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# L E

Welcome to the 32nd issue of *Lewis University Journal*. • Let your senses be amazed and your mind be expanded by award winning musical composition, visual art, and literary pieces included for your edification. Enjoy the experience!

The online and print versions of this magazine were made possible by the support of Br. James Gaffney, President of Lewis University, and, most especially, the Dean of the College of Arts and Sciences, Dr. Bonnie Bondavalli. As editors, we are sure that all of the readers of this text are extremely grateful to President Gaffney and Dean Bondavalli for their continued support of *Lewis University Journal*.

Gratitude is also due to all of this year's administrators, Staff cover designer, and Judges mentioned on the Acknowledgment page, as well as contributors, past founders, and past editors of *Lewis University Journal*. These present and past visionaries have opened our minds, our internal windows of light and darkness, to the wealth of artistic expression that lies within the members of the Lewis community.

The task of judging the vast talent found in the entries to the *Lewis University Journal* Contest was one of great magnitude. Winners of the contest were chosen from two groups, students or faculty/staff/alumni, in the genres of musical composition: composition score; visual art: computer graphics, drawing and illustration, painting, and photography; and writing: essay (fiction and creative non-fiction), poetry, and research report. A special category entitled "Food for Thought" was added to the issue to spark creative ideas in the minds of the contributors and is based upon the Arts and Ideas Series created by Dr. Ewa Bacon from the History Department.

The winning entries that appear in this volume are of superior quality. This year's rules specify that an individual can win only once in a category. If a category skips one of the levels of prizes, this is due to the quality of the submissions received.

Prizes are awarded based on the following scale:

- superior insight, imagination, technique, and knowledge of the genre
- outstanding insight, imagination, technique, and knowledge of the genre
- high quality insight, imagination, technique, and knowledge of the genre
- publishable quality insight, imagination, technique, and knowledge of the genre

Judging for the contest was a time-consuming, difficult task, but one well worth every effort. The contributors to this volume should be very proud of their accomplishment in their genre, and the entire Lewis University community is greatly enhanced by the talents of those graced in this publication.

Sincerely,

**& DWKHULQH + DQFRFN**

Academic Building

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> r. Simone Muench, Associate Professor of English



salt. The salt was there first.

And “white chocolate.” You would not for a minute think to associate this flavor with that of ebony chocolate if it weren’t for the name. It tastes like glue, like confectioner’s sugar, like vanilla Coke. It tastes no more like chocolate than does ginger ale or postage stamp adhesive, but we call it “white chocolate,” and, so, we conclude that it tastes of chocolate.

I guess everything’s like that, in the end. Cherry Coke. Cherries, heaven knows, are wondering what that’s all about . . . tastes as much of cherry as does white chocolate. Maybe less. If they called it cherry chocolate and made it red, you’d believe them. They could call it celery turpentine, peppermint dilemma, rhinoceros astrologist . . . yeah, that’s what it tastes like.

Everything is apple juice, pear juice, sugar. That’s how they make every even partly artificial fruit drink. Apple, pear, sugar. They could call it bourbon you and your tongue would buy it. Fruit punch is apple juice concentrate, pear juice, and sugar.

By now, I imagine, you’ll have bitten down on that wedge of orange. Like scratching an itch, you can only resist so long on top of which, you didn’t put it in your face for the pulpy paste of that clear skin. You put it in your face for what’s inside: for the

When he shows himself like, really others do that thing which the vernacular describes as being “weirded out.” There is no segue, no sunrise, no moment of suggestion.

With the skin unbroken, that piece of orange that clementine wedge tastes like • . Its just bitter and waiting. And even if you nick it, just prick that tasteless, gossamer glaze, the flavor is there all at once. There is no segue, no sunrise . . . it is just and how . Tart and wonderful and all over the tip of your tongue, with names you know but can’t recall and salt.

He does not know how to overcome this problem. You chose the orange, peeled it apart you chose the clementine. You didn’t choose him . . . and he has two choices.

He can stay forever in that skin, so that even if you meet him, peel away his rind, put him in your face, you still don’t know the first bit of what he tastes like.

Or he can be a bit too much, a bit unnerving, arming, a little too intense. A little too weird.

When you peel the orange, if you look quite closely, as you break away the rind, there’s this little, dancing mist of orange scent that pops up. It’s like the effervescent bubbles that pop about pretty much invisibly above the foam of soda as it dies down, during the time when you’re thinking, as it starts to fizz over the lip of your glass, •

• •

It’s easy to think he’s like you. And, in every sense that makes it easy, he is. Worse he’s actually convinced that in every deeper sense, we’re not that different. He’s pretty sure if he bit into you and could make you show everything you hide equally unrestricted, equally naked, beneath the skin . . . he’s pretty sure he’d find the flavor there, too.

Sometimes, though . . . sometimes not. He loses faith. He’s tired and he’s too young to be tired of weirding people out, of watching, knowing full well what comes next, as they bite through the skin and all that harsh, magnificent, wonderful acid pours out. Even a single drop . . . you know how good that is. One drop, just to the right of center, on the top of the tip of your tongue . . . bacon, raspberries, honey-baked something, lips. It’s a little much at first, but , is it good

Back up a step. Back up. Go on shoe. You should still have seven wedges left.

Take one. > on’t break the damn skin Hold it in your fingers. Firm, tender. Like . . . people.

P



is unbroken.  
H

You picked your bags up, and ranted about hard  
 boiled eggs, the strife in peeling them  
 like skinning apples with plastic knives, how  
 those • • danced in the pot, how they dropped  
 and rose in rolling waters, the stench of sulfur.  
 The stars faded with the red haze of day.

• - - • I fumed as I rummaged  
 through the hutch for a white platter or plate.  
 One sulfurous egg crunched under a tea cup,  
 calcified covering from some aviary's womb.  
 You laughed, and I ate the egg in spite of you.

by  
 > eirdre McCormick

Later, you slept and did not dream,  
 I did not swathe you within my chest, and  
 you did not see me lustrous and honeyed.  
 I sat up all night eating your eggs, isolated in  
 a sterile white kitchen. Outside, fallow dusted fields,  
 boys prodding at tadpoles in a puddle. Screaming,  
 of a phantom coo – toes, cheeks, little fairy teeth.  
 I saw a hairline fracture, crushed it on the counter.  
 This one was not hard boiled – I watched the yellow run.

by  
 Ryan Arciero

In a garden, one warm midsummer's eve,  
 As the greens readied for night's cool reprieve,  
 And the freest light suffused the air  
 All was calm and bright on that evening fair.

But then a small voice, and the silence broke –  
 The quiet cleared as an Apple bespoke.  
 "For quite some time, a question I've in mind  
 That's been eating at me to ask in kind."

The Peaches rustled, the Plums gave a shake,  
 And Pears bustled as each fruit yawned awake.  
 "What – Orange bristled, "For the time is past  
 When we should be asleep – so make this fast."

"Very well," the Apple crisply replied,  
 "While we all claim to be the best supplied  
 Which of us fruit did Eve pluck from the tree –  
 I, of course, think it was most likely • ."

"Please," scoffed Banana, "Not quite, dear fellow,  
 Whose skin had gone from ripe green to yellow.  
 "I can say most surely (as is my right),  
 'Twas a banana tempted Eve to bite."

"You – shrieked the Melon. "Truly you must – est  
 It was I the serpent used – no contest –  
 "Never – The fruit to make woman merry  
 Would best be us, see, a wise Blueberry –"

Then the Mango argued it was the one  
 To make Eve sin in Eden under the sun.  
 Papaya pushed it, to prove Mango wrong  
 That to • rind the title should belong.

A few moments later, a brawl broke out  
 As the Cherries gave the Berries a clout –  
 The little Figs had a serious fight –  
 And even punched in Pomegranate's pit.

The Passion Fruit used all of their power  
 To make Apricot cry and Grape turn sour,  
 Coconut was kicked right there in the gut  
 Prune became prune twice after a bad cut.

The battle went on for most of the night  
 And might have lasted till dawn's early light  
 Had not the Gardener entered their presence  
 Walking, lamb-like, through the silver-pearl fence.

"Here, dear fruit," said the Gardener gently  
 Staring at each of their wounds intently.  
 "Why are you all up at this dark hour  
 Instead of resting beneath a star shower?"

"We want to know which fruit is greater than  
 the others and led to the fall of man."  
 The Gardener frowned and his mouth grew stern,  
 As the lines of his face etched in concern.

"That sad deed is not one to fight about,  
 Nor any cause to strike or scream or shout.  
 It is something for which there is no fame."  
 The fruit glanced away, their heads hung in shame.

"Just as mankind was punished for its act,  
 So too might be why - stay not intact.  
 Perhaps that explains your peels' aged brown spots,  
 As other fruit laugh and connect the dots.

You, whose cores think they are the better half  
 What truth lies behind your thin, thoughtless chaff  
 If you were the fruit that Eve held aloft,  
 Maybe that is why you rot and grow soft."

And as the fruit sniffed as things defiled,  
 The Gardener knelt down and he smiled.  
 "Come now, it is over - just look above,  
 Those stars shine for you - they shine with my love.

Banana, I made the shape of my thumb  
 Packed full of fiber and potassium  
 Apple, I formed you with colorful dye  
 You'll always be the apple of my eye.

Cantaloupe, you were crafted with close care,  
 And Strawberry with seeds for all to share.  
 Kiwi, I gave you a taste very keen,  
 Vitamin C I left with sweet Tangerine."

The Gardener drew his dear fruit to him,  
 "I created all in purpose, not whim,  
 So sleep now, knowing from sprout to nurture,  
 Great pasts aren't needed for a great future."

The fruit rushed happily, waving goodbye,  
 Departing for tree boughs, bruised stems held high,  
 And so peace once more reigned in the garden  
 As Son thanked Father for gift of pardon.

This (the story goes) is the reason why  
 Neither Apple nor Orange tries to vie  
 For the title that led to Eve's pursuit  
 And is forever known just as, "The Fruit."

Remember this tale as your food for thought:

# F, S A P

by  
> r. George Miller

## I

I made all of Anna's lunches,  
K-12,  
on the same white countertop  
an island in the middle  
of a cosmetic and  
convoluted kitchen.  
In the beginning it was chips, peanut  
butter and "elly,  
and Starburst.  
By the end, it was protein bars, carrots,  
and grapes.  
Throughout it was the same formica  
countertop  
my wife religiously reminded me  
was not granite, marble, quartz, or in not any sense  
a gilded monument.

I navigated around the  
rectangular counter  
to baptize and lacerate lettuce,  
peel and parcel out  
potatoes, coronate carrots, whip  
eggs, watch  
colanders leak like  
oil rigs, mis-measure  
cooking  
oil, and seal-coal Brownberry  
Bread with smooth peanut  
butter and lumpy "elly.

## II

I had been repeatedly warned that after Anna  
graduated the monument would be razed:

As I dismantled it  
I remembered  
a salmonella breakout  
at America's favorite sub shop  
and toweling down the counter  
four times a day  
with an eco-friendly solution of  
white vinegar, rubbing alcohol,  
and dish detergent  
my arm moving along  
the gritty white surface  
like a solitary windshield wiper.

And we still got sick to our stomachs for a week.

## III

Open space  
now the dictum of the day  
the island  
and its ersatz crown  
in my wife's estimate  
could not remain  
and  
"After all, it's 'ust us now  
Anyway.¢

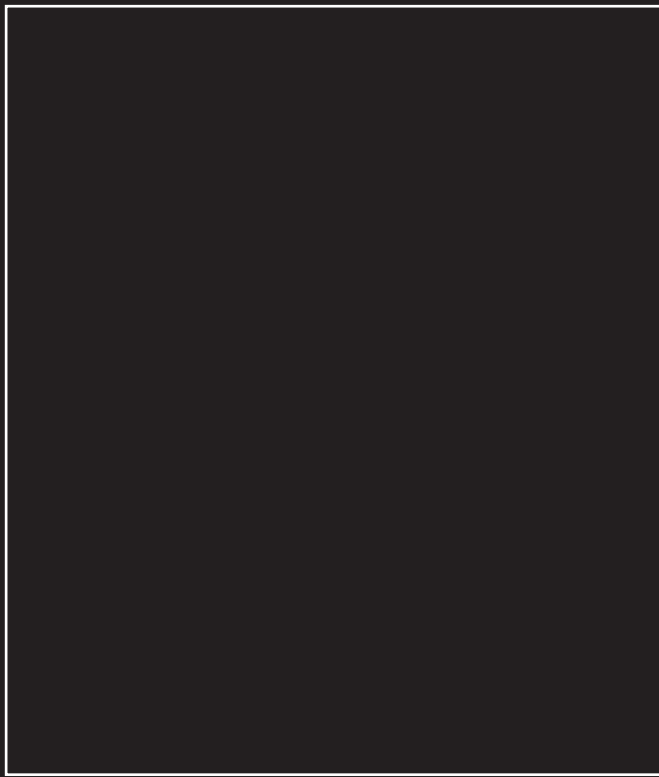
I still stop by the spot  
where the island used to be  
my hands at counter level  
where I made my daughter's  
peanut butter and jelly sandwiches  
I lean forward and almost fall.

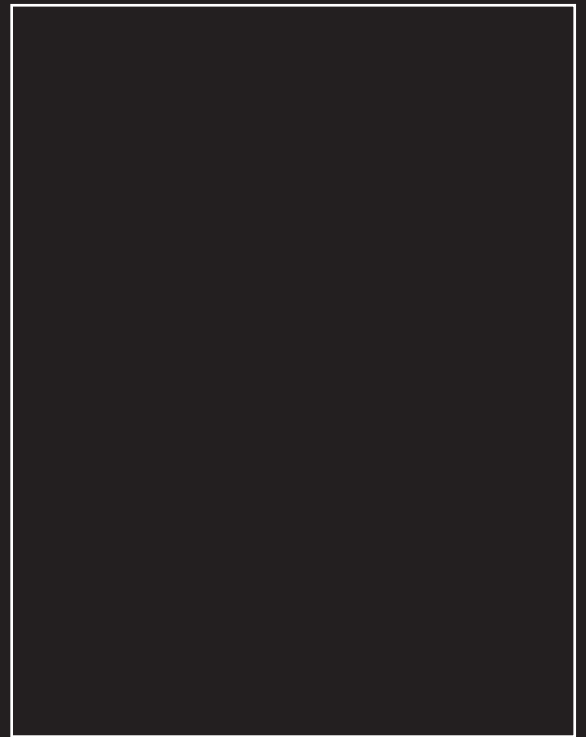
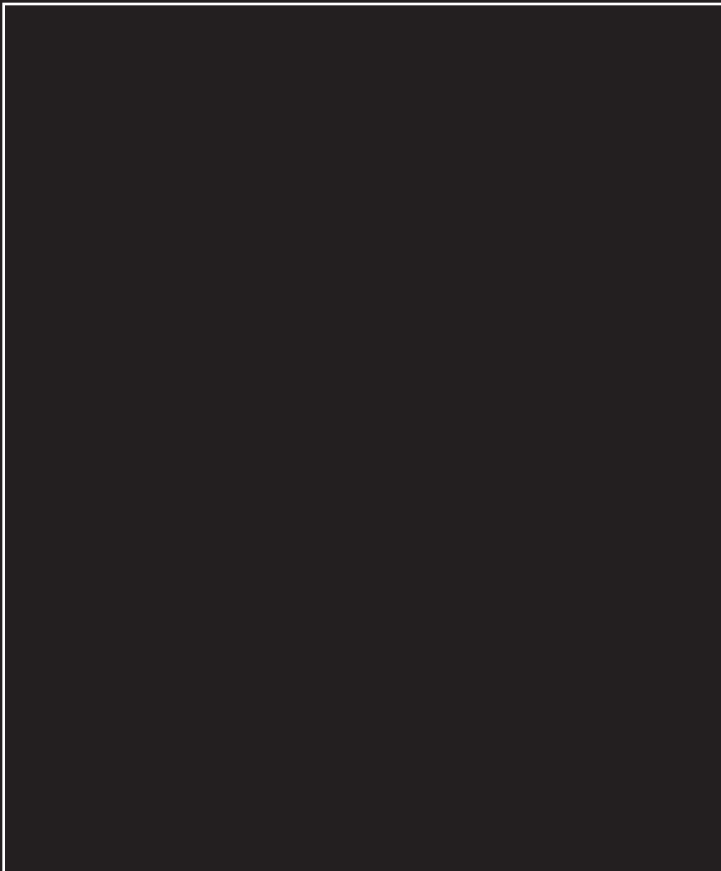
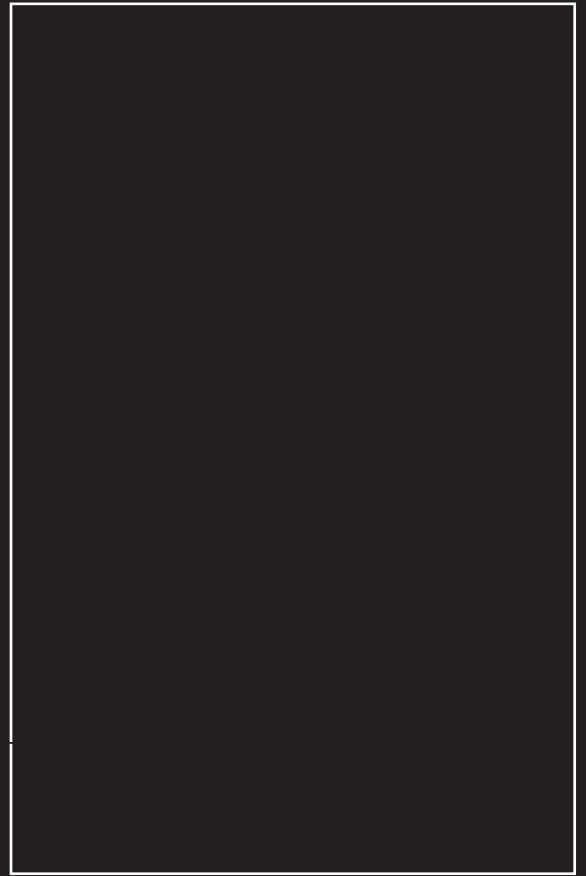
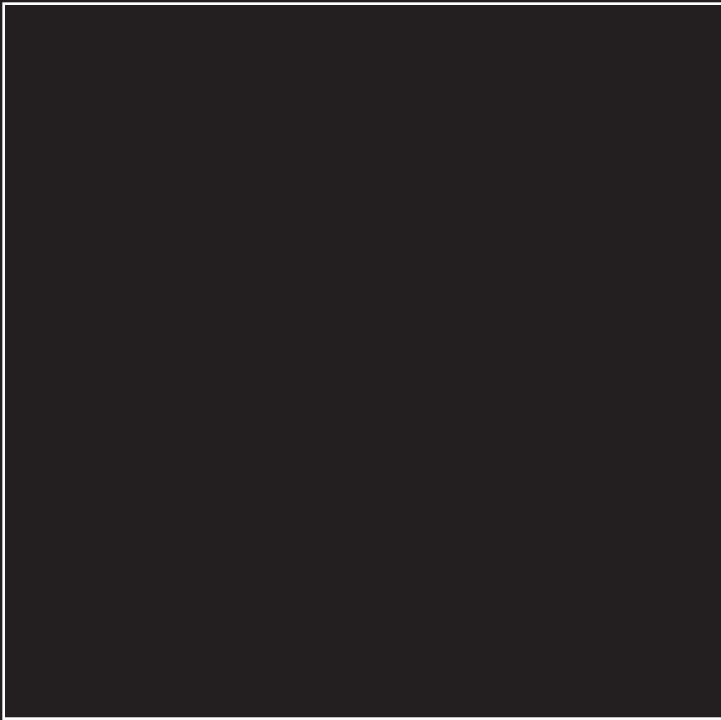
That is where I learned  
to mix oil and water  
where I burned my fingertips rescuing  
waffles from the toaster  
the aircraft carrier from which  
Thanksgiving, Christmas, and Easter dinners  
took off before landing at their  
final destination.

I prepared many meals there  
for family  
for neighbors  
for one or two local celebrities  
but mostly I made school lunches  
for my daughter.

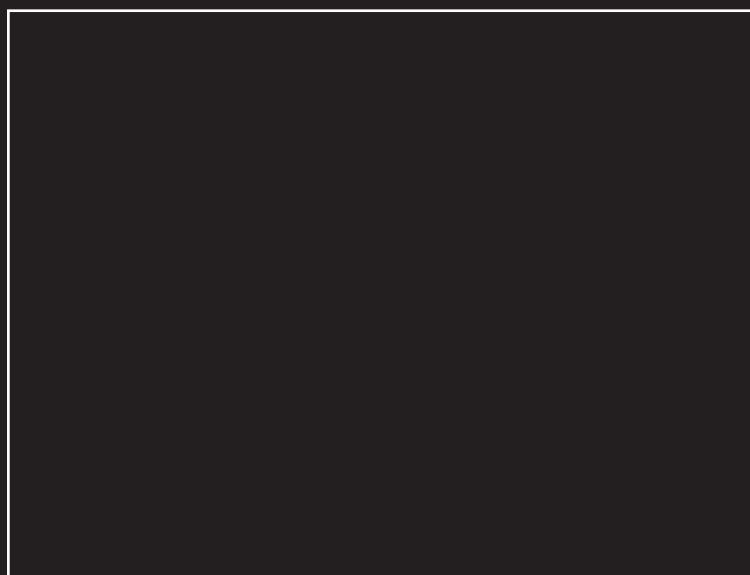
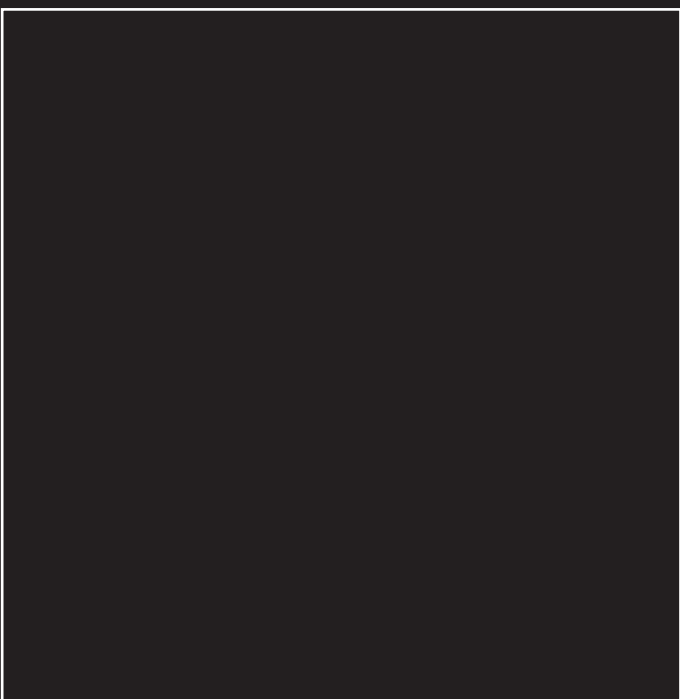
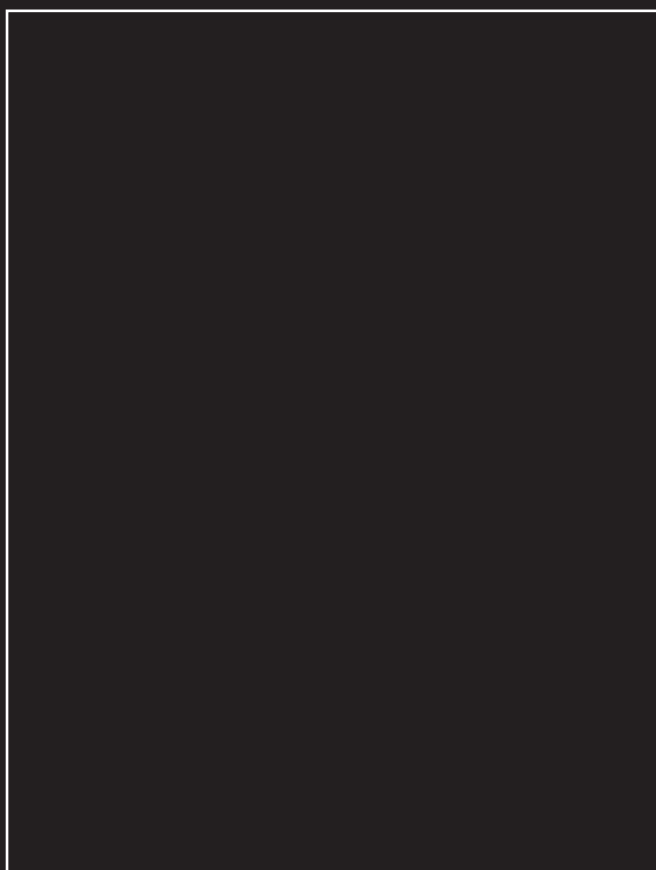
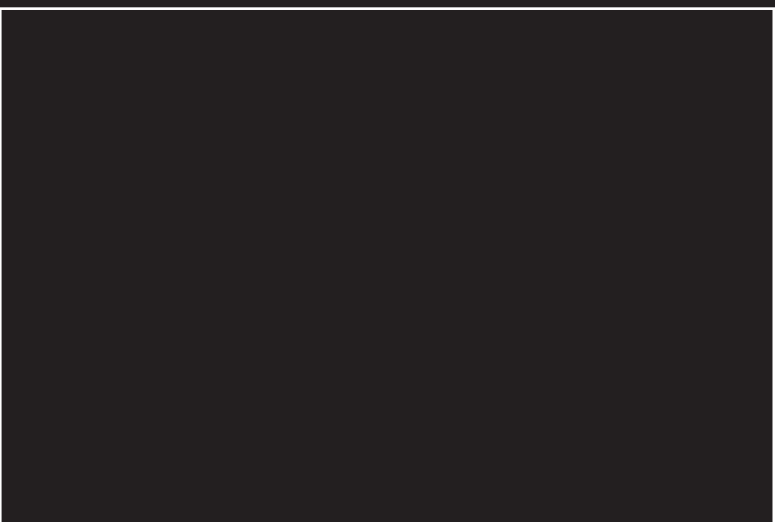
I  
I don't make her lunches anymore  
but at least once a day

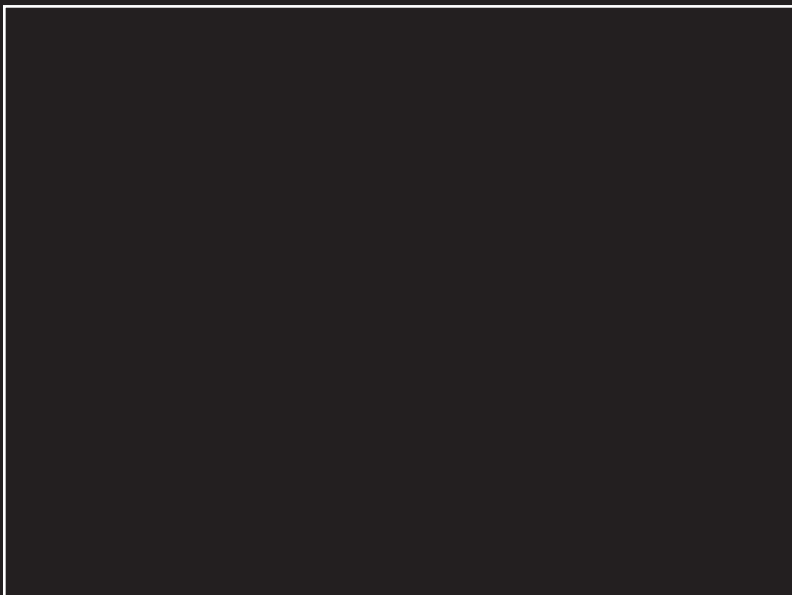












hospital, the doctors telling him that the accident seemed strange because the wounds his wife received indicated that she had not been wearing her seat belt but at the site of the accident the seat belt was fastened as if someone had fastened it after the crash. They told him the cause of death was the extreme deceleration which caused her to go straight through the windshield.

About two weeks after the funeral he got home and his mind was everywhere . . . His phone began to ring. At first he thought it was just his imagination but as the ringing got louder and louder he answered it. On the other line it was the impound lot the owner of the lot apologized for the sudden call but said that the car would be totaled if it wasn't picked up by morning. "No, I'll pick it up," he yelled, surprising even himself with his own reaction. Even though this car had caused him so much pain for some reason he was drawn to it. "I'll be there in the morning," he said. That entire night he couldn't sleep and woke up to his own screams every so often. The images of the crash were spinning around his head like a merry go round. He panicked . . . The images of his beloved were replaced by the car's glowing eyes. It's almost as if the car wanted to kill him of too. In the morning he raced to pick up the car, the entire



“Well the good news, Mrs. Mantos, is that the life pod will allow him to see his one-hundred-fifty-sixth birthday. The life pod will buy us enough time to find him his heart. He can live another twenty, or twenty five years. Please be patient, Mrs. Mantos. It’s the only thing that’s kept him alive for the past six years.”

“If you can call it that,” Carrie Mantos said as she stepped into the doctor’s office. She herself was advanced in age and didn’t look very different than her grandmother. “Are we not done using grandfather’s employees as organ farms?”

“Shut your mouth and be grateful. You may also have to go through these unfortunate procedures one day,” her grandmother scolded.

“More than likely not, grandmother. I plan to go the same way as father.”

“You mean dying from a painful battle with lung cancer?” Her grandmother retorted.

“I mean not using our companies as harvest fields and our employees as crops. Father never did that, and neither will I.”

“Oh my darling, how naïve you are. Tell me again in twenty years when your first organ starts to fail, like it did for your grandfather.”

“Hopefully, nature will have done its job and both of us will be dead.”

Mrs. Mantos didn’t respond. She just looked back with anger and minute hatred, cold enough to silence everyone in the room. The two shared a similar look towards each other before Mrs. Mantos spoke again. “Come on everybody, let’s go see Henry. Let’s see how he’s feeling after the surgery.”

The group made its way down the empty hallway towards the lab where Henry James Mantos was held confined by his will to live. They passed through the security checkpoints and made their way into the decontamination chamber. Ricky assisted Mrs. Mantos with her bio-suit, before he put on his own. He was the last to do so. It was only a few seconds after he sealed his suit that the room went red and the decontamination spray filled the room, killing off any germs they brought in with them. When the spray finally ceased and the lights returned to their normal white glow, they were allowed to continue on to the next room where Mantos was held.

Even though she had been there dozens of times, it still inspired awe in Carrie. So much machinery filled up this giant room, all with the sole purpose of keeping her grandfather alive. A spire reached from beneath the floor to almost the top of the ceiling showing from it like vines were tubes and wires, all connecting to other machines that did millions of other assignments for Mantos. They fed him, cleaned him, collected his waste allowed him to

body. He barely looked capable of survival outside the pod even with all new organs. This was the man set to live over four hundred years. He didn't look like much, but his body was not where his power came from. It was his mind, which still was very much alive and strong.

"So, this is where the world does its business," Carrie quipped, "to a man in a glorified glass jar."

"Yes," came a voice from the spire. It was Mantos's voice. His face was completely masked so he could breathe inside the pod, but he was still able to communicate through microphones in the mask. It made his voice deeper, but it was still clearly he. "This is where businesses are made, where economies are ruined where men can either grow into successes or crumble to nothingness. This, Carrie, is where everything happens."

"Hello grandfather," Carrie said contemptuously, "looking better than ever, I see."

"Pay no mind to her Henry," her grandmother butted in before he could respond, "how are you feeling after the operation?"

"Feeling? How am I feeling?" he questioned back. "You know I no longer feel anything, Elizabeth. At least not while I sit in this tube. When will I be able to leave?"

"Mr. Mantos, even though the transplants for your new organs were successful we weren't able to find you a new heart, still."

"Surely, there must be an employee we can take one from," he petitioned.

"Actually grandfather, that's what I came here to talk to you about," Carrie interjected. "A couple days ago, every major legislator and organization pretty much deemed your practice of harvesting your employees' organs as not only illegal, but a crime against humanity. Everyone from the WHO to the UN to the Red Cross says it's organ trafficking. It's done. Our family's abuse of the system will finally come to an end. We will no longer be monsters waiting in the dark to capitalize on the deaths of others so that we may feast on their remains." Mantos's face was completely hidden, but it was obvious that anger now coursed through him. His limbs began to twitch as the machines scanning his blood pressure began to beep like a pinball machine. Carrie took all the pleasure in the world watching him unfold. "Would you forget to pay someone off, or piss someone off while you were in surgery? Because it was very easy to convince them to pass the resolutions they needed. Much easier than I thought it would be. Your search for a new heart will be a little more difficult, grandfather. Fortunately you can buy the time you need and remain immortal in your machines. Remain the bionic god you made yourself to be. Trapped amongst your technology." Carrie left them all standing there. The facility alarms blared as Carrie's suit began to peel away from her body and crumple on the floor, as she infected heaven.

"Congratulations! That's amazing!" the girl behind the counter said, clapping her hands. The entire shop, all ten or so people, erupted in applause. Alex grabbed her things and with a few hugs from the strangers she would not have even smiled at before her phone call, she ran out the door.

"That's so lucky," a woman said to her husband "jealously." "I've seen three people get promoted this week. It seems so random the way they choose people for promotion at the Clearing House."

"Our chance will come dear," her husband replied with a sense of underlying melancholy, keeping his gaze focused on the newspaper in front of him.

Every city had a Clearing House within a twenty minute commute. All the Clearing Houses looked exactly the same. Same architecture, same landscaping, and if you looked closely enough, most of the cars in the lot looked exactly the same too. The Clearing House was a big white rectangular building, with lots of windows and a large parking lot.





The way he argued with me for hours about walking me back across the college campus to my room, and humored my argumentative drunk persona which insisted that I was a big girl and could take care of myself, only made it that much more difficult to accept that he was of limits. I had lost that argument; it would be the first of many that I would lose to him in the year and a half between then and now. To this day I can't remember what it was we talked about on our walk across campus, or what was said as we sat on the cold bench outside my building for another hour, but I do know it was only the knowledge that he was in a relationship that kept me from kissing him that night. It was the first in a long list of things I wish I could go back and change.

I suppose that night was my first mistake with him, but regardless of what I had done, I had craved his touch every minute of every day that followed. I couldn't explain in words why he held such power over me; all I knew was that he was perfect. There was little more to it than that; he was simply everything I had ever wanted. And that want had fueled my constant desire to feel his touch; his presence in a room could quash this desire for a short time, but I was forever being drawn to him; it was almost as though he was the only thing that kept oxygen flowing to my brain. He was all that really mattered to me. His deep brown eyes that I could melt away in, the way that his smile sent my thoughts racing, and his irresistible deep tan could distract me for hours. However, it wasn't just the way he looked that sent the pain of longing through my heart; it was his very presence: all his failures and triumphs, every little quirk that made him who he was and everything we had been through; just made my feelings grow. His teasing and biting every time we lay on his bed watching movies would have been enough in itself to make me fall for him, but it became just another of a million reasons why I could never get over him.

I had stopped on one of the landings to compose myself as I thought it all over. I could feel the air get denser as I stopped myself from breaking down, each breath more painful than the last as I choked back the tears and told myself I could be strong. Whether that was true or not, I never really knew. When it came to him, the building could be burning to the ground, but it wouldn't matter as long as we were together. If only he could have seen me the same way that I saw him, maybe I wouldn't have gone through such misery and agony. Maybe if he would have seen what I saw I wouldn't have spent so many nights going for walks with tears rolling down my face, gasping for breath in the wind. I know for sure I wouldn't have been climbing those stairs that night, not with the shooting pain pulsating through my body; my stomach trying to escape out of my mouth. And yet this pain was the only thing that kept me moving, kept me breathing and living even though it had been slowly killing me, eating away at my shrinking soul. And now it was almost gone; it had been replaced by a void, a darkened hollow abyss that only his touch and acceptance could fill.

I knew he was it for me because none of the other guys I had been with while he was dating that fend had filled the void in my life; they simply made my heart break faster. I can still feel all of their hands; the way random guys drunkenly groped me every time I went out. Looking back, it repulses me. The way I slept with other guys to distract myself from the fact that he was with her, that devil of a woman, sent chills through my whole being. Hands would guide and caress my body, drunkenly coaxing me into bed, and I would encourage it. It'd tease and flirt as much as I



by  
Lois Mintah

The kids were at school, and she had to pick them up in an hour and a half, and her husband was leaving her. The T in his voice was never there, but was there now. It was bad. Euki had let it get that way, resented him and stopped loving him. He had finally had enough.

“Here, Euki. You want it so bad. Take it.”

She looked up at the carved wooden chest in his hands, covered with dirt. A many-legged thing crawled across







By  
Matthew Gutton

Chicago: the corner of Michigan Avenue and Adams Street. It is a cold Sunday afternoon and the sky is overcast as snowflurries fall. The streets are busy, and people walk quickly through the harsh wind. A man sits on the steps of Orchestra hall. His clothes are dirty, his beard is scruffy, his hands shake but not from the cold—rather, they seem to shake as if he were nervous or anxious. This man is not an uncommon sight for the people of the city. I'm walking home from work, another long day, more than ten hours on my feet working security in the freezing cold. I'm cold, I'm tired, I'm hungry, and I just want to get home and relax. As I pass the man on the steps, he calls out to me, "Do you wanna hear the truth?" For some reason, I stop—despite everyone else around I know he's talking to me. Now it's not uncommon for strangers on the street to call out to you asking for money or food but most of us from the city continue on our way without hesitation or occasionally we'll hand them the change in our pocket or the dollar left over from some random purchase. These are everyday occurrences and have never been anything more, but for some reason when this particular man calls out to me, I stop. Nobody else stopped—no one else around even seemed to notice him. I turn towards him and ask, "the truth about what?" He looks up at me, and I see tears in his eyes. He says, "I'm not afraid to die." I stare back at him in confusion, disbelief—my mind screams, asking, why are you still standing here? Run you idiot, run away from the crazy man. Instead of running, I just stand there. I open my mouth to speak, but no words come out and still I stand there as if my legs are frozen to the sidewalk. He looks out across Michigan Avenue, towards the Art Institute, towards the lake. He begins to speak, but not directly to me—rather, it

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anarchy and chaos without stability, despair. Locking me away will not help me. That theory is blind faith, a Band-Aid on a gunshot wound. In Jails, a man becomes a dog. In America, dogs get put down. Being Catholic meant going to Church every Sunday, reading the Bible, and saying a few prayers. People should never fear their government, but the government should fear its people. You are set in place to serve the people. But you're a racist. You believe that we should not do anything to help other people of other races and cultures. You're a racist. You believe that we should not educate or help races because in the end it will not bring them any benefit. You're a racist. Your solution is to let the races fight each other and whoever succeeds will be the better one. We will benefit from the destruction of the inferior. You're a racist. I don't care how poor, or dumb, or whatever other reasons you want to give, the very fact you are human gives you certain rights.

You and I have killed God. Why is God not here? Because we have gotten rid of God we have killed him. God is dead. One nation, under God, indivisible, with liberty and justice for all. Freedom for all peoples, of all races and cultures, of all ages, sizes, and shapes. Scared, confused, and yet still hopeful. Hope is such a funny thing. I used to have hope. You took that from me. From the beginning I knew, but I kept going. I guess it's my own fault. But I feel I need to tell you that I don't need you. In fact I don't think I ever needed you. If I told you I needed you it was only for my own amusement. And another thing: I never loved you.

If you were smart you should have killed me when you had the chance. It would have been better for you, it would have been better for me. I told you to do one thing for me - just one thing and you couldn't do it. Why wouldn't you do it? Haven't I done enough for you? I've known this is what you wanted from the start. So now I'm going to die, but I'm not afraid to die. No, I am not afraid to join my brothers who did what I asked of them. I stood up for what was right and for that I am going to die. Isn't that just fucking justice?

A few seconds pass without him saying anything, but it felt like years passing. People continue to pass by us and not even notice us. I remember feeling a chill down my spine and I finally felt the courage to speak. "What's your name?" I ask. For the first time since he began his rant he looks at me, making eye contact, and says "Chris Daniels. . . Chris Daniels. He turns and looks back out towards the lake and as if broken from some magic spell my legs feel free and anxious to move. So I turn and walk away. I keep my face to the sidewalk the rest of the way home. The man's speech kept running through my head. What did he mean? What was he saying? And why in the world did it mean something to me? Wasn't this just the rant of a lunatic?

I get home to my apartment and sit down at my kitchen table. I pour myself a drink, and then another, and another. I wake up to the sound of a knock at my door. I look at my watch - it's 8 a.m. My two older siblings with whom I share the apartment are surely asleep and so I get up and, still in my uniform from the day before, I go to the door. I open the door and there is a stack of mail on the ground, but nobody in sight. Thinking nothing of why someone was bringing our mail to our door instead of our mailboxes I pick up the mail and place it on the kitchen table. I then go to the living room couch and fall back asleep.

It's the middle of the afternoon before I wake up again and I go to the kitchen table and pour myself a bowl of cereal. My brother is sitting at the table reading the newspaper. "What time did you go buy a newspaper?" he asks. "I didn't buy a newspaper," I reply. "Oh," he says, "the paper was with the mail so I assumed you bought it and brought the mail up with you." "I didn't even pick up the mail," I said, "someone brought it to our door." My brother stares over at the stack of mail and says, "well, that's weird." A few silent moments pass as I eat my cereal. "Anything good in the paper today?" I ask. My brother skims through the paper and replies, "Nawh, same old shit. The country's broke, everyone's outta work, another soldier killed in Iraq yesterday. It says he was from Chicago." My brother hands me the paper. In the center of the page is a picture of a marine. I read the caption above the picture and it reads, "Another Soldier killed in Iraq, Chicago Native Sgt. Christopher Daniels."



# S P

by  
> eirdre McCormick

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the magickmaker<sup>~</sup> mysticlinguistics & runic scenes meister  
i morph  
molecules: splicing mammal skin & enamel<sup>~</sup>  
mark how they harden.  
i am  
avantgarde<sup>~</sup> working with persimmon violins  
i play with the crystallized skins  
i see  
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violence against women is legally acceptable and crimes against women frequently go unreported. In countries where women cannot go out unless escorted by men, cannot attain an education, and cannot have a job or property, reporting a crime against them by their husband or father usually means losing all means of financial support and violating laws. Furthermore, men in such situations also view their daughters and wives as their property, and they use sexual violence as a means of "securing and maintaining the relations of male dominance and female subordination" (Faqir 67). Thus, killing a female family member when they do something that could cause shame to the family is acceptable and even sensible.

Because the idea of honor killings is entwined into modern society through the continued influence of tradition, honor killings as a topic can be evaluated within the scope of functionalist theory. Functionalism attempts to explain the reasons behind prejudice and discrimination that takes place in a society (Schaefer 15). Functionalism strives to explain not only why certain people have discriminatory behavior, but also why it is maintained throughout a society. Functionalist theory itself explains that a society utilizes a cultural device, often one of discrimination, in order to maintain the stability of that society (Grislane 1). Societies that fall into functionalism often reflect change, especially change that would give power to groups that are victims of discrimination. Functionalist theory holds that a society seeks to maintain its stability. For many countries, this stability includes the practices that cultural history, tradition, and religion have infused into everyday living. The degradation of women and the view of women as men's property



by  
Alex · eeneman

In 2000, the Canadian comedian and television personality Rick Mercer embarked on a tour of America, taking him from Boston, Massachusetts to the campus of the University of California at Berkeley. Mercer wanted to see what Americans knew about Canada. What came of this odyssey was "Talking to Americans," part of the CBC television

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The non-profit cable network C-SPAN has aired Canadian politics programs, and, through a distribution deal with Public Radio International, some public radio affiliates (including Chicago's National Public Radio affiliate WBEZ)

Their decision can have serious ramifications on the violator's life, as well as society as a whole. It can be argued that all of the power that a police officer has does not rest with their ability to punish those who break the law, but rather their ability to choose to punish those who break the law. Discretion is an important aspect of a police officer's job because it leads to a more efficient legal system, reduces the alienation of those who ordinarily do not break the law, and allows them to handle each individual's situation in an appropriate manner.

It is important to first note that while police officers have discretion in some less serious offenses, they do not have full discretion in more serious crimes. In a recent worldwide crime statistics study, the United States ranked the highest for total crimes reported in one year with twelve million. This total is almost double that of the second ranked country, the United Kingdom, and accounts for nearly twenty percent of the total amount of crimes committed worldwide ("Total Crimes Statistics"). On average, there are roughly thirty-three thousand crimes reported on a daily basis in the United States, and with a limited number of law enforcement officers available, focus on certain crimes needs to be prioritized. According to the Bureau of Labor statistics, "for every 1,000 persons there are 2.3 police officers" ("Police and Detectives"). With the amount of crimes reported on a daily basis high, police resources need to be directed to the more serious offenses that will have a deleterious effect on society. When a police officer's attention is drawn to punishing those who jaywalk, they neglect more serious offenses. In order for police to be able to focus on all crimes and punish all individuals who commit such crimes, there needs to be a massive hiring spree for law enforcement officers. The high costs involved in hiring an excessive amount of police officers would simply hinder our society rather than better it.

As previously stated, police officers have discretion over lesser offenses, while having no discretion in the more serious violations. Many of the crimes police handle are more serious offenses, as lesser crimes are generally not even reported. As a consequence, there are many violators making their way through the justice system on a daily basis, such that there is overcrowding in jails and prisons, as well as a backed up court system of cases awaiting trial. "One in thirty-nine U.S. adults is either serving time in a correctional facility, on parole, or on probation. Holding all of these people does not come without cost, as the U.S. spends nearly thirty thousand dollars each year on a prisoner in a correctional facility. Even those on probation and parole cost the U.S. an average of two thousand dollars each year" (Lambert). Should the police lose their discretion, even more people would be making their way through the justice system. In order to alleviate the pressure of an already overcrowded correctional system, more jails and prisons would need to be built. Also, staff and security to maintain these facilities would need to be hired. But law







by  
Jasmine Pacheco

According to the *Encyclopedia of the History of Ideas*, during the 1800s identity was understood as the condition of being the same and having a unique impression on others. It was a repeated sameness with no variety: “the sameness of a person or thing at all times or in all circumstances^ the condition of being a single individual^ the fact that a person or thing is itself and not something else” (15). This sameness and set of characteristics, it was believed, would distinguish one individual from another. From a different perspective, around 1860, identity was also associated with location and was used to represent a well-known individual in a specific area. Since this time in history, the definition and meaning of identity has diversified and expanded and has become problematic in that it is used by scholars to represent different understandings of identity which are not always clearly explained.

In Maryanne Cline Horowitz’s description of identity in the *Encyclopedia of the History of Ideas*, she explains that during the seventeenth century, medieval philosophy sought to find “what it is” (15). (15)-15(5)2(6)3( 487.95 f3340523

for example, “invested identity with great intellectual significance and moral seriousness, which was one reason why identity caught on so quickly since people at this time were concerned with the deep, universal concern of understanding identity (911). When identity was not used in this way, it was usually used to refer to personality or individuality and was used more informally. In Oscar Handlin’s *^ ž*, he uses identity to describe the characteristics of a physical environment. Interestingly, identity is nearly absent from the text and is replaced with similar terms like “uprootedness, alienation, and loneliness” (912). It was during the 1950s that the concept of identity became widespread.

In the 1960s and 1970s, identity was used to describe identity struggles certain religions or races were encountering. Gleason argues that although it became popular quite rapidly, identity was being used so often that it

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writing in their native languages. With these existing voices and identities come conventions of writing that will differ from English writing conventions. Transitioning between identities is not smooth, and can cause L2 student writers many difficulties. Hirvela and Belcher suggest that “we need to better define, in an L2 context, voicist terms, such as identity, self-representation, and of course voice itself” (105).

In *Borderlands/La Frontera: The Making of a Chicana Self*, Gloria Anzaldua expresses how her ethnic identity is the same as her linguistic identity. She believes that her identity as an individual is connected with the languages that she speaks. Anzaldua argues that several languages are spoken by Chicanos as part of their desire to distinguish themselves as a particular group. Some of these languages include Standard English, Working class and slang English, Standard Spanish, Standard Mexican Spanish, Chicano Spanish, and Tex-Mex. She recognizes that her bilingualism and her use of code-switching is viewed negatively and makes her blend of languages illegitimate. Despite how others view her language and identity, she has pride and moves beyond the barriers that limit the kind of voice society wants her to have: “I will no longer be made to feel ashamed of existing. I will have my voice: Indian, Spanish, white. I will have my serpent’s tongue – my woman’s voice, my sexual voice, my poet’s voice. I will overcome the tradition of silence” (Anzaldua 81). She argues that her identity is a struggle because of her position on the borderland between languages, cultures, and value systems but remains prideful and defends her hybridity. Through this research we have seen several contexts in which identity is used. Because of their different uses and meanings, a closer redefinition is needed when using identity in any particular way. Despite the confusion and ambiguity in deciphering how identity was used in each case, some similarities exist across most contexts. Identity is extremely personal and is specific to each individual. We have seen how identity is used in the classroom, with non-native speakers of English, and in other contexts, but we have also seen the significance of identity and how powerful it is to learn more about yourself and how protective we become of all of our identities. As Anzaldua advises, “If you want to really hurt me, talk badly about my language” (81).

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