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Froggy
Eddie Kuspel

I never dug umbrellas

They never fit me well

Half the fun about a storm

Is getting caught up in the swell

Gills are a novelty of the past

They've dried up in the sun

There's commotion in the ocean

The fish are screaming from their lungs

Yea, you Feel it

Like the way it do

Eyes open wide and I come to

Up until now it's been too polite

Anyone else, they just don't taste right.

The will's the won'ts the do's the don'ts. Did it, done, I'm doin'

So start unpeelin' I'm feelin' the ceilin' get inside a storms' a brewin'

Which one is the salad fork? Who wrote the etiquette?

My manners in Jersey, my brain in Connecticut.

I be lookin ` at the world through a pair of green lenses

Sun shining bright and white picket fences

Yea, you Feel it

Like the way it do

Eyes open wide and I come to

Up until now it's been too polite

Anyone else, they just don't taste right.

Tulip
Christian Abraham



Blood Drop
Kerri Carroll



Rooster
Kelly Gilleran



"Never Forget" *Ines Cenatiempo*

The estimate is that between six and eight million were murdered. Jews, mostly, but Communists, the disabled, gypsies and anyone deemed "undesirable" were sent to their deaths by the Nazi regime between 1938 and 1945. This massive crime had no name; it was something never before seen by the world. It went nameless until 1944 when Jewish attorney Raphael Lemkin named the crime genocide, the killing of a race. With Lemkin's work, genocide was included in international law as a crime against humanity in 1948. However, the United Nations Convention on the Prevention and Punishment of the Crime of Genocide called genocide a massive killing of various groups. Now, according to the Oxford English Dictionary, "genocide" is a mass deliberate killing of a group of people with a specific ethnicity or nationality. Unfortunately, the true definition of "genocide" is not clearly mentioned by any of these sources. When the Holocaust happened, the act of genocide changed and defined it as the deliberate and premeditated killing of a race based on hatred and desire for political power.

Genocidal actions were taking place well before the Holocaust, but these actions never had a name. For example, the first genocide in history took place in the book of Genesis, but it was different from the genocides of the modern century, especially the Holocaust. In Genesis, God told Noah to build an ark for himself, his family, and two of every kind of animal. God wanted to send a flood to Earth to destroy all mankind. At this point, God was not killing because he hated mankind; he was disappointed with them for their sins. God did not kill for the sake of political power either. He did it for the sake of having mankind start anew.

The Spanish Inquisition could also be seen as a genocidal act. King Ferdinand and Queen Isabella of Spain mandated that Spain be "pure" from Jewish blood. Those who did not convert to Christianity were killed, but those that did were safe. Here there was intent for political power, as with a purely Catholic country, the kings would have more influence. The act was planned toward a targeted group, but the Jews were targeted because of their religion, not their race. Also, not all of them were killed because those who converted to Christianity were safe, for a short time nonetheless. In 1492, any remaining Jews, including the ones who converted, were expelled from Spain. The monarchs wanted a religiously homogenous country, and were suspicious of the conversions. Therefore, the act of genocide at this point still did not encompass what the 20th century would bring.

The Holocaust was a turning point in the history of the world, and in the history of genocide. A crime took place in Nazi Germany that had no name. The mastermind behind this atrocity was Adolf Hitler, chancellor of Germany. Born in Austria, Hitler was passionate about art and tried pursuing that as a

career. Unfortunately he was rejected by all the art schools he applied to, and blamed the Jewish professors at those schools for this. In 1908, when his mother died, he blamed her Jewish doctor for that also. He continued living in Vienna, but it was not easy as he lived on meager resources. However, Jews seemed to have it all. As he writes in his autobiography Mein Kampf: "And when I learned to look for the Jew in all branches of cultural and artistic life and its various manifestations, I suddenly encountered him in a place where I would least have expected to find him...When I recognized the Jew as the leader of the Social Democracy, the scales dropped from my eyes. A long soul struggle had reached its conclusion." The Jews became his target.

During WWI, Hitler blamed the Jews for the loss of the German army. As he writes: "If we had at the beginning of, and during the war, subjected 12 or 15,000 of these Hebrew corrupters of the people to poison gas, as hundreds of thousands of our best German workers from all strata and occupations had to endure, then millions of victims of the Front would not have been in vain" (772). The Jews were socialists and bankers that controlled the Weimar Republic, which took over Germany after they lost the war. These Jews signed the armistice of Nov. 11, 1918 in which Germany surrendered. Therefore, the Jews were to blame for the failure of the country.

The Weimar Republic ruled Germany from 1918-1933. In 1933 the Nazis took over and the Jews were the first to go. Hitler had promised the Germans that once he had power, the Jews would be eliminated, and he did so. None of them were innocent in his eyes. Albert Speer, a confidant of Hitler, said in the sworn affidavit at Munich Congress on March 15, 1977, "I was present in the Reichstag session of January 30, 1939 when Hitler guaranteed that, in the event of another war, the Jews, not the Germans, would be exterminated. This sentence was said with such certainty that I would never have doubted his intent of carrying through with it." And thus the genocide began.

The genocide of the Jews was first based on past hatred. As Hitler gained more control of Europe, however, the extermination of the Jews also became a way for him to gain political power. He did not want the Jews to undermine any more of Germany's efforts, and therefore he subjected them to all forms of punishment. The Jews were forced to wear the Star of David on their clothing, they were segregated into ghettos, and finally placed on freight trains headed for concentration camps where they were forced to perform labor and were subject to inhumane living conditions. The ones who were able to work would get by for a while, but eventually most were killed.

It is important to note that the Nazis directed their hatred to the ethnicity of the Jews, not their religion. By focusing on ethnicity they increased the number of victims, and were therefore able to gain more political power. The Final Solution, which was the last part of the Nazi's process, brought all this

to a climax, which was Hitler's plan to destroy all the Jews in areas controlled by the Germans. In this plan, Jews were sent to concentration camps in order to be annihilated.

Jacques Semelin, a genocide researcher, agrees that genocide was used as a tool for domination. As he writes in his European Review of History article, "What is 'Genocide'?", genocides "involve the instrumental use of ethnic criteria for purposes of a group's political domination over an entire community...It was, however, the leaders of Nazi Germany who went furthest in the planned total destruction of a community. The extermination of the European Jews between 1941 and 1945...is the prototypical example of this eradication process taken to the extreme" (86). The Nazis eliminated as many Jews as possible to gain political domination, using hatred and dehumanization to do it.

As the Holocaust was happening, Raphael Lemkin, a Jewish lawyer, responded by coining the word "genocide" in his 1944 book, Axis Rule in Occupied Europe. He knew that what was happening in Nazi territory was a crime never before seen, and he felt that a name needed to be put on this nameless crime; he also knew that it needed to be acknowledged by the United Nations as the ultimate crime against humanity. As Lemkin writes: "By 'genocide' we mean the destruction of a nation or of an ethnic group. This new word...is made from the Greek word *genos*(race, tribe) and the Latin *cide* (killing)...It is intended [to be] a coordinated plan of different actions aiming at the destruction...of the life of national groups, with the aim of annihilating the groups themselves" (193). Lemkin derived this definition from the Holocaust, although the U.N. would change this definition slightly.

Lemkin was successful in including genocide in the U.N. Convention in 1948, but the U.N. made "genocide" an umbrella term to cover all groups who had been destroyed, not just ethnic groups. As stated by the Convention, genocide is "the intent to destroy, in whole or in part, a national, ethnical, racial or religious group." Neither Lemkin, nor the U.N., however, mentioned the intent to destroy a group because of hatred and desire for political power. When the Holocaust happened, the word and act of genocide changed. It was not just motivated by war or religion, but rather motivated by political reasons and had the intention of destroying a race.

Although time has passed, the question to be asked now is: What kind of value can be derived from genocide, and what can be learned from it? Can there possibly be any value in such a horrendous act? The answer is yes. The answer is that the value is in remembering and reminding the world of what happened so that it will not be repeated.

After the Holocaust, many who survived did not want to speak out about what they had witnessed. The suffering and the death they saw was beyond words, and even if they did speak, who would believe them? As a result, many remained silent. Many did not speak because they had no words for what they had seen. The horrors of Auschwitz seemed to defy language and

imagination. Yet, one man decided to break his silence. Holocaust survivor Elie Wiesel spoke out because he wanted the world to know what had happened in those camps. He wanted to make sure that the lives that were lost were not lost in vain. Someone had to speak for them; someone had to be their witness and warn future generations of what mankind is capable of in order for history to not repeat itself.

In his 1956 novel, Night, Elie Wiesel recounted his Holocaust experience. The world was shocked at his words, but people needed to know. Wiesel, in his acceptance speech of the Nobel Peace Prize in 1986, said:

I remember: it happened yesterday or eternities ago. A young Jewish boy discovered the kingdom of night....I remember his anguish...The ghetto. The deportation. The sealed cattle car. The fiery altar upon which the history of our

people and the future of mankind were meant to be sacrificed. And now the boy is

turning to me:

'What have you done with your life?'

And I tell him that I have tried...to keep memory alive, that I have tried to fight

those who would forget. Because if we forget, we are guilty, we are accomplices.

Many survivors would probably want to forget what they witnessed, but forgetting is a crime in itself. In his Journal of Religious Ethics article, "Is Forgetting Reprehensible? Holocaust Remembrance and the Task of Oblivion," Bjorn Krondorfer writes: "To speak about forgetting in the context of the Holocaust, or of any genocidal atrocity...is an act bordering on immorality or...on callousness, for it seems to refuse empathy to, and acknowledgment of the suffering of the victims. To advocate forgetting...moves dangerously close to denying the historical events and to erasing memory itself" (234). Silence helps no one and does not address the causes and consequences of genocide, one prominent example being the Holocaust.

At the root of the Holocaust was hate for the Jews solely because of their ethnicity and the Nazis' desire for power. This was the epitome of genocide. Words were first used to dehumanize the Jews; then action was taken. Men, women and children were burned alive in the fires of Auschwitz, Birkenau, Bergen-Belsen and other concentration camps.

The reason?

Because they were Jews.

Let the world be reminded to stop the hate and racism. Let history be a warning that genocide must stop.

However, genocide has not stopped. Cambodia, Bosnia-Herzegovina, Rwanda and Darfur are examples of genocide continued. Some have apparently learned nothing from the Holocaust. How many more lives need

to be taken? How much longer until mankind becomes extinct? But we have to keep remembering to keep reminding the world. The memories of the victims cannot be forgotten because it is only their lives that bring value to genocide; it is only their sacrifice that can teach a lesson.

Unfortunately, the act of genocide has been applied to so many situations since it was coined that the word has come to be overused. As Alain Destexhe writes in his book Rwanda and Genocide in the Twentieth Century, "The term genocide has progressively lost its initial meaning and is becoming dangerously commonplace... 'genocide' has been used as synonymous with massacre, oppression and repression, overlooking that what lies behind the image it evokes is the attempted annihilation of the entire Jewish race." This is not to say that other disastrous events should not be remembered, but genocide is different and needs to be remembered for what it is, and what it was in the Holocaust.

Genocide is specifically the annihilation of an ethnic group based on hate and for political power, and the Holocaust embodied this. There are very few other events in history that fit this definition, one of them being the genocide in Rwanda in 1994. However, it is important to acknowledge that the word was coined as a response to the Holocaust, making it a precedent for other genocides to follow. Using the word to describe other events that do not fit the criteria is disrespecting the true genocides, and putting genocide on the same level as lesser crimes.

By misinterpreting other acts as genocide, and thereby confusing the meaning of the term, the future of genocide prevention looks bleak. The U.N. needs to make their definition of "genocide" more specific as an ethnic crime done for the sake of political power, but according to author Julia Pettengill, unfortunately its broad definition has resulted in much debate among jurists and politicians. Some campaigners want the word "genocide" to be widened even more to include socio-political groups that are targeted, not just ethnic. Others maintain a strict view of the term, saying that the definition can only include the total destruction of ethnic groups, even if only part of the group is annihilated. The problem with this debate in the legal system is that it prevents the perpetrators from being punished. In fact, as Pettengill writes in her Henry Jackson Society article, "A Guilt Beyond Crime: The Future of Genocide Prevention," "the Simon Wiesenthal center reports that up to 300 suspected Nazi war criminals remain at large in the United States." This is because the courts need to first determine if the act is genocide, which is debated, and then once they come to a compromise, justice may be served. By the time this happens, years have gone by, and letting a criminal walk as a free man for so long is not justice. Punishing them according to a compromised definition of "genocide" is also not justice.

According to Pettengill, the Security Council, one of the two governing bodies of the United Nations, surprisingly takes an excessively minimalist

approach to the definition of "genocide." This is in contrast to the Genocide Convention which delivers a broad view of what constitutes this crime. Yet, and as a prime example, when the genocide in Rwanda broke, the United States did not act. Genocide was being committed, but the U.N. did not enforce any action to be taken because of the debate about whether this was truly genocide or not. Of course, some have argued that the United States just didn't want to get involved, and neither did the U.N. apparently, but they failed in their duty to bring peace because they did not want to acknowledge that it was genocide; their excessively minimal view had gotten in the way.

A somewhat minimal view does need to be taken, but not to the point to say that Rwanda may or may not be a genocide when a clear ethnic group was being targeted and killed for the sake of political power for the minorities. Neither does an extremely broad view need to be taken, or else every single act in which people are murdered is considered genocide, and that would not be correct. Although the U.N. has done some good, in terms of genocide, it is failing. It is somewhat understandable to have one genocide happen and then learn from it, but it is not acceptable for genocide to keep happening.

The point is to learn and prevent, and to do this, the U.S. and other countries need to make their own genocide convention and provide a clear definition of this crime. This convention needs to be multilateral because genocide is a universal crime and cannot be overlooked by anyone. "Moreover, any commitment to genocide prevention must include the promise to use punitive action up to and including the use of force to arrest mass atrocities, which is the only demonstrated way of influencing perpetrators to suspend their activities," says Pettengill. Any situation that arises in which genocide is clearly seen must be stopped in its tracks, and this can be done by applying a strict, but not overly strict, definition of "genocide." The future of genocide prevention can be bright, but dependence on the U.N. must lessen.

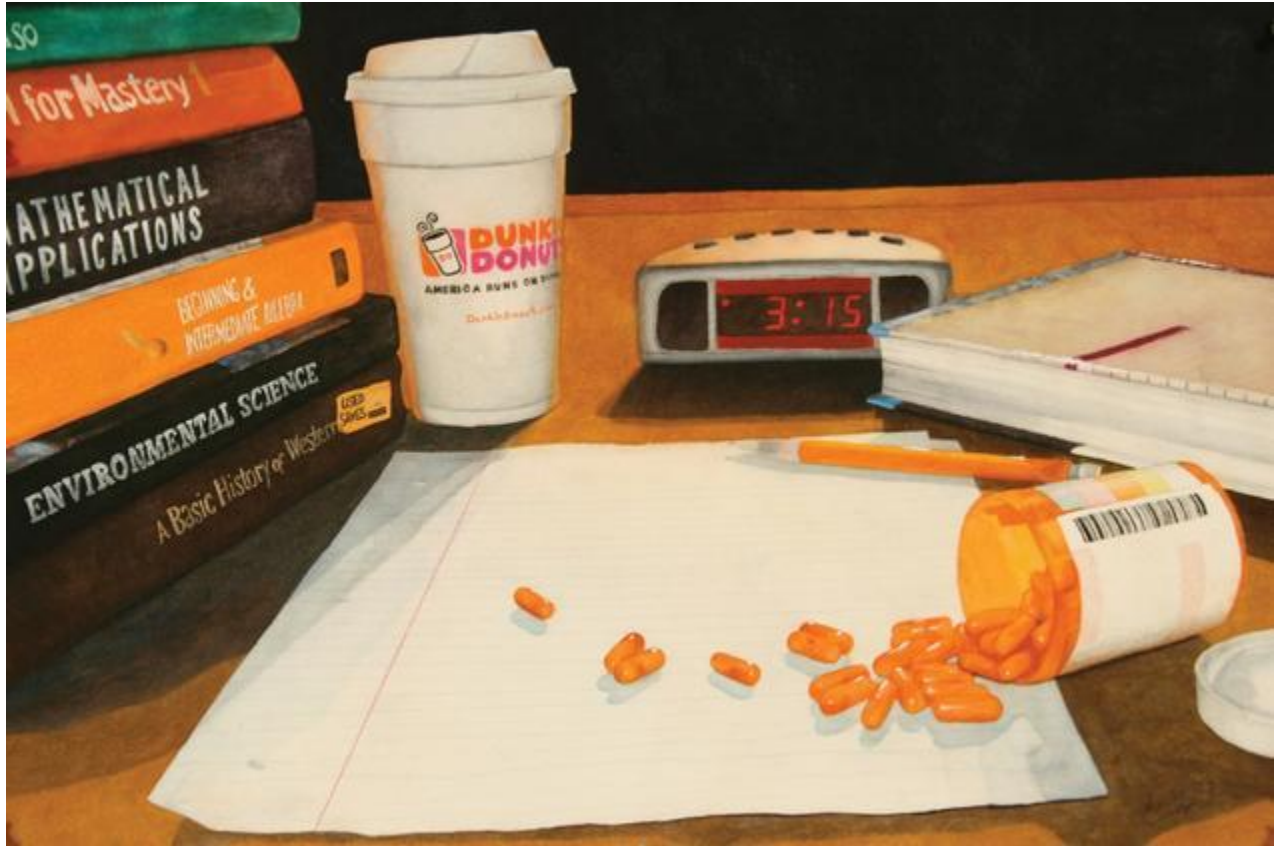
As can be seen, genocide has been around since the beginning of time, but the word and action of it evolved to mean something more hateful, planned and deliberate. The Nazis were the ones who made genocide what it is, by committing one of the worst crimes known to man in the Holocaust. They murdered between 6-8 million Jews, and they did it based on race and for the sake of political power. Raphael Lemkin witnessed the Holocaust and was disgusted with what he saw; yet, he knew that the extent of this event was something the world had never seen before, and therefore he called it "genocide," the killing of a race. The United Nations took this definition, revised it, and added it to their Convention on Human Rights in 1948. Since then, the word has come to define many other events, even though many of them are not actually genocide. Not only has this taken away the value of true genocides like the Holocaust, but it has lessened the intensity of the

act. Since the definition of "genocide" is not specified, especially by the U.N., it has sparked debate in legal circles. Therefore, events like the Rwandan genocide went unnoticed until it was too late. The value of genocide is remembering so that the world cannot repeat it, but prevention means knowing exactly what genocide is, and to do that is to look at what the Holocaust made it: the destruction of a race for the purpose of political power.

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Under Pressure
Amanda Wenger



Artistry
William Kelleher

His eyes never stopped twitching. Within the short borders of a second, my father, lungs pregnant with carbon monoxide, died alone at the close of another 70-hour workweek.

Night's fallen; the moon hides in a thick cloud soup. There was only one thing clear now.

I stared out the open window. Lungs dry, eyes throbbing, I focused on breathing. I've had a tough time getting comfortable lately; the cold and the dark are the only clothes that fit. Troubled and tired, longing to sleep soundly, I rested his head and began to think of my father. The sounds of the night faded as the rhythm of my breathing soothed me to sleep. Dreams were freedom.

....

I remember when my dad took me to his childhood home for the first time. What a novel idea it was, that he used to be a child too. He had always been a model of adulthood in my life. I was a little boy with two cowlicks and a pair of scabbed knees to match who ate leaves off trees because they looked tasty for the orangutans I saw on TV. I made sure to conquer as many different elevated points as I could in a childish sort of manifest destiny. I was mighty... Will the conqueror. My eyes were wide with ever-bouncing pupils that never stopped noticing. The wheels of my mind turned constantly, connected to my roving eyes by invisible string.

As I sat in the car on a warm April Saturday morning, my imagination was on hyperdrive to combat the boredom I was about to experience. The day was alive. The moon sat high in the sky across from a sun in full bloom. I dreaded this trip. All I wanted was a play date with the earth. I wanted to dig a hole, catch a frog, or climb a tree.

My dad and I were going to see my grandmother. He always called it a treat to visit her. I never understood why I was so lucky. Why couldn't he treat my sisters with the chance to go sit around and do nothing all day?

We left at about 10:00.

I loved spending time with my father. I enjoyed navigating past his fatherly persona to find the real him. He was very smart and so it was tough to discern the father from the friend. He was a giver of advice, sower of truth

and morals. I wasn't really sure whether it was his personality or his wealth of knowledge, but I followed him around like a duckling. He was man of morals, with soft hands and a sharp mind. His dark hair was peppered aluminum strands grown from an overworked mind. He worked long weeks, and was often too tired to deal with my curiosity, and so the weekends were our time to bond. I attached myself to him, sucking out every ounce of knowledge, and testing the bounds of his patience. He loved me.

I heard frequently, "Willie can you hold on a minute?" or "I'm trying to think". His mind was a great mystery to me. Why did he always need such peace and quiet? If he knew the answers to my questions, why did I have to wait? It seemed that the method of his focus existed simply to spite me. I could not figure out the difference.

My father was a self-made man. His father had passed away when he was barely older than I was. He lived his life learning by trial and error, and was always willing to teach me the lessons he learned. He had a mysterious admiration for my grandmother, aside from her being his parent; he had a special interest in her life. I was always apprehensive about seeing her because truthfully it was a hard reality to face that someday I'd be that old. My life's light was barely dawning and it was sad to see someone's embers burning out. So as I accepted my apparent punishment, my father told me to get in the car and I did so obediently.

Car rides interested me, but then again, what didn't? Dancing around carelessly, free of concern, the wind was mesmerizing. Impenetrable and porous, I couldn't escape it, but never catch it in my hand, gone one minute and then back the next. Driving in a car, I felt confined. The wind teased me as it swirled about the city. Waltzing with birds and insects, it dipped in and out of buildings the way I did bushes during a game of hide and seek. As it blew over my outstretched gutters, I found myself lost. I was enveloped in the magnitude of its ability to be anywhere it wanted. It's formless, always changing, never conforming to fit the frame of our minds.

As we approached my grandmother's house; I didn't even notice that the half hour of eternity had slipped away. On a day like this my other senses took precedence. Sound is a sense that can be appealing to those who don't know how to appreciate feeling. It's easy to identify, and easier to take for granted because it's not ours to control. That morning I was hypnotized by the way it felt, on my skin and in my mind. And so I sat in the back seat of the grey Mazda and wished I were outside.

My father immersed himself in classical music. Its majesty was a mystery to me. He often let musical arrangements by established composers play as

he completed his crossword puzzles. He sat in front of a big picture window and greased the wheels of his mind every morning. The car was no different; he had a center console filled with classical pieces. I was always amazed that the music he liked best had no words. In his mind, music was magic. "It makes you smarter," he used to say. I never listened to him, it seemed that the only pieces of advice I didn't reject were ones I requested. Now I understand what he meant. Music illuminates the deepest trenches of our soul. As a seven year old, I had no appreciation for music. My father loved it; he was a smart man.

We hadn't said a word to each other the whole way there. Talk is cheap; you can't escape it in a city. Silence was a treasure. As I sat in the back seat of my dad's car silence had suspended time. This is the rarest kind of moment, like falling in love for the first time.

I would rather have gone to church three times the next day than inside my grandmother's house. As we got closer to the door, my dad repeated his usual instructions: "Speak slowly, Will, make sure you're on your best behavior, and don't go in the studio." I wasn't paying attention; my mind had all hands on deck trying to steal as much of that morning as it could.

I wasn't excited to see this stranger who was supposed to be my grandmother. She was in her early eighties. Her skin hung far from her cheeks, as if even her body knew that her life force was fading. She stood about 4' 10", and couldn't have weighed more than the German Shepard that barked across the street. She was a first generation American, and her perfect English was delivered on a voice so soft it seemed to be perpetually fading. I wanted to ask if we could catch up on each other outside, but it seemed the summer's breeze would be enough to muffle her.

She hunched when she stood. Her head, filled with life experience, had weighed her neck down. Her alien posture was the toll taken by her years of arduous work. Her life's borders were shortened. She could only use the first floor of her house, the top two shelves in her cupboard were covered in dust, and she had a ceiling fan with a petrified pull-string.

She was the only person I had ever met who told me speak up. We were almost eyelevel and yet I towered over her. My presence dominated hers; her life was slower than mine. At the time, I made the mistake of thinking that it meant she was less intelligent. It wouldn't be until years later that I realized she took time to think before she acted. This tempo was unfamiliar to me; I was always moving to my next activity. I searched for stimulation like a bee for pollen. I knew that being reserved was a must, and that my

dad would be angry with me if I startled her. She was a hermit, body slowly failing; she lived life in the sanctuary of her mind.

Sullen in its old age, the house itself appeared to be on its last breath. The finish was chipped, and its windows were frowning with disappointment. The order of the garden had been usurped by the natural disorder of the forest infesting the backyard. The visual border between bush and tree had dissolved over the years.

Although I was very young, I was able to sense my father's sorrow. I'm not sure what upset him; the messy house, his mother's age, or the memories of when she had been young and vibrant. Either way, the pleasantries of our ride vanished quickly.

My father did not knock on his own door; he simply took out his skeleton key and unlocked it. The door crawled across the floor, joints aching as it inched open. We walked in and saw my grandmother watching television.

The musty room with brown windows where she was sitting was littered with books and artifacts. The floor was covered with books about Africa, poetry, quilting, ice-skating; a cornucopia of knowledge. She sat upright on a brown couch, and rooted avidly for André Agassi to beat Pete Sampras because she thought Pete Sampras was too perfect. "He's a crybaby!" and "Stop whining!" she bellowed loud as a mild sneeze. Her fine seashells and smoothed out rocks on the shelves trembled violently at the blaring television. As I drudged through the process of appeasement, I said my "hellos", "how are you's", and like a drone, I smiled at the inevitable comment, "Oh dear, you'll be taller than me soon".

As my father asked her the usual questions, I slipped away into curious reverie. I was able to entertain myself looking at the dried out starfish and exotic seashells, which lined the steps of her unused staircase. After a long time rubbing my hands along the smoothly textured rocks that she had taken from the ocean, I grew bored and ready to move on. I sat up and observed my father and grandmother, wondering what they could be talking about. They spoke a language foreign to my seven-year-old mind, a practical language of utility bills, of neighbors and property lines and taxes. I walked out of the living room, away from them, and back into the world of my imagination.

I walked by the bathroom and into the kitchen, which were both sprinkled with artwork and pictures of my cousins. The plain white room, had two windows hidden with white curtains, and for the first time in my life, my

imagination failed me. And the house was so boring that for the next hour, I slept.

Wiping the drool from my chin as I woke, I realized that my dad was still talking. This time I was taken aback because I heard a familiar tone, it sounded like he was explaining something to me, or my little sister Chloe. Curiosity ate at me and I soon crept from the room to follow his voice. When my father tried to explain something to me that way, I rebelled. My grandmother used a far more effective tactic: she ignored him entirely. My father was growing frustrated with her, and in his attempt to hold her attention he turned off the television.

The studio, the one room in the house that I was forbidden to enter, was around the corner, hidden from my father's watchful eyes. All the other rooms in the house were dimly lit, and were equipped with curtains to hide the outside. Her car sat idle in the driveway, covered in leaves and pine needles. Its original color was coded by the many thick layers of dirt, which told the story of its slumber like rings inside a tree.

Her life was a solitary journey. Secluded from society, she lived room to room. The bland walls were well decorated and seemed to lead to the studio, a roadmap of her creativity. The walls were tattooed with her art, and as I got closer to the forbidden doorway the pictures seemed to come alive. I lost the race with my curiosity, and with each picture, my fantasies followed suit. I had a chance, as he had walked over to the TV, so I scurried across the hall and squeezed through the door. When I walked into the room I couldn't believe my eyes.

The room was full. As I finally was able to control my spinning head, I looked around the art studio in awe. I pulled away the curtains. I learned a lesson looking through the reflection I saw in the window. The universe is balanced. Beauty forms by comparison, and so I thought that from the inside the morning grew stronger. Its presence was more powerful. Paradise smothered this hut that trapped my grandmother in the shadow of her despair. This room was different, full yet free. The metropolis of overgrowth in her backyard served as her muse. She let the world's beauty shine through the prism of her soul and manifest itself in her art. I began burrowing through all the pictures, drawings, sketches, and collages. As the hands of the wall clock revolved, I swam faster and faster through the pile. The artwork was abstract and loud, as if she screamed on paper. This was her sanctuary, a place to transcend the deterioration of her physical self.

Age is measured in years, but what does a year really gauge? Her years number eighty-six and that is a badge of shame. People speak to her as if

her number were eight or six. It's society's way of pegging her as damaged goods, something to pity, not praise. Once, old age was a mark of honor. The physical self breaks down, but the internal metronome never falters. Who are we to assume that they are falling behind? Because they cannot keep up with youth's furious race to nowhere? She painted her wisdom and abstract thoughts on everything she touched. Armed with a vivacious inner eye, and the foresight to let it guide her, she used pencils to sculpt her visions.

.....

The sunlight woke me. I looked out the window and saw the rare sky, then tore off the sheets and rose to my feet. There was a silhouette of sweat on the bedclothes, but I wasn't wet. Out of the shower, into a suit, I walked downstairs to an empty kitchen and heard my mother call me.

The ride was slow. I watched as the winds jostled the trees, and the morning sun ate the dew off the shrubs. I hate the abrupt pull of the morning. For the first time since the accident, I thought of his father and smiled.

I thought of my father, remembered his music, his wisdom, his love. He had always been an advocate of exploration. That was why he'd taken me to his mother's. It was a rare chance for both forty-five year old and seven years old minds to learn the same lessons together. I wished me and my grandmother were closer.

There was a sign outside the church. *The word of God is the vision, you paint the picture.* Sympathetic looks followed me as I walked from the car door to the church. I shuffled my notes as the service began, shaking with nerves.

As I walked to the pulpit, I examined the sea of faces. Some were empty, some full of self-pity, others indifferent. Shaking, sweating, and ready, I stepped up the microphone and hesitated.

A gust of wind had opened up a small compartment of a window in the back. The sun flooded in with an avalanche of sounds and a few petals from the trees outside. The brightness invaded the dark funeral air.

I smiled and dropped my cards.

"My father was a man who understood the unknown" I said, "and himself. He always saw the beauty in things, and more importantly, he showed it to others..."

Take What We Can Get

Allyson Bontempo

When our days are filled with emptiness and our eyes with tears
And when our minds turn to ghost towns and the people to shadows
We cannot help but believe that something is better than nothing
So we'll take what we can get

When short-lived satisfaction is a better feeling than no feeling at all
And when we pray for a way to make ourselves feel more alive
We cannot help but believe that something is better than nothing
So we'll take what we can get

When we long for desire, attraction, importance and beauty
And when an extending hand, hot with flesh and blood, finds us
We cannot help but believe that something is better than nothing
So we'll take what we can get

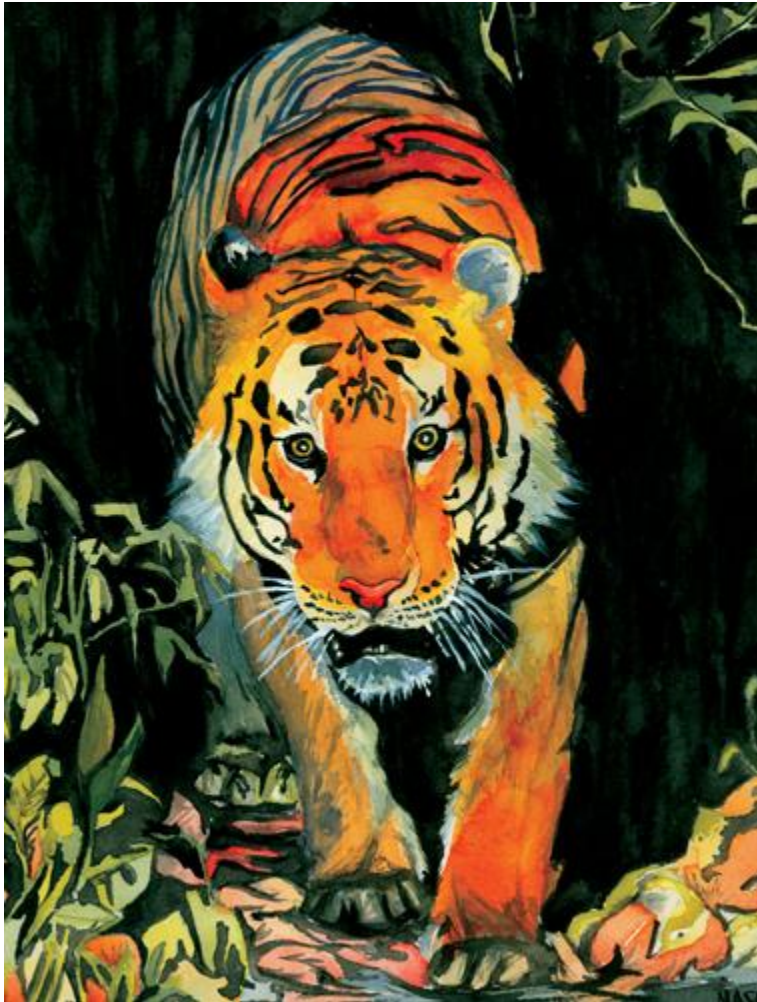
When pain percolates deep within the very depths of our soul
And when we exploit any human contact to numb this pain
We cannot help but believe that something is better than nothing
So we'll take what we can get

When an impending sadness and dissatisfaction transpire
In the absence of fulfillment, compassion, love, and respect
When we come to realize our worth and learn to expect more
We'll no longer take just what we can get

Untitled
Christine Reinle

THE WORK IS QUICKLY MOUNTING,
I ALMOST FEEL LIKE SHOUTING,
I MUST BEGIN MY READING,
MY G.P.A. IS PLEADING,
MY PARENTS ARE TO PAY,
I MUST GET MYSELF THAT A,
CLIFFNOTES ARE NOT HELPING,
MY BRAIN IS LOUDLY YELPING,
OH SLEEP, OH SLEEP, OH SLEEP,
WHERE DO I LAY UPON THIS HEAP,
OF BOOK, PAPER AND SYLLABUS,
MY SMILE, IS NOW A PUSS,
BUT WHEN SPRING IS HERE FOR SURE,
I WILL KNEEL UPON MY FLOOR,
AND PRAY FOR SOME GOOD FUN,
AFTER ALL THIS WORK IS DONE!

Tiger
James Mason



Sunset
Luis Gonzalez



My Ship
Anabel Vogeley

There is something you should know: I captain my own vessel, and I chart my own course.

The ship I sail is mine, and mine alone. Her timbers are my memories, her sails my ambitions, and her crew my fears and longings. I will not share her with you, sir, nor be shared. I will not leave my ship for yours, nor allow you passage on mine. I will not go where you require of me, save when it pleases me to do so. I will not make port at your command. I will not sail only with those who meet with your approval.

This is my ship, sir, and I alone am her captain.

You may sail alongside me, sir, if you wish. We may chart a course together, support each other through storm and shipwreck. We may be allies, friends, business partners, traders or explorers or privateers as it suits us. We may sail together for a year, or a day. We may separate amidst cannonfire and bitter, bloody seas, or with a polite nod in passing. We may reunite or we may not; we may think kindly on the days of our alliance, or curse ourselves as fools for ever trusting one another.

But this is my ship, sir, and I alone am her captain.

And if you choose to sail alongside me, sir, you must understand that you are not the only one to do so. I will not sail with you and you alone. There are too many others whose company I enjoy, and whose skills and goals complement mine. If I allow you to sail with me, sir, understand that doing so does not allow you to lay claim to me, nor me to lay claim to you. I have my own ship, sir, and my own concerns. If you cannot captain your own ship, then do not try to take mine from me. I will not stand for it, sir.

This is my ship, and I alone am her captain.

My course may take me where you cannot, or dare not follow. You have the right to object, but not the right to stop me. She is my ship, sir, and I will steer her wherever I choose. To the ends of the earth, if I so choose.

This is my ship, and I alone am her captain.

I will not be your lady-love, sir. I will not wait for you on deserted islands, or take shelter in your cabin while the storm rages and the cannons roar. I will be your partner, sir, your ally and your friend, and I will love you and sail

beside you for as long as we can chart a mutually agreeable course. But I have my own ship, sir, and I alone am her captain.

I am her captain, my love, and I alone chart her course.

Fly
Joseph A. Colombo

Like birds up high
Lift me away from this place
Lead me to the setting of my wildest dream
Let me see the world from a new point of view

I simply want to see the sunset from the sky
and to feel the rush of the wind on my face.
Every experience would certainly seem
New to me and new to you

If I were to fly, I'd never try,
To make it out to space.
I'd be content to ride the jet stream
wherever it would propel me to.

It would be a beautiful scene no one could deny
In fact, if I could fly the sights seen would stupefy the human race.
I'd fly to a place where the sun would always gleam;
To somewhere the colors of the rainbow are forever true

I'd fly because there would be no need to comply
I would live life at my own pace
I'd float above the plain to sneak a peek at a lake or a stream
and assess the adventurous as they canoe

I'd simply fly if I needed to cry
I'd fly at a speed no one could chase
and I would yell and I would scream
but the pristine scene would calm me down as it ought to do

If I could fly I would never say goodbye
I would just spread my wings and leave without a trace.
I consider my grandest scheme
to leave every one looking up without a clue

They would watch in awe
And witness me defy Newton and his law

Regretful Lament

Anthony Mazza

Ever stare at the night sky
Read the stars hoping they would deny
A wish for that autumn sunrise
As you watch a lake go by?
Watch it go as it never says good bye?
Sit in the woods and feel a serenity
Of not another soul, under a growing tree
Listen to your imagination
Always fulfill those expectations
Where you sit on grass fields and just lay?
Docile and warm like a spring day
Your eyes hold all this
Those eyes I sure do miss

Golden Finch
Amanda Wenger



Untitled
Maximilian Trunz



Candle
Jessica Orser



To Know the Dead

Anabel Vogeley

The old man saw her before she saw him. He was a very old man, wrinkles sliced in his skin like furrows in the fields.

"You're off the main road a bit," he said without preamble, gnarled hands knotted on the round head of his walking-stick.

"I don't mind." She looked under his neat hair to the lines of his bones. The gun pulsed against her skin.

"You won't reach town before night."

"Won't be the first time."

Twilight slanted across the fields. The moss on the shallow stone walls crept slow and invincible while the fields lay fallow. An engine roared in the far distance. Crows screamed clear and faint in the heat.

"Not an easy life." He smiled. "Though it has its rewards. I never liked it much, except when I did; and when I did, I could hardly think of a life I wanted more. But I never turned down a meal and a soft bed, when it was offered."

"You're offering?"

"Never hear the end of it if I didn't."

"I see." Her mind was a fever, pounding with gun-beat. "But I prefer not to take charity, Mr...?"

"Orestes. And you might be?"

She looked away.

"Then what do they call you?"

"...Thorn." She colored faintly, fingers twitching against rough denim jeans. Rose had given her the name. It fit his sense of humor and her sense of drama; now she couldn't quite shake the damn thing; now she couldn't quite remember who she had been before. The old man's shoulders shook and he coughed dryly.

"Well, then. Thorn. Happens I have some chores that need doing."

They walked together in the failing light.

The house was wide and low and neat, made of smooth, straight wood. There was a small barn behind it. A broken fence ran between the house and the barn, bending around a stagnant pool. Two headstones stood in the shadow of an adolescent tree.

"My wife and second son," the old man said mildly. "Gone thirty-two years this spring."

"I'm sorry."

"Never apologize, young woman. Not unless you knew the dead."

He gave her a candle and told her to go to the barn. It was bright and warm. An elderly horse stomped restlessly, flicking his tail at the tame fireflies dancing at his haunches.

He snuffled at her. She ignored him. He nudged her in the small of her back, insistent and hungry. His nose was soft and velvet.

She found oats in a high cabinet and mixed them with water from the sink next to the rusted stove. She'd kept horses, once, and so she looked for an apple to mix with honey in the horse's mash. He left her alone after that, slurping contentedly.

The gun burned against her skin.

By the time she finished the moon had risen. The horse had lain down for the night. He twitched an ear when she passed.

She went to dinner.

There'd been a light gnawing in the pit of her stomach for a few days. She didn't eat much. The old man shook his head and gave her more.

"I thought it made me stronger, too. Damn fool that I was. Near about died one winter for lack of meat on my bones."

She sat and ate until her core was thick and warm with bread and stew and clear well-water. He watched like a grandfather. The gun hummed. She

stroked it absently while she washed the dishes. The old man was on the porch watching the night-road.

Her stomach roiled.

He told her to use the guest room – up the stairs, last on the left – before he went to smoke. Instead she opened the door to the porch and leaned silently on its frame. The gun dangled loose and ready.

The old man exhaled long and deep. Smoke curled from the lamp into the night. Stars scattered.

“Do you remember the war?” he said.

There was a metal heartbeat in her hand.

“Not really.”

“I fought in it, you know.”

He tapped on the side of his pipe. His voice was flat.

“The world looks different from behind a gun.”

The old man paused. The gun-beat was lightning in her eyes.

“Happens that’s no excuse. But it does. Hard to explain unless you’ve been there. Hard to understand. You’d let a lot of things slide you wouldn’t normally, do a lot of things that you’d never dream of. Then you come home, marry the girl you left behind, try to get on with your life. Try not to think about it.”

Her head was starting to hurt.

“My wife was a good woman. She never asked. I never told. Some things you just can’t. Always got the feeling she was waiting for me to tell her.”

“How long?” Her aching throat made it a whisper.

“Six years. Six years, a son and a daughter, before she died.”

“My mother...” She swallowed hard against a stone. “My mother died when I was very young. When she was a child, she was hurt, very badly. It made it hard for her to have children.”

"I see."

"Her parents died, because of what hurt her."

"I'm sorry."

"Don't say that. Not unless you knew them."

The old man turned, half-shadowed in the lamplight, and looked her in the eyes without speaking. She blinked and clenched her fingers white and tense around the gun. Her stomach churned.

The gun was searing hot. She turned into the house, walked up the stairs, and went to bed.

When she left the next morning the old man was still sitting on the porch. Her pack chafed her shoulders

"Can I ask where you're going?"

"I don't know." The gun was a dead weight at her hip, bruising bone. The sun was sliding over the mountains. "I was looking for someone. But I think he must be dead."

The old man waved goodbye. "You take the western road," he called after her. "Go west; there's always work to the west."

A mile or so from the old man's house she threw the gun into a cattle-pond. Her shadow stretched before her as she walked with her back to the east, where the sun is always rising.

A Morning Prayer
Connie Sue Simon

I hear you, oh GOD,
In the thunder, in the wind.
YOU speak to me ever so softly in the morning mist.
I feel your presence in the gentle raindrops as they bathe the forest,
With the sounds of morning prayer.
Then, the sun, shimmering, captivating, through the raindrops.
My soul lifts, I burst forth, in song, in prayer.

Dollhouse
Michele Tymann



Untitled
by Melissa Federico

As I began to walk I heard my mother's voice shouting: *Don't go into the woods!*

Behind our house there is a beautiful pond and a vast wooded area that stretches out for miles, just dying to be explored, but I was never allowed to go. I would as most children are wont to do, try to sneak away, but my mother had eyes in the back of her head and always knew when I tried.

So for my walk, I decided to break the rules.

I would brave the forbidden woods. What would I find? A cave, perhaps. A large wild river, a hidden village, an axe murderer. There could be anything could be in the dark of the woods. Breaking the rules as an adult had turned me into a child, and the world was full of possibilities.

I set off to the west to see where my sauntering feet would take me. What would I find in my wanderings?

While to the normal eye everything was dead, brown, gray and silent, what I saw in those wintersleep woods were the most magical things in this world. "All good things are wild and free," said Thoreau, and in this he was correct. I saw a pure open expanse of area to be explored, the trees silently whispering me onward, the leaves crunching beneath my feet. There was no clear path, and so I made my own.

What did I find? A vast river stretching on for miles, or perhaps a little stream; it depended on whether I looked with an adults eyes, or as a reborn child.

Once I found that magical river, I heard Thoreau's voice urging me forward, 'follow the river, continue on,' and so I did. I continued on, and then I found it. I came upon the place that my mother must have been hiding from me all those years.

A concrete bridge spanned the river. My face lit up; I was giddy with excitement. I ran forward to stand on the bridge and enjoy the. The river continued on to the horizon, the trees swayed back and forth, and all that I saw was nature, wild and free. There were no streets, no people, no buildings, nothing but beauty for miles in any direction.

I remembered Thoreau again.

"Nature is a personality so vast and universal that we have never seen one of her features." And he was right again. He had spent a life time searching for her and never found her; I could easily do the same

But I was not Thoreau, and had to return to the world of concrete shadows and three piece suits.

So with a heavy heart and lead weights in my shoes, I slowly returned. But I cannot wait for spring to come, because I know a secret no one else knows. There is no end to magic and mystery: there are more places to be discovered than that solitary bridge. Who knows what I will find?

Sam Grimes
Maximilian Trunz



Bad Habits

Justin Guerra

He opens his eyes and stares into darkness
Back of his mind thinkin this night is the longest
Closes em again to rest for a while
Couple minutes later he sees her smile
He rarely remembers dreams only from time to time
When he does he never really takes out the time
To reflect or think of what was on his mind or how he felt
Meanwhile its subliminal messages that his brain sends to himself

He's all about the real but sometimes he hates it
Cuz he isn't entirely happy and he hates to face it

The fact that he can see what he wants
But when he opens his eyes and sees it's just a front
Gets sent to reality with a smile turned to a sigh
His mind wants him to ask questions that start with why?
Why are you backin down why you acting so weak
Just go after what you want and don't except defeat
He needs to overcome this style of being timid
So he can find the girl of his dreams and final start to live it
Turn the front into the real that's the plan with appeal
These thoughts on his mind again when he gets home and leaves his friends
Enters the world of thought where you can steal and won't get caught
You can die a battle well fought but in the end it's all for naught
Who's this that's on his mind another girl who's lookin fine
Shares a common trait, a bangin body with a pretty face
Thinkin man I want a taste and there aint no time to waste
But it's not the original girl, more mind tricks in this imaginary world
Opens his eyes thinkin this is a lame ritual
But now it's turnin to something habitual
Gets up with initials on his mind and for days he can only think of this
As he roams around rockin his K.Swiss

Piano Player
Corinne Viana



Heart

Matthew Louis Wagner

There is a lovely girl I know
Who has a heart as pure as snow
Her spirit sparkles like Heaven's lakes
Her very sight, your breath it takes

Exuding warmth to melt all ice
Surrounding hearts trapped in pain's vice
Is, of her many talents, one
Miracle for me she's done

When she is near, I feel no ache
There's no despair to overtake
My heart and mind, she cradles both
In loving hands, and by no oath

All that she has done for me
She chose to do. Her heart is free,
Yet still she finds it pleasing best
To embrace me above the rest

The road once walked was paved in gold
Time and time I would be told
"Should you stare too long, you'll find
That your heart's eyes will be set blind."

To see again, I had to fight
To find the source of all hearts' light...
There it is! Her voice, a harp,
A light that's soft and never sharp.

Ephemeral as life, certain, is
I thank God for giving me this:
The chance to hold this precious heart,
To link these hands. Anew I start.

Baseball Sunset

Christian Abraham



Cervical Cord Neurapraxia with Transient Paraplegia in a 17 year old Multi-Sport High School Athlete

Jaclyn Cotreau

Acknowledgments

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Abstract

Objective: The objective of this case study is to examine the case of a 17 year old male multi-sport athlete who endured a spinal cord contusion causing transient paraplegia. **Background:** The athlete presented in this case participated in football and wrestling. During a wrestling practice the athlete was thrown to the mat resulting in diminished bilateral sensory response accompanied by diminished bilateral motor response in all four extremities. The athlete was spineboarded and transported via ambulance. **Differential Diagnosis:** Vertebral body fracture and/or dislocation; cervical spinal stenosis; cervical cord neurapraxia resulting in transient quadriplegia. **Treatment:** The patient was hospitalized for three days for administration of steroidal drugs, NSAIDs, and aspen collar application in addition to physical therapy for ambulation deficits. Three months post injury, MRI revealed no spinal cord defects. **Uniqueness:** Transient spinal cord injuries (TSCI) rarely occur at C3/C4. Atypically, the TSCI does not result from cervical spinal stenosis or from recurrent brachial plexus injuries. **Conclusions:** Health care providers must understand the connection between cervical cord neurapraxia and

brachial plexus injuries. Although the athlete was not suffering from cervical spinal stenosis, he still sustained a cervical cord neurapraxia at C3/C4 after recurrent brachial plexus injuries. It is critical that brachial plexus injuries be regarded as a possible predisposition to serious neurological complications. **Key Words:** Spinal cord contusion, quadriplegia, neurapraxia

Introduction:

Spinal cord injuries are rarely seen on the athletic field, with only 9% of the 11,000 cases that occur annually in the United States relating to athletics.¹ Although spinal cord injuries do not occur frequently on the athletic fields, they still comprise 10-15% of all athletic injuries.² Cervical cord neurapraxia is categorized as an acute spinal cord injury that usually has no lasting sequelae.³ Acute spinal cord injuries occur when there is an excessive energy input to the spinal cord without controlled dissipation of the energy.⁴ For example, the excessive input can be due to a deformation of the spinal cord from the way in which the athlete landed.⁴ An episode of cervical cord neurapraxia typically presents with an acute neurological episode including the upper, lower or all four extremities.⁵ Neurological deficits can present as burning pain, tingling or complete numbness and motor deficits either associated with weakness or paralysis.⁵ Typically symptoms completely resolve within 15 minutes but can last up to 48 hours.⁵ A study of 500 NCAA football programs concluded that transient paralysis occurs in 1.3 out of 10,000 participants.⁶ Return to play recommendations for athletes who have sustained a cervical spine injury are controversial but are dependent upon the disc-level canal diameter, vertebral body diameter, repeat exposure to the original mechanism of injury, prior history of neurologic symptoms and a history of disc herniations.^{5,7} It is the purpose of this report to present the case of a 17 year old male multi-sport athlete who endured a spinal cord contusion that led to an episode of transient quadriplegia and outline the return to play considerations for such an injury.

Case Report:

The athlete in the case is a 17 year old male, Caucasian, multi-sport student athlete participating in football and wrestling. The athlete is 1.73 meters tall and weighs 90.72 kilograms. The athlete was first-team all state in football and ranked sixth in the state for wrestling.

Chief complaint & history of present complaint/ Results of Physical Examination:

On December 7th, 2007, during an early season wrestling practice the athlete was "taken-down" and collapsed to the floor complaining of

decreased sensation in his arms or legs. The athlete was found laying on his right side with the neck laterally flexed towards his right side and his face driven into the wrestling mat. Emergency medical services were immediately called by the coach. The head AT instantly stabilized the athlete's cervical spine and the athletic training students helped to evaluate the athlete. The initial evaluation consisted of a primary survey of the scene and patient and checking for airway, breathing and circulation, followed by a secondary assessment of dermatome and myotome screening. Dermatomes were decreased in all four extremities. Myotome testing consisted of grip strength and toe motion, which was done to prevent the athlete from moving more than necessary due to speculation of a possible cervical spine injury. There was an absence of grip strength bilaterally in the athlete's upper extremity and diminished sensation over the lateral portion of the arms, bilaterally. Initially, the athlete's legs were significantly stronger and more neurologically functional than the arms and the left side was stronger than the right. There were no obvious fractures or subluxations. Occlusion of the right subclavian artery occurred causing the athlete to begin to lose consciousness due to the way the athlete was positioned on the mat. The athlete was slightly repositioned to decrease the risk of loss of consciousness.

Within 10-15 minutes the athlete began to feel the return of some sensation into his legs and within 24 hours began to gain sensation back in his arms. The athlete reported that he felt his legs felt somewhat normal while his trunk and upper extremity felt disabled. Upon evaluation at the hospital, the athlete had very little hand function and his hands were kept slightly clawed. Resistive range of motion to the lower extremity revealed to be 3+/5 bilaterally, and the upper extremity was tested to be 3-/5; with the left side slightly stronger than the right in all four extremities. The athlete had very little grip strength. The athlete was observed to have clawed hands in a relaxed state. Deep tendon reflex testing exhibited normal (2+/4+) reflexes in the upper and lower extremities, with an absence of hyporeflexia, clonus nor Hoffmann sign. The athlete was observed to have an antalgic gait. Also upon evaluation, the athlete had decreased sensation in his upper extremity to light touch and pinprick.

About a month after the initial spinal cord injury, the athlete showed improvement. On January 4th, 2008, the athlete was evaluated and had improved his cervical range of motion but still had a negative Hoffmann sign and negative clonus. Deep tendon reflexes deteriorated to 1+/4+ but strength improved to approximately 4/5 in the upper and lower extremities. Improvement was also noted by a decrease in the amount of clawing in the hands. The athlete reported that he still had slight tremors and spasticity in his upper extremity but besides that he felt that his upper extremity strength was equal bilaterally. The athlete reported feeling sensation up to the shoulder at this point.

Approximately a month after the previous evaluation he was evaluated again. The athlete presented with no clawing in the hands, improved range of motion, maintenance of a negative Hoffmann sign and clonus, along with the restoration of deep tendon reflexes to a normal level of 2+/4+. The athlete reported that he felt that his endurance was poor and he felt some fatigue in his neck. On February 29th, 2008, the athlete reported that he still had some intermittent tingling into his hands but overall he felt strong. The athlete continued to improve throughout March and on April 23, 2008 the athlete was determined to have full cervical range of motion for flexion, rotation and extension and no neurologic deficits. The athlete reported feeling 90%.

Throughout the summer the athlete continued to gain strength and improved his condition in anticipation of playing football in the fall. The physician met with the athlete and parents on July 16th, 2008, to determine whether the athlete would be cleared to play football. It was determined that the athlete could play football because he had full strength and full cervical range of motion. The athlete told that physician that he felt that he was finally "back to normal." The athlete played throughout his senior football season in 2008, but continued to have stingers, which prompted further evaluation by the physician concerning this problem. The athlete was evaluated to have full cervical range of motion, no clonus, negative Hoffman sign and did not show any weakness with cervical movements.

Medical history:

The athlete had a medical history, which was not significant to the acute spinal cord injury he endured on December 7th, 2007. The athlete had a medical history of recurrent stingers throughout the previous three months of the football season prior to the acute spinal cord injury. Nine days before the spinal cord injury the athlete reported having approximately eight stingers during his last football game. Stingers are common injuries- occurring in about 50% of collegiate level football players (Eddy) but recurrent stingers are uncommon and should be treated cautiously. The MRI taken on December 7th, 2007 showed no sign of fracture or spinal cord edema. The CT scan also taken on December 7th, 2007 showed no signs of luxations or fractures. The athlete had a follow-up MRI on February 26th, 2008 that showed no evidence of spinal cord signal abnormality but there was a slight narrowing of the foraminal opening at the C3-C4 level without any frank impingement upon the spinal cord. The reading of the MRI taken during the following football season (when the athlete was participating) indicated slight bulging upon the spinal cord and hypertrophy at C3-C4 causing a slight foraminal narrowing but no significant impingement. It was determined from all of the MRIs taken that there was slight narrowing of the foramen, but no significant spinal canal stenosis.

Diagnosis:

There were various initial differential diagnoses that were brought up when the athlete was lying, not moving, prone on the wrestling mat. Initial differential diagnosis suspected consisted of vertebral body fracture, vertebral body dislocation, cervical spinal stenosis, transient quadriplegia and cervical cord neurapraxia. A vertebral fracture and/or dislocation and spinal stenosis were initially suspected because almost all reported cases of quadriplegia have involved one of these pathologies.⁷ A vertebral fracture and/or dislocation were ruled out due to the absence of physical deformity or palpable tenderness over the cervical spine. Although the athlete showed no signs of deformity or tenderness, the fracture and/or dislocation could not be fully ruled out until a radiograph was taken.⁸ It is common that cervical spine fractures and/or dislocations can be missed due to paraspinal spasm and pain or other injuries.⁸ The athlete was negative for a cervical spine fracture and cervical spine dislocation when initially screened with an MRI upon arrival at the hospital. Spinal stenosis was ruled out by an MRI as well. It was determined that there was slight foraminal narrowing, but there was not a Torg ratio of less than 0.8, which would have indicated spinal stenosis.⁹ The athlete was diagnosed with a cervical cord neurapraxia, leading to transient quadriplegia.

Treatment and clinical course:

The athlete underwent seven months of treatment and rehabilitation before being cleared to play football for his senior season. When the athlete originally presented with the first known "stinger" in 2007, before the acute spinal cord injury occurred, he was treated with massage, stretching of the affected side and fitted with a cowboy collar that was worn for the remainder of the 2007 season. Approximately a month later, when the athlete reported receiving seven to eight stingers in the course of one game, he was treated with superficial heat, massage and passive range of motion exercises. At this point the athlete was done with the football season but was advised not to return to wrestling or any other contact activity until he was cleared to do so. The athlete participated in wrestling practice, against the clearance of the Athletic Trainer at his high school and obtained an acute spinal cord injury.

Immediately following the injury, inline stabilization was performed and after emergency medical services arrived he was spine boarded and brought to a local hospital. Due to the absence of the proper medical staff to perform the MRI at the first hospital, the athlete was transferred to another hospital. Within 10-15 minutes of arriving at the second hospital the athlete began to feel some sensation return into his legs and the sensation into his arms came back several days later. The athlete was hospitalized from December 7th, 2007 until December 10th, 2007 and was placed in an Aspen

collar. The athlete was on steroids for the first 24 hours. After the first 24 hours the athlete was placed on anti-inflammatory medication, to decrease inflammation surrounding the spinal cord. The athlete followed up with the doctor on December 14th, 2007 and doctor decided to send him to physical and occupational therapy and keep him in the Aspen collar. Also, the athlete was instructed on assistive walker use since his gait was slow and shuffled.

The athlete was reevaluated by his orthopedic physician on January 4th, 2008, at that time the athlete's hard collar was discontinued and a soft collar was applied. The patient at this time began to use 3-5 pound weights to help strengthen the weak musculature. The athlete was instructed to discontinue the prescribed medication and to take Tylenol for the expected occasional headache. The athlete was instructed to continue with physical and occupational therapy because of the gains made. A follow-up MRI was done on February 28th, 2008. The following day the athlete followed up with this orthopedist and the soft collar was discontinued. The physician cleared the patient to resume classes and driving. The physician also cleared the patient to participate in gym, but not in any contact sports. At this point, the physician, athlete and the athlete's parents discussed the risks of returning to contact sports.

It was decided by the athlete and his family that he would continue to strive to be cleared to play the 2008 senior season of football. On April 23rd, 2008 the athlete followed up with the doctor and he was going to start working with a personal trainer to get himself physically ready to return to sports. Later in the summer, on July 16th, 2008, the athlete was cleared to return to football by the physician and Athletic Trainer (AT) with the knowledge that he could possibly have a neurologic incident again. The athlete was told that he could only return to activity while wearing the McDavid cowboy collar because. Hewas not cleared to wrestle again because...

Criteria for return to competition, and deviation from expectations:

There is much controversy surrounding return to play guidelines for cervical cord neurapraxia. The return to play guidelines are controversial due to the close relationship between cervical cord neurapraxia and cervical spinal stenosis. Torg et. al.³ propose that a "Torg ratio" can be used to determine the extent of spinal stenosis. ² This is done by comparing the sagittal spinal canal diameter with the sagittal diameter of the corresponding vertebral body. ² A Torg ratio of 0.8 or less, had a 93% detection rate in those with cervical cord neurapraxia incidents. ²The return to play decision regarding an acute spinal cord injury should be made by the athlete and physician while considering the circumstances of the individual injury, the risk of repeat injury and the priorities of the player. ² Torg et. al.³ conducted a study with a group of 110 football players that had endured an episode of central cord neurapraxia and found that 63 of the 110 football players

decided to return to contact activity. Out of these 63 players, 56% ($n=35$) had a recurrent episode of central cord neurapraxia.³

In this case report, after receiving recurrent stingers throughout football season the patient was not cleared to participate in wrestling, but did so against the recommendation of the AT. During practice on 12-7-07 the athlete had an acute spinal cord injury. After several months of rehabilitation, the athlete, his family, and the physician sat down and discussed the possibility of the athlete playing contact sports in the future. It was decided that the athlete would continue to strengthen and would be re-evaluated in July for participation in football for the fall 2008 season. The athlete was evaluated on 7-16-08 to determine his playing status for football in the fall. It was determined that the athlete could return to football with the understanding that he may have neurological sequelae again and that there was no guarantee he would not have another acute spinal cord injury. The athlete also was instructed to play on the offensive side of the ball, which the physician believed would make him less prone to cervical spine injuries. The physician also recommended that the athlete always wear a McDavid cowboy collar while playing football. After returning to football the following fall, the athlete continued to sustain stingers while playing. Another MRI was taken on 10-28-08 and revealed a narrowing of the spinal canal of C3, C4, however; the narrowing did not meet the diagnosis of spinal stenosis. Therefore, at the time, the stingers were considered a separate entity of the acute spinal cord injury.

Discussion:

The patient had recurrent stingers in the months preceding the incident of cervical cord neurapraxia. Stingers are a very common event in football, (incidence up to 65% in an athlete's career.)⁹ Typically, an athlete will come off of the field for a stinger and will be able to return to play if they have full recovery of strength and range of motion.⁹ A contraindication to return to play after receiving a stinger is if the symptoms (neck pain and parasthesia down a single extremity) last longer than 24 hours or occur if the stinger occurs recurrently.⁹ Athletes who have experienced repeated stingers have been recorded to have smaller Torg ratios than those who do not.¹ It is important for athletes with recurrent stingers to be thoroughly evaluated because those with a Torg ratio less than 0.8 were observed to be three times more likely to have a stinger than those without spinal stenosis.¹ Therefore, the athlete could be fixed in an unhealthy cycle of repeated stingers, which are caused by the decreasing Torg ratio of the spinal canal, caused by the previous stingers.

Upon radiographic imaging the athlete in this case report did not have significant spinal stenosis. The MRI revealed slight narrowing but did not show significant spinal canal narrowing. Although the athlete may not have been truly diagnosed with cervical spinal stenosis, he could have had

narrowing caused by the recurrent stingers he experienced in the months before his acute spinal cord injury. It has been shown that there is a significant connection between cervical cord neurapraxia and a decrease in spinal canal sagittal diameter.¹⁰ It has also been observed that narrowing of the spinal canal can result in a predisposition to various neurologic injury especially in a hyperextension mechanism.⁶ If an athlete is repeatedly having stingers, the spinal canal diameter is likely being decreased which can lead to a functional spinal stenosis.¹ Therefore, spinal stenosis will put the athlete at a higher risk for acute spinal cord injury.¹⁰ It is essential that recurrent stingers are taken as serious predisposers to acute spinal cord injury.

Conclusion:

Cervical cord neurapraxia is a unique spinal cord injury that involves acute, transient neurological episodes.⁵ Spinal cord injuries rarely happen on the athletic field compared to the other types of athletic injuries sustained (approximately 9% of 11,000)¹ Cervical cord neurapraxia is an exception to the previous statistic, and rarely happens off of the athletic field.⁵ The athlete in this case suffered a cervical cord neurapraxia while completing a "wrestle-off" during wrestling practice. The athlete was hospitalized for three days followed by months of treatment and rehabilitation. The athlete was cleared by the physician and certified athletic trainer to return to football approximately 8 months after his acute spinal cord injury.

Cervical cord neurapraxia has a 56% recurrence rate, with most of the recurrent episodes involving those who have significant spinal stenosis⁹ (> 0.8 on the Torg ratio.) The athlete in this case report did not have significant narrowing of C3-C4 (< 0.8 on the Torg ratio)⁹ Therefore, the athlete was able to return to contact activity due to his unique incident of cervical cord neurapraxia that was independent of significant spinal stenosis. Although the athlete was cleared to return to activity, any stinger that the athlete may experience in the future must be evaluated thoroughly. Due to a decrease in the diameter of the spinal cord from repeated stingers⁹ the athlete may be more likely to endure another cervical cord neurapraxia, or other acute spinal cord injury-can we cite this?.

It is imperative that health care practitioners evaluate stingers thoroughly. A single stinger episode has been recorded to be benign¹⁰ but repeated stingers should be evaluated how? due to their possible ability to decrease spinal canal diameter, which could result in adverse neurological incidents.

Figure 1. Timeline of Events

11-03-07: Athlete reported initial stinger, days ago and was still feeling the effects from it.

11-27-07: Athlete experienced 7-8 stingers during the football game and admitted to getting at least one stinger every game of the 2007 season. Athlete was instructed to not wrestle.

12-07-07: Athlete did not adhere to ATC's recommendation to not wrestle and suffered an acute spinal cord injury. Athlete was held in "in-line" stabilization, spineboarded and transported to a local hospital. CAT scan was done and showed no subluxations or dislocations.

12-11-07: Athlete was discharged from the hospital.

12-12-07: Athlete begins physical therapy and occupational therapy.

2-01-08: Patient discharged from occupational therapy. Athlete continued with physical therapy.

2-04-08: Athlete returns to school for four hours a day. Not cleared to participate in gym at all.

2-26-08: Follow-up MRI done that showed a little narrowing around C3, C4 but no impingement upon the spinal cord.

2-29-08: Athlete is cleared to begin attending school for a full day of classes, and is cleared in gym aside from contact sports. Athlete is cleared to begin operating a motor vehicle.

4-23-08: The athlete talks to the physician about returning to football in the fall of 2008. The physician states that they will talk later, and that he believes the stingers from the previous football season was unrelated to the transient quadriplegia.

7-16-08: Athlete is cleared to participate in football while wearing a Cowboy Collar.

9-01-08: Athlete returns to playing linebacker and full back on the defensive side of his football team.

10-29-08: Athlete reports having occasional episodes of numbness after games and having two stingers so far in the season. MRI and x-rays were taken. Athlete was not cleared to participate until MRI was read.

10-31-08: MRI was read and showed slight bulging and uncovertebral hypertrophy causing foraminal narrowing but no true spinal cord impingement. Athlete was cleared to continue participating in football.

Figure 2. MRI image of a similar spinal cord compression at multiple levels¹¹



Table 1. Grades of Cervical Cord Neurapraxia¹²

Grade	Description
I	Symptoms do not persist longer than 15 minutes
II	Symptoms last from 15 minutes to 24 hours
III	Symptoms persist from 24 to 48 hours.

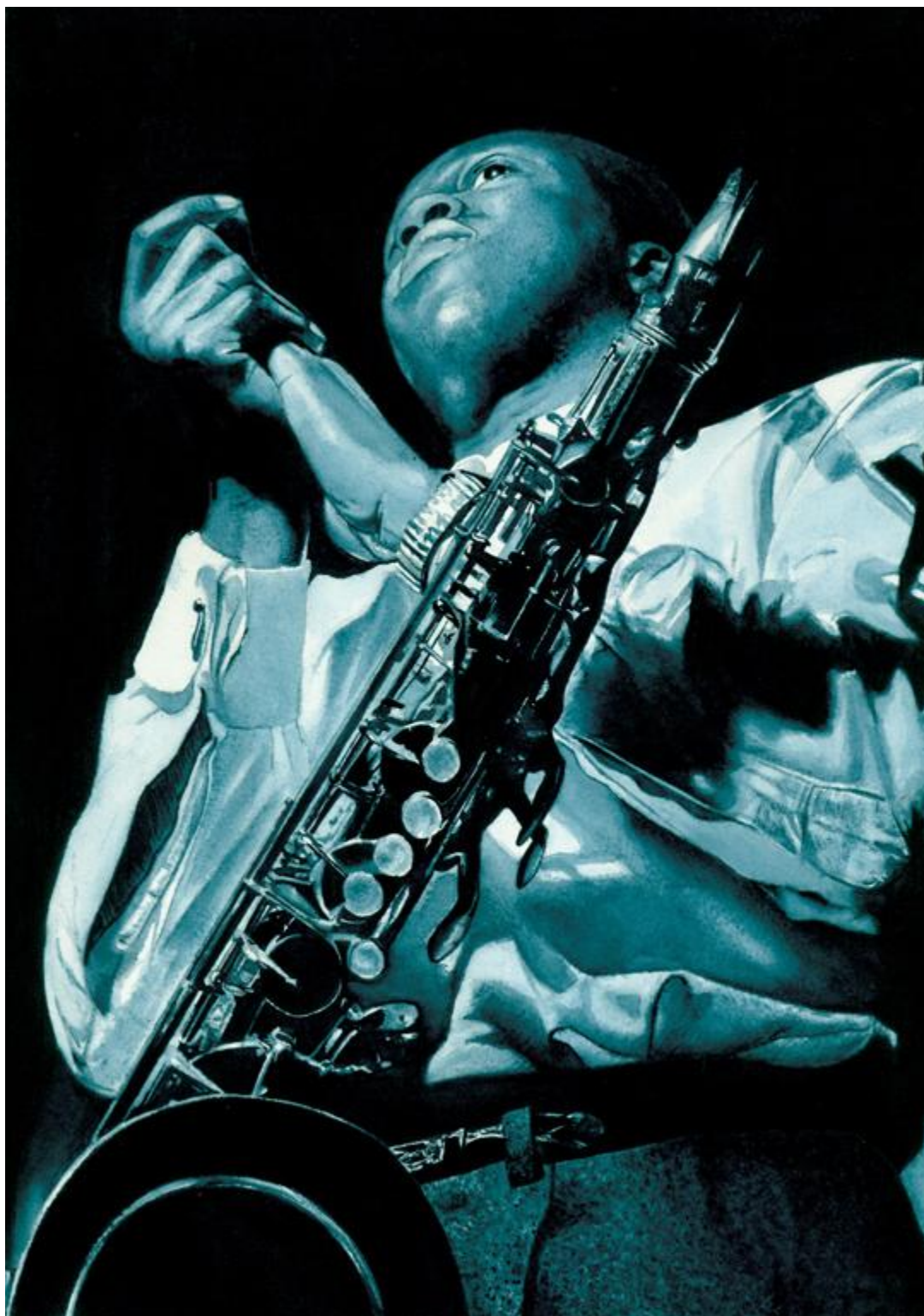
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I Was the Reaper
Dana E. Givens

I remember the April I became the devil
It was such a sweet April
That soon turned bitter
I was turned into a killer
I was told our fight
was for the justice of our country
I was told our fight
Was for our freedom
When did I lose my heart?
When did I sell my soul?
I became their reaper
My machete was my scythe
I saw their grief
I hear their cries
Their pleas ringed in my mind
'We are not different!'
'We are both of the blood of our Rwanda!'
A sorrowful requiem for a lingering sadness
The blood still stains my hands
Will they ever become clean?
I was once the Reaper
But what am I now?

Hank Mobley
Britt Gardner



Hollywood_
Charrise Jackson

I am going to Hollywood
Maybe then I could
Hide the person inside
And walk around in disguise
Act in a movie to be incognito
Then sing because I know it's a sign of relief
People judge my composure
Why is she like that?
Well I am not even sure
Every day I walk around insecure
Hopefully during my midnight stroll
I might run into the soul of Marilyn Monroe
I might join Elvis singing the Memphis blues
Trying to see if I can fit into another man's blue suede shoes
'Cause I feel awkward in mine

Part 2

I walked a long road
Performed in many shows
The path grows
With every step I take
I knew it was my fate
Cameras flashes are going off
That second I thought
Maybe this is the end
But I will soon meet many favorite friends
Oh, this is where it begins

I joined a dance with Fred Astaire
People couldn't help but stare
I chat with Norma Jean
For our lives shared a similar theme
Quickly she told me to call her Marilyn Monroe
I watched her like a crow
What beauty! What grace!
Jean Harlow shouted "this place is safe!"
I turned and it was James Dean
Against the piano he leaned
Lit his cigar
And jumped into his red jaguar
Then as the car passed there was Lennon playing his guitar
Chaplin was writing some scripts
Like a book belonging to the poets
Billie Holiday sand the blues
O, What a melancholy tune
Goodbye, Goodbye
I told you I would join a blissful place called Hollywood

Soldier with Trumpet

Jaclyn Constantino



Rusty Bolt
Jessica Orser



Sometimes I can't tell

Gillian Lozinak

Sometimes I can't tell
If I'm alive or dead
I cut myself open
To be sure my blood is red

The blood just forms a river
A river so deep I drown
My arm starts going numb
As the blood drips to the ground

My sight begins to blur
My hearing is almost lost
And even if you try to save me
I'll be dead at any cost

As I slowly fall to the ground
Underneath the dark, grey sky
My mom comes running over
And she quickly begins to cry

My whole body's numb by now
My heart keeps racing faster
No longer will you see my face
Or hear my joyous laughter

My heart has now stopped beating
The blood has stopped its flowing
Finally I'm gone for good
Without anyone else knowing

The pain that I had suffered through
The sleepless nights I faced
That every time I was alone
My heart began to race

No one knew I was unhappy
Or that every night I cried
Or every day I sat alone
And wished that I could die

Now my wish is finally true
I can finally be happy
And no one knows what happened to me
On that horrible night in May

Edificio Maca
Luis Gonzalez



Persistence Through the Storm; The Irish American
Patrick J. Mahoney

Meagher of the Sword, Mick Collins, the Boyne
Into their ranks we all one day will join
Poets, minstrels will sing of our story
Of long gone days of our past glory
Croppies, Catholics, persecuted and slain
Thrown into graves without even a name
Landlords, corruption, famine, and death
To America's shores we hastily fled
For well paying jobs, NO IRISH APPLY
Let them all starve and work till' they die.
Through plight and sorrow and bitter scorn
A new subculture of Irish America was born
On March Seventeenth, through God's glory and grace
We celebrate the heroes, and survival of race
So on that day, Guinness be flowing
Remember our fallen, dead to that hymn of Garryowen
So many bore both sword and shield
To make a name for our cause on the battlefield
So in our memory these men must stay
Or their cause and our race, will fade away.

*In Memory of Johnny Collins, and all those who prevented true Irish culture
in America from fading away.

Scrawls From The Bathroom Wall: The "L Bomb"

Karen Navarre

Meet Will Powers, a student at Sacred Heart University. He uses the bathroom next to the art gallery during his MA 250 class on Tuesdays. That bathroom is generally forgotten about, especially during class periods. For superstitious reasons he always uses the second stall. It's when he *takes care of business*.

The Royal Council of Modern Language:

As of today, due to misuse and overuse, the word "like" is officially being removed from the English language. Anyone caught using the offending word will automatically have ten points deducted from their IQ. Twenty points will be deducted for any additional usage. Those guilty of using it while on school grounds or around children of an impressionable age will receive a 100-point deduction. Negative points apply. Those not taking these deductions seriously will be subject to a still undetermined punishment. Due to the erratic, and sometimes unethical nature of the *Royal Council of Modern Language* cooperation is suggested.

This is a sad day. We are bidding farewell to a word that has been a part of the English language since the fourteenth century. Over the centuries it has developed several definitions, the most widely used *Oxford English Dictionary* definition: "Having the same characteristics or qualities as some other person or thing; of approximately identical shape, size, color, character, etc. with something else; similar; resembling; analogous."

The vernacular has had its fun with the now illegal word. It has been brought it to its knees. Up until this moment, it was used to separate thoughts and phrases, and keep conversation moving. Basically, the word has become punctuation.

So again, we say farewell to this word that has been stripped of its dignity. The English language will be a purer language without it.

Meet Chris Sullivan. He's a Media Studies major at Sacred Heart University. He's a wanderer. His block media studies classes on Wednesdays tend move at an unnaturally slow rate without at least one bathroom break. He uses the men's room by the art gallery because it's significant distance from his classroom without being obvious. Chris always uses the second stall because he likes the way it flushes.

A Concerned Citizen's rebuttal:

Seriously?

The word "like" is an integral part of our language and age. Yes, we use the word as punctuation, but in acting as punctuation it is serving a useful purpose. When we use "like" to maintain the flow of conversation, it becomes the equivalent of "um." Other languages use various words to promote the flow of conversation. For example, Micheal Erard says the French say "euh," the Japanese say "eto" and "ano," and the Spanish say "este." "Like" is not an evil word, it is just capable of wearing several hats.

The word has taken on new meanings, like you said "Royal Council of Modern Language" it has been in use since the 14th century and this is not its first time experiencing change. That is the beauty of words: they transform with society. "Like" is not the first word to do so, and it will not be the last.

The Royal Council of Modern Language's response:

Concerned Citizen your alarm is noted, but your argument is simplistic.

The mindless insertions come with a consequence. Few users realize the way that it undermines their authority. Rather than supporting one's statement it detracts. One might say: "I'm I*** allergic to peanuts." Does that mean that a person is allergic to peanuts; or is he approximately or similar to being allergic to peanuts? It could be pretty dangerous not to make something such as that clear. Or how about: "I'm like in love with you!" It is insulting to tell someone you are similar to in love with them, why waste their time?

Those cases are humorous, meant to entertain and inform. It is not humorous listening to a college student try an impress their professor while dropping "L bombs" every few words. "Well, I***, I think what Plato, was I***, trying to say, is that I***, when one is I*** a prisoner in the cave, its' I***, you're only I*** seeing the most basic level of something." If said in a college classroom, this person would be making neither a bold statement, nor an inaccurate one. Any intelligent thought was lost because the way it was said; they would sound as if they had the IQ of a horsefly.

The word encourages society to take a person less seriously, and intellectually demotes them. Using the word is similar to writing poorly. It does not matter how enlightened or intelligent an argument might be, too many "L bombs" is the same as bad grammar. It causes a writers audience to become distrustful and judgmental.

Its thoughtless usage is one the reasons for its dismissal from our language. The Royal Council of Modern Language (United States Sector) is forcing society to hold fast to its utterances. The path of non-committal language has been eliminated.

A Concerned Citizen's reply:

Calm down, I'm not denying you have a point.

The word is overused, but like with any new toy society will become sick of it. One person, or the fictional Royal Council of Modern Language does not need to monitor language.

And, by no means does it detract from a person's intelligence or argument. Especially if one is in support of the idea it acts as punctuation and conversation filler. In this case, it is not detracting from a person's argument; instead it is allowing them time to create one.

The Royal Council of Modern Language's answer:

I reserve the right to disagree. The word has infiltrated itself into almost every group. Society will not simply cast the word aside when it becomes bored with it.

The Online Slang Dictionary: American and English Slang explains that California and the "Valley Girl" culture are credited with its induction into the English Language. This would explain its association with vapid women. Mark Peters writes that men use the word just as commonly as women. Teenagers are often berated for its usage. Although, it is not uncommon to hear an adult use the word, as well . The word has been gaining popularity, as a conversation-filler, for the past few decades.

Therefore, I hold fast to my dismissal.

America, try not to feel overly heartbroken. The word we once loved -- a little too much --has gone to a peaceful place. It had a long life, but that life is over. Rather than leaving it to continue with its slow and ugly demise, we are laying it to rest while a bit of dignity still remains. It will be hard for society to adapt to its absence; but we must carry on.

A Concerned Citizen's retort:

Whoever The Royal Council of Modern Language really is, you take far too long in the bathroom. You also, apparently, have a serious grudge against "like." Has it tried to kill you recently?

"Like" is not a perfect word, but neither is it responsible for the downfall of our nation. It is possible that it will always be a part of the

English language. "Like" is one of those small words that seems so insignificant, but is actually indispensable. According to the opinion of one pompous idiot, masking behind an imaginary council, we have lost our "like" privileges; and truthfully we could survive without the word. But, if we truly banned its usage, nothing would ever fully replace it. We would have eliminated a perfectly useful word for no prudent reason, because eventually we will grow sick of using it so frivolously.

Therefore, Royal Council of Modern Language, relax, go splash some water on your face because your argument is futile. In time America will stop using the word pointlessly on its own.

The Royal Council of Modern Language's final stand:

For those of you who feel you will be unable to comply with the new law—there are planes leaving shortly for the U.K. and Canada. The word is still legal and in use outside of the United States

A Concerned Citizen's "final stand":

You are ridiculous.

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Farm Truck
Christian Abraham



Broken Again
Margaret Rusch

So you pack up all your bags.
You are leaving me today.
It should have been a perfect trip,
but you broke my heart and walked away.

I don't understand what happened.
I did not expect this from you.
We can't be together now
you said. You're just like them too.

True, my past might have scared you but
I told you that you could trust me.
I meant it, and you know that.
We both realized it was meant to be.

Somewhere, something had to go wrong.
As of now, I know not what.
For now, all I know is into
my heart you unintentionally cut.

By now I know what this feels like.
My heart adapts to not feeling.
Unfortunately, I am not
so good at it but I am dealing.

You are undeniable.
Sadly, this is very true.
However, right now my heart
lies broken and I am blue.

I don't think it would hurt as much
if you truly did not care.
We have both always known though
that these feelings were there.

Dexter Gordon
Markie Schmidt



Dreams

Courtney Hatt

Sleep, Dream,

Swim in cream.

Dance in molasses

Climb humongous glasses.

Drive cars in the ocean,

Take day trips to places like Goshen.

Live in a world full of lollipops,

Flip-flops, flapjacks, and numerous

Races with rolling racks.

Do things you would never do

Like doing the naked hula hoop.

Twist and turn

Like you're about to burn,

On the grill,

Till you've had your fill.

Hamburgers and hot dogs,

Tons of Lincoln logs

All to build your very own house!

Swim with the dolphins,

Sleep in coffins.

It's all good

Until you wake,

Then you have to finish your cake,

But you got to eat it too.

Don't worry, anything's possible

You won't go to the hospital.

It's all just fun and games

Until you wake.

Frank Spinelli
Maximilian Trunz



Heart/Ache
Chinedum Nnodum

Heart/Beat
Heart/Freak
Heart/Seek

The heart beats
Desires
Longs

Begs to ease the lonely
Lonely it is
When it should be

Be together
With one that truly
Makes its whole.

The heart freaks
Creeps
Shrieks

When in the presence of the one,
When it is one...

One with love
One with joy
One with peace

The heart seeks
Peaks
Keeps

All the memories
Minutes
Moments
Seconds

Inside, close and dear
Treasured, never fear.

So where, where
Is the other piece
Piece of this heart?

The Heart beats...
The Heart freaks...
The Heart seeks

Super Bowl III: Baltimore Colts vs. New York Jets

Ted Fifiield

“We’re gonna win the game. I guarantee it.”^[1] This brash comment, declared by New York Jets quarterback Joe Namath, is one of the most famous quotes in American sports history. After making the guarantee, Broadway Joe led his AFL champion Jets against the heavily favored Baltimore Colts in Super Bowl III. The 18 point underdogs rose to the occasion and defeated the Colts by a score of 16-7 en route to Namath winning most valuable player honors. The Jets victory shattered the notion that AFL teams were decidedly inferior to NFL teams. The upset in 1969 led to a successful merger of the two leagues and the formation of the National Football League as we know it today.

Prior to the 1960s, the National Football League was the dominant professional football association in America. The league, which began in 1920,^[2] had fought off multiple rival leagues before establishing a solid roster of teams featuring the most gifted football players in the nation. Before the emergence of the American Football League, the NFL’s only significant competition had been the All-American Football Conference. The AAFC, which began play in 1946,^[3] remain significant because their perennial champions, the Cleveland Browns, were often considered the best professional football team in the nation. Luckily for the NFL, the AAFC had a myriad of financial woes that doomed the league. The AAFC folded following the 1949 season after just three years of competition.^[4] However, the legacy of that failed league lived on in the forms of the Cleveland Browns, San Francisco 49ers, and Baltimore Colts. All three teams were absorbed by the NFL, preserving the league’s dominance.

However, things would begin to change in 1960 when the American Football League was established by Lamar Hunt.^[5] Originally Hunt had only wanted to become a part of the NFL through owning a team. His particular desire was to earn ownership of the Chicago Cardinals so he could move them to Dallas. At the very least he wanted to launch an expansion NFL team in the city. Unfortunately for Hunt, the league had no interest in expansion at the time and rebuked his attempts. In a bold move that would alter the future of American football, Hunt decided to create a rival league entitled the American Football League.

The AFL began play during the 1960 season with teams in eight American cities. Those teams were the Boston Patriots, the Buffalo Bills, the Houston Oilers, the Denver Broncos, the Dallas Texans, the Oakland Raiders, the Los Angeles Chargers, and the New York Titans.^[6] Unlike the dozens of failed NFL teams from prior decades, the eight original franchises established by Hunt and his collaborators still exist today with some minor permutations: Boston is now the New England Patriots, Houston is now the Tennessee Titans, Dallas is now the Kansas City Chiefs, Los Angeles is now

the San Diego Chargers, and the New York Titans are now the New York Jets. The inception of these eight teams broadened the nation's exposure to professional football, particularly in the West and Midwest.

Beyond the institution of new teams for competition, the AFL also introduced a number of original ideas that have become common place in the contemporary game. Perhaps the most significant effort of the AFL was the inclusion of athletes from small colleges and predominantly black colleges. Until this point, these players, particularly the black players, had gone largely unnoticed by the NFL. The NFL was a traditionalist league that had dominated by feasting on talent from the major colleges. The AFL, which emerged during the shifting times of 1960's, did not rely on these preconceived notions and was able to secure immensely talented players from unheralded programs. The acceptance of black athletes is of particular importance because it led to a modern NFL that prides itself on an African American majority.

The AFL's originality did not end at player recruitment. The league instituted a number of rules that differed from the NFL in an effort to improve offensive strategies, player marketing, television ratings, and team finances. These rule changes, which remain contemporary today, include the two point conversion, official time on the scoreboard clock, player's names on jerseys, network broadcast packages, the sharing of gate and television revenues by home and visiting teams, the Sunday doubleheader games, multiple mobile cameras for television broadcasts, "miking" of players for sound during games, and soccer style placekicking.[\[7\]](#) Many of these ideas seem like common sense today, but at the time of their inception they were completely original and viewed as contrary to the norm.

These radical rule changes contributed to a deep rift between the AFL and the NFL. That rift was further deepened when the AFL teams managed to sign about half of the collegiate players that would have gone in the first round of the NFL draft in 1960. Decisions and ploys like these fostered the rivalry between the leagues. Even so, the NFL refused to acknowledge its upstart competitor during the AFL's first few seasons. The NFL viewed the players in the AFL as inferior. The general consensus agreed the players in the AFL would never be able to earn a contract with an NFL team. Furthermore, the NFL felt that fans of professional football would not waste their time watching lesser talented teams in the AFL when they could watch the most talented players compete against each other in the NFL. Unfortunately, this sentiment was not isolated within the NFL. There were a number of sports writers and broadcasters from reputable corporations who echoed the notion of inferior players in the AFL. Two specific examples of NFL loyalists were Tex Maule and Tex Schramm.[\[8\]](#) Maule was the lead football writer for Sports Illustrated when the AFL emerged. As a former public relations director for the NFL under commissioner Pete Rozelle, Maule went out of his way to glorify the NFL and bastardize the AFL. Schramm was

another Rozelle employee who went on to become CBS's director of sports during this period. He famously refused to broadcast AFL scores on his network while hiring a cast of former NFL players as announcers for his station. With such staunch supporters of the NFL working in high profile media positions the AFL faced mountains of negative press at every turn. Despite the negative press, the AFL somehow managed to survive and prosper alongside the NFL. After that first season in 1960 the league had made some changes that set the league up for success. Two particular changes were moving the Chargers from Los Angeles to San Diego in 1961 and moving the Dallas Texans to Kansas City and renaming them the Chiefs in 1963.^[9] Those moves broadened the market for the AFL franchise while ushering legions of fans from areas that did not previously feature professional sports franchises. On the east coast, the New York Jets, formerly the Titans, were drawing record crowds for professional football following the unprecedented signing of quarterback Joe Namath for \$427,000.^[10] These early successes pale in comparison to the media deal the AFL would sign in 1965.^[11] During that season, NBC sports paid the AFL \$36 million to broadcast their games. That investment ensured the survival of the AFL and cemented the league in opposition to the NFL.

By 1965 the success of the AFL had incited an openly hostile rivalry between the two leagues. The rivalry manifested itself best in the continued disputes about signing and drafting players. The two leagues were drawing from the same pool of college talent and constantly sought to outbid each other for players. A trend of spending obscene amounts of money on unproven rookie talent was started, a trend which continues in earnest today. Although the bidding for talent was fierce, there was an unwritten agreement between the leagues that once a player signed a contract with a team he was off-limits. This professional courtesy was respected for several years, but was ultimately shattered in 1966 when the New York Giants signed kicker Pete Gogolak out from under the Buffalo Bills.^[12] That breach of trust resulted in retaliation from AFL commissioner Al Davis, who immediately signed contracts with eight NFL starting quarterbacks. The rivalry had reached a new level, and changes needed to occur for the safety and benefit of both leagues.

Following the vicious signings of 1966, the NFL had begun to fear for its talent pool. AFL commissioner Davis brought a "take no prisoners" mentality into his work and would now be gunning for all of the NFL's best talent. Many NFL teams began to contemplate a merger with the AFL franchises. Ultimately Tex Schramm, now the General Manager for the Dallas Cowboys, approached the AFL teams with the idea. It is interesting to note that Schramm, a long time NFL loyalist, had come to fear the rival league so much that he was willing to merge rather than see his beloved NFL falter. Schramm discretely contacted the AFL owners to discuss a merger without

notifying commissioners Rozelle or Davis. The two leagues agreed upon terms on June 8, 1966.[\[13\]](#)

The primary agreements made between the two leagues are as follows.[\[14\]](#) The two leagues would be combined to form an expanded league of 24 teams, which would be increased to 26 teams by 1969, and to 28 teams by 1970 or soon thereafter. All existing teams would be retained, and none would be moved outside their metropolitan area. AFL "indemnities" would be paid to NFL teams that shared markets with AFL teams. Both leagues would hold a "common draft" of collegiate players. While maintaining separate schedules through 1969, the leagues agreed to play the AFL-NFL World Championship Game, matching the champions of each league beginning in January 1967. The two leagues would officially merge in 1970 to form one league with two conferences. The merged league would be known as the National Football League. The history and records of the AFL would be incorporated into the older league, but its name and logo would be retired.

These changes marked a distinct change in professional football. The merger of the two leagues into one, entitled the National Football league, was now pre-ordained to occur in 1970. Up until that time, a fierce interleague rivalry continued that now culminated in a world championship game at the close of each season. There was much debate about which league had come out better due to the merger, but the inclusion of an interleague championship game shifted the competition away from financial and territorial claims and towards the actual game of football. The debate continues to rage today, but the merger of the leagues ushered in a period of unprecedented financial success in American professional sports, fueled by the in-game competition between the teams.

Even with the leagues merged and the open hostilities for players an afterthought, there was still a considerable base of media and fans who felt the original NFL teams were superior to the incorporated AFL teams. This debate, which has become a moot point today following the continued success of many former AFL teams, continued past the merger agreement and well past the official merger in 1970. The general notion was that even the best AFL franchise, the Kansas City Chiefs at this point, would not be successful in the NFL. They may not be a complete embarrassment in the NFL, but there was no way the Chiefs, or any other AFL team, could compete against teams like the Green Bay Packers, Baltimore Colts, Dallas Cowboys, and Minnesota Vikings. Luckily for fans and media alike, this concept could now be put to the test in the AFL-NFL World Championship Game following each season. The championship game would become the ultimate test of legitimacy for the AFL franchises.

Unfortunately, things did not go very well for the AFL during the first two AFL-NFL World Championships. The AFL champion Kansas City Chiefs played the NFL champion Green Bay Packers In the first world championship,

played on January 15, 1967 in Los Angeles Memorial Coliseum.[\[15\]](#) Led by NFL and game MVP Bart Starr, the Packers easily dispatched the Chiefs by a score of 35-10. The following season the Packers would once again ruin the hopes of AFL fans everywhere. On January 14, 1968,[\[16\]](#) the NFL champion Packers defeated the AFL champion Oakland Raiders 33-14 at the Miami Orange Bowl. After two attempts the AFL franchises had been thoroughly demolished by the NFL's reigning dynasty, the Green Bay Packers. It seemed the question had been answered; the NFL teams were indeed superior to the AFL teams.

The legitimacy of the teams in the AFL now became a huge a concern for the newly merged league, as well as for the fans and media. By hastily merging two uneven leagues a new and unbalanced National Football League had been created. The general consensus agreed the AFL would never catch up to the NFL in terms of talent. The futures of the NFL and AFL were at critical turning point, and it was unclear what would happen if a savior did not soon emerge for the now faltering AFL. Fortunately, the AFL would soon find their savior in the brash form of New York Jets quarterback, Joe Namath.

As mentioned before, the Jets had famously drafted the former Alabama quarterback and handed him a record \$427,000 contract. Namath immediately became a star in the AFL through his level of play and his well documented antics off the field in New York City. Those antics earned Namath his recognizable monikers "Broadway Joe" and "Joe Willie." He emerged as one of the premier socialites in New York City and could be found wearing fur coats and the occasionally pair of women's leggings around the city. On the field, Namath boasted a Hall of Fame career in which he became the first quarterback to throw for 4,000 yards in a single season.[\[17\]](#) However, his most famous moments would come at the very end of the 1968/69 season.

The New York Jets, led by Namath and head coach Weeb Ewbank, finished the 1968 regular season with eleven wins and three losses.[\[18\]](#) The Jets had achieved this record despite a poor statistical season from their Hall of Fame quarterback. The 26 year old quarterback threw for 3147 yards that season with 15 touchdowns and 17 interceptions while only mustering a 49.2 completion percentage.[\[19\]](#) However, those statistics don't account for all the ways Namath made the team better and all of the gutsy plays he made that allowed the Jets to grind out win after win. Namath didn't necessarily win clean, but he nearly always found a way to win and for that reason he was named the 1968 AFL MVP.[\[20\]](#)

That impressive record placed the Jets in the AFL championship against the Oakland Raiders. The Jets found themselves down early in the game, but were able to orchestrate a thrilling comeback en route to a 27-23 victory.[\[21\]](#) By winning the AFL championship, the New York Jets had earned the honor of representing the AFL against the NFL's finest in the AFL-

NFL Championship. Their opponent in the championship would be the Baltimore Colts.

The Baltimore Colts had a far more impressive statistical season than the AFL champions. Led by quarterback Earl Morrall and head coach Don Shula, the Colts finished their regular season with a 13-1 record.^[22] Morrall had stepped in for injured hall of famer Johnny Unitas at the beginning of the season and played so well that he was able to keep the job even after Unitas' recovery. Statistically speaking, Morrall had a far superior year to Namath. He amassed 2,909 yards through the air while throwing 26 touchdowns and 17 interceptions for a 57.4 completion percentage.^[23] With assistance from his large stable of running backs, Morrall led the Colts offense to the number two ranking in a very strong NFL. Additionally, the defense ranked number one in the NFL and the special teams unit was widely regarded as the best in the league. All of these factors contributed to the Colts defeating the Cleveland Browns 34-0 in the NFL championship game.^[24] Heading into the AFL-NFL championship game, the Colts were being touted as the greatest professional football team in history, even surpassing the Packers 1960s dynasty. The Colts superiority in the NFL during the 1968 season placed them as an 18 point favorite against the Jets in the AFL-NFL championship.

It is a matter of historical significance to note that the third AFL-NFL championship was the first one to be dubbed the Super Bowl. The two previous AFL-NFL championships were retroactively renamed Super Bowls I and II. Super Bowl III, featuring the high flying Baltimore Colts and the resilient New York Jets, would be played at the Orange Bowl in Miami, Florida.

Leading up to the game, the media continually attacked the inferior quality of the AFL teams. The popular notion was that the Jets stood no chance against the impressive Colts who had weathered the storm and emerged as one of the greatest regular season teams in NFL history. Over the course of two weeks, these sentiments grew to question the legitimacy of AFL teams. These headlines and questions understandably infuriated the AFL players, specifically the Jets players who had earned a trip to the Super Bowl. The frustration of the AFL players came to a head three days prior to the game. A Colts fan at the Miami Touchdown Club had been heckling Namath for some time during an interview. Namath, who was a controversial media darling, reacted to the comments with the declaration, "We're gonna win the game. I guarantee it."^[25]

The prophetic nature of that statement has cemented Namath and his guarantee in professional football lore. Furthermore, Namath's fiery assertion fueled a talented New York Jets team who were prepared to embrace their underdog role against the juggernaut that was the Baltimore Colts.

The game itself is often described by the participating players as a blur. Super Bowl III saw the 18 point underdog Jets emerge with a touchdown run from running back Matt Snell in the second quarter, followed by three consecutive field goals by Jim Turner in the third and fourth quarters.[26] Somehow, the Jets had managed to build a 16-0 lead by the beginning of the fourth quarter. The Colts eventually scored a touchdown on a one yard run from Jerry Hill with three minutes left in the game, but the damage had already been done. The Jets went on to win that game 16-7 and completed the greatest upset in the history of the NFL.[27] Namath earned MVP honors for the game without even throwing a touchdown pass. It remains a testament to Namath's legacy that his ability so greatly affected the outcome of a game in which he never scored.

The Jets victory over the Colts stunned the sporting world. The underdog AFL team, led by a man in women's pantyhose, had defeated one of the NFL's greatest teams. The notion of NFL superiority had been forever damaged, if not destroyed altogether. It may not have been a total shift, but the vast majority of media and fans now looked at the AFL franchises as equally talented to their NFL counterparts. This development helped the two leagues successfully merge during the off-season into the modern day NFL.

The ramifications of the Jets victory are still felt in the modern day NFL. New York's Super Bowl III victory cemented the legitimacy of the AFL franchises and many of the rules that remain relevant in league play today. If the Jets had lost that game then the AFL franchises would have been further bullied by NFL teams that had demonstrated their superiority in three successive seasons. Concessions would not have been made in later seasons and many AFL traditions may have died out. Luckily, these speculations are unnecessary because the New York Jets and quarterback Joe Namath won that fateful Super Bowl, cementing the traditions and talents of the AFL that persist today.

[1] Ed Gruver. *From Baltimore to Broadway: Joe, the Jets, and the Super Bowl III Guarantee*. (Chicago: Triumph Books, 2009)

[2] "NFL History by Decade: 1961-1970," National Football League, February 7, 2010, <http://www.nfl.com/history/chronology/1961-1970>

[3] *Ibid*, NFL History by Decade

[4] *Ibid*, NFL History by Decade

[5] "History: The AFL", Pro Football Hall of Fame, December 2, 2009, <http://www.profootballhof.com/history/decades/1960s/afl.aspx>

[6] *Ibid*, "History: The AFL"

[7] Ibib, "History: the AFL"

[8] Ed Gruver. *From Baltimore to Broadway: Joe, the Jets, and the Super Bowl III Guarantee*. (Chicago: Triumph Books, 2009)

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[18] "1968 New York Jets Statistics & Players", Pro-Football-Reference.com, February 7, 2010, <http://www.pro-football-reference.com/teams/nyj/1968.htm>

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[21] Ibib, "1968 New York Jets Statistics & Players"

[22] "1968 Baltimore Colts Statistics & Players", Pro-Football-Reference.com, February 7, 2010, <http://www.pro-football-reference.com/teams/clt/1968.htm>

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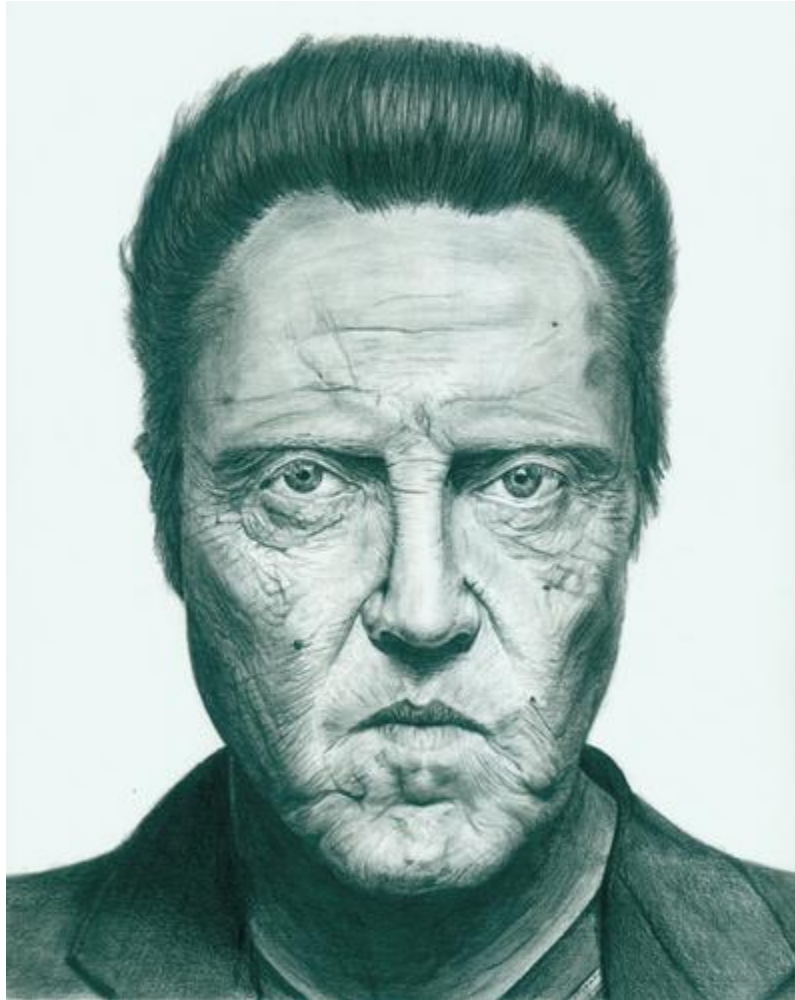
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[25] Ed Gruver. *From Baltimore to Broadway: Joe, the Jets, and the Super Bowl III Guarantee*. (Chicago: Triumph Books, 2009)

[26] "1968 New York Jets Statistics & Players", Pro-Football-Reference.com, February 7, 2010, <http://www.pro-football-reference.com/teams/nyj/1968.htm>

[27] Ibib, "1968 New York Jets Statistics & Players"

Christopher Walken
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Millard Fillmore: Inspired Life, Uninspired Presidency

Michael Fazzino

“It is a national disgrace,” said President Millard Fillmore, “that our presidents, after having occupied the highest position in the country, should be cast adrift, and, perhaps be compelled to keep a corner grocery store for subsistence.”^[1] Yet our nation’s thirteenth president, a man from Cayuga County, NY, has fallen into the obscurity that he himself detested. Fillmore’s life was not one of idleness, but rather of lofty ambition. As presidential historian Kathryn Moore states, “Fillmore was born into poverty, apprenticed to a tradesman, managed to educate himself and learn the law, became a successful attorney, and then embarked on a successful political career that eventually led him to the White House.”^[2] He led a determined and fruitful life, but where his successes in New York can be praised, his administration in the White House will forever be criticized for doing little to abate the rising problem of slavery. While many view him as a best forgotten President, it is largely due to the notion that the Civil War was inevitable that he is blamed for prolonging the conflict. Had his actions been less thoughtful and more decisive, history would certainly have been much more kind to his memory. While his leadership was lukewarm at best, Fillmore was notorious for studying the issues, being pragmatic, and basing his decisions upon the good of the nation and mankind.

Humble Beginnings

Born to Nathaniel and Phoebe Fillmore on January 7th, 1800, Millard Fillmore was the first President to be born after the death of a former President (George Washington died December 14th, 1799) and was born into relative obscurity. As a farm boy, Millard’s education came primarily from the outdoors, but strove to continue with his education – eventually managing to learn the basics in writing and mathematics. Although strong and useful around the farm, Nathaniel apprenticed Millard to a cloth maker when he was just fourteen years old. Although Millard disliked the trade, he soon found himself at work in New Hope, New York. Mindful of his poor educational background, Millard purchased a dictionary and in between tending the machines, would “look up an unfamiliar word and then concentrate on committing it to memory as he continued his work.”^[3]

As Millard’s love of reading grew, so did his ambition to be further educated. He enrolled in the New Hope Academy and began taking classes under Abigail Powers. Not only was he an adept student, but soon fell in love

with Ms. Powers – yet he knew he was in no standing to raise a family. Under his father’s influence, Judge Walter Wood of New York agreed to teach Millard law in Buffalo, where he “gained respect by his modesty and solidness of character.”^[4] Upon passing the bar in 1823, he opened a small law office where there was little competition. Now making sufficient money, he married Abigail and soon had a son, Millard Powers Fillmore. They would later have a daughter, Abby.

Millard’s first political foray came when he met Thurlow Weed, a man who aided in John Quincy Adams’s “corrupt bargain”, at an Anti-Mason convention. Weed was so impressed that he nominated Fillmore as the Anti-Mason party’s state assembly candidate. It was here that Fillmore won his first political race. In the assembly, Fillmore learned the ins and outs of politics, and by his next term he truly transformed into an active politician. While his speeches utilized a “slow, deliberate delivery,”^[5] Fillmore was respected for talking from the heart and driving home his points (President Taylor would later be criticized for doing the exact opposite.) His successes in the legislature coupled with his expanding law firm in Buffalo would be what propelled him to the House of Representatives in 1832, where he would serve for ten years. In the House, Fillmore was outspoken in opposing Andrew Jackson’s policies and helped push the Anti-Mason party into supporting the prominent Whigs. He would enjoy great support from the party which would later shun him.

The Vice Presidency

Fillmore was far from the “executive” Vice-President that Jimmy Carter and Walter Mondale would later help create. When the Whigs nominated Zachary Taylor as their candidate, they decided on a northern Vice President to balance out their slave holding southerner. Ironically, the massive issue of slavery was left out of the Whig’s main platform. Even after winning the election of 1848 with 163 electoral votes, Fillmore had yet to meet Taylor. They first met in passing just one week prior to being sworn in. It was soon made clear that Fillmore’s counsel “was not welcomed by the Taylor administration,”^[6] leaving him as “with the possible exception of Lyndon B. Johnson, America’s most unhappy vice-president.”^[7]

Fillmore soon noticed that in the first months of the administration that his old friend Thurlow Weed, now the New York Whig party boss he had blocked from the vice-presidential nomination, was undermining each decision made. Fillmore’s retaliation for being so excluded was to create an

opposition newspaper, the *New York State Register*, to counter Weed's paper in Albany. Frustrated nevertheless, Fillmore withdrew and was utterly ignored by Taylor's entire administration. Because Fillmore was essentially selected to balance the ticket, he was doomed to become a less than vocal part of the Taylor administration. Constitutionally mandated, his only real job was to chaperone the Senate debates over whether or not to allow slavery in the Mexican Cession territories. Fillmore remained silent towards any opinion, agreeing with John Adams that the vice-presidency was the "most insignificant office."[\[8\]](#)

Yet in a shocking turn of events, Fillmore would be deemed incredibly valuable to Taylor. It looked as though there was a very real possibility that the Senate would vote on the omnibus bill and be split in half. In the event Fillmore would need to vote, Taylor wanted him to vote in line with the administration and oppose the bill. Still, even after gaining a long overdue audience with the President, Fillmore declared that "it was not out of any hostility to him or his Administration, but the vote would be given (in favor of the Compromise), because I deemed it for the interests of the country."[\[9\]](#) This hotly contested issue would have to wait until after the 4th of July, while the Congress recessed in honor of Independence. Little did Fillmore know that this debacle would soon be the least of his troubles.

An Accidental Presidency

Fillmore was given a message on July 8th that President Taylor was not doing well, suffering from stomach problems brought on by milk and cherries. Taylor's condition worsened, and at noon on July 10th, just hours after his untimely death by gastroenteritis, Fillmore succeeded to the presidency. Taylor's cabinet, conditioned to hate Fillmore, resigned immediately and grudgingly offered to stay on for just one additional week for Fillmore to fill his own administration. This led to quick replacements, including Daniel Webster as Secretary of State, Alexander H. Stuart as Secretary of the Interior, and Thomas Corwin as Secretary of the Treasury.[\[10\]](#)

With the Compromise still looming in Congress, it quickly became the defining moment in Fillmore's Presidency. With the exception of Corwin, Fillmore's entire administration would come to support the Compromise which would lead virtually all Whigs to detest him. Fillmore was not only "the tool of the compromisers, but he did not even have the restraint of Taylor's enormous self-interest in the preservation of slavery."[\[11\]](#) The Compromise

itself would allow the admittance of California as a free state as well as grant territorial status to New Mexico, settle the Texas boundary dispute, enact the Fugitive Slave Act, and abolish the slave trade in D.C. Written by both Henry Clay and Stephen Douglas, Fillmore viewed the imperfect Compromise as a fix-all and announce his full support, despite reservations specifically over the Fugitive Slave Act.

Over the summer months he and Webster would lobby hard for the Compromise. Fillmore was hesitant on only one provision: the Fugitive Slave Act. After attorney general Crittenden determined it was constitutional, Fillmore grudgingly signed the last of the Compromise into law on September 20th, 1850. Yet Fillmore would soon realize that this far from solved the ills of the nation, but opened a new wound in regards to slavery. This may be Fillmore's darkest moment, and the nail in the coffin that would make it impossible for he or any president until Lincoln to effectively address the issue of slavery.

While his administration was victorious, it also created much unneeded tensions among the Whig party. This conflict would lead to further divisions and lost elections, with many beginning to form the idea of a Republican party which Abraham Lincoln himself would join. The greatest difficulty Fillmore's administration would face was the enforcement of the Fugitive Slave Law without showing favoritism to the south. Northern law enforcement was "often met with violent resistance from mobs defending the slave,"[\[12\]](#) which ultimately appeared as though Fillmore was pro-slavery. In fact, Fillmore himself declared that "God knows that I detest slavery, but it is an existing evil ... and we must endure it and give it such protection as is guaranteed by the Constitution...but if necessary I shall not hesitate to give greater power, and finally to bring the whole force of the government to sustain the law."[\[13\]](#) Despite many efforts, this Act would haunt him like no other.

While historians agree that the Compromise can be viewed as a failure to solve the issue of slavery, Fillmore had several remarkable successes. Fillmore administered over the "Great Guano Wars", in which American businessmen were trying to extract valuable bird droppings from Peru. It was Fillmore's administration that negotiated a successful treaty "granting American businesses the profitable rights to extract the guano from the islands of Peru."[\[14\]](#) He was also able to open the "hermit Kingdom of Japan"[\[15\]](#) to trade after concealing itself from Christian influence in the

late 1600's. Fillmore's appointment of Matthew C. Perry to the expedition would prove phenomenally effective, and while Japan would ultimately open its "bamboo curtain"[16], it was not until Franklin Pierce succeeded the Presidency that relations would be recognized. Fillmore also successfully deterred invasions of Cuba and Hawaii from European powers, attesting that if they were to be annexed, it would be done solely by the United States.

After a mildly successful term, in 1852 the Whigs openly refused to nominate Fillmore as their candidate. He instead joined the Know-Nothing party, which would effectively end his presidential career. Despite his shortcomings, Fillmore accomplished as much as any of the other relatively weak presidents in office at the time. While Congress was largely powerful and the issue of slavery loomed over the nation, Fillmore still managed to govern relatively effectively.

The Post-Presidency

After leaving the Oval Office, Fillmore returned to New York for a quiet retirement. His wife Abigail sadly passed away from being left in the cold during Pierce's inauguration, leaving Fillmore to care for his son and daughter (who would die of cholera just a year later). During James Buchanan's presidency he was highly critical of his decision to not take action against South Carolina when it seceded.[17] During the Civil War, Fillmore was outspokenly opposed to President Lincoln because he believed the war could have been avoided, and likewise during reconstruction supported President Johnson for his lax treatment of Confederate leaders. Upon the dissolving of the Whig party (heavily due to the Kansas-Nebraska Act), Fillmore refused to join with the Republicans. He instead joined the Know-Nothing party and would run in the election of 1856, in an attempt to win a non-consecutive term; a feat accomplished later solely by Grover Cleveland. He finished third with 21.6% of the popular vote, making this the second-best performance ever by a Presidential third-party candidate; Teddy Roosevelt's Bull-Moose party gained 27.4% of the popular vote in 1912.[18]

While Fillmore did oppose Lincoln's policies, when the Civil War commenced he rallied the men of New York to enlist and even commanded the Union Continentals which functioned as the city's "home guard." [19] He lived out the rest of his life in Buffalo, working for various charitable organizations including the Buffalo General Hospital, the Fine Arts Academy, and co-founded the Buffalo chapter of the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals.[20] This can be viewed somewhat as the beginning of a

trend in “activist” ex-presidents upon leaving office. At age 74, he died peacefully of the aftereffects of a stroke on March 8, 1874 with his second wife at his bedside. The noble man from humble beginnings would leave the world as underappreciated as he had come into it.

Why Fillmore Matters

Had Fillmore not rose to the Presidency after Taylor’s death, it is likely that a man of such ambition would have sought it out himself. Truly, despite all his shortcomings and failures to prevent further entrenchment of the mounting conflict between the North and South, he was a man of ambition and honor. He was, like Taylor, “an aggressive defender of the United States rights and a promoter of United States advantages wherever feasible, but [did not believe] in taking advantage of another nation’s weakness or in following any policy that could not be morally defended.”[\[21\]](#)

Fillmore taught the nation valuable lessons at his own expense. Foremost, bandages like the Compromise of 1850 cannot be made to solve massive divisive issues that threaten the country. On a partisan scale, it is evident that divisions within a party so strained as the Whigs can only spell disaster, which is what irrefutably occurred. Yet further, Fillmore is much more than “America’s most forgettable president.”[\[22\]](#) Fillmore’s administration was able to solve serious disagreements in Peru, Mexico, Cuba, Japan, and at home in the contested territories. Never did the United States go to war in Fillmore’s reign, nor did they appear weak on an international front. In an attempt to support the nation’s retired Presidents, Fillmore proposed the idea of a \$12,000 presidential pension – an idea that would not be adopted until Harry S Truman’s pestering of Congress in 1952.

Fillmore was not only on the wrong side of jokes in 1850 but has remained so today. A 2008 commercial for Kia Motors called him “unheard of” in an unflattering President’s Day sale commercial, referencing the untrue legend that Fillmore installed the first White House bathtub. Truly, although forgotten as a President, his legacy lives on in various venues around the country. Fillmore was one of the founders and first Chancellor of the University of Buffalo – a position he held through the vice-presidency until his return to Buffalo. Many counties out west are named for Fillmore, notably in the Utah Territory when Fillmore appointed Brigham Young as the first governor in 1850. As thanks, Young named the capital “Fillmore” and the surrounding county was also named “Millard.”[\[23\]](#) Interestingly enough, Fillmore’s son never married resulting in no further descendents of the

Fillmore lineage, as well as mandating most of the former President's correspondences be destroyed upon his death. Both Abigail and Millard, found it pertinent to establish the White House library with pieces of their own collection (including two copies of the newly published *Uncle Tom's Cabin*).[24]

Daniel Webster described Fillmore as "a good-tempered, cautious, intelligent man, with whom it is pleasant to transact business. He is very diligent, and what he does not know he quickly learns." [25] Smith goes on to say that without the controversy surrounding the Fugitive Slave act, Fillmore may be remembered as "the ideal spokesman for an optimistic age of scientific, technological, economic, and social progress." [26] Fillmore truly led an inspired life that forever helped shape our nation. While exercising an admirable combination of "aggressiveness, restraint, and imagination in advancing and protecting American interest abroad," [27] coupled with his successes in international policy, Fillmore deserves the appreciation of his countrymen and a far better historical representation than he and our lesser known presidents have received.

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[24] Moore 151.

[25] Smith 261.

[26] Smith 262.

[27] Smith 262.

As the Night Sleeps Away

Kasey Lorenzini

The demon slithers out of the darkness,
There were no previous signs. No forewarning.
No one knew why it had finally escaped.
Everyone knew why it had finally come.

Slithering, crawling, creeping the demon approaches
The edge of town, the edge of life.
The villagers know why it is here
A soul is his to claim.

Everyone runs and hides. Protect yourself.
Grab your children. Crawl to safety.
Except one boy is forgotten. Alone,
Unaware that others cared; a mind would soon be lost.

He used to be surrounded by that light
But during this night his guard was down,
A Trojan horse creeps inside his head.

When the sun rises the village finds him dead.

Lonely Tree
Michele Tymann



My Baby
Michael Mazzeo

There is no drug, no place, no state
That affects me like
My baby falling asleep in my arms
The rise and fall
Of her tiny chest
The twitch and gentle movement
Of her fingers, toes, arms, legs
Washes over me
And carries away strife, stress, strain, mess.

She is my world, she is my being
She is my drive and my colossal strive.
Hard to stay level when one singular goal enters
I must protect her
I must provide for her
I must let her go.

Conversation
Gilbert Figueroa, Jr.

I ONCE STOOD WITH THE LORD AS WE WATCHED THE MOON PULL ON THE TIDES AND ASKED HIM WHY?, WHY GIVE ME ALL THIS PAIN AND NOT THE ABILITY TO CRY, WHY GIVE ALL THIS HURT AND NOT A WAY TO HIDE, WHY DOES IT FEEL LIKE IM DYING INSIDE, CHASING THE DARKNESS WHILE STILL FIGHTING THE LIGHT, TRYING TO SEE WHEN I CANT OPEN MY EYES BECAUSE OF THIS HEART THAT NO LONGER RESIDES IN THIS CHEST BARELY ABLE TO CATCH MY BREATH.

I LOOKED HIM IN THE EYE AS I TOLD HIM THIS, I ASKED HIM WHY DID YOU TAKE MY REASON TO EXIST?

I ONLY HAD ONE WISH AND THAT WAS TO MAKE HER PROUD.

NOW I MUST LOOK TO THE CLOUDS TO SEE IF I CAN SEE HER SMILE BUT THAT ONLY SEEMED TO HELP ME FOR AWHILE.

I GRABBED HIM AND ASKED HIM WHY HE DESTROYED THIS LIFE OF MINE IN A TIME WHEN IT SEEMED THAT I WAS ABOUT TO RISE AGAINST THE STRIFE THATS PLAGUES THESE TIMES.

I RELEASED HIM AND LOOKED AT THE MOON, MY MIND RACING WONDERING WHAT WILL I DO WITHOUT MY MOTHER TO COME HOME TO.

I GLANCED AT HIM AT AND FINALLY SAID HOW COULD YOU BE SO CRUEL?

HE LOOKED BACK AND SAID ' YOU FOOL DONT EVER QUESTION ME UNTIL MY PLAN IS REVEALED TO YOU .'

THEN I AWOKE.....

Bottles
Christian Abraham



The Undignified Dancer
Cassandra Amendola

Desiring every part, He waits
until I see his face to move
me.
Trembling hands lift up.
Music embraces tight.
The banners wave like mighty oceans mirroring
His light.
Inviting Him to come
the family raises longing eyes.

Our voices unified announce
His entrance, singing heaven's tongues.
Guitars and drums, the bass and keys
proclaim the King of Kings is here.
Enthroned between the cherubim
He rides.
His gilded robe inspires while sweeping dreams amongst the mild.

Of me, He jealously requires
beyond. My body, temple pure,
the sacrifice of everything
he formed in me. By now he holds
my hands, my lips, my mind. Still more?
With fingers soft as incense smoke
He wraps my calves and shoes my feet.

My bare toes clothed in the divine,
I dance like David driven by
His loving gaze and grace filled palms.
No longer mine, these legs are blind.
A hurricane of spins and leaps
my body never dared to try
consumes my soles to fingertips.

A ballerina spirit redeems
past shameful bar room moves. Now I
remove the scarves and coats that bind
and strip off pride and fret. Naked,
I am unworthy to receive
this dancing freedom while I give
this offering of soul renewed.

To stop this dance would surely insult
the One who makes me move enough
to tear me down like Uzzah, who
with his own hand irreverently
attempted saving Yahweh. For
it's He who saves me. Fearing His Name,
I cheer with a tornado's twist.

The eyes of others glare with tears
or fire. Michal scrunches her nose
at pirouettes I do alone.
I only let my hair down, cast
a smile through whipping locks and laugh, "I will be more undignified than
this!" then spin faster for Him.

The Path You Leave Behind
Tiffany Lindeborn



Metallic Dreams
Krysten Manke

The

Possibility of

Metallic Dreams

i wake, in a manner
of speaking. Really

The gears just shift

To the ON position.

Good morning, you. T o

Temp: c k

54 who

degrees, exactly. The am

scientists will be cold i?

but what is cold, anyway? Still, i turn

who the heat on in an empty

am laboratory. My ocular

i? implant sees a reflection

T i i wonder: what if they

c k installed a sense of self?

Deep within, a ghost in
the machine sparks stray

data and i imagine i have

a heart beating in my

chest. Instead i have

a mother board. i

don't know whether

a machine can reflect

but my thought

is this: they fear

not what i might learn to kill, but

rather what I might learn to love.

NOTES ON CONTRIBUTORS

Christian Abraham, of West Haven, CT, is a Media Studies major planning to graduate in 2012. He works as a staff photojournalist at the *Connecticut Post* in Bridgeport, CT.

Cassandra Amendola is from Ridgefield, CT and attends SHU for her Graduate Education. She anticipates graduating in Spring 2011, and graduated Magna Cum Laude from James Madison University. She wishes to be a Secondary English teacher.

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Ines Cenatiempo is a senior from Fairfield, CT. She is a Spanish major with a double minor in English and Political Science who is the President of the Italian Club and Associate News Editor for The Spectrum. After college, she plans on getting her Masters degree at American University in Washington D.C.

Joseph Anthony Colombo is from Mount Sinai, NY. He is majoring in History and minoring in Political Science, with an anticipated graduation date of 2011.

Jaclyn Costantino is from West Islip, NY. She is a Graphic Design major graduating in May 2010. She is the Vice President of the Sacred Heart Art Club, received an Honorable Mention for Advanced Graphic Design at the Sacred Heart University Student Art Exhibit, was the designer and illustrator for the cover of the SHU ZAGAT Restaurant Guide, and is a recipient of the SHU Provost Scholarship. Jaclyn plans on looking for a Graphic Design job in either Manhattan or the Connecticut area. After that, she would love to travel.

Michael Fazzino is a Business Administration and Political Science dual major with a minor in Psychology. He is a council member of the Thomas More Honors Program and a Harry S Truman Scholarship Foundation Finalist. He is scheduled to graduate in May 2010 and resides in Woodbury, CT.

Ted Fifield is a senior from North Babylon, NY. He is a Psychology major with a minor in English. After graduation Ted plans to backpack through Europe for a month before heading out west to attend the University of Denver for graduate school in the Fall.

Gilbert Figueroa Jr. grew up in Bridgeport, CT. An English major, graduating in 2013, plan to attend graduate school.

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Kasey A. Lorenzini, from Ridgefield, CT is an English major anticipating graduation in 2012. She plans on graduate school after college to become a Secondary Level English Teacher.

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Krysten Manke is from Shelton, CT. She is majoring in English with a writing concentration, and won the Maxwell Anderson Playwright Series Prize in 2005 and 2006. Krysten made Dean's list for both Marist and SHU, and won the Ralph Corrigan writing prize. She is a member of Sigma Tau Delta, and is Magna Cum Laude. Krysten has received the silver medal of excellence in English.

Jim Mason is from East Greenwich, RI. He is double majoring in Graphic Design and Criminal Justice, and will graduate in May 2010. He placed second in the Student Art Exhibit in both 2009 and 2010, and won the Community Service Award in 2008. After graduation, Jim will look for work in the graphic design field.

Anthony Mazza is from Hazlet, NJ. He is majoring in Political Science and will graduate in December 2010. He is a member of cross country and track, and plans on law school after college.

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Margaret Rusch, from Seaford, NY, majors in English. She expects to graduate in May 2010, and will attend graduate school at the CW Post for an MLS in Library Science.

Markie Schmidt is from Elkhorn, WI. She is a Visual Art & Design major graduating in May 2011. She is on the SHU women's basketball team, which went to the NCAA's last spring. After college, Markie plans to backpack

through Europe and then travel across the US, and hopes to eventually find a job in magazine design.

Connie Sue Simon is originally from Owensboro, KY. She is pursuing her BSN and MSN in Nursing, anticipating graduation in late 2012 or early 2013. The National High School Poetry Association accepted her poem for publication in the annual Anthology of High School Poetry in 1962, and she was awarded the George B. & Alice P. Longstreth Humanness Award in 2002 by her peers at Bridgeport Hospital. Connie wants to teach nursing education.

Maximilian Trunz is from Commack/Hauppauge, NY. He is a Business Administration and Finance major, and will graduate in May 2010 with plans to find a job immediately.

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MARIE LEILA DOUAIHI is a Senior English Major with a writing concentration and French minor from Manhattan, NY. At Sacred Heart University, she has been an active member in the Theatre Arts program formally known as *SHU Players*, as well as Vice President of English Club. She has also been involved in several mentoring, tutoring and volunteer activities. She is on the Dean's List, and is an active member of Sigma Tau Delta (English Honors Society), Phi Sigma Iota (International Foreign Language Honor Society) and Phi Eta Sigma (National Honor Society).

ALISON ROACH is a senior from Bridgeport, CT. She is an English major and a member of the university's fencing team. She worked at the Edgerton Center for Performing Arts for four years, including costume design for RENT. After college, she plans on traveling abroad.

MICHELE TYMANN is a Senior Media Studies Major with a Psychology minor, graduating in December 2010. She is from Greenlawn, NY. At Sacred Heart, she is the Assistant Photo Editor for The Spectrum. In the fall, she will be assistant news editor and assistant photo editor for The Spectrum.

ANABEL VOGLEY graduates in May 2010, and will be continuing on to the Seattle University School of Law in the fall. She was part of the University Choir for four years, and recently played a coat vendor in RENT.

END PAGE

The Creative and Performing Arts at

Sacred Heart University

Housed in the College of Arts & Sciences and rooted in liberal arts tradition, the creative and performing arts at Sacred Heart University strive to provide each student with an awareness of and an appreciation for the beauty and order of artistic endeavor. The creative and performing arts inculcates an aesthetic approach to the physical worlds of sight, sound, and space, emphasizing not only the achievement of creativity, but the very processes that foster those achievements. They afford students multiple opportunities to develop their imaginations, employ their unique creative activities, discover themselves as aesthetic beings, acquire knowledge about the world of art, and ultimately become makers of the beauty and order they have been taught, by their study of the creative performing arts.

Additionally, the creative and performing arts serve to enrich the university at large. By summoning from within all of us a response, to our spiritual and aesthetic needs, by fulfilling the desire for order felt by all, by allowing us to indulge our mysterious sense of the beautiful, by connecting us to the historic treasury of art, music, drama, literature, photography, and film, in short, by teaching and delighting, the creative and performing arts play an integral and critical role in helping us realize fully our essential humanity.

Dedicated to interdisciplinary and multifaceted nature of the creative and performing arts, **Horizons** is a student edited journal the showcases the talent of Sacred Heart University in writing, art, and photography. These works by students strive to awaken sensibilities, to challenge assumptions, and to extend and encourage lively debate.

As a student edited journal, student editors are needed in poetry, fiction, drama, art and photography. Independent study hours are possible. For information about becoming a student editor or submitting work to **Horizons**, please contact Dr. Sandra Young, faculty editor, English Department.

For more information about the creative and performing arts at Sacred Heart University, please contact Art and Design, English, Media Studies, and Music.

END COVER

Look to the Horizon
Kristina Bostley

