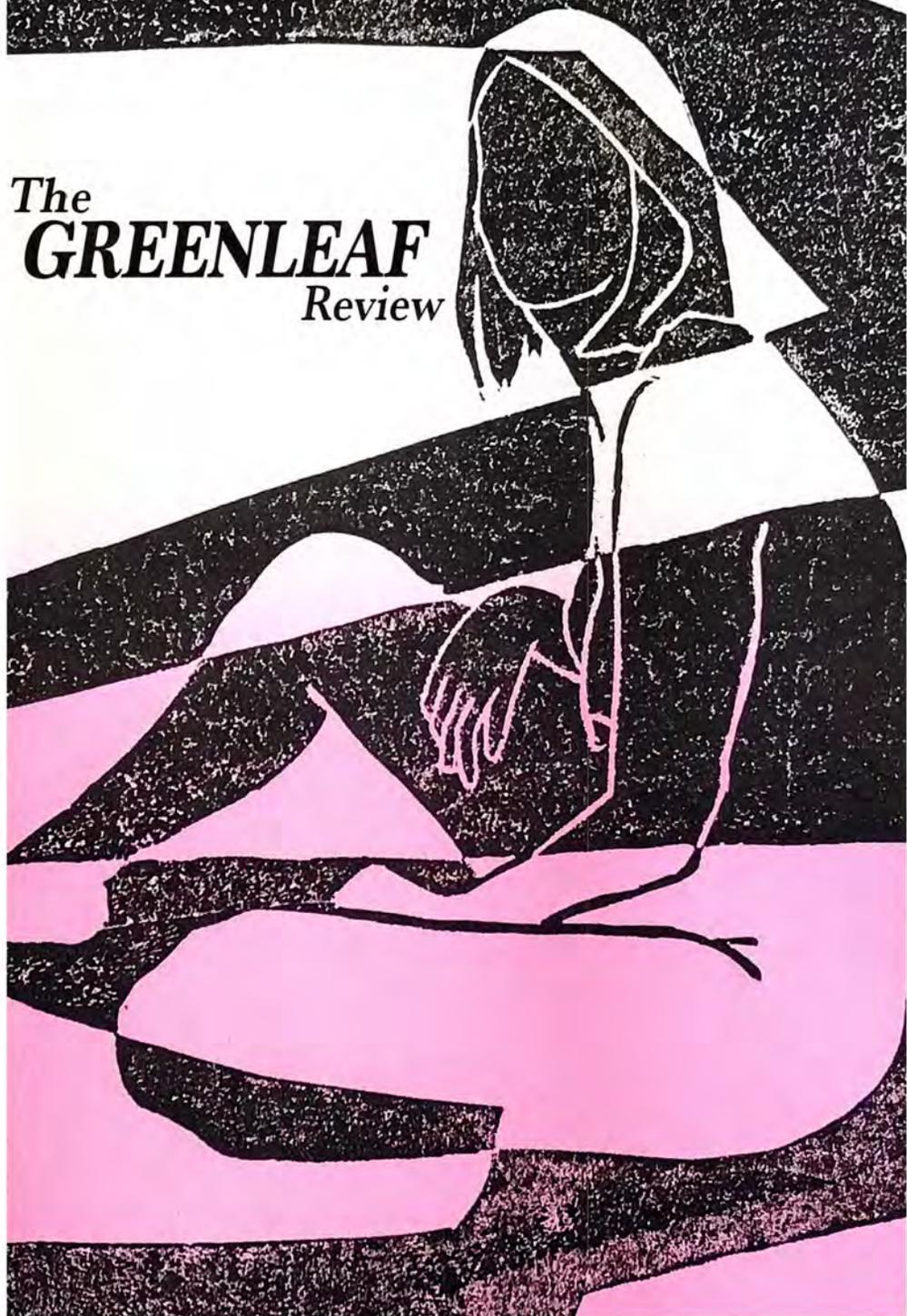
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The
GREENLEAF
Review



SIGMA TAU DELTA PRESENTS

THE GREENLEAF REVIEW

WHITTIER COLLEGE

ISSUE NUMBER 30

SPRING 2017



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FROM THE EDITORS

Dear reader,

This edition of *The Greenleaf Review* is made possible by the invaluable support that has been provided all semester long by my co-president and co-editor-in-chief, Nazarely Narvaez. Furthermore, I am extremely grateful for the work that Dr. Furman-Adams, Dr. Sean Morris, and Angela Olivas took up on our behalf. I am also grateful for the abundance of work that was submitted. It has been rewarding to consider the many poems, stories, essays, and art pieces that poured in, and to organize them all into this publication.

I hope you take notice of the art that runs thematically through *The Greenleaf Review*. The front and back cover, the table of contents, the title pages, and the biography section all feature artwork from the talented Bailie Karcher, a third-year Art major and English minor here at Whittier College. Her bold and honest abstractions of the human body really speak to me, and I hope that we did them justice by weaving them through our publication. Finally, I hope that these pieces, as well as all of the other pieces that rest within these pages, speak to you as well.

Brianna Martinez

Dear reader,

As you may have noticed, this year we decided to change our publication's title from *The Literary Review* to *The Greenleaf Review*. After deep contemplation, we decided that *The Greenleaf Review* better represents Whittier College's history with literature and community, and essentially, sets our literary magazine apart from others. This will be the first year in which we will publish our magazine online, allowing people from around the world to read the astounding pieces our contributors have submitted. I am appreciative of our advisors, Dr. Wendy Furman-Adams and Dr. Sean Morris, and of those who made an effort to submit this year. Lastly, I am honored to have worked beside my co-president and co-editor-in-chief, Brianna Martinez. Whether you are picking this up because you were published, or picking this up because you are curious, I thank you for devoting a little bit of your time to a work that took months of collaboration to create. Enjoy.

Nazarely Narvaez

ANNUAL SCHOLARLY WRITING PRIZES

PROSE

1st Place
Lauren Swintek
**The Girl, The God, The
Man**

2nd Place
Brianna Limas
A Lack Of Material

3rd Place
Brianna Limas
Jessie and the Bullshefiks

POETRY

1st Place
Lisa Tô
Our Waltz

2nd Place
Taylor Charles
Echo

3rd Place
Brianna Limas
It Starts With

SCHOLARLY WRITING

1st Place
Rebecca Liu
Hunger for Home

2nd Place
Jennifer Muise
To The Marriage of True Minds

3rd Place
Priscilla Lam
“Sirens”: Rewriting Memory in *Ulysses*

JUDGES

Dr. Wendy Furman-Adams
Dr. Emeritus Anne Kiley

A Note From The Editors|4
Contest Winners|5
Contributor Biographies|80

prose

Stardust|Lauren Blazey|11
Interlude|Alex Cramer|12
Human Race|Priscilla Lam & Nazarely Narvaez|15
A Lack of Material|Brianna Limas|17
Jessie and the Bullshefiks|Brianna Limas|20
The Devil's Wife|Gerard Power|24
The Girl, The God, The Man|Laura Swintek|26

poetry

Goddess Worship|Trent Beauchamp-Sanchez|33
Growing Pains|Aidee Campa |33
To Joan|Aidee Campa|34
Echo|Taylor Charles|35
Welcome To Kunming|Dana Chistensten|36
after 4 years together|Samantha Cruz |37
Where Stars Refrain From Touch|Priscilla Lam|38
It Starts With|Brianna Limas|39
A Very Old Man With Enormous Wings|Brianna Martinez|39
A Perfect Game|Ty Lopez|40
High Tide|Molly Lowry|42
Recovery|Molly Lowry|42
beach|Rebecca (MeiMei) Liu|43
blue|Rebecca (MeiMei) Liu|43
"Little Ophelia"|Rebecca (MeiMei) Liu|44
The HELLFIRE club|Cristian Perez|45
Nighttime|Cristian Perez |46
Peligro|Cristian Perez|46
T is For Truth|Aviva Samuels|47
Our Waltz|Lisa Tô| 48
Art of Conversation|Daniella Wurmbrand|49

scholarly writing

Class and Culture Divide in *Dubliners* and *Passage To India*|Keeanna Garcia|53

“Sirens”: Rewriting Memory In *Ulysses*|Priscilla Lam|55

Hunger for Home|Rebecca (MeiMei) Liu|58

To the Marriage of True Minds|Jenna Muisse|60

The Rape of the Epic |Jenna Muisse|63

The Voice in Joyce’s “Ithaca”|Nazarely Narvaez|66

The Perfection of Symbolic Retribution in Dante’s Hell|Zayne Repp|68

gallery

Untitled|Victoria Gonzalez|73

Untitled (Static)|Bailie Karcher|74

Untitled (Spacey)|Bailie Karcher|74

Untitled: Figure Study|Bailie Karcher|75

Untitled|Bailie Karcher|75

A Bug’s Life|Katrina Locsin|76

A Lady’s Choice|Jocelyn Lopez|76

Sweet Repose|Brianna Martinez|77

Rose Gold|Brianna Martinez|77

Untitled|Oscar Nava|78

Free the Nipple|Jasmine Perkovic|78

Samuraifly|Lauren Swintek|79

prose



STARDUST

by lauren blazey

I WAS BORN with a metal cuff attached to my left wrist. Well, everyone I know was, too. When I was young I used to toy with it. It's cold surface was a constant source of irritation for me; I felt trapped, confined by it somehow. I would try to twist it off or jam a writing stylus under it in attempt to pry it from my translucent blue skin, but it remained a part of my very being. My parents did not understand why it bothered me so. To them the cuffs were like any other appendage.

To me, it felt like its own separate entity. I would often press my ear against it, which again my parents found odd. Somehow they could not hear what I did. They could not hear the echoes of hushed laughter, the kind of laughter children stole when the darkness wasn't looking. The sound sent chills down my spine. I guess I wasn't in on the joke.

One day at school I was tracing the swirling pattern that was embedded in the cuff's smooth surface. The spiral design was made up of tiny specks of a metal lighter than the dominate charcoal color of the band. The design reminded me of the images I had been shown of distant galaxies. There was even a larger dot in the center of the swirl like a miniature sun.

"That's where you're from, you know," the boy in the seat next to mine whispered.

I jolted up in my chair a bit. My mind had drifted away from the classroom as I began thinking of all those galaxies floating in space and how small they made me feel.

"What are you talking about?" I asked him.

"My grandfather once told me the cuffs are made of stardust and so are we. When a star dies, one of us is born wearing a piece of our old form."

I opened my mouth to respond, but no words came out. I wanted to tell him his grandfather must be losing his mind, but for some reason I couldn't.

"That's why they're all different," he slid his chair closer to me as if we were now in cahoots, "See." He moved his wrist next to my own, his cuff making a dull clink as he placed it on the desk.

He was right. The pattern of my cuff swirled counterclockwise, his clockwise. Mine had several tendrils of specks contributing to the swirl, his had only two. I had never noticed the patterns were different from being to being like a thumbprint. Tentatively I moved to run my forefinger over his design. As soon as my skin skimmed the surface of the cuff I withdrew my hand.

It was warm.

The boy asked me what was wrong.

"It's warm," I said.

He did not understand why I found this unusual. Curious, he placed his hand over my cuff, my cuff which no matter how warm my body or the weather remained as icy as a corpse. His eyes rose to meet mine.

"What does it mean," I asked in a hoarse voice.

"You died cold," he said.

INTERLUDE

by alexander cramer

Note to reader: Because this is an interlude, it can function as a short story by itself, but it also requires a minimal knowledge of one character and of one place to evoke what the author is going for.

The reader will already know the following:

Solitude: Distant planet colony of mankind. Has been destroyed prior to the events of this story.

Morgana: Late wife of the main character of the novel. Perished on Solitude when it explodes.

0549 HOURS, SEPTEMBER 10, 3912

THEMISKYRA, AMAZONIS PLANITIA, MARS - SOLARIS SYSTEM

SHE SAT WITH her forehead pressed against her window, watching the sun invade the dawn. Her forehead felt cold against the glass. Latent particles of sulfur lingered in her nostrils. She looked down at the green outside her window. It provided a nice contrast to the rust that lay beyond. Few people ever tried to pass through the forest that had consumed her property. There used to be a small mail drone that would hum by and deliver the paper, but even it bowed to the shrubbery. Now the only noises that could be heard were the footsteps of the neighbors that echoed through the hazy atmosphere every morning and evening. But silence always remained.

She thought back to when her yard used to be a yard, and when she would play there with the children that lived in the other homes. There was a time when the street was full of kids, biking and climbing trees, their laughs and shouts heard down the street as they played their games of gravball well past dinnertime. The streetlights barely provided enough light to see, but that didn't stop them. And neither did scraped elbows and knees, or grass-stained clothes. The children of the street used to play together in that neighborhood – the Carrs, the Babiaks, the Madnicks and Joyces, even John who bothered the lot of them. Griffin didn't play though; he was too old. The neighbors would often yell at them and wave their fists as the children rang their doorbells and hid in the bushes. But that was a long time ago.

Back when her father was alive and her mother wasn't so bad. Then Kenneth died and no one was ever the same. One by one her friends moved off-planet. They found salvation on worlds like Earth and Tethyss and Ichor. But she remained in the same house she grew up in, caring for a woman who no longer recognized her daughter. Now she planned to do as the others did and leave her home behind.

She looked around and thought of all the memories she had formed there in that room. In that house. What surfaced were all the places she once used as hiding spots, and all of her toys her father would move because he just couldn't stand the mess. She thought of all the objects and surfaces her mother would clean every other day. Never in her life had she seen such an ardent approach to housekeeping. Now the floors and decorations were covered with dust. Particles could be seen floating against the rays of sun

light that shone through the window. How strange it was to play with the thought of separating from such familiarity of which she had never dreamt of parting. Now faced with the reality of change, she wondered why she had ever decided to leave.

She had considered both sides, weighed the pros and cons. On Mars she had a home. She had a childhood and she had memories. She had a life. She had worked so hard, of course. The corner-store didn't open overnight. She also had the people with whom she had been surrounded her entire life. They had come to know her, and she them. But she had also begun to suspect that they pitied her. Well what would they think when she no longer showed up behind the counter? What they might say of the girl who left her mother? Say she was wretched, perhaps, and forever there forward her name would leave a sour taste upon the lips. But it wasn't like that. They would understand.

"Hello dear! How's she doing? Ah, well, tell her I say hello."

"Nice weather today, eh? Hey, how are things at home?"

"Yeah, you too. Enjoy your day. Here, keep the change. I insist."

But on Solitude, it would be different. She would make a new life for herself, one that would not be dictated by anyone else. She would do what she had desired to do for so long. Once there was a little girl who dreamt of owning a boutique. Who dreamt of being able to swim outside. Who dreamt of lying under skies of any color other than rust. Soon, she could do these things. She would be happy, and people would respect her then. She would not live like her mother. And she would certainly not continue living like she had been.

When she was growing up her mother was nothing but loving. She still remembered the stories her mother would read her before bed. Then her father passed and the stories stopped. No more tales of the princess of Mars and the man who saved her. Her mother wore the same smile, but it was an empty one. One that soon began to fade. She began to threaten her with only the slurred justification that it was for her dead father's sake. She always worked her hardest. She always made sure that the utilities still worked and that the house was clean and that dinner was on the table, while her mother left reality in the bottles that littered her bedroom. She soon found herself spending more and more time at her mother's bedside, watching as her mother slowly forgot why she was even drinking. She would often run out of the house in a hurry, making her way through the bushes and returning late at night with an armful of medicine. Medicine that would help her mother remember what she so desperately sought to forget. Maybe then she would remember her name. It was hard work – a hard life. But now that she was about to leave, she didn't find it all too undesirable.

The sun was settling across the morning. She looked out at Mount Olympus that pierced the horizon in the distance. Strange that she should muster the will to climb it on the day of her departure. She felt a tinge of guilt as she remembered her promise to her father, to take care of the house and her mother as long as she could. The sun was settling across the

morning. She looked out at Mount Olympus that pierced the horizon in the distance. Strange that she should muster the will to climb it on the day of her departure. She felt a tinge of guilt as she remembered her promise to her father, to take care of the house and her mother as long as she could. But then the image of her mother's life played out before her and seized her within its grasp. To be born, to live, and to die on the same planet, in the same house. It paralyzed her, but not so much that she couldn't make a feeble attempt at escape; an attempt which failed to break the spell in which these thoughts held her. She tried once again to move, but so stunned were her limbs that they could not fully obey her will. She heard her mother's voice in her head, so far cut off from reality.

"Barsoom! Barsoom!"

She stood up in a sudden panic. She needed to leave this place. To escape! Why should she remain here any longer? She deserved better, happiness was her right. She didn't need anyone to rescue her, she intended to take what was hers. A new life under a new sun. Solitude would save her.

She stood among the crowd at The Planetarium. It was built in the style of the old world buildings of the same name, a vast open space with a high dome. The dome was black and dotted with stars like a real night sky, save for a few brighter specks of yellow, red, orange, and blue that connected to doorways illuminated with the corresponding color.

She held her mother's hand and listened to the empty footsteps and blurred conversations. It was time to leave. If she went, a few days from now this would all be a distant memory. There was still time to back out. No. She could not turn back now. Her indecision awakened a pit in her stomach and her lips mumbled in prayer for silent guidance. She kissed her mother's emotionless cheeks and said goodbye to her caretaker. She walked through a doorway that was labeled "Copernicus," the iridescent letters warmed the entrance with a soft yellow light.

Engines began to rumble and all the fears of her imagination swirled within her stomach. She pressed her forehead against the cold glass of the portside window and looked out at her mother. Her face was as it usually was. Bored, emotionless. Her mother's sunken eyes gave no sign of recognition, of farewell, or even of love. A thunderous roar swelled through her brain and she felt her seatbelt fasten against her chest. She looked back out at her mother one last time before she, along with Mars, would be a speck in the distance. But her mother's face was now contorted, tears streaming down her face. Her mother reached out with a hand and shouted to her against the thunder. It was clear across her lips, the name she now called.

"Morgana!"

The inside of the cabin smelled of sulfur.

HUMAN RACE

by priscilla lam and nazarely narvaez

AFTERNOON. THE SUN is bright. It would be nice to stay out here but I must go print. Through the doors I go. Touch the magic door opener or will someone open the door for me? Walk past displays. There are books in glass cases. Does anyone bother to stop and read them? No. People walk past it. Someone worked hard to put this together. No one cares, no one ever does. But neither do I. No time to stop. I'm sure it's interesting. They call us the human race. Keep going. Keep going. The second door opens. There are people. Look down? Look in their eyes? Avoid eye contact. Why is it so busy in the afternoon? The air is musty. Too many in one place. Walk past front desk. Avoid eye contact. How is it to work in the library? They have time to get work done. Must be nice. Librarians help lost books find homes again. The gate keepers of stories. Protectors. Organizers. Important job. The older librarians dedicated their lives to books. To stories. To people they meet through pages. Does anybody ask the librarians for help? Or are the librarians forgotten too. The human race. Keep going. Keep going. Stop? No. Move on. Move on. Everything moves fast. Printing. Look at the printer press. Does anyone notice it here in the library? Words on paper took longer to circulate. Slow machinery. Now it works fast like us. Keep moving. Print. Another display. New books. Always new books. What happens to old books. Have we lost them all? The more we try to save the more we lose. There is too much to know. I must print. Many faces at computers. I do not know them. I recognize them. Will these faces mean something to me in a year? There are faces that mean something to me now that did not before. How many times have I passed someone in the universe that would later mean so much? Take a seat. Many hands have been here. Germs. I do not sleep much. I hope I do not get sick. We transmit diseases without even touching the person. Invisible connections all around us. Login. Always forget password. Human race. Forget move on. I should write it down. I will later. Print essay. Are there mistakes I didn't see? Probably. Too tired to check. How many hours do we spend on things that don't matter? Too much time. Not enough time. Writing. Writing. Human race. Writing takes time. It is not a race if it is done well. Print. Login again. What is in a name? Our names are now number. 20438329. ID. Am I a number? Identification please? Yes, my name is 20438329. Print. Printer E. It works faster. Human race. Prints. Essay feels good. Warm. Heat is energy. Human Race. Keep going. Keep going. It is easy to feel lonely. Keep going. Keep going. We forget how to care about anything. We forget how to care about people. Human race. Someone is forgotten. I am forgotten. But maybe I do not want to be remembered. Conflicted. Like being alone but feel lonely. We are walking contradictions. Reflections of loneliness. Paper print. Extra time. Walk around the corner to see if there are empty seats. Groups of friends laugh. No one I know. Sit down by window. It is hot. Sun through the window. They never put the shades down. Heat. Energy. Motion. Human race. People walk by. You can see everyone from the library windows. They never know you're watching. Distracted. Should read for tomorrow. Never start

early enough. Look around. It seems everyone has a place to belong. What does it feel like? It must feel nice. Does anyone really belong to anybody when we can't even belong to ourselves? Questions. No answers. Always in the void. Within and without. Can't focus here. Too loud. If I were laughing too it would be okay. Not laughing. Alone.

Round the
 Corner
Up the
 Stairs.
 Second Floor.
Quiet.

Easy to get lost in the library. Nooks and crannies. Easy to hide. Walk towards windows. Always someone in my seat. Walk further. Yes. Sit. Chair by window. Look down. They are all going to lunch. Food. Lunch rush. Keep going. Keep going. Human race. Book. Yes. I must read. Reading is a distraction. Book. *Ulysses* episode 5. Bloom. Begin.

His life isn't a bed of roses
Flowers of idleness
Petals too tired to
Walk on roseleaves
A yellow flower with flattened petals
I think of you so often you have no idea
Language of flowers.
They like it because no one can hear
No roses without thorns
A languid floating flower.

Close book. Race Begins. Rush to class. Bloom.

End.

A LACK OF MATERIAL

SECOND PLACE IN PROSE
by brianna limas

"THEY DON'T HAVE mirrors, Greg."

"What?"

Jim shouted at them as he marched, heavy and wrinkle-browed, up the high-desert peak where Gregorio and Sara waited for him. The cliff hung over a grassy flat, where there currently stood a crystalline ship the size of a naval air carrier. Greg paced a deep track in the grass, waiting to receive the biological anthropologist. Sara, the astronomer, sat quietly where the cliff dropped, studying the spacecraft from a distance.

"They never developed reflective glass," Jimmy told him, touching his face where drops of moisture gathered. "Not in the way we did, anyhow."

"Huh." Gregorio stopped suddenly, scratched at the stubble on his chin.

Jim had spent the last five days in a ship made of glass. The walls irradiated and appeared to warp fluidly, neither solid nor plasma but more like a matter-bound mirage. They had a certain pulse.

Jim wasn't sure why the mirrors were the first thing he decided to tell them about. They seemed to be the simplest words he could think.

Greg pondered the implications of a civilization lacking mirrors. It was absurd.

"How did they find us? They don't have mirrors, so, what, they don't have telescopes? Navigational equipment?"

Jim braced to deliver the full explanation. The more complicated one. Their team had been sent out to Northern Arizona following reports that an unidentified flying object had not only been spotted, but had touched down in outside a small town. Jim and his team were the first responders, accompanied provisionally by CIA and military escorts, sent out to assess the nature of the extraterrestrial visitors and their purpose in the American Southwest.

After several days of courting the foreigners, they welcomed him aboard the craft.

With cordial but dismissive waves, they had quite simply allowed him to walk straight into a waking dream. The hollow corridors would have made his footsteps echo, if the walls had been made from any earthly material. Instead, Jim felt that he had strode into a vacuum, his every step not just muffled but completely absorbed. He wandered around for half a day, taking rigorous notes. He was understandably startled whenever another visitor would pass behind him in the halls. Their footsteps would fail to announce them, but they announced themselves with breathy and reverberating greetings.

"*Hola*," they would say in passing. His obligation to scientific observation and objectivity were counterbalanced by a healthy sense of unworldly existential terror.

"They use a hyper-refined material, ultra-sensitive to electromagnetic energies, infrared, heat and sound waves" he offered weakly. "Their computers can synthesize the data to create holographic maps. People, places, anything. They do have a type of reflective glass, but it's not made

from silver backing like our mirrors. It's some kind of alloy, blueish-green in color, we don't have it on Earth. It contours the light too much. Makes great for enlarging aspects of an image, but not for reflecting a clear mirror-image." After a moment he added simply, "It's...efficient."

"Hm." Gregorio paused, drawing on his entire career as an engineer to make sense of such an unheard of mechanism. "Did you use it?"

"What?" Jim returned.

"Their equipment."

"Oh. Yeah."

"Did it look to *you* like it does to *them*?"

"How would I know?"

"Hm."

Sara had remained quiet for hours, perched on the edge, looking at the craft. With her feet dangling hundreds of feet off the nearest landing, she could have been a child on a jungle gym. Jim dragged himself to her, lowering down beside her with his legs folded beneath him.

"So. Why are they here?" Greg asked. He turned to face his colleagues and winced. He had neglected the field below while he paced into his own valley and waited for the anthropologist to return. The light bounced from the geometric, iridescent corners in ungodly ways.

"They're poets," Jimmy explained. "They came to...write. More poems. I guess."

Gregorio's mouth hung agape, his mustached upper lip hovering millimeters above the lower. Slowly he brought the two back together almost involuntarily. "Poets?" The word spat itself out.

"That's what's covering their craft." Sara spoke now, eyes suddenly widened. Her voice cracked, like a monk breaking a vow of silence. She stood quickly, shuffling pebbles that went bouncing down the face of the cliff. She indicated to the men the deeply-etched, intricate black-lined ideograms covering the quartz and alloy contours of the ship.

"Yes. Well, I mean, I think so," Jim tried, exasperated. "They told me about their poetry. I heard some of it. It was...strange. Eloquent, but strange." The astonished eyes of his peers caused him to sigh as he breached the next point of information. Running a dark, sun-spotted hand over his scalp, Jim avoided their looks as he continued. "The symbols on their craft is supposed to be art, I guess. But it's also a map. The ship seems to run on it. They need it. They...they *have* to explore." He glanced down at the valley below. "Their entire civilization runs on poetry. That's how they record their observations. They're a nomadic culture. They need to write poetry to function, and they need to explore to write..."

"They *told* you? In what language?" interrupted Sara.

"Poems about what?" demanded Greg simultaneously.

"In Spanish, actually." Pre-consciously, Jimmy had decided to address the first question he could process. "Thank God I know some. They speak several earth language. They've been listening to us."

"Poems about *what*, Jimmy? About us?" Greg repeated.

Jim sighed. Now he peered over the cliff, indicating below.

"Actually, they've been writing mostly about the cows. And the farm."

The blinking of their eyelids echoed louder than the vibrating silence.

Gregorio looked back at the landing site, and realized for the first time that the notably large craft had set itself down, quite gingerly, next to a small ranch. The scientists stared. They watched beings from another galaxy scampering across the grassy plains on three spindly legs. Shimmering, semi-opaque flesh stretched taut over curved torsos, flaunting tattoos of ideograms covering every inch. A group of four or five had gathered around the farm cows, chittering through invisible mouths in what approximated the sound of human chuckling. The echoes of imitative *moos* bounced off the valley walls.

"They like our animals," Jim half-choked, half-whispered the words.

"Huh." Greg thought allowed now. "Do they like us?"

"Huh?"

"We're animals, aren't we?" Sara postulated.

"Hm. Dunno. I mean. Yes?" Jim hadn't thought to ask the visitors what they thought about his own type.

"Hm." Sara repeated.

"Huh." Greg mused.

The Sun of the Terran solar system cast long shadows towards the East while Earth slid round its diagonal axis. The night would bring with it a new terrain, new animals for the poet-explorers to observe. A warm clear-blue light shone from the heart of their crystal ship, a cosmic night light come down to an Arizona valley.

"People are gonna freak." Sara whispered, her thoughts no longer comfortable in monkish silence.

Both men tensed at the words. Humanoid muscles responded to the physiology of anxiety, and they understood fully an unknowable future as they watched the beings that had watched and written about them, in secret, for decades.

Breathing in the dry air, Jim thought long and hard about how to respond to his young colleague. Resting a pug-skinned hand on her shoulder, he gave her his best answer.

"Mmhmm."

JESSIE AND THE BULLSHEFIKS

THIRD PLACE IN PROSE
by brianna limas

It's LIKE REBECCA always tells me, it's okay to fight if it's for a good reason. Jessie's mind flutters in and out of yesterday's memories, never quite staying but always turning back and justifying what happened. She reminds herself that she was right. It's like Rebecca says, people sometimes gotta fight for themselves.

Jessie loves her 21-year-old babysitter, Rebecca. Of all the people in the world, she will understand why Jessie pushed Anna yesterday during recess. Rebecca goes to college and indulges in ideas and events from years long past, about wars and kings, Jesus and Karl Marx, revolutionaries and romantics. Jessie loves when Rebecca tells her those stories, stories more real and more fascinating than fairy tales. *It all really happened, and sometimes the good guy wins and sometimes he doesn't. Like life.*

Jessie thinks of her fight with her best friend, Anna. She hasn't been able to decide who won yet, but she's at least pretty sure that she is the good guy. Jessie will keep believing in her own goodness, despite the scolding she got from her teacher.

There were layers of dirt and white chalk-dust caked on the inside of Ms. Hutchin's unpainted fingernails as she leaned over the tiny desk across from Jessie in an empty first grade classroom. A smudge of pinkish lipstick on her front tooth hid and revealed itself as she carefully, delicately explained to Jessie that it's not okay to push other students. That she was actually quite disappointed in Jessie's behavior. That she, Ms. Hutchin, was very surprised at Jessie, and had no idea what had gotten into her. Jessie's purple Converse scrape against the asphalt as she kicks a small, grayish pebble and watches it skip and scramble away from her. The air outside feels even cooler than yesterday. Drier, and more crisp. Looking around, Jessie wonders where the other kids are playing today. At Palm Elementary School, where Jessie attends the first grade, there is a large, sprawling playground behind the school's cafeteria and auditorium. The blacktop stretches out, cracked and potholed, with metal poles that jut up to hold crooked basketball hoops. All of the painted lines for the basketball court have long worn away. Beyond the blacktop is a sandpit with a creaking swing-set and jungle gym. Towards the west are lunch tables that hide underneath a large awning covering a wide enough area of solid concrete for adequate games of four-square, red rover, and jump rope. Across the blacktop, three old, neglected handball courts tower high like forgotten sentinels. In 1994, handball doesn't hold the same allure as jump ropes and recreated scenes from favorite shows and movies. The furthest wall is crumbling in the top left corner, half-hidden by a single, robust tree.

Most of the classrooms have doors facing the yard, so when the teachers announce recess, scores of happy, screeching children pour out and disperse. Today, Jessie moves slow, and waits cautiously before entering the playground. She only sees the second and third-grade girls playing double-dutch, and a mix of boys shooting a basketball. Even those groups seem sparse in number, and muted somehow. The other first-graders are

nowhere to be found. She hopes to avoid them for the time being, and gazes down at her shoes as she continues her trek across the barren blacktop. Her brain pops and bounces like the pebble.

There was the terrifying phone call home last night, followed by her desperate plea for understanding.

"But Anna was being so mean!" six-year-old Jessie had declared matter-of-factly. Her mom, Teresa, looked down at this pint-sized, wild-haired defense attorney in both shock and amazement.

Teresa attempted to extend some calm reasoning out towards her daughter. "Jessie, sweetie. We're not really mad, but your teacher says you're going to get into trouble if this happens again. I know Anna can be a bully but you can't--"

"She wouldn't let me play, mama!" Jessie interjected. Anything outside of this fact was either irrelevant or insane now. "She made fun of my hair and the other kids laughed even Mikey and Joseph! And she's a bully and she's mean to me everyday and the teachers never do anything and she wouldn't let me play just 'cause I wasn't wearing pink and she's not even in trouble 'cause only I am 'cause I pushed Anna on her butt!" Jessie panted, trying to catch her breath. *Arguing is hard*, she thought.

"Wait...what?" Jessie's father Sam sounded more defeated than inquisitive. "Jessie, we have no idea what you're talking about."

"She-she..." No matter how hard she tried, she couldn't calm herself. No longer the passionate lawyer holding court, Jessie began to shrink into the tears welled up behind her green eyes. She barely squeaked this time as she testified, "She said I couldn't be the pink Power Ranger so I couldn't play the game."

The tears are returning, so Jessie forces herself to think about other things. "*Crying doesn't solve problems*", that's what Dad says. The playground feels so terribly big and unnervingly still, as the heavy dark clouds press downward against the blacktop. *I think recess is haunted today*, Jessie tells herself. The thought of her friends dressed up in sheets with holes cut out, hiding behind trees and trying not to make any noise, draws a faint smile across over the roundness of her face.

Her small feet shuffle to a stop. Jessie stands at the end of the blacktop, where the asphalt meets the sandpit and seems to drop off, sudden and jagged, like the edge of a cliff. She squints up towards the dense grey mass above her. Her skin lifts with goosebumps, and Jessie becomes aware of this odd calm in the air, the chilled breeze, a silent spooky chaos brewing in the early-winter sky. *This is what a hurricane looks like to a mermaid*, she thinks. *I hope it rains. Me and Rebecca love the rain. It cleans things and you can feel free.* Jessie reminds herself excitedly that Rebecca will be picking her up from school today.

Rebecca's favorite thing to tell Jessie about is the Bullshefiks.

"Listen to this, Jessie," Rebecca told her one day a few months ago, holding Jessie on her lap with a used history book open on the kitchen table. "The Bolsheviks were the Russian revolutionaries in the early 1900's. Do you remember I told you what a revolutionary is?"

"It's somebody who wants to change something bad about the world, and try something better," Jessie responded, marveling at the black and white

photographs of the Russian royal family. Each one shone with the painted white of snow.

"That's right! Well the Bolsheviks, they were tired of having a king and queen in Russia, but in Russia they called kings 'Czars.' The Czar and his family and the rice people and people who owned land and factories were making lots of money even though they didn't work as hard as the poor people. The Bolsheviks liked this man named Lenin. He and the other Bolsheviks all thought that it was unfair to have just a few very rich people with everything, and so many very poor people who worked and still had nothing. The Bolsheviks wanted everyone in Russia to have peace, land, and bread."

"What about cake?" Jessie asked.

"Well, no, that was Marie Antoinette, and...well," Rebecca noted the puzzle formulating across Jessie's face, and changed her answer, smiling.

"Well, maybe they wanted cake, too."

"That's good," Jessie nodded, reassured, and licked her lip a little.

Rebecca continued, "One day, the people in Russia decided they wanted to be in charge of the country. But no one knew who would be in charge next. They wanted to take a vote, but in the meantime they had to take the Czar away, or else he might try to get in charge again."

"Is that Princess Anastasia?" Jessie asked, pointing to one of the captioned pictures of the Romanovs.

"I think so. Very good. How did you know that?"

"I saw that movie," Jessie informed Rebecca, "I liked it."

Then Rebecca gave Jessie a little squeeze, and turned the page.

When I talk to her today, Jessie thought to herself, wandering under the monkey bars, trudging towards the handball courts, Rebecca will remind me how even if the good guys don't win, it's ok. That's what she says. It just means they have to fight harder next time, and when they win it will be even better than happily ever after.

"Hey Jessie!" a sharp, sudden voice cuts across the playground. "Jessie, wanna play four-square?" It's Anna.

Jessie's eyes wander cautiously in her direction. She knows Anna hasn't forgiven her for the way Jessie shamed her yesterday. Despite every misgiving and every rock-heavy feeling inside her, Jessie's feet move sharply towards the crowd of other first-graders, huddled around the ever-popular Anna. Her steps are slow and wary. Jessie never lifts her head, but she travels the full distance of the blacktop in state much like sleepwalking.

"Hi, Anna," Jessie mutters. It's possible Jessie's desire to be loved and embraced by her peers may overcome her sense of pride and justice, at least for today. Jessie's toes have come to rest precisely on a line of white chalk set on the black asphalt. Throwing her head back to meet Anna's gaze, Jessie sees her friend. Anna looks thin and dark-haired and pretty with small, precise features, standing conspiratorially with a red bouncy-ball perched in her right hand and a bandage on her elbow.

Anna always cheats at this game, Jessie tells herself. I never win and she always calls me dumb.

Jessie wonders if there could be any fairytale salvation here. She could play against her friend-turned-rival and beat her, in front of their whole

class. Then her other friends would like her again, and Anna would start to be nice. Then they would all live happily--

But instead, she darts down, grabbing a piece of white chalk and sprinting back across the blacktop. *Sometimes happily ever after just doesn't happen.* Her mind and feet are both running so fast, Jessie doesn't even turn her head to see her classmates staring after her. Anna stands there, ball still in hand, with a perplexed expression that may have a worn the slightest sense of worry.

Rounding the corner of the old handball court, Jessie rests there in her secret, shaded corner where no one else goes. Working quickly, she takes her piece of chalk and draws a door just her height and leans against it. She falls, tumbling, until she lands on the ledge outside the Czar's royal palace in Petrograd. The chalk begins to crumble into a billion pieces of dust swept up with the wind. Smiling wide, Jessie can look out at the miles of snow covering Russia on the eve of its revolution. She opens her arms to embrace the crisp air. She begins to sing a song to the percussion of gunshots in the distance. Dancing now, Jessie twirls and tiptoes and remains perfectly balanced there on that ledge. She finds equilibrium in chaos. To accompany her, Jessie meets a Bonobo monkey at the edge of the ledge.

"Hello, bonobo!" She giggles. "Your name must be BooBoo."

Jessie always wanted to meet a Bullshefik. She imagined large, friendly-looking bullish men with as much hair as grizzly bears. They must be big, benevolent furry creatures with guns and coats and round, grumpy faces. BooBoo has brought his accordion. Together they compose the world's most beautiful ballet, a rising melody punctuated by arabesques and hip shakes, while the Revolution of 1917 breaks out on the snowy ground below.

Some things are better than happily ever after, Jessie thinks.

A crowd of first-graders gathers in the distance, and Anna is pulling Ms. Hutchins along by the hand.

"See!" Anna is telling her, "Jessie's doing that thing again."

Ms. Hutchins squints, then gasps. Jessie is dancing, chalk in hand. Dancing and drawing, but it's all wrong. The child is frenzied, the mural a hazardous artwork full of unearthly trees and the rounded turrets of Eastern architecture. Some of the other children stare on, concerned and confused and captivated, alarmed at their classmates' sudden otherworldliness.

But it is a lovely drawing.

"Is that a monkey?" Ms. Hutchins asks aloud, to no one in particular, as mesmerized as the artist in the distance.

Anna just shrugs and bounces her ball.

THE DEVIL'S WIFE

by gerard power

A VIOLENT SHOCK wave threw his world into a tempest of debris and metal. From the impact, the shockwave had become a crater. Disoriented, but still whole, the soldier stumbled to the crater and collapsed at the edge of the newly formed pit. Quakes and faults permitted him to remain prone on the Earth. His eyes began to comb the land in search of assistance. Upon his examination, he peered down into the crater. The pit held the remains of a mangled uniform. The soldier lay motionless by the crater while the arithmetic of war erupted in the peripheral of his vicinity. Uniforms that were encroached in dirt and blood shifted around the soldier. The repugnant tones of death stung through the night air. The man began to sense the taste of gunpowder and conflict as it entered the palate of his mouth, a sensation that he has been forced to appreciate.

The Quakes began to lessen, but he remained stagnant. He was this way, not because he was in awe of the destructive power of war, nor because he detested the sight of such atrocities. Idleness was cast upon him because of apathy and fatigue. Ash began to fall to Earth and the weary mind of the soldier drifted into a place of euphoria.

He thought only of rain drops racing each other; whichever drop fell to the ground first was the victorious. He bore witness to this competition in the light of day. The soldier began to hear the words, "...the devil is beating his wife..."

Suddenly the soldier had found himself sitting on a porch along with his father. The soldier was wearing his uniform. The father was wearing a suit. It was a scene that only nostalgia was able to produce in a perfect perception.

From the porch the men had been granted a vista of nature in its purest form. They viewed the beauty of an open range which was populated by marigold flowers; each flower was of a different autumn color. A dirt trail was imprinted in the range, and the trail led the way to the wooded plain, which was abundant of tall green trees. The wind could be seen fluttering through the branches of trees. Even the clouds were a vision of beauty as they could be seen lazily drifting to the east. The men on the porch said nothing. The air was delighted by the stench of pine tree, but the air was also thick and uneasy; it demanded a kind of silence that beckoned to be dismantled. But the words to shatter this atmosphere did not exist.

The father spoke, in an attempt to break the silence.

"Ya know, they say the devil is beating his wife with a leg of mutton whenever it rains and shines."

A moment of contemplation passed as the soldier thought about these words. He was perplexed, as he examined the land before him. He spoke out and said,

"You mean, when the Sun is out, but it is also raining?"

"Yeah, I never really knew what it meant, but it's just something that stuck with me."

Plainly enough, the soldier saw no rain. He saw the Sun at it's highest

point in the sky. The soldier spoke again and asked the father, "What made you think of it?"

"I heard it during the war, when I was in the Argonne Forest. It was something a friend had told me while we waited in a fox hole. We were doing ..."

The father stopped talking as he began to make eye contact with the soldier. The soldier could see fear in the father's eyes; the father saw discomfort in the eyes of the soldier. They both hung their heads. The conversation ceased, and they had returned to silence. The men continued to observe the vista. The uneasy atmosphere had prevailed.

With the recovery of silence, the soldier's consciousness also returned. He had rejoined his mother Earth. There was no rain, and there was no Sun by the crater. The environment was as dark as jet and as dry as fire. He began to wonder what it would mean if the Sun came out now. He then began to think of rain, and contemplated the devil's position on war. Then he thought of God's role in war, and wondered if God had been with the man whose demolished corpse was at the bottom of the crater. He thought of the devil beating his wife once more, trying to decipher the meaning, but to no avail. Finally, he stood up, and soldier examined his body for any injuries; he discovered none. He collected his conscience along with his rifle and moved forward into the field of valor, into a realm that was absent of rain and sunlight.

THE GIRL, THE GOD, THE MAN

an excerpt
FIRST PLACE IN PROSE
by lauren swintek

THE WOODS near Haversham were widely held to be the most dangerous in the county. The trees were ancient and knotted and they towered above the grey moor before them, a wall of darkness and hostility. Strange things stirred in its depths, or so the legends went.

And Eliza Dovey was, if nothing else, a strange child. On her way home from school, Eliza wandered through the wood's outskirts, humming absentmindedly and otherwise trying rather hard to lose herself in the trees. It was a shorter way home than walking along the Moor Road, but she took her time, so that it was no shortcut at all. Then, as if struck by sudden purpose, she veered off the path to the right and walked deeper into the forest, soon reaching a hollow tree. Kneeling on the mossy ground, she felt around inside it, her fingers searching every crack and crevice. But her hands came away empty and covered in dirt, just as they had for the past two months, three weeks, and five days.

Eliza rose, and moved onto the next spot, trying and failing to fold away her misbegotten hopes. But there was nothing beneath the redwood's roots, nor under the skipping stone, and neither of the abandoned fox dens yielded anything. No note, no message, no sign of any kind that Da was still out there. They used to leave each other notes in these forest hidey-holes, riddles, questions, messages of encouragement, small gifts on birthdays. Her favorite had been little clues that would lead her on an epic quest, a game of puzzles, trials, and triumphs.

In the months since her father's disappearance, Eliza had checked the hidey-holes every day after school, hoping beyond hope that she would find a clue, a note, something that could lead her to him. But there was nothing. She wiped away a few errant tears with grubby fingers, furious with herself for even considering it. Burying such thoughts, she took out her pocket watch and her eyes widened as she saw the time. There was a trail of quivering branches left in her wake as she took off along the path of her own making, dodging tree branches and leaping over the stream. Her short black hair and school dress whipped behind her as she burst out of the forest and made straight for home.

Home, in this instance, was a sagging townhouse that was nowhere close to town, and had once been white with a bright red door. It stood solitary among the short grasses with the weight of the long, low skies upon its eaves. Perhaps once, it had been grand, but now her father's house was simply a large and rambling structure that on rainy days seemed ready to sink into the moor itself.

Eliza burst through the front door and stopped short, cheeks flushed, chest heaving, hair wild. The door slammed against the wall behind her.

"Hello Mum. Sorry I'm late." Eliza let her knapsack slide to the floor. Mum sat in the parlor, tired yet piercing eyes searching her willful daughter.

"Elizabeth Mae?"

"Yes?" she asked in a small voice.

"Please tell me you weren't in the wood again." Eliza opened her mouth, a lie on her lips. "I don't want to hear it. I know you were." Eliza looked down at her shabby boots, something close to shame twisting in her stomach.

"I know you think he's still in there, Eliza." Her mother spoke gently. "But your father is not coming back. Now I don't want you going in there. It's dangerous. Do you understand?" Eliza kept her eyes fixed stubbornly at the ground.

She heard Mum sigh. "Go outside and get the laundry then. It looks like rain." Grateful for the dismissal, Eliza shouldered her pack and walked back outside, closing the door on her mother's porcelain face. She stomped ineffectively through the grass to the back of the house, throwing her bag to the ground. Various papers and books spilled across the stubby grasses. The laundry hung on long wires that stretched from the house's second story, sheets and other items of clothing flapped lightly in a gasp of wind. Eliza walked into their comforting blankness, burying a seed of guilt as she went. Her anger was a convenient shovel, and she began to rip down the laundry with force, making the wires wobble violently in a satisfying sort of way. Wooden pins sprung in all directions. Lost in her turning emotions, Eliza stumbled through the back door, arms overflowing with cloth, the now bare wires humming at her back. A few sheets trailed behind her like a noblewoman's forgotten train. She dumped the laundry on the kitchen table, cautiously eyeing her mother's back as she slipped outside. Like her mother said, it had begun to rain, so she hurriedly gathered her things into the knapsack and retreated back indoors.

Once inside, she stomped straight up the winding staircase and down the second floor hall, ignoring her muddy footprints on the threadbare rug. Reaching her father's study, she paused to take off her boots, then entered with a careful reverence.

Walking into the study was like walking into a different world. Something about it was inexorably other, like a piece of the forest, with all its stories and legends, compacted into a single room. Heavy bookshelves lined the walls filled, with volumes of every kind imaginable. A great many of them were books on mythology and religions across the world, as that was what Da had studied at university. He even had a degree, which was hung in a dusty frame next to what Eliza like to call the Wall of Artifacts. Perhaps her favorite part of the room, the wall displayed artifacts Da brought back from the wood, trinkets that gave life to the legends. A large portion of them were masks, representing both human and animal faces, exquisite in brightly colored detail. These were especially notable, not just for their striking craftsmanship, but for their practicality.

In every story about the wood, humans wore masks carved by holy men to protect them from the denizens of the forest. Her father had never gone without a mask on his own expeditions into the depths of the forest, returning with notebooks full of notes on the strange spirits and gods he met there. He was in the process of writing a book. He would tell wondrous stories populated with the monsters of the woods, and his eyes would become feverish with passion for the creatures he studied. When he was finished, Eliza would beg him to take her with him, but the answer was always no. She had only been allowed to enter the periphery of the forest, and now, not even that.

Mum had been angrier than ever at Da's decision to enter the forest after dark. By day the forest was dangerous, but by night, it was deadly. There had been some nocturnal sprite he had been hoping to document. So one night, despite Mum's protests, he tied on his mask, walked into the woods and didn't walk out. All they had been able to find of him had been his mask.

Eliza dwelled on these memories as she plunked into her father's leather armchair, presiding over the delicately carved desk. Rain drummed against the window at her back and she felt strangely peaceful. All the messy emotions seemed to have been left tangled in the laundry downstairs. This was her sanctuary as much as it was her father's.

After taking a moment to sink into the chair, she began to unpack the notes and sketches from her knapsack. They were her father's notes for his book, outlines of chapters, references to other books, the beginnings of illustrations. When she finished, they were meticulously laid out across the desk, in an apparently random order. Eliza had figured that, while her father was gone, she could start organizing his book into coherent chapters and narratives, so when he came back, maybe they could work on it together. It seemed a simple task, but she had soon realized the size and scope of Da's research was far greater, and unorganized, than she had originally thought. Tonight would be the latest of many long nights she had spent in the study on his book, schoolwork ignored.

She ran to fetch the correct times from the bookshelves, running her fingers over titles like, *An Advanced Guide to Mythologies of the Western Woodland* by Philia Perennia, but paused as her fingers brushed a book of fairytales. Da had read her stories from this book. Eyes staring blankly at the volume, Eliza unwittingly drifted into a memory. Da had been spirited away by Boar King on one of his forest expeditions and was waiting for his wife and daughter to rescue him. Again. And rescue him they would, just as they always did, led by the clues and notes he would leave for her in the hidey-holes. And then he would spin her around and whisper in her ear that she was, "the bravest and cleverest daughter a man could wish for." And Mum would smile a smile that reached her eyes, and the game would be over, the world would be properly realigned.

Shaking off the reverie, she turned back to her task, pulling the desired books from their shelves and spreading them about her so she could begin to make some sense out of his life's work. Eliza did not know what a peculiar sight she was, that skinny child engulfed by a chair much too big, hemmed in on all sides by precariously balanced books, the records of gods and spirits arranged before her, dark eyes feverish as they flicked between her treasures, nestled deep into memories she could barely grasp. The gaslamp she'd lit when the sun set over the treetops went out just after midnight, exposing dark shadows that painted the room black. Eliza felt a prickling on the back of her neck, and she turned, her eyes seizing on a distant light at the edge of the forest. She leapt to the window, breath held.

Small lights bobbed between the silhouettes of massive trees, trailing deeper into the darkness of the wood. They were a familiar sight, but Eliza never tired of drinking in their tantalizing mystery. When she'd asked Da, he told her that they were the souls of those who had died in the wood, or so the stories said. He had never been able to confirm or deny that particular myth. And perhaps it was her imagination, but yes! There were other figures, new figures, glowing like their smaller counterparts with a white luminescence, like creatures of the deep. Eliza played the part of forbidden spectator and it thrilled her as she stood poised at the window. Suddenly even that barrier was too much, and she threw the windows wide, leaning into the night air. There was a sort of humming in the back of her skull, as if she had plucked a string and pierced the veil between waking and dreaming.

Entranced, Eliza took no notice of the goosebumps on her arms, of the unusual stillness of the night. She'd felt inclined to follow the lights before, though she had never acted on that inclination, willing as she was to enter the periphery of the forest by day. It was at night when the denizens of the wood emerged to prey upon those souls foolish enough to enter their domain. Monsters lurked between those trees, that was common knowledge. Monsters who were, perhaps, responsible for Da's disappearance. But such rational thoughts could not touch her. Perhaps for too long the desire to follow him into the forest had gone unsatiated, though by now such speculation was a foregone conclusion.

Sudden conviction spurred Eliza into action. She grabbed a glossy, red bird mask at random from the Wall of Artifacts and pulled on her boots at the door, stopping by her room only to pull on one of Da's old sweaters. She crept quietly down the stairs, avoiding the spots that creaked. In a moment, she was outside, easing the front door closed behind her. Taking a second to tie the mask on her head (it was too big), Eliza had a moment of hesitation. She glanced at the dark windows of Mum's bedroom, then looked at the glowing procession in the trees. Given a choice between the fleeting and the permanent, she took off for the wood.

poetry



GROWING PAINS

by aidee campa

It's a fiction, perhaps.
One we tell ourselves
To salve our souls.
That the world was once pristine,
United, smooth and whole.
So that this refrain
Makes sense when I say:
We've grown apart, you and I;
Rhetoric has divided us with chasms,
Conversations gone awry,
Ideologies causing schisms.
Our minds battered every night,
Every hour, every minute
With violence and death.
Radios, televisions, phones,
Tablets and computers bringing its
immediacy
Like never before.
So you know what I mean when I say:
We've grown apart, you and I;
Rhetoric's divided us with chasms,
Conversations gone awry,
Ideologies causing schisms.
Don't you know it's always been this way?
Blood-soaked, spiced with fear and anger.
We thought to make things better—
Lighting, clean streets, clean water.
Put down everyone's rights,

Send your suited knights
To the courts to litigate.
But our efforts to mitigate
Seemed only to have backfired.
Because it still feels as though
We've grown apart, you and I;
Rhetoric has divided us with chasms,
Our conversations, they've gone awry,
Ideologies be causing schisms.
And yet...
The sun rises, there are new things to learn,
The smiles on loved ones' faces make the world turn.
And I find beauty here,
Even with the blood, the fear,
The death and the anger.
And people change daily;
Take a different road,
Make choices that
Bring us closer together,
Bridge all the chasms and gorges,
Find ways to clear the air,
So that our ideas weave us into a resilient
Web, flourishing and vibrant.
Let us speak together, you and I;
Create the peace we both crave,
Nourished on todo lo bueno que hay.
Take my hand and let us be brave.

GODDESS WORSHIP

by trent beauchamp-sanchez

I see you in the same corridor we first met.
The sun is glaring exactly as it did that first day.
You smile at me the same way you did then.
Except now it feels like a threat.
Now you're radiant.
Not because you look any different than before.
But because you're in control.
You're armed and dangerous.

You're sexy like Patty Hearst.
Not because you were sexy to begin with.
But because of the gun.

Patty's was a Carbine.

Yours is what you're doing to me

TO JOAN

by aidee campá

I dance to music only I hear,
Choosing books about legendary priestesses,
Warrior women, who were strong to the end,
Using their dress pins to defend their own.
But the music comes to a close,
And I am left holding the evanescent
Remains of centuries of women's work,
In a courtyard changed by passing occupants,
So that it is redolent with flowers
And the gurgle of a fountain.
I will write these books,
Full of women, all kinds,
Priestess, poet, warrior,
Musician, politician, teacher, artist.
Unnamable, ever-changing, and stronger than the world has ever granted.

ECHO

SECOND PLACE IN POETRY

by taylor charles

I always find that those with
silent voices have the loudest minds.
 Their ears spin cobwebs
 to catch words and
turn them into lies, pulling from
them these false implications and tones.
 Eyelashes drag their lids
 to different depths, different
meanings which are not there. Prayers
muttered and curses whispered. Screaming thoughts.
 Pillow cases embracing cries.
 Night clouds pulling the
string out of their sorry, trapped
bodies, so that they may sink.
 “You’re good. You’re good,”
 I wish to say.

I want to put oven mitts
over the scolding fingers digging into
 their brains, pulling them
 apart. Looking for faults.
Looking for wrongness and grotesque misshapen
ideals or traits. They wish to
 cement their precious palm
 lines and smear out
their unseeing retinas. Come to me
so that I may hold you
 and say the things
 you have always needed
to hear but never wanted to
reach out for. Come to me
 so that I may
 see you and fill
the creases of your hands with
my lips. Trace the premature crow’s
 feet, splattered from the
 sides of your eyes.

The wrinkles pull down your skin
like a killer’s sloppy first project
 cascading down a mountainside.
 Find Gentle. Stop playing
hide and go seek with your
demon mind. Trapped breath. Aren’t I
 just speaking to water?
 My eyes looking back.

WELCOME TO KUNMING

by dana christensen

Sapphire cigarette smoke dances on my lashes
as curled wisps play hide and seek in my hair
A monotone horn shakes me from
my transfixed gaze, bringing my eyes from
a street vendor serving exotic meat and noodles to
a flock of Vespas rolling in chaotic tranquility.
Unregulated gas and blistering peppercorn scorch my sinuses.
The sun pricks my exposed arms
just enough to make them feverish;
until the coolant wind weaves between raised hairs,
bringing me back to the spiced vegetables
that hang thick in the air, clinging to my tongue.
Uneven stones and cracked pavement
slowly become one with my fumbling feet.
Silent motors come within inches of melting flesh
as they dart past, leaving me teetering on my
passive foot and groping the golden air.
Small puddles become Technicolor vortexes,
like the tie-dye shirt crumpled in the corner of my hotel room,
reeking of the night's cigarettes and the humid trash
that skirt around waste bins after dark.
Welcome to Kunming.

AFTER FOUR YEARS TOGETHER

by samantha cruz

it is 9:34 on a thursday night
josh and i are in his blue-lit room
(blue, since he doesn't own any normal lamps)
i'm lying in his bed in his big shirt
watching him play some video game
the features i love to kiss illuminated
by white flashing lights from his computer
muffled machine-gun sounds emanate
from the giant headphones i bought him
some-odd years ago, i can't remember when.
i shift my legs back and forth under the covers
to feel the soft fabric glide over my skin.

i'm bored out of my mind, but
i'm not allowed to interrupt him mid-game
so i twiddle around on my phone instead
watching video after video of hands
mixing and cutting food to make
some yummy looking dish that i could make,
but probably won't. it looks easy, though.
i sigh, a little dramatically.

"babe?"

he doesn't look at me and keeps clicking.
it looks like the round is almost over,
but i can't tell. so i throw a fake little fit
not even a fit, really, more like a vague
flailing of arms and a flop over to face the wall
so my back is to him instead.
i sigh again, for emphasis.

aw fuck, i realize that i forgot
to take my phone with me when i flipped over
so now i'm just staring at the nubby blue-white wall
and all of a sudden i hear the squeak of his chair
rolling backwards, and the rustle of his clothes
i know he's getting into bed but
i don't turn over, so that
when he grabs me and starts tickling me
i'm surprised as if i didn't know he was coming.

WHERE STARS REFRAIN FROM TOUCH

by priscilla lam

Where stars refrain from touch
we extend our hollow hands to empty skies
maybe if we stare long enough
A star will come to life
reaching and hoping from earth
before the dreams have come to die

Infinite time before us and behind
if only we could reach back
or look forward
but it does not come back
even though we try

World without end into the night
some flowers bloom in darkness
some in light
fields before us
fields behind
falling faintly, faintly falling
the stream of life is only swum once
but we try to swim it twice.

IT STARTS WITH

THIRD PLACE IN POETRY
by brianna limas

a bottom-shelf handle of vodka, rivulets of smoke
trailing from chapped lips, and love held like blackmail.

It starts with red-heeled palms and a splitting headache.
It starts with a sore throat and knee-capping doubt.

It ends elsewhere. But it starts there.
The middle is all marrow, pulled through the loom.

(Strung, spun bones
pulled
twirled
made useful
made good.)

A VERY OLD MAN WITH ENORMOUS WINGS

by brianna martinez

The world was sad since Tuesday afternoon.
December gave us dirty days of rain,
but we smiled and waited for sweet spring's tune.
The sea and sky woke on the third of may,

when the old castaway angel landed.
the town folks buzzed with curiosity
and gathered 'round to study his stranded
frail body, labeled a monstrosity

because he trembled under massive wings
that smelled like yesterday, unbearably
putrid with the stench of crabs and other things.
They poked his feathers, which quaked terribly

until he rose and spoke in fierce strange tongues
that forced the wind out of everyone's lungs.

A PERFECT GAME

by ty lopez

"You miscalculated."

A term most apt for arithmetic
But ripples throughout our lives like a stone tossed into the surf.
For the student, such error can be removed with the turning of a pencil;
Gone are the numbers, the symbols etched in graphite,
Blown away by a fresh breath with a faint memory of the markings.
A small miscalculation, forgiven and forgotten
Erased into obscurity so that the proper figures may be written down.

The chess master knows no such forgiveness.
Penultimate peril guides each move,
As strategy shifts from theory to practice.
Seen within the mind's eye, the master calculates his chances of success,
Weighing the decision with twenty other scenarios waltzing through his head.
The dance ends, the hand grasps the piece, glides it across the board.
A long pause as the opponent stares downward
Down at the game of life and death
Down at the game of love and war.
She smiles a sad smile,
And with finality in her tone whispers from across the chasm:
"You miscalculated."

Moves are played out one after another
and now, further into the game, he sees
loss is inevitable. He backpedals, tries to
staunch Destiny -- and suffers, slowly.

The king hides within his corner,
His barriers and defenses battered and broken.
It takes but a single move for the queen
To sidle alongside him in a hug of eternal bondage.
Before the chess master can collect himself, the game has ended.
"Checkmate."
He checks in disbelief
Emotions bubble beneath his cool facade,
Anger, sadness, confusion.
With forced graciousness, he accepts the proffered handshake
Before returning to analyze the dead game.
His opponent casts a weary glance backwards before slipping from the stage and out the
door.
Alone, the chess master plays the simulations through his head,
One after another, again and again and again.
He finds no fault in his game -- a perfect one by all accounts.

In fury, he dashes after her
passing from the stage, through the door
And demands an explanation.

She smiles her sad smile,
And with knowing sorrow in her eyes
Destiny speaks: "You played a perfect game. But for all of your maneuverings,
All your powers of deduction,
All your skill and intelligence,
You do not know me;
You cannot fathom me
And therefore, you can never defeat me."

The chess master bows his head,
Defeat written clearly on his features.
With a heavy heart he steps forward
Knowing full well of her intentions.
Knowing what future lies before him.
A pause. A heavy pause.
He says just two words
Balanced on the precipice of of an austere moment,
Two words;
One moment.
One that lasts an eternal second:
"I miscalculated."

He looks up, hollowed.
She stares back, curiously, before outstretching both hands
Palms facing a bright cold sky.
In one swift movement
The chess master
embraces Destiny.

HIGH TIDE

by molly lowry

When you think you have made it through high tide,
A wave comes and knocks you down.
In the moment it is overwhelming,
But you have to keep your head above the water,
Or you'll never stay afloat.

RECOVERY

by molly lowry

I feel better but not cured.
The battle will get easier,
But it takes work every day,
To banish the monsters
That have made my life unpleasant.
They get less scary,
but they are still there

BEACH

by rebecca (mei mei) liu

the hot sand sears and
the salt air crushes and
the endless coastline blinds and
the screeching gulls taunt and
the brackish breeze tastes bitter and
the crashing sea deafens

the hot sand sears but does not burn
the salt air crushes but I still breathe
the endless coastline blinds but not my vision
the screeching gulls taunt but I take it as praise
the brackish breeze tastes bitter but its memory is sweet
the crashing sea deafens but I hear only you

BLUE

by rebecca (mei mei) liu

Inspired by *Yamsa: A Tribute to Absence* by Moshen Emadi

The woman who lies beside you has a nightmare
Blue blue flames
A fireplace and an oven
The doors are slammed shut, shut, shut
And it is the end of the world
And all the flames are blue, blue, blue

She sees swans and boats
Floating floating on the water
Rowing into nothingness

She dreams of a cradle
The taste of chocolate turns to ash in her mouth
A grave with a blue blue umbrella waits
At the last station
We miss miss one another

"LITTLE OPHELIA"

by rebecca (mei mei) liu

Wet sticky blades tickle tiny nubs
As she toddles through grass toward the glistening pool.
Indigo skirts skin her knees.
Sliding toes, descending one stair at a time,
Step into liquid light.

She is suspended in a "glassy stream,"
Folds of frayed denim quench their thirst.
Hems rise like the tide – "her clothes spread wide."
Saturated pleats encircle her, forming a fabric prison.

Edges fold downward
As "heavy with their drink" they dive like wilted petals.
Leaves peer down from overhanging branches,
As azure skies drift in illusions of safety.

Her floating ears fill with bubbling, gurgling – far screaming!
Virgin daisy serenity is jolted awake. Alarum!
What harm is there floating in the sunshine?
What has she unknowingly set in motion?

Noisy splashes interrupt her tranquility,
As desperate arms carry her aloft,
Bewildered in her father's arms
Where terry towels envelop limbs.

Confusion lingers, but she remains silent,
"Incapable of her own distress."

THE HELLFIRE CLUB

by cristian perez

his briskly chiseled jaw
and his colorful demeanor
have set my heart to thaw;
he's the ultimate redeemer

hidden deep inside black aura
is the sweetest little berry
dressed in darkness, she's no zorra
instead she's like a Heavy Metal Fairy

if he's missing, then you'll find him
smoking cigarettes out back
watching echos of the past swim
by and by, as he guards his family's plaque

her honest gaze is haunting
arms on waist, she's the supreme
piss her off and she'll be hounding
make her proud, you'll live the dream

he's no joke when he gets mad
even though he's sweeter than a cookie
the truth is he gets sad
when he sees a bratty rookie

she's a rock-star every night
but a santa in the light
you'll never catch her fucking up
she's got her shit together, bub

he watches from afar
with talent, wits, and devotion
making observations in the car
he's a rebel set in motion

her smile holds a treasure
of desire and delight
for her friendship, there's no measure
just like her athletic plight

if he's around, he's shook
never mind the boring tasks

he just looking for a look
that'll dazzle all the masks
she's a fiery, feisty leader
delegating all the bitches
who didn't think they'd see her
killing the game, scalping witches

he's a patient, loving, sassy man
holding wisdom and pop-culture
always out to lend a hand
but always classy as a sculpture

they're as clueless as can be
always racing against time
fighting brave to reach their dreams
pushing hard to reach the climb

NIGHTTIME

by cristian perez

I be starving yo
But this college got me broke
Maybe I should be a hoe?
On Hollywood and Highland
The king of dirty night-life

PELIGRO

by cristian perez

cherry-stained lips are
the doorway to seduction.
from blurred burgundy

to charred velvet and
eyes hold a map to the stars,
right on the iris

glowing in the night.
and yet, the two together
form a weapon of

destruction and fear.
passion and peligro dance;
two blending as one,

making you believe
heartbreak is the new romance.
until you spiral down

deep into despair,
slowly swallowing the lies.
drinking sour goodbyes.

T IS FOR TRUTH

by aviva samuels

What is the truth?

There is the truth we tell to ourselves everyday
then there is the one we tell our parents
our teachers

but are they the same truth?

No.

There are some truths that we keep close to our chests
to not hurt those we love

you might think that being truthful all the time would bring some
good to the world.

No.

It would hurt more than it would help
even if that is not the intention.

we want to protect people like the children
the truth that things don't always turn out happy

maybe if we say it enough times,
everything will turn out okay...

the truth is different to every person

for what one person sees as not acceptable
another embraces whole-heartedly

even if it doesn't make sense

the truth can be found

for every person,

in the most surprising of places

and in the most inspiring of people

you may come across.

OUR WALTZ

FIRST PLACE IN POETRY

by lisa tō

Take my hand	and pray that
let's have this dance	I won't forget
just you and me	the creases in the
under the	palm of your hand
falling	those deep highways
stars	that connect and intertwine
and in	and run to meet the grooves
this shining	of my face, of my lips
pool of tears	and as we sway
don't let go	to the beat
no	our noses touch
not just yet	and begin a waltz of their own
let's see how long	the corners of our lips
we can tango and salsa	lift into smiles
let's see how far	and then
we can take this	our lips
deep into the night	touch
let's twirl, let's dip	and
as our hearts beat erratically	you take my hand
in time to the music	once again
and I breathe in the	let's have this dance.
sweetness of your sweat	

ART OF CONVERSATION

by daniella wurmbrand

Finding god
between two people
together expanding consciousness
chasing new horizons
of oneness
words melt and configure
seeping through the skin
without touch
making love
so beautiful, humble, holy
to tap into the power
of two beings
alone, we may only
tap into one
so easy, natural, potent
to let words
spill easily from the lips
with no plan or intervention
we spend too much
Time (another god)
picking letters carefully
this god, which we
call Conversation-
one of the purest
human qualities, the intellect
meets another, the spirit
merges together, rising
toward heaven
and the person
you're talking to
sees you, knows you
and this Love,
this Aliveness,
is the earth's gift:
Connection.

scholarly writing



CLASS AND CULTURE DIVIDE IN *DUBLINERS* AND *PASSAGE TO INDIA*

an excerpt

by keeanna garcia

THROUGHOUT JAMES JOYCE'S short story "The Dead," there are three unintentional incidences between Gabriel and Lily, all of which stem from their class differences. One incident is when Lily, "the caretaker's daughter" (Joyce 175), pronounces Gabriel's last name in a different accent than his. She kindly asks Gabriel, "Is it snowing again, Mr. Conroy?" (177). Instead of pronouncing his last name like "Con-roy," Lily pronounces it like "Con-o-roy." This, as implied by Gabriel's reaction, is a marker of the lower class: "She had preceded him into the pantry to help him off with his overcoat. Gabriel smiled at the three syllables she had given his surname and glanced at her" (177). It is unclear whether or not Gabriel smiled sarcastically or innocently, but the significant factor is that he indeed smiled. If her accent was not noticeable to him, he would have not smiled after hearing her pronounce his last name the way she did. This is the result of their class differences, which is so deeply embedded in their lives already. Gabriel can easily notice the features of Lily's class, even if he does not want or mean to. He may think this is just a natural response, but the reason for his response comes from being upper class. As such, this incident is an inevitable and unintentional occurrence, in which neither Gabriel nor Lily can ever control.

An additional incident between Gabriel and Lily is when he makes an accidental assumption about her. Both are conversing with one another, after so many years of not seeing each other, and Gabriel asks questions that bother the young lady. He interrogates Lily about school, but Lily claims that she is "done schooling this year and more" (177). Immediately after, Gabriel asks her, "O, then...I suppose we'll be going to your wedding one of these fine days with your young man, eh?" (177). Lily does not have a boyfriend or fiancé, so Gabriel's assumption upsets her. Gabriel then regrets saying this, for he did not realize the effect of his remark until Lily reacted: "Gabriel coloured as if he felt he had made a mistake and, without looking at her, kicked off his goloshes and flicked actively with his muffler at his patent-leather shoes" (178). By these remarks, Gabriel realizes that he assumed Lily is only good for being a wife, since she is no longer attending school. Since Lily is lower class, Gabriel must have figured that she will need a man to financially support her. He was only trying to make small talk with Lily after many years of separation, but because he is upper class, his assumptions about a lower class female dominated his reasoning. Even by wearing patent-leather shoes, he is unintentionally exposing his class and differentiation himself. This incident may have been an honest mistake, but it definitely demonstrates the way class distinction prevents comfort and agreement between two individuals of opposing classes.

In the third incident, Gabriel offers a coin to Lily, which he thinks is a polite gesture. Gabriel takes "a coin rapidly from his pocket" (178) and encourages Lily to accept his generous offer: "O Lily, he said, thrusting it into her hands, it's Christmas-time, isn't it? Just...here's a little..." (178). Gabriel believes that he is being quite polite by giving her some money, but to Lily, it strikes as a rude act. Maybe if Gabriel gave her a gift other than money, Lily would not have refused at first. However, because money is the gift, Lily probably feels that Gabriel is only reminding her that she does not have much money. Gabriel of course did not intend to insult Lily again, but he cannot help the fact that he will always view things differently than her. He is trapped in his class, just the way she is. It is something that neither Gabriel nor Lily can ever fix or have control over. Both characters are undeniably paralyzed in the class system, and they can never escape.

To support the notion of paralysis in "The Dead," another short story in *Dubliners* titled "Eveline" uses form to describe this type of containment. The story starts off by describing

Eveline, the protagonist, as a passive and immovable figure, who appears to be a lower class citizen: "She sat at the window watching the evening invade the avenue. Her head was leaned against the window curtains and in her nostrils was the odour of dusty cretonne. She was tired" (29). The narrator uses a passive voice to describe what is presently happening, which ultimately demonstrates that the world invades Eveline and she does not act on her surroundings. Even a natural force, such as the evening, seems invasive to Eveline. Interestingly, everything is invasive to her because she is trapped in some way. Like Gabriel and Lily, who are trapped in their classes, Eveline cannot fight against external forces exerting pressure on her. That is why she practically freezes at the end of the story, when she is trying to decide if she should stay at home or leave to Buenos Ayres: "She set her white face to him, passive, like a helpless animal. Her eyes gave him no sign of love or farewell or recognition" (34). She may be paralyzed in her choice between her home and a distant country, but if she an upper class citizen, she would not have to choose. Thus, her entire paralysis stems from being lower class. Ultimately, the form of the opening sentences of in "Eveline" capture the content that "The Dead" displays. As such, these short stories in James Joyce's *Dubliners* use the theme of paralysis, both formally and contextually, to describe the difficulty of class differences and how it develops into a political and social dilemma.

“SIRENS”: REWRITING MEMORY IN *ULYSSES*

THIRD PLACE IN SCHOLARLY WRITING

by priscilla lam

THE SHIFTING PERSPECTIVES the narration presents in *Ulysses* results in different interpretations of the same event. Joyce, then, raises the question of the possibility of a definite rationale to any one circumstance, memory, and consciousness. Brian McHale argues that “the dominant of modernist fiction is epistemological” and wrestles with questions such as, “What is there to be known?; Who knows it?; How do they know it and with what degree of certainty?” and “How does the object of knowledge change as it passes from knower to knower?” (Postmodernist Fiction 9). *Ulysses*, indeed, fits the qualifications of being a work of modernist fiction as it requires us to read the novel forward and backward. Joyce never allows a single knowledge about a person or event to carry through. Instead, that knowledge is constantly shifting and changing. It not only changes for readers, but that knowledge also changes for the characters in *Ulysses*. McHale also argues that if modernist fiction is concerned with epistemology, postmodernist fiction is “ontological” (Postmodernist Fiction 9). Ontology not only takes into account the possibility of reality but also acknowledges the existence of many realities or truths, thus questioning which reality is the right one. *Ulysses*, then, finds its home in both categories of epistemological and ontological.

Joyce uses memory to create multiple realities and thus proves that our consciousness is multifaceted and is constantly being shaped and reshaped by memories. Joyce was heavily invested in using memory, not only as a device in his works but also something he relied upon heavily as a writer and person. Joyce wrote about Dublin from a position of a self-imposed exile, thus, depending exclusively on memory to write about it. More so than plot, memories make up a crucial part of reading *Ulysses*. Although *Ulysses* follows Leopold Bloom through a single day, Joyce shows the extent of how memories make up of most of our daily consciousness. Joyce’s works “depend on elaborate repetitions, reworkings, and distortions of their own materials” (Rickark 2). *Ulysses* questions whether memory either mummifies or “mumoris the past” (Rickark 11). If the answer is the latter, then Joyce proves that memory is “masked, hidden, changeable, and subject to interpretation” (Rickark 11). Essentially, the past is being rewritten each time it is remembered in the novel. “Sirens” becomes one of the most noteworthy episodes in which Joyce rewrites memory.

Joyce rewrites memory and perspectives through parallax. In “Lestrygonians,” Bloom remembers the word “parallax” from his physics literature (Joyce 52). Parallax is defined as the displacement of an object due to a change in position or shift of the observer. The angle “of this divergence serves to inform us about the structure of this character’s consciousness” (McHale, Constructing 46). Thus, the physical presentation of the object does not change, but rather the perception of it is altered. Bloom also interacts with the word “metempsychosis,” which he defines as “the transmigration of souls” (Joyce 52). The meaning these words have play a critical part in *Ulysses*, as events reoccur differently as perspectives shift not only through different people but even through the individual themselves. No event reoccurs the same way as it was first presented. The chapters that diverge from the “normal” modernist chapters of *Ulysses* explore the concept of an ontological parallax or a parallax of worlds: “Where modernist *Ulysses* explores the incommensurability of subjectivities, the ‘other’ *Ulysses* explores the incommensurability of worlds” (McHale, Constructing 55). Thus, Joyce illuminates the complexity of not only the internal structure of one’s mind, but how that mind creates different realities as it is multifaceted. Consciousness, or our internal discourse processes an external event through many layers, thus creating a parallax of worlds. Reality and what is factual, then, becomes distorted. The ability to mumoris the past illuminates that reality lacks finality and is rather in a constant state of metempsychosis.

To understand "Sirens" in its entirety, it must be re-read; thus the way in which the episode must be interrupted initiates the development of a parallax that consists of having read it for the first time then re-reading it again. The episode takes place in the Concert Room of the Ormond Hotel, and Bloom sits in the dining room with Richie Goulding. Bloom's interior discourse is obsessed with Molly's adultery with Boylan, who is on his way to meet Molly at 7 Eccles Street. This episode's organ is "ear," and thus Joyce when writing was concerned with how he would be able to create sound through the medium of the written word. The music to Bloom serves as a distraction from thinking of Boylan and Molly's encounter. Thus, Joyce shows the interaction between internal discourses and external events. The musicality in the episode creates a "momentary distraction that both Bloom and the reader feel while under the spell of the Sirens' song" (Warren 1). The episode begins with an overture that previews what will come in the episode. Upon first reading, it appears as a cacophonous group of words that have no meaning. The list begins with: Bronze by gold heard the hoofrons, steelyringing. Imperthnthn thnthnthn. Chips, picking chips off rocky thumbnail, chips (Joyce 210). The overture becomes a tuning fork that "remembers" events that have not occurred yet. However, after reading the beginning of "Sirens," it becomes clear that the overture was a preview of the episode. After the closing of the overture, the opening lines of the episode begin with, "Bronze by gold, miss Douce's head by miss Kennedy's head, over the crossblind of the Ormond bar heard the viceregal hoofs go by, ringing steel" (Joyce 211). After reading this, the first three lines of the overture make sense. The bronze by gold is a reference to the introduction of the barmaids, or sirens, Lydia Douce and Mina Kennedy. Furthermore, the seemingly senseless "Imperthnthn thnthnthn" becomes the "viceregal hoofs" that are overheard in the Ormond bar (Joyce 211). The third line in the overture goes on to describe the sounds in the bar Douce and Kennedy are in. The end of the overture also ends with what is perceived as nonsensical words: "Then not till then. My eppripftaph. Be pfrwritt.

Done.

Begin!" (Joyce 211).

However, after reading the end of the episode, we learn that the jumble of words describes Bloom's fart which is described as "Prrpffrrppffff. Done" (Joyce 238). Whereas the overture indicates a beginning, the ending note with Bloom indicates the close. Again, understanding the overture requires reading the episode forward and backward. The overture also becomes an example of a parallax of discourses. It does not channel a particular character or come from a recognizable source, yet it requires that readers acknowledge its presence to grasp the entirety of the episode. Thus, "Sirens" contains a parallax internally as well as externally.

Bloom's internal discourse in "Sirens" presents a micro-parallax as events are reworked in Bloom's consciousness. At the beginning of the episode, Bloom is in Daly's buying paper to write to Martha. As "Henry Flower" buys the paper, he recalls the letter, "Are you not happy in your home? Flower to console me and a pin cuts lo. Means something, language of flow. Was it a daisy? Innocence that is. Respectable girl meet after mass. Thanks awfully muchly" (Joyce 216). Again, the letter resurfaces and is reworked in a way that is different from the initial introduction of it. Particularly in "Sirens," Bloom is forced to think about the affair between Boylan and Molly. Thus, the part of the letter he recalls is not Martha referring to him as a "naughty boy" but rather her asking him if he is happy in his home. Bloom's reworking of the letter in this instance is recalled in a compassionate tone rather than a seductive letter. He recalls a "flower to console" (Joyce 216) him and ponders the innocence of a daisy. Thus, the letter shifts and changes as Bloom's internal discourse shifts as well. As Bloom is buying the paper, he sees Boylan, and he decides to "follow. Risk it. Go quick. At four" (Joyce 217). Whereas the letter may first have appeared somewhat scandalous to the audience, it now serves as something that comforts Bloom as he has to be reminded of the affair. Thus, even the audience's view on Bloom and letter undergo a process of constant change. The knowledge of Boylan and Molly's affair evokes sympathy for Bloom that may not have been as present before. The letter has different connotations throughout the novel

and shifts with Bloom's internal discourse. Although Bloom attempts to write back to Martha with the mindset of a "naughty boy," (Joyce 226), he is unable to stop thinking about Boylan and Molly. At this moment, the letter that had previously existed within its own hemisphere is now interacting with Molly and Blazes. The letter creates and interacts with Bloom's micro-parallax but also with external forces such as the affair which requires its meaning and interpretation to change from the audience viewpoint as well. Joyce also explores the complexity of memory through sound.

"Sirens" demonstrates the complexity of memory and its creation of shifting realities and knowledge. In order to grasp the details of the episode one must read "Sirens" forwards and backward. Memories do not exist perfectly within any one hemisphere of present, past, and future, and instead, exist in all three as exemplified by Bloom's own thought process. Thus, Joyce gives memories the power to reshape one's perception of any previous circumstance. If memories are what makes the individual, and if the perception of memories is always shifting, then metempsychosis is a process the individual must constantly experience. Reading *Ulysses* is an experience that is "non-linear and always in process" (Howes 129) which mirrors the complexity of our own internal discourse. "And no reading can ever be final or definitive, because each one will send us back to the beginning" (Howes 128). Indeed, "Sirens" becomes an episode that requires us to do this. This re-reading takes place in three models: "Joyce re-reading his drafts of the episode and the developing drafts of other episodes; Bloom re-reading his own writing and the events of the day to determine whether Boylan and Molly are really having an affair; and the reader anxiously flipping back and forth between the episode and earlier portions of the book" and "flipping back to the overture" (Warren 657). *Ulysses*, then, denies the existence of one definite truth to a circumstance, memory, or emotion, since these are based on individuals who are always in a mode of metempsychosis. Instead of searching for a particular truth to a moment, Joyce asks us to think of reality and the present as something that is multifaceted and something that can and will be molded and reshaped in different ways, however, while still being recognizable enough to the original form.

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HUNGER FOR HOME

FIRST PLACE IN SCHOLARLY WRITING
by rebecca (mei mei) liu

and he was driven on by hunger, too.
Streaked with brine, and swollen, he terrified them,
So that they fled, this way and that.
(Homer, *The Odyssey*. VI 147-149)

AWAKEND BY THE frolicking cries of young girls at play, Odysseus arises from under a bed of leaves, having been washed ashore the night before. Forced to endure days at sea, adrift from the mast of his storm-splintered raft, the epic hero is lost and bewildered. Naked, bedraggled, and covered in seaweed, he emerges from the brush hungry like a lion seeking its prey. He takes an olive branch to cover his nakedness and makes his presence known. The girls scatter in response to his monstrous visage, except for the princess Nausicaa. This vision of Odysseus – wretched, windswept, and covered in brine – sharply contrasts descriptions of the hero in the rest of the Homer’s epic, that is, as “steady,” “stout of heart,” “versatile,” “strategist and trickster,” “canny tactician,” “cunning,” “resourceful,” “master mariner and soldier.” At this moment, Odysseus is at his most vulnerable, and in so being, his most human.

Washed ashore before the plucky Nausicaa, he has become for all intents and purposes a beggar. Moreover, his current state, like much of his journey, is of his own making. Freed from Calypso, Odysseus again makes for home. When Poseidon unseats him from his raft, the goddess Ino advises him to cast off Calypso’s cloak, swim away from the rocky coast, and use her enchanted veil to see him safely ashore. Convinced, as usual, that his judgment is superior to that of the gods, Odysseus ignores her advice: “No I’ll not swim; with my own eyes I saw/how far the land lies that she called my shelter./Better to do the wise thing, as I see it” (V 371-373). As often before, Odysseus’s judgment is no match for the gods’, and he suffers the consequences as the remnants of his raft are dashed against the cliffs. Athena, ever his protector, must once again bail out her protégé and deliver him to the riverbed shore where she has arranged for Nausicaa and her maids to do laundry.

Homer juxtaposes Odysseus’s mistrust of Ino, as well as the consequences of his hubris and poor judgment, to the hero’s need to trust and humble himself before Nausicaa or starve. Odysseus considers how best to take advantage of his disadvantage. Should he embrace the goddess-like princess around the knees in supplication or humbly explain how he came to arrive before her in such a state? Motivated by hunger, not guile, Odysseus is foremost trying to survive. Uncharacteristically, Odysseus rejects guile as a tactic, drops any disguise, and chooses to tell the plain truth, for perhaps the first time on his long journey home. Moreover, Odysseus is rewarded for finally letting down his guard. When Odysseus puts himself in Nausicaa’s care, he is bathed, clothed, and fed. In other words, Homer’s juxtaposition between Odysseus’s untrusting assessment of Ino and his decision to be candid with Nausicaa demonstrates that, finally, Odysseus has learned something from his trials. If the hero cannot overcome this most basic, most primal, quite un-magical, trial, Odysseus will not be able to win back the heart of the ever patient Penelope.

In electing to forgo the artifice upon which he usually relies, Odysseus becomes emotionally vulnerable. Confronted with the convergence of the hero naked, starving, and unkempt – with his physical defenselessness, and his abandonment of wily cunning, his emotional openness – Homer’s audience comes to know, for the first time, the hero reduced to the stature of a mere man: a man whose reduced circumstances force him to rely on the kindness of strangers. Odysseus’s nakedness, both literal and figurative, reveals his humanity. At this moment Odysseus is uniquely un-heroic in comparison to the rest of the story; and the scene is not played for its tragic pathos, but instead for its comic irony.

The comic scene on the riverbank occurs in real time, not as a flashback. Although it comes early in the narrative, it depicts action close to the end of the saga for the purposes of revealing emotional growth in Odysseus that will become complete only at the end of the epic. The scene, therefore, serves to foreshadow the ultimate evolution of the hero's character. Furthermore, the passage is narrated by Homer, not by Odysseus, unlike much of Books VIII-XII. Odysseus is a marvelous weaver of tales, but not an honest one. His stories cannot be trusted; they cannot be relied upon. Homer must narrate this episode to show how far Odysseus has come, but also how far he has yet to go, to evolve into a complete hero. Homer employs comedy in this scene to encourage his listeners to empathize with the hero by seeing themselves in a situation with which they are likely all too familiar. Odysseus's destitution before Nausicaa is not glamorous or heroic, as fighting giants or outsmarting a Cyclops might be seen to be. Instead, the hero is made vulnerable: seaweed stuck in his hair, reeking of brine, olive leaves hiding his genitals, the great general sending the lovely maids screaming for the hills. In his ridiculousness, Odysseus becomes one of us, and when he does, we feel his pain. We understand his journey and his triumph over adversity, which we cannot fully grasp when he dwells only on a high pedestal.

Homer employs this comic scene of growing temperance and restraint to parallel the touching scenes of Odysseus's reunion with Penelope. In the company of Nausicaa, Odysseus must control his physical hunger to achieve his ultimate goal: to see his way home. His hunger has made his appearance monstrous, driving the terrified maids away. In the past, Odysseus repeatedly failed to temper his hunger, to moderate his craving for victory, riches, accolades, and respect. His uncontrolled appetite for glory made him a monster of a different hue. However, during this moment, Odysseus reigns in his need to be clever, to outsmart his opponent. He checks his desire to be extolled. Instead of a monster, he presents himself as a man beginning to gain control over his passions. Odysseus will continue to hone his temperance skills until he is finally ready to confront the suitors and reunite with Penelope. He will don the disguise of the beggar and humble himself before all. He will tolerate the verbal and physical abuse of the suitors. He will endure Penelope's reticence, and her inquisition, even after Telemakhos loses patience with his mother. He will temper his lust for revenge. For only after Odysseus has mastered his hunger, sharpened his self-restraint and self control, only then can he truly come home, only then can he become whole. Homer reminds the listener of Odysseus's encounter with Nausicaa at the moment when the long estranged couple finally reunite in tearful embrace: "Few men can keep alive through a big surf/to crawl, clotted with brine, on kindly beaches/in joy, in joy, knowing the abyss behind" (XXIII 266-268). Homer's recollection of the tribulations of the journey sweetens the reunion of home that we all aim for.

Odysseus reveals his humanity when he is confronted with his hunger before Nausicaa. He is a man stripped down to his animal nature, a beast hungry to survive. What elevates a man from his bestial nature is his ability to temper his primal needs. Odysseus fails to return home time and again because of his immoderate hunger for adulation and recognition are yet unrestrained. Facing Nausicaa, Odysseus must reign in his pride and cleverness to see his way home. Humankind must temper its hunger if it is to attain its goals. Humanity can achieve great marvels but must temper its ravenous ambitions; humanity must avoid excess in all things. To reach the heights of the hero, humanity must hone its restraint. Odysseus can only hit the mark, fire an arrow through twelve axe notches, and thereby finally come home, when he has balanced his warring ambitions. The mark is temperance, without which we are all lost at sea.

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“TO THE MARRIAGE OF TRUE MINDS”

SECOND PLACE IN SCHOLARLY WRITING

by jenna muise

FOR AN IDEA to be intersubjective, it must exist between two separate, conscious minds. In intersubjective love, there can no longer be merely a subject and an object. Instead, the two must come together in an intellectual and philosophical partnership to nurture and grow their love, and there must be a departure from the traditional roles of the lover and the beloved. True intersubjectivity allows both partners to fill these roles equally and simultaneously. In Renaissance lyric poetry, love doesn't become intersubjective until the Seventeenth Century, after the shift from Petrarchan love to a more metaphysical sense of the word. In the cases of Petrarch, Sidney, and Wroth, a divide remains between the subject and their object, some by choice and others by circumstance. However, with the start of the Seventeenth century there comes a shift in which Donne and Philips begin to bridge the divide between the subject and the object. This shift from subjectivity to intersubjectivity goes hand in hand with the very slowly evolving recognition of not only a woman's intellect, but also her right to a voice.

Francisco Petrarch was a solitary lover. His near obsession with the object of his sonnet cycle is portrayed in lonely, torturous and yet beautiful description of his endless suffering at the hands of Laura. This love is born out of his objectification of a woman whom he saw in his church, and gives rise to a still relevant standard of beauty that women have been subjected to for centuries. Her "golden hair" and "eyes...brighter than the radiant west" were enough to woo him into love, for how could a woman so beautiful not be equally virtuous? (Petrarch Sonnet 69, lines 1-3). The divide between Petrarch as the subject of his sonnets and Laura as the object is so deep that the love that he suffers in so ardently would be the ultimate example of courtly love if he had not taken a vow of chastity. Although he feels it to the deepest extent, it is nothing more than a fabrication brought about by the disparity of the object of his poetry and the actual woman who inspired her, whom he never met and, due to his life choices, never would. For all that he bled, starved, cried, and burned in the name of love, he did so alone.

Sir Philip Sidney's lack of contact with his object, Lady Penelope Rich, was less a matter of chastity and more out of respect for both of their marriages. In his sonnet cycle *Astrophel and Stella*, however, he expresses the pain that this choice causes him, many times expressed as a burning hunger for his object, Stella: "So while thy beauty draws the heart to love,/ As fast thy Virtue bends that love to good;/ 'But, ah' Desire still cries, 'give me some food'" (Sidney Sonnet 71, lines 12-14). This sonnet cycle embodies courtly love more closely than Petrarch's work due to the fact that Sidney uses it as a public way to woo Penelope, even if just through fiction, the only respectable way that he could. Though Sidney is known for the wit and humor in his work, *Astrophel's* passion for Stella does come across in some sonnets as scathing anger, most likely conceived out of her rejection of his advances. He blames his suffering on the fickleness of his beloved, asking, "Is constant love deemed there but want of wit? / Are beauties there as proud as here they be?" (Sidney Sonnet 31 Line 10-11). Like a true courtly heroine, however, Stella exercises her right to refuse *Astrophel*, creating the divide between the subject and object which, while different than Petrarch's, is just as impenetrable.

Lady Mary Wroth was just as alone and just as tormented in her love as Petrarch. However, like her uncle and literary predecessor Sidney, the barrier between her and the object of her poetry was one of social construct rather than personal choice. Whereas Sidney was able to almost make light of his situation and at some points even write directly to his object, knowing she would hear it, Wroth had to suffer through her love silently. She believed love to be an inevitable evil within her life, writing, "I love, and must: So farewell liberty" (Wroth Sonnet 16, line 14). As a woman during the early seventeenth century it was disgraceful for her to even publish her writing, let alone try and pursue the man that she loved, especially

since he was married to another. While this kind of solitary love would be an opportunity for a man in her place to try and climb the Platonic ladder of love, Wroth had no chance to love freely, and therefore no chance to reach her own enlightenment. She was not even able to find solace in the creation of her art, instead being called a harpy and a whore for her involuntary devotion to the man she loved.

The aching sense of futility that Wroth expresses in her sonnets at once mirrors and surpasses that of Petrarch, underscored by her use of the Petrarchan sonnet, in that she has an active desire to make contact with her object. Wroth also refrains from objectifying her object or lashing out in anger at him, instead objectifying her image of Venus and Cupid in order to have a source of blame for her suffering. Venus and “her son...adding fire/ To burning hearts” were her sources of pain, as they “martyred [her] poor heart” (Wroth Sonnet 1, lines 6-8, 12). Although she understood she could not make contact with the man she loves, her “pain, still smothered in [her] grievéd breast, / Seeks for some ease” that the partnership of subject and object brings (Wroth Sonnet 68, lines 1-2). She was a solitary subject not by choice, but by circumstance.

With the turn of the Seventeenth Century came a shift in the concept of love altogether, spurred by the work of John Donne. His poetry appealed to his subject’s intelligence rather than her beauty, and his love with her is a concept that they built together, separating them from the “dull, sublunary lovers” whose love changed with the tides (“A Valediction: Forbidding Mourning” 13). Donne wrote to his wife, meaning his work is directed specifically to the object. He was able to write about both of their experiences in loving each other, marking the shift from courtly love to metaphysical love in Renaissance lyric poetry. Donne’s use of metaphysical conceits emphasize his faith in his wife’s intelligence while also illustrating the strength of their bond. He describes their union as “gold to airy thinness beat,” attesting not only to their unbroken devotion, but also the purity of their connection (“A Valediction: Forbidding Mourning” 24). While he does speak of the consummation of their love, it is referred to in terms of adding alloy to gold; their physical relationship, when added to their philosophical connection, does not detract from its worth, but rather makes it stronger.

Although Donne’s work is much more intersubjective than his predecessors, it cannot be labeled as the truest form of intersubjectivity. While Donne clearly regarded his wife as a partner in their marriage, the strict gender roles of the time period restricted her from being truly equal in their relationship. Donne describes their marriage as “stiff twin compasses” (“A Valediction: Forbidding Mourning” 26). A compass is comprised of two legs, joined at the top and yet separate. His wife is “the fixed foot” that “in the center sit[s]/ Yet when the other far doth roam, / It leans and hearkens after it” (“A Valediction: Forbidding Mourning” 29-31). While she is her own foot, she still leans, stationary in waiting, while her husband moves steadily about her. Both subjects depend on each other, but only one is able to move freely and the other is confined to their home. Although Donne gives his wife a more empowering portrait than most other women were given, she was still subject to her societal role and therefore the subtle hierarchy between a man and a woman in a marriage, keeping their intersubjectivity from becoming absolute.

Katherine Philips was the only woman of the Seventeenth Century in England who was fortunate enough to be given her own voice by her husband. Because he approved of her publishing her poetry, her work was more accepted than that of Wroth. With this voice, Philips carried on Donne’s movement towards metaphysical love, writing to both friends and her husband as objects. While it is unclear whether her poems to women were intended to be homosocial or romantic, they are the purest form of intersubjectivity found up until this point. True intersubjectivity cannot be reached until the object can be the subject’s true equal, and due to social circumstances this is not possible in the Seventeenth Century until Philips writes to her object Lucasia. She adapts the same conceit that Donne uses involving the compass, but makes the distinction that “they are, and yet they are not, two” (Philips “Friendship in Emblem, or the Seal. To My Dearest Lucasia” 24). Her and her object, though

they still “follow where the other leans,” are both dependent and independent within their friendship (Philips “Friendship in Emblem, or the Seal. To My Dearest Lucasia” 27). There is no distinction of which “foot does stand fast” and “make the wand’rer’s motion straight” because either partner can fill that role at any given time. At the same time “their points, like bodies separate;/ but head, like souls, knows no such fate,” meaning that while they are connected deeply by the mind and the soul, they are their own separate entities, and though they can depend on one another, they also aid each other in their independence (Philips “Friendship in Emblem, or the Seal. To My Dearest Lucasia” 51-52). The partnership that Philips illustrates with her object Lucasia is one of complete equality, and thus true intersubjectivity.

The social status in England from Petrarch’s pre-Renaissance era to the Seventeenth Century, specifically the role of women in society, was a major factor in the imbalance of power between the subject and object of Renaissance lyric poetry. As poets began to leave Petrarch’s ideal of love behind, objects were no longer strictly objectified for their beauty, and the introduction of metaphysical love allowed objects to flourish and begin to have a voice. What was once merely flowing hair and fair skin became an intelligent human that could understand and appreciate extended metaphors that were meant to appeal to their wit. Intersubjectivity thrives on equality, and although women would not reach social equality for centuries, this period in literary history at least began to recognize their capabilities.

THE RAPE OF THE EPIC

by jenna muise

THE EPIC is the chosen form of poetry used to represent the greatest events in human history from the perspective of a larger-than-life epic hero. In fact, nearly all of the elements of an epic seem to take on larger-than-life qualities, with epic similes, machinery, and deeds that express human triumphs and failures on a superhuman scale. John Milton is able to take the epic to an even grander stage than the fall of Troy or the birth of Rome: the creation of the human race. In *Paradise Lost*, Milton attempts to transcend the traditional epic style and manipulates the English language in order to represent the sheer awesomeness of the events that led to the fall of Adam and Eve and therefore the metaphorical beginning of human life on Earth. After accomplishing this, Milton's became the model for epic poets such as Alexander Pope, who wrote *The Rape of the Lock* in 1712. Pope obviously wrote with Milton in mind, as he includes many allusions and an epic style reminiscent of *Paradise Lost*, but his subject matter is a far cry from the epic task of the birth of humankind. *The Rape of the Lock* takes a seemingly trivial event and places it on an epic scale, at once poking fun at the insignificant events of a single human life while also illustrating the respective significance of these events from the perspective of that person. Through these two works, the epic is shown to be a versatile agent that can underscore either the immense magnitude of its subject or its inconsequentiality.

Milton was a radical revolutionary, and in a time of war and uncertainty in England he was a staunch advocate for liberty. This translated into his writing in terms of not only his subject matter but the style in which he wrote it. Instead of choosing the traditional rhyme scheme of a heroic epic, Milton wrote *Paradise Lost* in heroic verse without rhyme. He believed that there was a certain liberty in unrhymed verse, and as he was unafraid of breaking through the customs of previous literary precedents, he let one of the thematic messages of his epic come through in the most basic element of the writing. It seems fitting that a story about the importance of free will is written in unrestrained verse. This specific choice is indicative of the ways that Milton could manipulate the English language in order to serve his exact purpose.

Although Milton had already gone blind by the time he wrote *Paradise Lost*, he had such mastery of the language that he was able to dictate extremely complex literary strategies to a scribe without ever seeing the words on the page. He expanded the catalogue of epic devices that poets employ to create the magnitude of their stories, for as he was writing on a subject that surpassed any that had come before, the language he used mirrored this feat. Milton employed a kind of paradoxical language that allowed him to express ideas outside of the realm of humanity such as "darkness visible" to describe the depths of hell (*Paradise Lost* 1: 63). He further defied the laws of grammar by employing a kind of oxymoronic use of adjectives in the place of nouns such as "palpable obscure" and "vast abrupt" (*Paradise Lost* 2: 406, 409). This sort of manipulation effectively describes something that cannot be found in the human world, and therefore it cannot be expressed by the generic laws of grammar. This theme of otherworldliness also comes through in the traditional forms of epic language that Milton employs. His epic similes took on the scale of supernatural size, comparing Satan to "that sea-beast/ Leviathan, which God of all his works/ Created hugest that swim th'ocean stream" disguised as "some island" to any human eyes (*Paradise Lost* Book 1: 200-202, 205). Milton puts that which a human would deem insurmountable and terrifying into the perspective of God, whose omnipotence proves that even Satan in his awesome, terrible enormity is unimpressive. This shift in perspective emphasizes the unmatched scale of Milton's work, adding an element of sheer grandeur never before achieved in any epic poetry.

This grandeur is also evident in Milton's invocation to the muse, a standard practice at the start of a traditional epic poem. Whereas other epic poets would invoke the Muse of Epic

Poetry Calliope, Milton once again emphasizes the reinvention of the genre on an otherworldly scale. Belinda's dressing table, where she partakes in "the sacred rites of Pride" (*The Rape of the Lock* 1:128). Her petticoat, "stiff with hoops, and armed with ribs of whale" is guarded closely, "the wide circumference around" (*The Rape of the Lock* 2: 120,122). This is a direct allusion to the description of Satan's shield in *Paradise Lost*. Taking this comparison a step further, Pope describes the decision to leave two of Belinda's curls down and unprotected as a catalyst "to the destruction of mankind" (*The Rape of the Lock* 2: 19). Pope is obviously hyperbolizing the plot to a humorous extent, while also alluding to *Paradise Lost* which actually does deal with a subject matter of that enormity. Pope's ironic use of epic language and allusions accentuates his epic's atypical subject as well as its motif of vanity. Even Pope's invocation to his muse, whom he chose to be his own friend John Caryll, highlights the immense differences between Pope and Milton's work, with the former honing in on a human perspective in all aspects of the work and the latter broadening the genre to encompass Heaven, Earth and Hell.

The literary theme of taking another work and building upon it or transfiguring it until something original is created has been in place since the beginning of written history. Through this, the greatest forms of literature have been perfected and re-perfected by different authors who are able to add their own insights, perspectives, and original ideas. Pope's reconfiguration of Milton's epic is a perfect example of the use of literary precedents, which was only made possible by Milton's decision to tell his story on his own through his invocation of God himself. He calls upon the same "Heav'nly Muse" that inspired Moses to write the first books of the Bible (*Paradise Lost* 1: 6). He asks that the spirit of God help him in his hopes to write an epic that intends to "pursue/ Things unattempted yet in prose or rhyme" by filling him with the same light with which God filled the world (*Paradise Lost* 1: 15-16). This, Milton believes, will allow him to "assert Eternal Providence, / And justify the ways of God to men" (*Paradise Lost* 1: 25-26). With this task in mind, Milton completely reinvents the epic genre and modernizes and popularizes it enough to inspire future works that, while not on the same grand scale, have similar impacts on the literary world.

While Milton's daunting task of explaining God's will was his motivation for reconceiving the epic poem, Pope was driven by a seemingly smaller motive. Angered by the state of popular literature in London at the beginning of the 18th Century which he deemed to be without wit or significance, Pope set out to prove that even the most trivial of events can be told on a grand scale when the authors employ their wit. He alludes to *Paradise Lost* several times throughout *The Rape of the Lock* but the story centers around a young woman in English society rather than God, Satan, and the fate of the human race. However, while he does poke fun at the relative insignificance of the topic, he is able to show that, from a human perspective rather than God's, even the smallest of events can take on an epic proportion.

Like Milton, Pope employs literary devices in order to underscore his thematic idea of the vanity and frivolity of society. He uses a synecdoche in the form of a lock of hair to inspire the sensual beauty of women's hair while also emphasizing the vanity that is associated with it. Therefore the "rape" of a lock of hair and the reaction of the epic hero, Belinda, represent the enormous significance visual beauty holds in her society. The violation that Belinda feels when her lock is stolen can also be related to a kind of loss of chastity, which not only acts as her heroic fall, but also highlights the double standard of a society in which a woman's value and dignity was tarnished with the loss of chastity while men were expected and encouraged to lose their own. Pope is able to use a basic structural part of his epic to represent his theme, just as Milton did in *Paradise Lost*.

Another device that Pope borrowed from Milton was the manipulation of the language. However, while Milton uses adjectives as nouns to express something completely otherworldly, Pope's use is tongue-in-cheek, in that he is using otherworldly language to describe an event that, next to the description of Hell and Satan, seems rather inconsequential. Pope admonishes the short-sightedness of society while using epic phrasing

and imagery, writing: “O thoughtless mortals! ever blind to fate,/ Too soon dejected, and too soon elate” (*The Rape of the Lock* 3:102-103). This technique at once mirrors Milton’s and contrasts it, as the grammar is the same, Pope is emphasizing the presence of humanity rather than the lack thereof. While Milton was attempting something unprecedented with this strategy, Pope was able to look to it and make it his own, effectively building off of Milton’s example.

Pope’s intent to “miniaturize” the epic in the same way that Milton maximized it is most dramatically seen through his use of overly grand, epic language. Pope’s allusions to Milton are both juxtaposing and humorous, in that the same language used to describe shields and weaponry are used for hairpins and petticoats. The epic trope of the “girding of the hero” takes place at a version of the epic. Literature is founded on tradition as well as creativity. This can be seen in the timeline of the epic itself; what were once oral stories eventually became long, heroic pieces of poetry such as *Beowulf*. Poets such as Homer and Virgil wrote their epics on some of the most important events in human history. These works were passed down and studied centuries later, and served as the inspiration for many other poets who wished to reach the same kind of immortality through the form of the epic. Milton took the epic to a completely different level, and accomplished something with the epic that virtually no one will be able to match. How can you write on a more momentous event in history than the birth and the fall of the human race? Knowing this, poets such as Pope who were inspired by Milton but knew they couldn’t match his work, were forced to recreate the epic in their own way. Over time, the novel was popularized, and the epic faded into antiquity. Today, it has resurfaced (in a completely different form) through the birth of the hero’s journey trope, found in the modern fantasy genre and the rise of superhero stories. It is often said that no story is truly original, simply because each story has elements of things that have come before it. The beauty of the literary art form is that the use of past works in a modern piece can be enriching and gratifying, and thus traditions are carried on and immortalized through modern times.

THE VOICE IN JOYCE'S "ITHACA"

by nazarely narvaez

JAMES JOYCE'S *ULYSSES* has more than one beginning but also more than one ending. "Ithaca" is the chapter that specifically marks the end of Leopold Bloom's day and, with its dot at the end, is known as the original ending. With relation to Homer's *The Odyssey*, "Ithaca" is Bloom's version of Odysseus' homecoming. But the home Bloom left in the morning is not the same as the home he has returned to, even though he was only away for one day. Although the novel has offered an extremely personal perspective of the day, the narrator in "Ithaca" removes itself from Bloom's and Stephen's consciousness. Its question-answer format allows the reader to learn about the factual aspects of Bloom's and Stephen's life, but it fails to completely and permanently unite them as Blephen. In a work that focuses on the excess of personal information through the use of stream of consciousness, "Ithaca" offers an excess of factual information. This voice brings Bloom, Stephen, and Molly close through physical and historical information but by the end of the episode fails to emotionally bind them.

Bloom's missing house key is one of the most important things that fail to be present in "Ithaca." In her essay, "Endings," Maud Ellmann notes that "the obsessive inventories of Bloom's possessions, both real and imaginary, could interpret as a defense against the loss of which cannot be possessed- a woman's love" (Ellmann 103). The home Bloom has been locked out of is centrally made up of the person who resides there: Molly. It is interesting that Bloom knows exactly where the key is, but he simply does not have it: "it was in the corresponding pocket of the trousers which he had worn on the day but one preceding" (Joyce 546). Bloom does not have the key to his home and therefore does not have control over Molly. The removed narrator poses the question: "Why was he doubly irritated?" and answers "because he had forgotten and because he remembered that he had reminded himself twice not to forget" (Joyce 546). Bloom's irritation is due to his missing key but directly connects to the way in which Bloom is constantly reminded of Molly's escapades with Blazes. In "Sirens," Bloom is followed by the jingle of Blazes' car and yet he chooses not to interfere with their meeting. Similarly, Stephen is missing the key to his home. He knows who has it, but will not go through the trouble of asking for it. Odysseus is passive due to his rationality but Bloom supresses Odysseus' passivity. While Odysseus and Telemachus can fight Penelope's suitors, in "Ithaca" Molly's suitors are only listed. Thus, while Odysseus homecoming is celebrated, Bloom's homecoming is disregarded.

Through the form similar to that of the catechism, the narrator tries to draw the line between Stephen and Bloom's personalities, but "though seemingly logical, it is itself as rambling as the earlier episodes of stream of consciousness" (Kiberd 259). Throughout "Ithaca" the narrator emphasizes that Stephen represents "the artistic" and Bloom "the scientific" (Joyce 558). While both of them "professed their disbelief in many orthodox religious, national, social, and ethical doctrines," their reasonings for doing so differ greatly (Joyce 544). Whereas Stephen's rejection of Catholicism derives from his previous personal connection to it, Bloom's removed stance reflects a very rational sort of doubt. In *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, we saw Stephen deeply struggle with religion in relation to becoming an artist. The notion of becoming an artist is incredibly personal and leads Stephen's thoughts inward, towards himself, rather than outward to others. Bloom, on the contrary, projects his thoughts outward and cares for the thoughts of other people: "What satisfied him? To have sustained no positive loss. To have brought a positive gain to others" (Joyce 553). The form in "Ithaca" attempts to showcase such differences but in reality "the scientific" and "the artistic" labels seem "too neat, for at many moments Bloom seems like the poet whom Stephen can only play at being" (Kinerd 251). Although Bloom is said to be the scientific one, this does not mean he is not capable of being artistic. The same applies to Stephen. What is truly remarkable is how they cannot both represent one of these personalities at the same time.

As readers, we have known Stephen for years thanks to *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*, but Stephen's identity has undergone metempsychosis since; he is still struggling with issues of nationality, religion, and politics, but he is the not the Stephen we knew in *Portrait*. Similarly, the Leopold Bloom we see in "Ithaca" is not the same Bloom we knew from the beginning of the novel. Bloom's admiration for water is the clearest allegory for how an individual changes through time. Bloom recounts water's many uses and most importantly "its metamorphoses as vapour, mist, cloud, rain, sleet, snow, hail" (Joyce 549). Through this, Joyce argues that our identities are constantly changing. More specifically, Bloom mentions "[water's] ubiquity consisting of 90% of the human body" (Joyce 549-60). This can very easily be Joyce reminding us that we are change from beginning to end. By depicting a lifetime through the course of only one day, Joyce suggests that the individual is made up in this same manner. This is only one day in which we get to see Bloom and Stephen interact. As of now, Stephen is mist and Bloom is hail, but they are both versions of water. In theory, the Stephen in *A Portrait* has evolved to the Stephen present in *Ulysses*. If we take into account Stephen's Hamlet theory presented to us in "Scylla and Charybdis," Stephen can be very much on his way to becoming Bloom. Thus, Bloom and Stephen's thoughts are a reflection of one the important themes within *Ulysses*— the idea of being the same but different.

One of the most ironic details of Bloom's broken home is provided by the excessive description provided by the narrator of the lower, middle, and upper levels of Bloom's shelves. The narrator adds that there is "an empty pot of Plumtree's potted meat" on the middle shelf. (Joyce 552). The irony of the presence on that pot derives from a moment in "Lestrygonians": "What's a home without Plumtree's potted meat? Incomplete"(Joyce 140). Bloom shows a distaste of the ad, partly because it subconsciously reminds him of Molly's affair. The ad does not fulfill what it says it will; the Bloom household is still incomplete even with Plumtree's potted meat. The narrator scans "every cupboard and drawer of the house at 7 Eccles Street is...[ransacked] for traces of the past"(Ellmann 104). This past includes events that took place just hours before Bloom's homecoming. Molly's affair with Blazes has infiltrated Bloom's house and wife even to extent of rearranging the furniture: "a vertical piano (Cadby) with exposed keyboard,... a partly consumed cigarette and two discoloured ends of cigarettes"(Joyce 580). This rearrangement of furniture calls for a rearrangement of the structure of Bloom's home; a structure in which Molly, rather than Blazes, has control of.

While the narrator in "Ithaca" tries very hard to differentiate between Bloom and Stephen's personalities by labeling one "the artistic" and the other "the scientific," it ultimately creates an environment in which there are no black and white differences. The dot at the end represents the end of Bloom's day; but with all of the important questions left unanswered it sets up *Ulysses* final episode "Penelope," in which we finally get to hear Molly's voice. In a way, "Ithaca's" ending is no ending at all but an introduction to yet another beginning. This is a result of Joyce's use of the one-day narrative. Jorge Luis Borges, in his short essay, "Joyce's Ulysses," states, "if Shakespeare-to use his own metaphor-invested in the turning of the hourglass the exploits of many years, Joyce inverts the procedure and unfolds his hero's single day into many days upon the reader" (Borges 13). With the end of one day comes the beginning of another. While the ending in "Ithaca" is not the most optimistic, Joyce has not totally doomed his characters. Another day will come, maybe Molly will come clean about her affair, Bloom might retrieve his key, and perhaps Stephen will visit the Blooms once again.

Works Cited

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THE PERFECTION OF SYMBOLIC RETRIBUTION IN DANTE'S HELL

by zayne repp

Sacred justice moved my architect
I was raised here by divine omnipotence,
Primordial love and ultimate intellect.
(*Inferno* 3. 4-6)

THE THIRD CANTO of *The Inferno* opens to find Dante and his guide Virgil standing before the Gates of Hell, observing the "harsh inscription" (*Inferno* 3. 12) that is gravely etched into the stone above the gates. The text of the inscription, acting as the personified voice of the gate, occupies the first three stanzas of the canto, but it is the second stanza in particular that the concept of "sacred justice" (*Inferno* 3. 4) is introduced to both Dante and the reader. It is by means of symbolic retribution, mentioned by John Ciardi as "the law of Dante's Hell" (Ciardi note, 30), that this sacred justice is administered by God. Through the remaining 31 cantos of *The Inferno*, the concept of pairing a sinner with a punishment that properly chastises them for their crime is fully—and often gruesomely—explored.

The varying levels of punishment that each soul in Hell is forced to endure, we find out as Dante descends, are contrived by God in order to illuminate and emphasize the nature of the sins which landed them in such a dismal place. The rivers of blood, burning deserts, and hideous demons were not created by God with the express purpose of thrusting senseless violence upon the sinners, but also to prevent them from hiding behind any virtuous facades which they may have used in their life on Earth. This becomes increasingly necessary as the nature of the sins devolves towards treachery, where the sinners—even when at the mercy of these horrible punishments—attempt to deceive the poets. It is the specificity of each punishment that proves to Dante that each soul has been fairly judged and that God possesses a "sovereign wisdom" (*Inferno* 19. 10) from which no evil can hide.

It is no accident, then, that the first swarm of souls that the poets encounter is the opportunists. This cohort is comprised of those whose lives "concluded neither blame nor praise" (*Inferno* 3. 33) due to their unfixed allegiances. They are symbolically located in the Vestibule of Hell, where they are denied entry due to the fact that "the wicked might feel some glory" (*Inferno* 3. 39) out of being classified by Minos. God has, by leaving these sinners "eternally unclassified" (Ciardi note, 30), denied them any pleasure they may have derived from receiving a 'grade' in the afterlife. Outcasts of both Heaven and Hell, these souls are forced to eternally chase an ever-shifting banner—a befitting punishment that puts the sinners at the mercy of the same selfish desires which guided them through life.

After traversing the first circle of Hell, the poets are greeted by the "grinning, grotesque, and hale" (*Inferno* 5. 4) demon, Minos. Minos acts as the "judge of the damned" (Ciardi note, 46), wrapping his twitching tail around his body a number of times that corresponds with the depth of the circle to which each sinner must venture. The hideous appearance of Minos, coupled with his agitated disposition, presents the reader with a "figure symbolic of the guilty conscience" (Ciardi note, 51) of the multitudes of sinners who must face him for judgement. Minos, however, is not the only demon which is represented as a physical manifestation of the role that they play in Hell. Geryon, noted by Dante as "the prototype of fraud" (*Inferno* 17. 7), is a massive winged beast who hides his grotesque body with a face that is "innocent of every guile" (*Inferno* 17. 10). This is representative of the nature of fraudulent sins, as they require the sinner to don a façade of innocence. The appearance of these monstrosities is calculated to be symbolic in the same way that the landscape and torments of the various circles of Hell are carefully contrived by God to serve a specific purpose.

Far deeper in the eighth circle than where they were abandoned by Geryon, the poets find

themselves in the seventh bolgia, where the thieves reside. Although quite explicit in its imagery, the symbolism of the thieves' punishment is among the most powerful in *The Inferno*. The seventh bolgia is home to not only the thieves, but also "great coils of serpents" (*Inferno* 24. 82) who eternally pursue the sinners with the intent of binding them or biting them, with the latter causing the victim to be violently immolated. The nature of the punishment is meant to highlight that "thievery is reptilian in its secrecy" (Ciardi note, 188). It is here that the poets encounter Vanni Fucci, a nobleman turned thief who allowed his accomplices to be convicted while he escaped without punishment. After talking with Dante, Vanni Fucci blasphemes God and is swiftly attacked by a flurry of serpents. Realizing that a sinner of this consequence is absolutely deserving of such a dreadful punishment, Dante sings praise to the "power of God," whose "vengeance rains such fearful blows" (*Inferno* 24. 119-120). This is a turning point for Dante, who is beginning to realize that the torments of Hell occur in the name of the sacred justice that was spoken of in the inscription above the Gates of Hell.

The crowning achievement of God's deliverance of sacred justice can be found at the bottom of the ninth circle, forever entrapped in the center of Cocytus' icy grip. Satan resides here, and rather than reign over Hell from a fiery throne, he is unceremoniously immobilized and weeping in the lowest pit of the most dismal place in the universe. Both God's punishment and Virgil's disinterest reduce Satan to a set piece that deserves less time than even the gluttonous Ciaccio the Hog. God denying Satan an existence that has any significant meaning represents the absolute perfection of symbolic retribution.

When examining entirety of Dante's journey through Hell, the reader may recall the image of the hoar-frosted field which Dante constructs upon reaching the bolgia of the thieves. The immediate reaction to such a disheartening sight—either the snow-white field or the landscape of Hell—may be confusion; however, just as the passage of time wipes away the hoar-frost, the progression of Dante's journey brings with it a clarity that gives meaning to the inscription that was found etched into the Gates of Hell. It is through the ultimate intellect of God, Dante discovers, that each sinner he encounters is able to be so appropriately punished, and only by witnessing the perfection of this symbolic retribution is Dante able to strengthen his trust in God. Using his newly-reinforced trust in the omnipotent wisdom of God, Dante is able to properly begin his journey towards the straight path from which he had gone astray at the beginning of *The Inferno*.

gallery

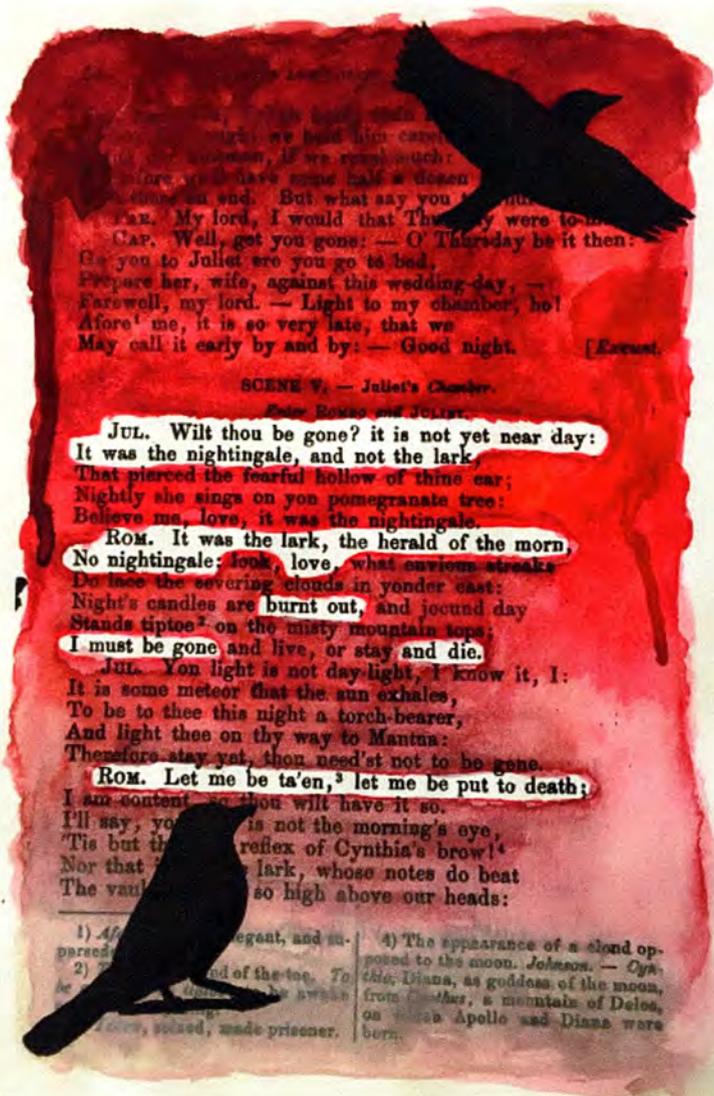


UNTITLED

by victoria gonzalez

Watercolor on Paper

2016



...we had him catch
...if we could catch
...you have some half a dozen
...But what say you to this
ROM. My lord, I would that Thursday were to-morrow.
CAP. Well, get you gone: — O Thursday be it then.
Go you to Juliet ere you go to bed.
Prepare her, wife, against this wedding-day,
Farewell, my lord. — Light to my chamber, ho!
Afore! me, it is so very late, that we
May call it early by and by: — Good night. [Exeunt.]

SCENE V. — Juliet's Chamber.

Enter Romeo and Juliet.

JUL. Wilt thou be gone? it is not yet near day:
It was the nightingale, and not the lark,
That pierced the fearful hollow of thine ear;
Nightly she sings on yon pomegranate tree:
Believe me, love, it was the nightingale.

ROM. It was the lark, the herald of the morn,
No nightingale: look, love, what envious streaks
Do lace the severing clouds in yonder east:
Night's candles are burnt out, and jocund day
Stands tiptoe¹ on the misty mountain tops:
I must be gone and live, or stay and die.

JUL. Yon light is not day-light, I know it, I:
It is some meteor that the sun exhales,
To be to thee this night a torch-bearer,
And light thee on thy way to Mantua:
Therefore stay yet, thou need'st not to be gone.

ROM. Let me be ta'en,² let me be put to death;
I am content so thou wilt have it so.
I'll say, yon light is not the morning's eye,
'Tis but the reflex of Cynthia's brow!⁴
Nor that it is the lark, whose notes do beat
The vaulted heaven so high above our heads:

1) A... elegant, and im-
perceptible... of the sea. To
be... he swam
... seized, made prisoner.

4) The appearance of a cloud op-
posed to the moon. Johnson. — Cyn-
thia, Diana, as goddess of the moon,
from Cithaer, a mountain of Delos,
on which Apollo and Diana were
born.



UNTITLED (STATIC)
by bailie karcher

Linoleum Block Print
13" x 13"
2016

UNTITLED (SPACEY)
by bailie karcher

Linoleum Block Print
10" x 13"
2016



**UNTITLED:
FIGURE STUDY**
by bailie karcher

Drypoint Print
7.5" x 11"
2016



UNTITLED
by bailie karcher

Linoleum Print
15" x 22"
2016



A BUG'S LIFE
by katrina locsin

iPhone 6
2016



A LADY'S CHOICE
by jocelyn lopez

Pen on Paper
2016



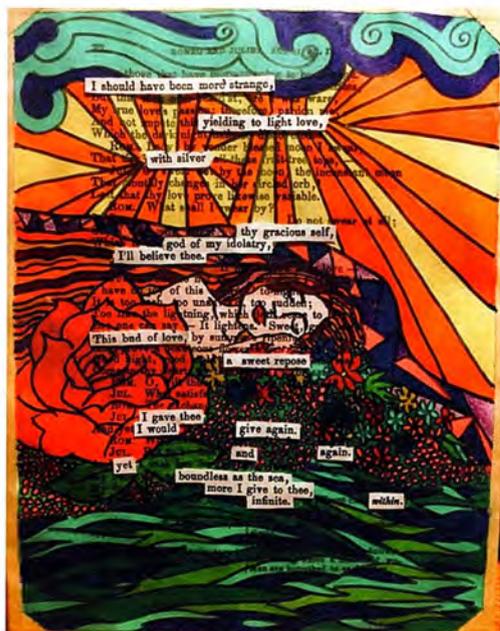
in one little body
Thou counterfeitst a bark, a sea, a wind:
Mistress mislike' you,
a wretched puling' fool
A whining mammet,
this only child; in
a cove

Disobedient wretch!
get thee to church o' Thursday,
Or never after look me in the face!

do you be not, have her stern, till i' the streets,
for, by my soul, I'll o' acknowledge thee,

I beseech you on my knees,
Hear me with patience but to speak a word.
I'll not sue, — I cannot sue,
I am too young, — I pray you, pardon me; —
I will not marry yet; and when I do,
It shall be Romeo, which you know I hate,
— make the bridal bed
In that dim monument where Tybalt lies.

from the reach of these my hands,
myself have power to die.



SWEET REPOSE
by brianna martinez

Color Pencil
8.5" x 11"
2016

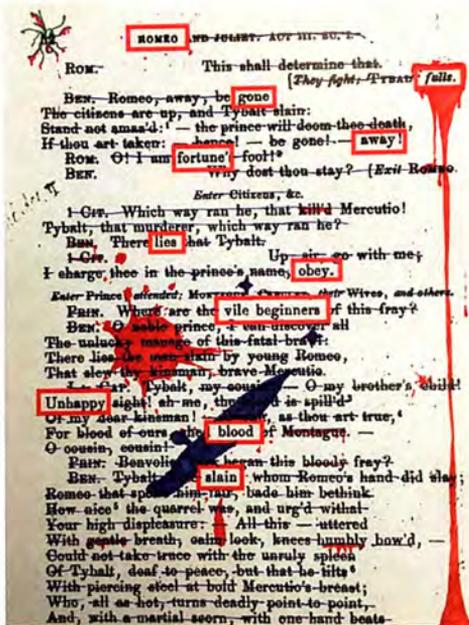


ROSE GOLD
by brianna martinez

iPhone 6s
2016

UNTITLED

by oscar nava
Pen on Paper
2016



FREE THE NIPPLE

by jasmine perkovic

Art Pencils on Sketch Paper
9" x 12"
2016



SAMURAIFLY
by lauren swintek

Charcoal
16" x 16"
2016



Biographies

Lauren Blazey is an enigma.

Trent Beauchamp-Sanchez is a sophomore majoring in English. He is also a member of Sigma-Tau Delta.

Aidee Campa is a senior majoring in English and minoring in political science. She plans to be a civil rights attorney, and enjoys reading, chocolate, writing, and hiking, although not necessarily in that order.

Taylor Charles is a sophomore who majors in psychology and minors in creative writing and gender studies. She loves biking and nature, and collects records.

Dana Christensen is a senior English major with an Emphasis in Creative Writing and a double minor in Art History and Religious Studies. She enjoys spending time with her three dogs and taking trips to Big Bear. She loves teaching English to ESL Asia students and plans to earn a Masters in Creative Writing in Ireland.

Alex Cramer is a junior at Whittier College. He is majoring in English (creative writing track) and starts in goal for the college lacrosse team. An excerpt of a short story of his was published in last year's literary review, and this year he is publishing a single work as well - a piece without a title that functions as an interlude in a novel he is writing.

Samantha Cruz is a senior English and Art History double major. She is also a member of Sigma Tau Delta and of the Metaphonian Society.

Keeanna Garcia is a graduating senior majoring in English. She is a member of the Athenian Society, QCTV, and Sigma Tau Delta. She is also a writing intern for Inside Weddings and the Whittier Museum, and will be attending graduate school in the fall. Keeanna has loved attending Whittier College and has grown to appreciate writing in a way she never imagined. She will always remember all of the wonderful things she has learned all 4 years as a Poet no matter where life takes her.

Victoria Gonzalez is a junior political science major with a minor in English. She loves Jesus, painting, and being outdoors. Romans 6:5.

Bailie Karcher is in her third year at Whittier College and is majoring in Studio Art and Art History. Throughout her college career, she has experimented in many different artistic mediums and enjoys combining figuration and abstraction.

Priscilla Lam is currently a junior majoring in English. Above all else she is a writer and communicator. She is mostly inspired and influenced by anything from Modernism. She looks forward to continuing to grow as a writer while in Whittier, home of the poets.

Brianna Limas (née Sahagian) is a graduating senior. She is a WSP student studying Storytelling and Spirituality, a combination of literary, religious studies, and sociology. In the fall, she will begin a Master's in Library Sciences program with aspirations of becoming a librarian, and later, she will work towards an MFA in creative writing.

Rebecca (MeiMei) Liu is a freshman at Whittier College from Pasadena, California.

Katrina Locsin is a senior Biology major, Chemistry minor aspiring to become a Radiologist. Taking photos of nature is a joy that she likes to partake in and although she does not have an SLR, her cellphone camera does the job well.

Biographies

Jocelyn Lopez is a senior Theatre and Communication Arts major and was recently inducted into the Alpha Kappa Delta sociology honors society. She is a member of Alpha Psi Omega and has been in six Whittier College Theatrical performances.

Ty Lopez is a Whittier Scholars Program student interested in the fields of biology and physics, but has always been drawn to the humanities. A former chess state champion, he can often be found on Wednesdays playing in the back of the library. He currently serves as a Head Copy Editor for the Quaker Campus.

Molly Lowry enjoys coffee, writing, cats, and Taylor Swift's music.

Brianna Martinez is an English major, a Spanish minor, and co-president of Sigma Tau Delta. She enjoys running (sometimes) and spending time with her dog (always). She looks forward to spending the upcoming summer at Columbia University.

Jennifer Sara Muise is currently a sophomore English major at Whittier College, and was just recently inducted into the Whittier College chapter of Sigma Tau Delta. She is also a member of the Women's Soccer team and love the challenges that come along with being a student athlete.

Nazarely Narvaez is an English major and co-president of Sigma Tau Delta.

Cristian Perez is currently a junior at Whittier College double majoring in English (Creative Writing Emphasis) and Theatre (Performance Emphasis), with a minor in Latino Studies. He hopes to attend a graduate program in performance after Whittier.

Jasmine Perkovic's artwork tends to focus on the human body, mental illness, and abuse. The piece **Free the Nipple** is a political statement about women's breasts and body hair. The composition reflects the human body as natural and something that should not be hidden or ashamed of.

Gerard Power, originally raised in Plano Texas, is a junior at Whittier College.

He is studying Business and Theatre, and he hopes to one day work in Business to Business Sales.

Zayne Repp is a first-year student double majoring in English and Economics.

Although his time at Whittier has been short, Zayne is humbled to have been a representative for Whittier at the 2017 Seminar on Eco-Poetry at the University of Kunming in China.

Aviva Samuels is a sophomore majoring in Spanish and writes as a hobby.

Lauren Swintek is a freshman at Whittier College. She loves reading, writing, and creating art.

Lisa Tô is a senior majoring in English with a Creative Writing emphasis, and she is from Orange County, California. Lisa currently works at the Quaker Campus newspaper as the Head Copy Editor and has a passion for reading, writing, editing, and anything creative. After she graduates, Lisa plans on traveling to China and pursuing a career as a screenwriter or editor.

Daniella Wurmbrand is a freshman at Whittier College who is working towards an English degree with a minor in philosophy. Her work deals with a variety of philosophical and spiritual themes and varies in form and style. Her goals, through writing, are to explore what makes life most meaningful, to discover what is at the core of suffering and liberation, and to combine spirituality, self-reflection, and art through poetry.



No. 30 | April 2017

The Upsilon Chapter of Sigma Tau Delta presents the best of Whittier College students' work in scholarly writing, prose, poetry, and art. This edition features the 2017 winners of the Whittier College English Department's annual faculty-judged writing contest.



in this issue

lauren blazey // trent beauchamp-sanchez // aidee camp
taylor charles // dana christensen // alex cramer
samantha cruz // keeanna garcia // victoria gonzalez
bailie karcher // priscilla lam // brianna limas
rebecca (meimei) lui // katrina locsin // jocelyn lopez
ty lopez // molly lowry // brianna martinez
jennifer muise // nazarely narvaez // oscar nava
cristian perez // jasmine perkovic // gerard power
zayne repp // aviva samuels // lauren swintek
lisa tô // daniella wurmbrand

“Lock up your libraries if you like; but there is
no gate, no lock, no bolt that you can set upon the
freedom of my mind.”

— Virginia Woolf

