



Lamar State College-Port Arthur



Lamar State College-Port Arthur
A Member of The Texas State University System

Expressions

Spring 2005

Volume XIX

Dedication

To give of oneself is quite possibly the most noble and selfless act a human being can undertake. According to our own individual gifts, talents, abilities and dispositions, we are able to give of ourselves—if we so desire—and to do so in a variety of ways. Some give through writing, others through poetry, musical instruments, lyrics, and vocals, artistic endeavors on canvas and other mediums, dancing, acting, mime, and even photography.

I have discovered the true meaning of the words of an unknown writer who once wrote: “People are like stained glass windows. They’re all bright and shiny when the sun is shining, but once sun has gone down, the true beauty can only be seen if there is enough light to shine from within.”

For each of the past nineteen years, Lamar State College-Port Arthur has provided a gallery of stained glass windows in the form of its student entries to *Expressions*. This is provided for our reading and viewing as well as for our edification. Both winning student entries, faculty and staff have graced the pages of this fine literary magazine have allowed their own lights to shine brightly from deep within themselves.

As a Lamar State College-Port Arthur alumnus, I have had the pleasure of entering in *Expressions* and winning. I have also had the honor of walking in the company of—and footsteps of those who accompanied and preceded me. As you read the words within and enter future contests, I hope you will walk proudly and boldly in the same path.

May the wellspring of your creativity never run dry.

John R. Nosler
Class of 2002
Member of Sigma Kappa Delta

Expressions 2005 Student Winners

SHORT STORY

First Place

A Shameful Killing William H. Davis, Jr.

Second Place

Extreme Communication William H. Davis, Jr.

Third Place

Letters and Dispatches William H. Davis, Jr.

Honorable Mention

F.L.O. Julio A. Marcos

ESSAY

First Place

The Weaker Vessel William H. Davis, Jr.

Second Place

Sigmund Freud, Psycho-Enigma William H. Davis, Jr.

Third Place

How Crucifixion Kills..... William H. Davis, Jr.

Honorable Mention

Misunderstood Beginnings Ryan Andrew Hanson

POETRY

First Place

Race..... Misti Melancon

Second Place

Spirit..... Ryan Andrew Hanson

Third Place

Secret Admirer Keith Demps

Honorable Mention

Wings Samantha Abshire

Art Josuha Womack

Springtime Jessica Harris

POETRY

Honorable Mention

Angel Tear Christopher Jolley
Worship April Allen
The Sea Within Stephanie Zachary
The Kings Query Tony Martone

LITERARY CRITIQUE

First Place

A Portrait of Agamemnon in the *Iliad* Gerald Meyer

Second Place

Priam *Submitted without Author's Name*

Third Place

Irony in "The Saboteur" by Ha Jin Gerald Meyer

Honorable Mention

Tears and Tragedy Anastacia Gordon

SPECIAL CATEGORY-Funded and Sponsored by: Phi Theta Kappa

First Place

Popular Culture: Shaping and Reflecting Who We Are ...
Ryan Andrew Hanson

COVER ART

First Place

The Late Great Ray Charles Bruce White

Second Place Juan S. Torres

Third Place

Expressions Angel Ryan Andrew Hanson

Honorable Mention My Nguyen

Honorable Mention Neal Robbins

GENERAL ART

First Place

Serenity Ryan Andrew Hanson

Second Place Donald Hill

GENERAL ART

Third Place

Angry W. Sanders

Honorable Mention

Thinking Out of the Box..... Bruce White

Honorable Mention..... Lori DeRosier

PHOTOGRAPHY

First PlaceApril Arredondo

Second PlaceCrystal Meaux

Third Place.....Crystal Meaux

Honorable Mention..... My Nguyen

Honorable Mention.....Crystal Meaux

PUBLISHER'S AWARD

Race..... Misti Melancon

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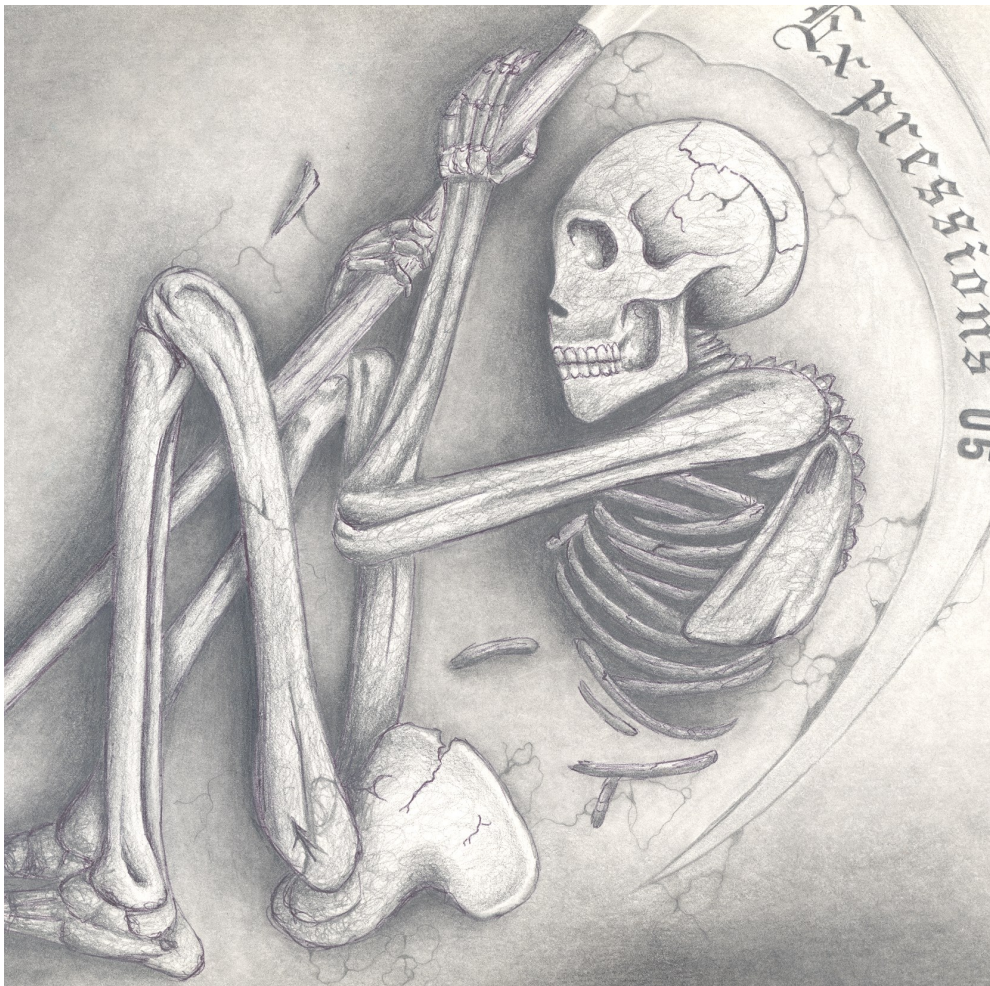
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April Arredondo	Tim Hernandez	Jose Resendez
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J. W. Coe	Dezmon Hogan	Neal Robbins
Rudy Cruz	Christopher Jolley	Alfred Roberts
Anthony David Daspit	Abraham Linscomb	W. Sanders
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Keith Demps	Julio A. Marcos	Waymon J. Stepherson
Lori DeRosier	J. Martin	Joseph Torres
Johnny Dinh	Tony Martone	Juan S. Torres
Elwin Duhon	Crystal Meaux	Ronald G. Wagner
David Fledderjohn	Misti Melancon	Terry Watkins, Jr.
Mindy Floyd	Gerald Meyer	Keith Williams
Gina Ganey	Tamara Morgan	Shanell Williams
Joshua Gernentz	My Nguyen	Bruce White
Anastacia Gordon	Robert Shane Orr	Joshua Womack
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Cover Art-Second Place

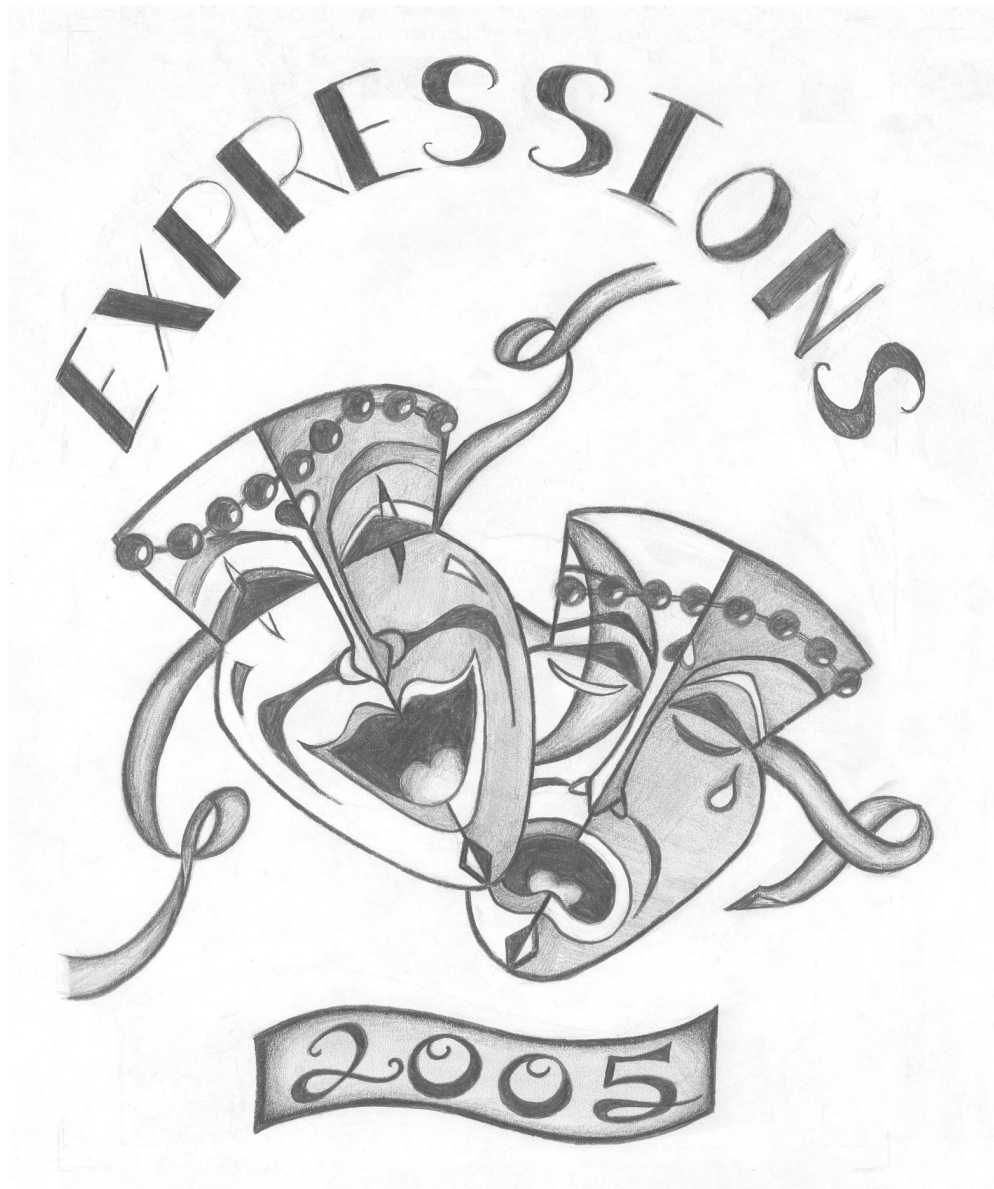
Juan S. Torres



Cover Art-Third Place

Ryan Andrew Hanson

Short Story



Cover Art-Honorable Mention

My Nguyen

Short Story-First Place

A Shameful Killing

William H. Davis, Jr.

Charlie checked the Jiffy Mart from the phone booth. Old Leonard would be closing soon. He tried to imagine the look on the old man's face when he saw the gun.

He pulled the pistol from his pocket and looked at it again. A .38 caliber. He didn't know the make or model. All he knew was when he had it, he was a big man.

Charlie had suffered from "little man's complex" all his life. He wasn't really small enough to have a complex-he just did. He had tried being a bully, but that had gotten him beaten up several times. Still, he never lost an opportunity to prove to himself that he was tough, or smart, or fast or any number of things he wasn't.

When Charlie had been paroled the first time, he was sure people would respect him because of his tattoos. He acted as he did before; people responded as they had before. When he was paroled the second time, with more tattoos, he was even more sure people would respect him. Surely someone with his experience was to be respected. Charlie was dumbfounded to learn that children and little old ladies were the only ones who showed something even close to what he considered respect. Of course, after Charlie's early childhood and first twenty years of adult life, his thinking was so distorted that he could no longer grasp what real respect was; the concept of fear and respect were hopelessly confused in his mind. Was it something from prison? No one knew. Charlie had driven away every friend that he had ever had. Everyone made him feel like a no-body. He noticed movement at the Jiffy Mart. A customer leaving. It was time, and soon old Leonard would know he was somebody.

He told himself that if the old man made one smart ass remark, he would shoot him on the spot. The old man had already shown a marked lack of respect. Leonard had no right to be as cocky as he was. Why he was hardly bigger than Charlie and had to be sixty. On the day he had ejected the shoplifters, that old cuss actually slapped one of them up side the head. "If he had done me like that..." Charlie's thoughts trailed off as he felt apprehension swell up inside. "I'm not afraid of that old bastard." He realized he said this aloud. He looked at the revolver again. Time to do it.

The isolated location of the Jiffy Mart seemed to make it an ideal mark. The fact that his residence was only two miles away didn't seem to be an obstacle to his plan for quick money. Those who do not learn from their

As Charlie neared the entrance of the store, he noticed the old man had removed his shirt. In his tank top style undershirt, his numerous tattoos were visible. So this was why the old man always wore long sleeves. He found himself stopped at the front door. Then his heart skipped a beat as the old man turned and looked directly at him. Seconds passed. The old coot just stared; then he turned away and returned to the mundane task of closing up. Charlie pushed ever so lightly on the door. The bolt rattled in its housing. The door was locked. He felt relief. Then he cursed the old man under his breath. "You're a lucky old S.O.B., Leonard. "I'd of..." He stood there looking at the road and thought of his leaking frame house only two miles away. He fumed at his inheritance. He should have been given more land. Instead, he was given only a few acres and that shack. His brother Wayne had always been favored, he had... Charlie was startled by a rattling. Before he could snap to old Leonard was standing there asking, "You need something kid?" He stood frozen staring at the old man. "Well, Sonny, if you need something, you better say something cus I'm closing..."

"That old smart-ass, I ought 'a..." His thoughts were confused. more time passed.

"I'm forty-one...old man." There, he had spoken defiantly; he wasn't afraid of Leonard. The old man's eyes squinted, producing a deep set of crow's feet at each temple. "Listen, son, I don't give a good shit how old you are. You either gonna buy something and damn fast, or I'll lockin the door." The old man's stare intensified.

"Uh, yeah, uh...some beer." "Well I don't deliver. Hurry your ass up." Charlie stepped in as if walking through a minefield. He walked to the cooler, retrieved a six-pack, not noticing the brand. His mind was racing. As he set the six-pack on the counter the old man leaned over and asked, "Just what the hell are you up to. sonny boy? What's this supposed to be, a gosh-damn stick up?" Charlie was caught completely off guard. As he reached his hand into his pocket the old man held up a hand.

"Before you pull that piece, let me tell you something, Charlie. I don't intend to give you a mother scratch'en dime. As long as you don't show me that, whatever it is you got stashed in your jacket, I can tell sell you this six-pack of friggn' soda you call beer and forget this. But you pull a damn gun on me and I swear I'll make you kill me. There ain't a chance in hell you'll get away with this. So make up your mind. And do it now, sonny boy." Charlie was trembling so hard he couldn't conceal it. At that moment car lights flooded the store entrance.

As if things weren't bad enough, a lawman. A damned county lawman. A big lumbering uniformed officer exited the car, pushed on the front door and asked, "You still open, Leonard?"

Charlie laid a five dollar bill on counter. The big officer stopped for a moment. "Everything okay Leonard?"

"No, hell no everything ain't okay, it's ten minutes after midnight, and I got a fat-ass cop and a snot-nose punk still mill'n around. Ya'll got one minute, and I lock ya'll up in here." Charlie hurried out without collecting his change. The big officer set a big bag of chips and a candy bar on the counter.

He watched Charlie until he was out of sight. "That guy is trouble." Leonard met the big officer's state. "Was a time they said that about me?"

The big officer laughed out loud. "Hell, Leonard, you were trouble. Ain't that old Minnie Preston's nephew? Leonard looked up and answered, "Don't know, don't care." With the big guys sense of humor completely dampened, he paid for his chips and left, grumbling under his breath.

The door came almost off its hinges. Not because Charlie was a powerful kicker, but because it was so old and dilapidated. The mutt that he had been abusing for the last two months ran for the couch. After scurrying under the couch she poked her snout out looking up at her master as only a loyal dog can do. "That old bastard!"

Charlie felt as if his brain would explode with rage. "That old bastard called the cops. I know he did..." He kicked at the coffee table sending it flying through the air. He flung the six-pack of grape soda he had mistaken for beer against the wall. He leaned over and called to the mutt. She came hugging the floor, tail between her legs. Charlie looked down at the dog. Seeing something of himself in the quivering mass he again lashed out, burying the toe of his boot into the dog's ribs. The force sent the mutt into the corner with several broken ribs. It was then Charlie noticed the small mound on the floor.

"You shit on the floor again..." The mutt was trying to get to her feet when Charlie pulled the revolver from his jacket pocket. In a complete rage now he leveled the front sight on the dog. "Die you bitch!" One shot, a second, a third. Six in all, the shots echoing in the darkness.

The first round knocked a tuft of fur from the mutts hip, the force spinning the animal around. The exiting bullet splattering the water-stained sheet rock with blood as it penetrated the clap board sheathing. The second round clipped the dogs foreleg, almost severing it. The third hit low in the rib cage glancing down through the stomach spilling intestinal fluid out in a stream. The forth round struck the floor well in front of the animal, sending splinters into the air. The fifth round struck the shoulder at a sharp angle, slashing open a six-inch gap, then glancing away. The mutt lay bleeding

profusely. Charlie then kicked at the bleeding whimpering animal.

Leonard opened the store at 7:00am as he had done for years. He had just opened the front door when the big county officer pulled up. He again lumbered his way into the Jiffy Mart. "Say Leonard, did you hear about Minnie Preston's nephew? Charlie something...? He tore up the old house that Minnie left him, then blew his brains out. Shot the dog, too." Leonard didn't acknowledge him.

"Hell, Leonard, that could have been you. They placed the time of death about 1:00 a.m. A constable thought he heard a shot." Leonard looked up with his usual cold stare. "Shot the dog, huh?"

"A Shameful Killing."



Photography-First Place

April Arredondo

Short Story-Second Place

Extreme Communication

William H. Davis, Jr.

Matthew tried to hear Master Kim's words. He tried to feel as he felt in Master Kim's presence. "Never react out of fear or anger..." But this was not an exercise in the dojo. This was not a controlled engagement; it was for real. These were real thugs. Street hoods, not his fellow students were acting as aggressors. The one facing him now out weighed him by, what...thirty pounds? And there was the knife.

He made a conscious effort to control his breathing. As he did a fact came into sharp focus. He had never tested his marital skills under real conditions. He thought of the upcoming test for his black belt. He had been assured by many that to earn a black belt from Master Kim Jong, he would get bruised-several times.

As apprehensive as he was about facing the master in a real fight, this was different, much different. Matthew remembered his green belt. Master Kim had promised him, "One of my green belts fight good. Very good." He had one eye almost closed and a near dislocated wrist as a result of his green belt test, not to mention how he hurt after earning his brown belt. He wondered at his anxiety over this fellow facing him now. When once a fellow student ask Master Kim about what to do in such a situation, he answered, "Give as much consideration as time will allow."

The sound of the fellow asking something about money while brandishing the knife barely registered as he tried to follow Master Kim's instructions. Consider...as much as time allows. He noticed his adversary had a weak chin. He was also missing a tooth. He stood slouching as if his back hurt. The other fellow, about his size, looked nervous, as if he had had too much coffee. Matthew remembered the multiple attacker exercise: address the most immediate threat first. This would be the big guy with the knife, who was repeating his demand for payment. From the back of his mind Master Kim spoke, "honest words transcend evil intentions"... Matt found his voice, "I'll not give you anything. I am well prepared to defend myself." Matt stepped back into an open stance. There was silence.

The big guy had a puzzled look on his face. He looked to his left to ask his cohort if he had heard correctly. Matt noticed he had taken his eyes completely off him. A show of disrespect to a martial artist, a fatal mistake in a street fight.

Matt had an urge to fire a front kick into his groin. Then he heard Master Kim again, "Ah Matt-u, Thucydides say' of all manifestations of

had even heard of Thucydides, he realized his breathing had slowed considerably. He also imagined how this fellow lost his tooth. Matt noticed movement as the smaller of the two stepped away. It was then he noticed the guy was armed with a length of pipe. So they were both armed. This perhaps changed things.

He was aware of the big guy speaking again, this time the words “Waste your ass” registered loud and clear. As if almost by cue he heard Master Kim, confidence and courage far out-weigh cowardly boasting.”

As if he was hearing someone else say it Matt heard himself answer, “try it you big buffoon, see what happens.”

The big guy took a step towards Matt. He responded by assuming a Kwon Boxing stance. The big guy stopped at what he thought was a safe distance. Holding the knife out trying to threaten, he snidely remarked, “you think you Kung Fu or some’n.” Matt noticed a slight trembling of the knife. He saw doubt in the big man’s eyes.

“Ah Matt-u eyes, window of soul.”

Matt’s words seem to come from inside. “I am a student of Master Kim Jong.”

The big guy again looked at his partner in crime. “Ain’t that the gook who messed big Burnis up?”

Before he could answer Matt found himself speaking. “Mr. Jong is a master of Korean marital arts; he is an honorable man. I advise you to speak respectfully or I’ll...”

The big guy was taken back by the fact that Matt had closed the distance between them. In an over reaction to this he stepped back, stumbling backward as he did.

The big guy’s question sparked Matthew’s memory. A newspaper article, “Would be Rapist Hospitalized by Local Martial Arts Instructor.” In fact it was this story that brought Matthew to Master Kim Jong’s, Hwa Rang Do studio. He remembered how impressed he had been with the witnesses’ descriptions of the confrontation, He also remembered how repulsed he had been by the character of the big Burnis fellow.

Burnis Hargrove, ex-heavy weight boxer, three-time loser, drug addict, sex offender, one of those who seem to continually fall through the cracks. Hargrove’s luck ran out when he put his hands on young Linda Jong. Had big Burnis not been high on PCP, its likely that Master Kim would not have broken an arm...dislocated his shoulder...smashed a knee cap...gouged out an eye...and fractured his skull. But the big man couldn’t get enough.

Matt was brought from his memories by the smaller guy’s voice, “Say Spike, let’s don’t mess with this Jap hocus pocus; it’s bad man.” The big guy looked from Matt, to his cohort, back to Matt; his uncertainty was

painfully obvious. The Master's words again came to Matthew. "Always remember Matt-u, an attacker must win, the vanquished must only survive." Could he avoid this confrontation? His martial arts philosophy required him to do so if possible. He knew Master Jong would not accept an insult as an excuse for fighting. "Matt-u, Hwa Rang Do code, better to accept insult than risk danger or injury, better to injure than to maim, better to maim than to kill, better to kill than to be killed. Each man must decide for himself..."

The master's words were cut short.

The big guy stepped forward, teeth clinched. In one fluid motion Matt fired a front kick into the big man's groin. The big guy bent at the waist as if suddenly violently ill and vomiting. His knife wielding arm extended, was an easy mark. Over and back. The knife rattled as it hit the pavement.

As if in slow motion the smaller of the two raised the length of pipe over his head. Matt felt the side kick start in his shoulders, the motion traveling through his body, his hips picking up the momentum, his left leg firing out. Textbook in its execution, the extension was perfect. He was barely aware of the resistance offered by the guy's solar plexus. The kick lifted his attacker off his feet sending him several yards through the air. He landed squarely on his back struggling to regain his breathing.

Matt stood there. He heard Master Kim's voice, "Matt-u, had you good cause to risk such danger..." He was startled. This time the voice was real. He turned to see Master Kim standing a few feet behind him.

He assumed the respect-stance, bowed at the waist. "Sensi." Master Kim bowed slightly in response. "Forgive me Sensi, after all your teaching I allowed myself to react out of anger."

Master Kim looked into Matthew's eyes and without his lips moving he clearly heard his words, "Ah Matt-u, sticks and stones..."

Matthew bottom jaw dropped. He realized the old legend of a Hwa Rang Do master, being able to project his thought telepathically was fact. All he could do was utter, "Master Kim..."

Master Kim smiled. "Come Matt-u, you have much to learn." The moment was broken by the sudden moaning of the big guy suffering from his dislocated shoulder.

Matthew looked around and asked, "Master Kim, what about them?"

"Ah Matt-u, they have much to learn as well..."

Short Story-Third Place

Letter and Dispatches

William H. Davis, Jr.

TO: Sarah Ann McMillian
McMillian
P.O. Box 100, Rt. 1
2nd Battalion
Barns City, Iowa
Co. 123, Attc 24th

FROM: Lt. Andrew
MAC-SOG,
Ranger

Mech Infantry Division

Baghdad, Iraq

Dear Sarah:

I love and miss you, Darling. I'm sure you know by now that not only did I survive the snake bite, but it go me two weeks off duty. Thing about those saw-scaled viper's, the bite is subject to infection after most other wounds heal. But the free-bee is over soon. Just as well, I'm getting antsy in this infirmary. The photos of little Andy did my heart good. So he learned to walk already? Hopefully this freeze on tour rotation will end soon. Sarah, give my love to all. I have looked at the photo of you and little Andy every day for the last two weeks. I love you Sarah. God Bless.

Andy

TO: Lt. Andrew McMillian
MAC-SOG...

FROM: Art McMillian
P.O. Box 100...

Dear Andy:

You don't know how relieved your mother was to learn how prepared you Rangers are. She was also hoping the snake bite would get you sent home. She and Sarah talked about it for a week. They both suffer every day, Andy. It reminds me of Nam, only there it was bamboo vipers and Kraits. Those damned Kraits. Don't know of one victim of a Krait's bite to survive. Fortunately, you're working under different conditions. Still, the lack of cover has got to be hell for recon. The corn crop is looking good. May apply for that government subsidy if they pass it. Your father would be proud of you, Andy. Just keep your head down and watch out for

TO: Robert Hammons, Sr.
215 Crescent Drive

FROM: Lt. Andrew McMillian
MAC-SOG...

Dear Mr. Hammons:

It is with deep regret that I fulfill this promise to my friend Bob. Your son was my best friend and respected by all. He believed deeply in what he was doing. Your son died a hero. He saved many of us. We were caught in the open, and Bobby laid down suppressive fire for over seven minutes. He laid behind a small berm no more than eight inches high. Withering fire was coming from all directions. His actions allowed us to regroup and call for air cover. He not only saved us, but basically the whole convoy. Some of the trucks were carrying wounded. Major Drake has recommended Bobby for a Silver Star. His absence leaves a void in the 123rd. Please let Uncle Art and me know if there is anything we can do for your family. God Bless you all.

Lt. Andrew McMillian

TO: Sarah McMillian
McMillian

FROM: Lt. Andrew

P.O. Box....

MAC-

SOG...

Dear Sarah:

I love and miss you Darling. Sorry it's been so long since I've written. Things are heating up a bit. I've been pretty pre-occupied here of late. Recon is getting more difficult. Insurgents seem to be everywhere. I hear there may be an official inquiry into last month's ambush. Major Drake is raising hell. They keep putting him off, oh, I got the care package. Thank the ladies at church for all of 1st platoon. The cookies were great. We will be leaving early, so I must sign off. Give my love to Mom and Uncle Art. I love you all. God Bless.

Andy

TO: Col. Harold C. Chuckworth
Commander, MAC-SOG
Com.,MAC-SOG
Command One, 2nd Battalion,
Ranger
Ranger Co., LRRP, Attc.,
24th
24th Mech Infantry Div.,

FROM: Maj. W.H. Drake
Dep.
2nd Battalion,
Co., 123, Attc.,
Mech Infantry

No less than twenty men under my command are over due on their rotation, and the 123rd has taken on every Class Two assignment for the lost ninety days. The continued rumors of an intelligence failure are causing a lapse in morale. My request was on behalf of my men as much as it was the security of 2nd Battalion. I ask you to reconsider Col. Chuckworth.

Maj. W.H. Drake

TO: Maj. W.H. Drake
Chuckworth
Dep., Com., MAC-SOG
SOG
Ranger Co., 123...
Maj. Drake,

FROM: Col. Harold C.
Commander, MAC-
Command One...

Your concern for the security of 2nd Battalion is noted. Your requests are denied. All of them. The 123rd attached Ranger Co. will do its historic duty, without question, to the last man if necessary. I suggest that if you properly disciplined your men they would not give merit to rumors. The ambush of June 9th was unavoidable. We are at war, Maj. Drake. I expect you and the 123rd to act accordingly. As soon as this unnecessary inquiry is concluded, I will deal with you insubordination.

Col. Harold C. Chuckworth

TO: Maj. W.H. Drake
MD, PPS
Dep., Com., MAC-SOG
2nd Battalion

FROM: Capt. Frank Cromwell,
2nd Battalion, Med. Corp.
Attc, 24th Mech Infantry

Div.
Maj. Drake:

It is my considered opinion that after reviewing Lt. Andrew McMillian's last psychological profile he be pulled from active duty immediately. He is suffering from severe Post Traumatic Stress Syndrome as a result of the June 9th ambush of the Baghdad convoy. I have written directly to Col. Chuckworth, to no avail. I feel it is my duty to warn you of his condition. Unfortunately my superiors do not agree with my diagnosis. I will be contacting the A.G. about this matter.

Capt. F. Cromwell, Md. PPS
2ns Battalion, Med. Corp...

Col.Chuckworth:

Harry, we have known each other for a long time. I write this letter as a friend. I hope my next one will not be in my official capacity as J.A.G. of this sector. The old man is on my ass, Harry. I just received a file from INCOM and it contained your last three replies to Maj. Drake of the 123rd. I had to polish the general's brass to get him to let me clean this up unofficially. Several people up high are receiving really bad press from the families of the June 9th ambush. The August 22nd incident has been worse. I have to tell you, Harry, your last reply to Maj. Drake was considered a direct threat by out office. It's not my call Col., but everyone in C.D.I. believes the Al-haq are reliable. And scuttlebutt had it you're sending; the 123rd out on a C-1. If the Al-haq is right again...Well, it will cost you, Col. Oh, yes, Maj. Drake has let it be known he has already notified Sen. Drake. You're playing very dangerous game. Harry, please take this under consideration.

Lt. Ralph DeWitt
J.A.G. 24th...

TO: Lt. Andrew NcMillian FROM: Maj. W.H. Drake
(OPERATIONAL DIRECTIVE) Dep., Com., MAC...
MAC... 24th...

Andy, I did what I could, if it means anything I've contacted Dad. I'm afraid it won't help in time for this next one. That bastard Chuckworth has assigned us direct escort on a hot one. Word has it I am to be relieved of command if I survive this. I will be with the 123rd this time. Go ahead and requisition what ever we need. I'll sign it!! It will surely get bad out there. Chuckworth thinks this will get him a star. I'm also trying to get some air cover. The Col. Seems to balk at every safety measure available. 0400
Andy, may God go with us Lt.

Maj. Drake, Dep., COM., MAC...

TO: Maj. W.H. Drake
Dep., Com., MAC-SOG
2nd Battalion, Range Co. 123
Attc. 24th Infantry Div.
***OP. DIR. EQUIP REQ *** (op. Equip. Invoice)
15.....M 1026 HMMWV (Humvee)
(4, MB—50 cal. Mountings)
(6M—60 BMG mountings)
27.....SAW 249
(6000 Rnds SS—109 5.56 ammo)

(300, 200 Rnd assault paks)
117.....M-193 Fragmentation grenades
12.....M-60, BMG
(2200 Rnds, M-127, 7.62 NATO Ammo)
(all personal weapons to be charged by individuals)

1 CCCP (Soviet) RPG-7, 5 inserts (Cap., Supply)

Note: Lt. Mac, I gave you all the M-193 frags we have and all the .60 ammo. Say Mac, I don't know what the hell is going on, no one seems too. But y'all keep your heads down. All the 24th are praying for the 123rd. Don't know what you will do with the RPG's, but Maj. Drake said he'd take full responsibility. I guess you know what F- - - worth has planned for him. Oh, yeah, these inserts are the new copper-based magnesium. Supposed to penetrate 300mm of plate. Good luck Andy.

Lt. J.C. Moore
24th Infantry Sup. Mag.

Associated Press Bulletin:

A fierce attack on another Baghdad convoy was beaten back by heavily armed Rangers and helicopter gun ships. A battle lasted for over an hour Monday, leaving at least five American soldiers dead and twenty wounded. Over fifty insurgents were killed ***In a separate incident a highly decorated officer, Colonel Harold C. Chuckworth was killed and his driver critically injured when an insurgent fired an RPG at his vehicle. Col. Chuckworth had come under criticism recently for his failure to pay heed to certain intelligence channels considered reliable by many. The Colonels' body will be flown back to the States for the funeral ***In Far Northern Iraq...

Uncle Art:

I hope I haven't hurt you all too bad by not writing. I couldn't. Uncle Art, you always taught me that sometimes a man's heart is contrary to his thinking. You have been like a Father to me. If Dad had lived I would be telling him this now. I hope you can forgive me. There was something I felt I had to do...



General Art-First Place

Serenity
Ryan Andrew Hanson

Short Story-Honorable Mention

F.L.O.

Julio A. Marcos

We came upon the building where the hostages were being held. It was early morning and the place was still virtually deserted. It was 7:10, and we knew the place would start buzzing with activity. We also knew the kidnapper/murderer was in the building but that was of no real concern to us. But we had to wait for the right moment to strike.

Just like clockwork the door to the building opened and the kidnapper, we will call him Mr. Brown, came out on the steps, just like he has every morning we have scoped the place out. He was very predictable. very mechanical, very annoying. He looked around, but he did not see us hiding behind the bushes. We waited till he moved away from the building. To think he left the hostages unattended. The fool! But it made our job easier.

Our tension was mounting. Our muscles ached. We had to do this quickly and quietly. It is what we have trained for. Our band of commandos consisted of three, I being the leader. My codename was "Frog." Billy, codename "Toad" was to my right. Mary, codename "Tadpole" was to my left. We were young and inexperienced, but we had determination. And we were not afraid of getting caught.

We glanced at each other, knowing that this was the moment of truth. Toad was holding a crowbar in case we needed it to pry open the door. With a nod, from me we ran out from behind the bushes to the building. We ran up the stairs and the door to the building was unlocked, so we stepped inside. That was something in our favor. We stepped in unnoticed.

The hostages were in a corner in the room. There must of been at least 30 of them. Tadpole was watching out the front door for Mr. Brown to return. Toad was taking our backpacks and lying them on the ground.

"We're here to get you out," I told the hostages.

They stared at me in amazement and awe. I could see the fear in their eyes.

Toad unzipped the backpacks and pulled out a cardboard box from each pack. He opened the boxes and laid them on the floor. They were empty, but only for now.

"Come on, guys, hurry!" Tadpole said excitedly.

I jumped up. "Is someone coming?" I asked nervously.

"We will be out of here in a jiffy." I said.

We went back to the task at hand. We needed to get this done. I walked over to the hostages and pulled the lid off the first aquarium. The hostages jumped around excitedly or nervously, I don't know which. Toad opened the other aquarium and filled up his box with the hostages. I filled my box up also with hostages and put the lid back on the aquarium. Tadpole did not want to touch the hostages because she was afraid of warts, and which high schooler isn't?

We put the boxes back into the backpacks and zipped them up. Tadpole was still doing lookout and said the coast was clear. We opened the door and ran to the bushes. We jumped behind the bushes with our hearts pounding and sweat pouring off our bodies. We waited to catch our breath and to make sure the coast was clear. After two minutes, which seemed like an hour, we left our hiding place.

We ran behind the other buildings till we were at the edge of the road. We kept looking back to make sure we weren't being followed. After we were sure that we were safe, we turned our attention to the road. Traffic was still slow and we waited for our chance to run across the road. It came sure enough, and we made our way across.

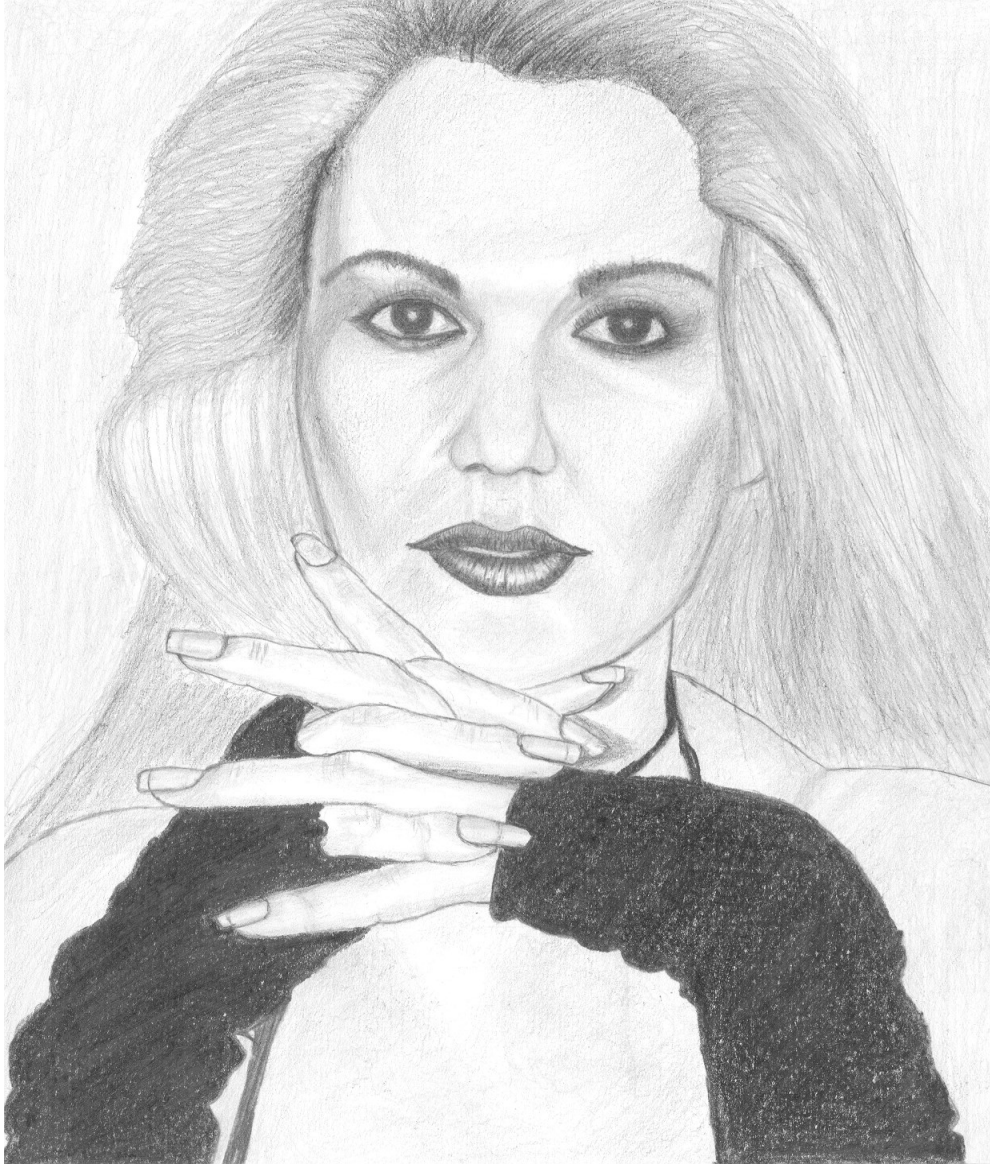
On this side of the road was a huge field. There was nothing- on this side of the road except for a creek that flowed through the field, and that was our destination. We calmly walked to the creek feeling that our mission was almost over. It was roughly sixty yards to the creek from the road, so we made good time.

Tadpole kept a lookout even though I was sure that we were not being followed. Toad and I knelt by the water and took off our backpacks. The creek was not very big, maybe two feet across and maybe six inches deep, but it did spread pretty far and the water flowed easily along it. We unzipped the backpacks and took out the boxes. We opened the boxes and the hostages stared at us.

They saw the water, and like a magnet headed for the metal, they were gone. We felt satisfaction for a job well done, it was another successful mission for the Frog Liberation Organization.



Photography-Second Place
Crystal Meaux



General Art-Second Place

Donald Hill

Essay



Photography-Third Place
Crystal Meaux

Essay-First Place

The Weaker Vessel

William H. Davis, Jr.

Throughout history the female in all cultures, in every age and in all lands has been portrayed as the weaker of the sexes. And while on average the female of our species is smaller and perhaps not as physically strong pound-for-pound as the male, does this qualify her as the weaker vessel?

There is no doubt that women have been subjected to a double standard throughout history. That standard which haunted women in times of old is with us still. Even in our most civilized societies, with changes in civil law and intensive efforts to change stereotyping, the double standard yet exists. Many believe that the nature of the learned female role has attributed to our double standard. This has to be true to a degree.

Women, universally repressed and often abused, have been expected to act out the part of the weaker vessel. When she does not, trouble ensues. History is replete with the terrible consequence that results when women do not conform to their expected roles.

The witch hunts in England and early America are prime examples of how ingrained the role model is, and how dangerous violating that model can be. Of course, there were many factors involved in the witch hunt craze. But the fact that more women freely confessed to being witches than confessed under duress is puzzling. As Hugh Trevor-Roper points out in his essay on the subject, "for a woman without any real authority in society a belief in such powers could prove quite attractive, despite its hazards." Who is to blame but men for such desperate and bizarre actions of the part of women?

The oppression of women is an undeniable fact of life. Even in our modern time, the abject abuse of women is a way of life in much of our world. Women live under unspeakable oppression in many third world countries. Why this is the case one can only speculate. But again the attitudes of men are the root cause. Whether in the name of Chauvin or Muhammad there is something terribly unnatural about the repression or abuse of women. They are our mothers, wives, sisters, and daughters. They are our other halves. The radical attitudes of men who would abuse or degrade women represent nothing less than a division in the human race.

It is said that prostitution is the second oldest profession, behind soldering. (Both institutions created and continued by men.) This is perhaps the first example of the woman asserting her gender traits to even the playing field. And whether men will admit it or not, it is our weakness that

In fact, every exploitation of the woman is a by-product of our vices. Every illicit abuse of women is because of some frailty in us. Yet as with the witch fixation of the 15th and 16th century, women still often bear the pain of our psychosis.

As Phyllis Chester writes in Women and Madness: "No longer are women sacrificed as voluntary or involuntary witches. They are instead taught to sacrifice themselves for newly named heresies. Today more women are being hospitalized for psychiatric problems than at any time in history." Chester charges this to the nature of the learned female role, the oppression of women and role confusion in our modern age. She further observes, "there is less and less use, and literally no place for them in the only place they 'belong' -within the family. Many newly useless women are emerging more publicly into insanity."

While women have in recent years moved out of the traditional role of mother, our society still bears her signature. Not a human being walks the earth that is not an example of considerable sacrifice a woman made. Just as a woman has a special bond with the child a man can never know, so she has with the entire human race.

It is a sad irony that the most often recorded last words of a dying soldier are cries for his mother.

Conclusion:

As the first man romped in the Garden of Eden, he was lonely. What better companion to share the world than woman. We were given stewardship over the earth and all on it. Our weakness is reflected in our resultant behavior. We have treated our women no better than we have treated our earth. This is not to say women can do no wrong-they do-they are, after all, only human. The fact is, woman were given to us as a gift, the most wonderful gift a loving Father could give His male children. It is time all women be treated accordingly!!

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Essay-Second Place

Sigmund Freud, Psycho-Enigma

William H. Davis, Jr.

Sigmund Freud's legacy is a bewildering mix of contradictions. He contributed much to our present-day understanding of psychology. He promoted healthier attitudes to and more humane treatment of children, mental patients, and prisoners.

However Freud's ground-breaking work was, unfortunately, tainted by his personal bias and bizarre imagination. It is truly amazing that much of the mythology laid down for us by Sigmund Freud is still accepted as credible in the light of what we now know of the man.

Being a man of his time he subscribed to a good deal of the quackery that had preceded him. Much of his work was so outlandish as to border on the absurd. Just as many professional people who followed Freud, he was prone to believe in the fantastic.

An example of this is how impressed Freud was by the work of Jean-Martin Charcot. In 1885, the young Freud studied under Charcot for a few months. The experience so impressed Freud that he changed his field of study from Neuropathology to Psychopathology. And so, Sigmund Freud, the father of psychoanalysis was born. It is telling that his mentor, Charcot, was judged harshly by his contemporaries. Charcot's theories and treatment were referred to as "Charcot's Circus." And just as his theories fell into disrepute after his death in 1893, so Freud's similar theory of repression is now being questioned.

Until recently, Freud's pronouncements were considered substantially true despite the many oddities surrounding his methodology. Freud's critics point to his extravagant use of cocaine. The new drug - only discovered and synthesized a decade earlier - was proclaimed a miracle by Freud.

In Freudian Fallacy, E. M. Thornton argues that all of Freud's theories were products of cocaine hallucinations. Other followers of Freudian theory contest this assertion. But many of his letters to his friend, Wilhelm Fliess, are filled with obsessive concern over his nose and its secretions. Freud applied cocaine as a curative. No doubt the cocaine was responsible for his runny nose to begin with.

More serious than his vice of cocaine use was his belief that it could cure almost any ailment. Freud was a major force behind the popular notion that cocaine was a cure for morphine addiction. Even when case after case proved that cocaine use only compounded the morphine addict's problems,

Will” was the cause for failing. He remained unshaken in his belief even after his close friend Reischl died in delirium from cocaine toxification.

Other detractors point to Freud's relationship to his patients. It seems that all of Freud's patients were young, attractive wealthy women. Freud himself writes, "I cannot imagine bringing myself to delve into the physical mechanism of a hysteria in anyone who struck me as low-minded and repellent." There is no denying that Freud was obsessed with sex. He explicitly blamed hysteria on "precocious experience of sexual relations with actual excitement of the genitals, resulting from sexual abuse." He was convinced that female masturbation caused hysteria.

Freud's theory of personality development focuses on repression and the subconscious. His concepts such as division in the psyche and infantile sexuality force us to consider Mrs. Thornton's allegations that cocaine had indeed colored Freud's thinking.

The most damning aspect of Freud's work is his theory of repression and his obsession with incest. The mythology that developed from Freud's theory of repressed memories contributed directly to the False Memory Syndrome craze of the 20th century.

Conclusion

When Sigmund Freud's work, theories, methodology and ethics are taken fully into consideration, it's hard not to wince. It seems the history of psychiatry is not without a sense of irony.

Sigmund Freud, a man obsessed with sex who used and freely distributed a dangerous drug, a man who refused to accept responsibility for killing several people, including a close friend, a man who's ethical conduct would land him in prison today, this is our father of psychoanalysis.

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Pendergrast, Mark, Victims of Memory

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Essay-Third Place

How Crucifixion Kills

William H. Davis, Jr.

The crucifixion and resurrection of Jesus of Nazareth is the founding event of Christianity. Through the centuries theories have flourished that attempt to explain the resurrection as having natural causes. If one accepts the historically well-documented events surrounding the crucifixion and claimed resurrection of Jesus, these various theories can bring questions to mind because miracles are inherently difficult to believe.

However difficult the resurrection is to believe, naturalistic explanations of Jesus surviving his ordeal on the cross are just as difficult to accept. When analyzed from a medical perspective, the difficulty in accepting one of the many survival theories increase.

One such theory postulates that Jesus had been drugged (the sponge dipped in vinegar, Mark 15:36), that he appeared dead and was then taken to safety by His disciples. At the turn of the century Karl Venturini suggested that when Jesus passed out, he was taken from the cross prematurely and later revived in the tomb. These are but a few of the many explanations for the resurrection of Jesus.

For many people who wonder about this conflict of ideas, a legitimate question stands out: is it physically possible to survive what Jesus suffered?"

The fact is most people don't even know what kills a victim of crucifixion. If one researches this perplexing subject the details are grizzly. How does the cross kill? To answer this question medical science can help. In answering this question one must start with the Roman Flogging.

The Flogging

The Roman flogging was a brutal affair, done with whip like implement known as the flagellum. It had several braided strands of heavy leather. These strands had pieces of copper or lead interwoven into it. The standard flogging was forty lashes, save one. Custom required error to the side of mercy. This seems a rather moot point because long before the flogging was finished the victims back, ribcage, legs and buttocks were reduced to tatters of bloody flesh. In fact, it was not uncommon for the subject to die before the sentence was carried out. History tells us that Jesus did survive the flogging. Having lost a great deal of blood the victim would suffer hypovolemic shock, including a loss of blood pressure and loss of

kidney function. It was in this condition that Jesus collapsed while carrying the cross.

The Crucifixion

The victim is laid down on the crossbeam (patibulum) and metal spikes are driven through the wrist about an inch below the palms. This would put the spike through the median nerve -the largest nerve in the arm. To grasp the intensity of the pain this causes, one only need consider the word "excruciating" which means, "out of the cross." The feet are nailed in a similar fashion!

Cause of Death

As the victim hangs on the cross, both shoulders become dislocated. Being held fixed in the inhale position, to exhale one must push to himself up to relieve the pressure on the diaphragm. As the victim struggles to breathe, the tarsal bone in the foot soon grinds against the spike in the feet. The breathing would slow down causing carbon dioxide to dissolve as carbonic acid, producing an increase in acidity in the blood. This leads to an irregular heartbeat. This would also produce pericardial and plural effusion -a build up of fluid around the heart and lungs. It is a striking coincidence that John describes "water and blood" as coming from the wound inflicted by the Roman soldiers spear thrust, John 19:34). The pericardial and plural effusion would have appeared as a clear liquid. It is at this point one must ask, "How much can the human body stand?" As the ordeal continues, the victim finally succumbs to asphyxia-induced cardiac arrest.

Conclusion

If one carefully considers the historical evidence for the trial, crucifixion and resurrection of Jesus and believes he lived after, only two possibilities exist. One, he survived a severe flogging. Then he survived enough injury to kill several people. Then he survived certain asphyxiation and cardiac arrest. Then he survived a spear thrust that penetrated his heart and lung. Then he was later able to walk away. Seems unlikely.

The other possibility is that He was resurrected by supernatural forces, just as He predicted He would be.

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William D. Edwards., et al. "On the Physical Death of Jesus Christ".
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Harold Mattingly, Roman Imperial Civilization

Josh McDowell, Evidence That Demands an Answer

Peter W. Stoner and Robert C. Newman, Science Speaks

Lee Stroble, The Case for Christ



General Art-Third Place

Angry

30

Essay-Honorable Mention

Misunderstood Beginnings

Ryan Andrew Hanson

For just a moment consider the latest wave of discontent towards Americans who embrace the belief that our society was built on and also thrives in a culture where children are brought up in a home with a mother and father. At the very least, one can find out that this recent rebellion against traditional family values remains not, by any means, a new invention. Throughout history there have always been individuals who have sought out "alternative lifestyles" for many diverse reasons such as: promotion of political agendas, seeking attention or self-glory, compensation for past abusive relationships, and lack of identity. Eventually one may conclude, after some research on the subject, that none of these so called reasons or justifications consider the effects that such decisions have on the up and coming generations of whatever particular age is in focus. Any civilization that embraced such lack of consideration for its sons' and daughters' future welfare, eventually collapses from the eventual consequences of attempting to advance such selfish humanistic agendas. The Greek and Roman Empires are a few of the most well known and obvious societies to fall victim to this social and moral compromise inflicted upon the ideal cultural base being the nuclear family unit.

Today, the same agenda is advanced through the media and can be seen much like someone shouting angrily his or her complaints, hoping that by passion alone his ideology will at last be accepted. Without being fully informed on the issue at hand, however, his method of persuasion flounders. Often, the arguments sink into intimidation tactics using verbally abusive language and accusatory rhetoric that leave no room for reasonable debate in order to resolve what is arguably one of the most important issues at hand today- - to once and for all time define what is our ideal cultural identity as an American people so there will be no confusion as to what direction we are going.

Should we not have an ideal vision of what is the best situation and environment that our children should be nurtured in. being as they are our future leaders? Absolutely! Children conceived within a lifetime committed relationship between a husband and wife provides them with the best possible role models. Such children are able to experience, first hand, how their parents perfectly compliment one another in both their strengths and weaknesses, which gives them a balance of personalities. These children are provided with the best traits from each parent so as to adopt and exemplify

Again, this is the ideal for a model nurturing family life that results in generations of caring and compassionate closely-knit bonds between each and every member. There is no argument that today's culture reflects marital conflicts resulting in irreconcilable differences and subsequent divorce proceedings. Is that the option to resolve spousal conflicts that would in turn affect our children's own views about the importance and sanctity of the covenant bond of marriage? No, the ideal is for parents to set aside their own differences and sacrifice whatever personal pride may be involved in order to reconfirm what is the most important factor within the family unit-the children's welfare. Remember then that we aim for the ideal, not throw it out and cease to pursue it because we and others tend to fall short of it. Exceptions to the rule are not evidence that the ideal family unit is fallible in itself! Rather, it points to a lack of commitment to fulfill the ideal and a willingness to allow that admitted character flaw to be passed down to the next generation.

To use children as guinea pigs while society experiments with "alternative lifestyles" in order to satisfy fleeting lusts never amounting to any lasting significance is to thumb our noses at our own ancestors and invite the social and economic collapse of our society! For anyone who questions whether these axioms hold water, it would be time wisely invested to discover for himself. It is one thing to accept truth from someone and quite another to come to that knowledge personally who over one has and make proper application of it to ultimately benefit those in your immediate influence. What a dishonor to ignore the clear historical records which exist solely that we would not follow the same paths toward socio-cultural destruction.

The amount of success experienced made by a minority who embrace lifestyles that do not produce natural fruit (i.e., children), through the major media market is astonishing, especially, considering as well what the consequence would be if everyone were to embrace such non-reproducing lifestyles! Is that being insensitive? Truths based on historical and indisputable facts have many times, offended only those who are not willing to consider them in their proper contexts. In essence, they must learn from their own mistakes, often in the most grievous of ways of stubbornness. Despite any attempts of those who have learned these lessons in most grievous fashion, and who seek to devote their lives preventing others from experiencing much grief of the same, many refuse to even consider such wholesome view of family living. They have already stereotyped the entire family models as narrow minded and restricting. (Ironically, "tolerance" is often their main mantra!)

Finally, what is equally astounding is the reality that the success of

the traditional family model can be documented historically as far back as 2166 B.C. with the written evidence of Abraham and his descendants contained within the Hebrew Scriptures. That is a difficult track record to argue with! America itself was built solely on a Christian identity stemming from such Judaic roots and family structure. Our heritage as Americans cannot also then be separated from that Christian faith. It is from those practiced beliefs that our government was formed to protect the believed inalienable rights endowed by our Creator, in order that we could ensure our children would enjoy the liberties guaranteed by the proper application of those Christian beliefs. Once again, this is not being insensitive or offensive to other faiths. If Jesus, being the founder of Christianity and also a Jew teaches to love a neighbor as oneself...to do unto others as he would have others do unto him...and our very Constitution professes and proclaims to adhere to those very principles, how could anyone who has enjoyed the fruits of such land of liberty be also offended by such a virtuous foundation? Jesus' life is an example to follow, an ideal. He sought and met the needs of those that knew they were in need. We would also do well to be open to the needs of those around us resulting in our appropriate response, to meet them. This is how Jesus taught those around him and all people to love each other and the children. If anything, much would be gained in becoming acquainted with this love- - this giving of self-which is what the American family model, from the very beginning, has sought to exemplify. How can anyone condemn an entire body of such faith for the actions of a few bad apples that corrupt its true mission, to do just and show mercy to all? Such actions reveal a clear misunderstanding of America's genuine beginnings. Americans should again examine the life giving roots of this, our great nation?

The unexamined life is not worth living

-Socrates



Photography-Honorable Mention

My Nguyen

Poetry



General Art-Honorable Mention

Thinking Out of the Box

Poetry-First Place

Race
Misti Melancon

I am sprinting to catch up and anticipating a breath
But when it comes, I keep running.

I am trying to keep up with something,
I am trying to use my time wisely
It is like a race with time
but without a first prize or even a tape to cross
Life should be like a marathon, not like a burst of speed.

I should slow down and breathe and pace
I know there is no real finish line except death
But I still keep going because I like this dash.

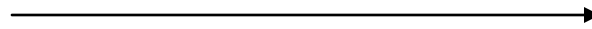
It's hard to lessen the stride when all you know is to push,
When it feels wrong to slacken the speed.

Poetry-Second Place

Spirit
Ryan Andrew Hanson

Searching for truth not able to **find**
Building walls while reaching **out**
The desire for success at doing **nothing,**
Having to learn mistakes already **made**
Wasting borrowed time by and **by,**
To focus on things made by **man**
It is what cannot be seen that really **lasts...**
Find out nothing made by man lasts

forever!



↓
∞
Spirit

Poetry-Third Place

Secret Admirer
Keith Demps

Mesmerized,
by your style.

Hypnotized,
by your smile.

Saturated,
with your sweetness.

Infatuated,
with your meekness.

Crazed,
over your beauty.

Amazed,
over what you do to me.

Poetry-Honorable Mention

Wings
Samantha Abshire

With

Inner

Nemeses

Getting

Stronger

I take flight because I am

High

Heroines'

Insight

Guides

Help

On Life

Poetry-Honorable Mention

Art

Joshua Womack

I paint a picture for you, with my words
Just as with brushes and paints
I create art for you...

All my paints are the same color—**black**
I use one type of brush—**ballpoint**

My desktop is my easel, and my canvasses
are thin, flimsy; crossed with blue lines...

Nevertheless, I select my subjects
just as carefully as any painter.

I analyze , scrutinize, and envision
just as painstakingly...

And just as the true artist is a master of
shading, tones, and hues-
so I myself am
Though my hues and shades are formed
before they ever touch the canvas...

Depending on the state of my emotions-
the scenes I create can be bold, lively...
or subtle...

Somber, morose...
or erotic...
Brooding, angry...
or breathtaking

And my art work is a real and stimulating
as any masterpiece
Perhaps more so, for I paint across another canvas
besides my own-

Poetry-Honorable Mention

Springtime
Jessica Harris

O spirit of the springtime
 Bring back the roses to the dells;
The swallow from her distant clime,
 The honey from the drowsy cells.

Bring back the friendship of the sun;
 The gilded evenings calm and late,
When weary children homeward run,
 And peeping stars bid lovers wait.

Bring back the singing and the scent
 Of meadow-lands at dewy prime;
Oh, bring again my hearts content,
 Thou spirit of the springtime.

Poetry-Honorable Mention

Angel Tear
Christopher Jolley

A sob on the wind
Raindrop on your cheek
Overcome with sadness

You know you are alone
Look up at the sky
All you see are stars.

Poetry-Honorable Mention

Worship
April Allen

From the Depths I cry out,
Almighty! Almighty!
As far as my soul can reach,
Deep calls to Deep
Keeper of my heart song,
Come, sing praises with me
Let's bring down Your glory,
And make known Miracle's need
Keeper of my most quiet plea,
Come, let us dance a joyful rhythm
My thankful heart will draw You in,
And Your love will set this captive free.

Poetry-Honorable Mention

The Sea Within
Stephanie Zachary

The waves that crash relentlessly
against the walls of my mind.

Dark icy cold tides of vanity attempt
to flood my mind and fill
me with contempt and bitterness.

Pride's pounding billows
aspire to subjugate my godly character
leaving me in the ruins of hatred and despair.

The seas of my mind roll back and forth between
God's loving thoughts of
blessings and doing good, and my wayward thoughts
of ill-will and vengeance.

Too I hear the Spirit of God
and see a glimpse of the Son
shining through the dark clouds of test and trial.

God's Spirit speaking to mine, saying, "Peace be still."

At once the raging ceased,
the floodwaters subsided,
and all was still.

I placed my thoughts under arrest
allowing God to minister
and repair my broken places.

Poetry-Honorable Mention

The Kings Query
Tony Martone

He sat there midst the wood
Upon a quiet boulder

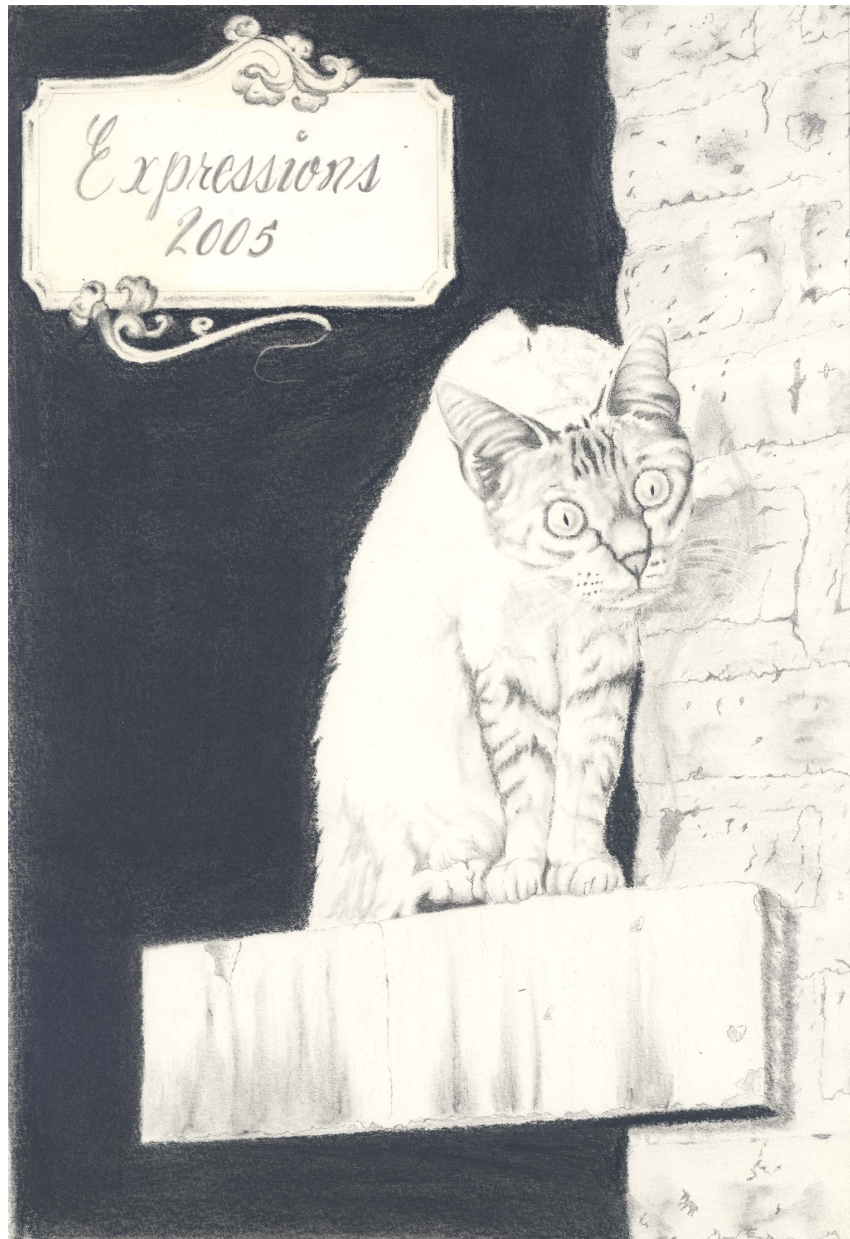
“I’ll hear no more of what they say
I shall wipe clean my credulous plight
Here I am and here I’ll stay
Unmoved, unreckoned, till all that ails me has become
Less than shadow and smaller than dust
No longer shall I give in
To quenching such pensive thirst.”

Upon the boulder, he has a dream
A quiet stone, hourglass form, like a face in the clouds
Lying on the bed of a stream
Through the subtle ripples, of the slow, constant current
He sees his standing reflection, and through it
The stone speaks;

“It is not night nor day
It is not spring nor winter or the month of May
It was and is a place
Beyond the crutches of flesh
And the clutches of both time and space
Hearts exist, but none to be broken
For here, love is not a spoken word
To be unpretentious and gaudy in the
Land of Kings and White Knights
Who know not sovereignty
Never to be stained with purple dye
Or dimmed dull by the black cloud of ego
You need not journey nor perish or shroud
For he who stands with passion
Will not falter.”

He wakes to the drumming sound of nature,
Deserting the boulder,
He now walks in verse with nature
As slowly it unfolds itself of his path.

Literary Critique



Cover Art-Honorable Mention

Literary Critique-First Place

A Portrait of Agamemnon in the *Iliad*

Gerald Meyer

The *Iliad*, a 3000 year old epic by the poet Homer, tells the story of great leaders, gods and heroes. Agamemnon one of the principal characters in the *Iliad*, stands in striking contrast to the leaders celebrated throughout the poem. Homer presents a number of characteristics integral to the formation of a strong leader, few of which are embodied by Agamemnon. According to Homer, a leader should serve the best interests of his subjects, act calmly and rationally even in emotionally charged circumstances, and demonstrate the ability to inspire his subjects with his strength and determination. The portrayal of Agamemnon as a weak, ineffectual leader only heightens the reader's understanding of a truly heroic character.

Throughout the *Iliad*, Agamemnon fails to exhibit the qualities that Homer believes make a man into a great leader. At the very outset of the story, Agamemnon's leadership abilities are called into question when he selfishly places his own interest before those of his people. He chooses to defy the gods and allow his people to suffer rather than relinquish his war prize, the daughter of Chryses. In this instance, his self-centeredness is so extreme that it inspires the gods to send a plague among his subjects. In one of the opening lines of the poem, Homer declares: "...Apollo, who in anger at the king drove the foul pestilence along the host and the people perished, since Atreus' son had dishonored Chryses, priest of Apollo..." (Homer I. 70). Even after it is revealed that it is Agamemnon's selfishness and pride that has brought such suffering to his people, Agamemnon attempts to present a case for his own altruism:

...Still I am willing to give her back, if such is the best way. I myself desire that my people be safe, not perish. Find me then some prize that shall be my own, lest I only among the Argives go without; since that were unfitting; you were all witness to this thing, that my prize goes elsewhere. (Homer I. 72)

Agamemnon wishes to portray himself as a self-sacrificing, caring man, but he cannot forego his selfish desire for compensation. His pride and arrogance will not permit him to receive less than the next man; this reveals his inadequacy as a leader.

Another trait that demonstrates Agamemnon's incompetence in a

Homer's Greek contemporaries believed very strongly in the dictates of holy men and prophets. However, when Kalchas, an esteemed bird interpreter, declares that Agamemnon is responsible for the plague, Agamemnon angrily responds by refuting the prophet's assertions:

Seer of evil: never yet have you told me a good thing.
Always the evil things are dear to your heart to prophesy
.. Now once more you make divinations to the Danaans,
argue forth your reasons why he who strikes from afar
afflicts them, because I for the sake of the girl Chryseis
would not take the shining ransom; and indeed wish to
have her in my own house... (Homer 1.72)

In this passage, Agamemnon displays a total failure to accept responsibility for his own actions. He shifts the blame onto the prophet, saying that Kalchas has chosen to focus solely on Agamemnon's 81 misdeeds. It is the delusions that he suffers, Agamemnon believes, that force him to act irresponsibly; he is not accountable for his shortcomings: "...I am not I responsible but Zeus is and Destiny, and Eriny" (Homer XIX. 130). A true leader of men would take responsibility for the sake of his subjects, allowing his people to see his human side by admitting his wrongdoing.

The final way in which Agamemnon reveals his inadequacy as a leader is through his failure to display strength and courage in the face of adversity. Furthermore, he allows his weakness to come through at the very moments when he should appear, at least to his troops, to be stronger than ever. When the Trojan forces push Agamemnon's army back to their ships, removing most avenues for escape, a true leader would attempt to rally his troops. Agamemnon, by contrast, breaks down in front of his men: "...Come then, do as I say, let us all be won over; let us run away with our ships to the beloved land of our fathers since no longer now shall we capture Troy of the wide ways" (Homer IX. 94). Diomedes is forced to step into the role of leader, rousing the troops to battle by saying, "I will fight till we see the end of Ilion" (Homer IX. 94). Agamemnon suggests that his men run away from the battle rather than stay and fight. This act cements his position as an inadequate leader.

Throughout Homer's *Iliad*, there are a great many leaders and heroes whose valor is only enhanced by the presence of those who are less fit to fill the leadership roles that have been placed upon them. Agamemnon fails to display the qualities necessary for strong leadership. He is motivated by selfish desires, and he often acts rashly and illogically. Furthermore, he is unable to inspire his subjects. Homer's depiction of Agamemnon helps to

develop a portrait of what a true leader would be. A man who, unlike Agamenmon, is strong, honorable, and able to rouse his subjects to greatness even in moments when it appears that all hope is lost.

Literary Critique-Second Place

Priam

Submitted without Author's Name

Priam, King of Troy, son of Dardanos, spends much of *The Iliad* in the backdrop of the dramatic tale. Achilles dominates the epic and his wrath knows no bounds in seeking either revenge from the insults of Agamemnon or finding retribution from Patroklos' murderer, Hektor. In the end, Priam becomes the one who through his powerful grief momentarily sways Achilles great anger and convinces him to hand over the corpse of his dearest son Hektor.

Priam, as a thriving King of Troy, had many splendors. He had been blessed with fifty sons, twelve daughters, a modest wife named Hekabe, and a renowned wisdom. But Priam has grown old and frail, and so has left much of the commanding of Troy and her forces to his most beloved son, Hektor. When Priam hears of the death of Hektor, he is driven to the point of madness at the loss of the thing he holds most dear. When Iris comes upon him, she finds him with dung thick across his face and neck. Priam has been so grieved of the loss of his best son that he has lost all respect for himself. The symbolic factor as then and today weighs heavy. Dung is something to be reviled and cast away far from precious things for fear of contamination. Here, he has covered himself in it, displaying his feeling of self-loathing. He has become something untouchable, inconsolable, something to be discarded far from others so as not to drive them into disgust by the smell. Iris' words are welcome as he needs a task that can bring his mind out of the deep sadness, and retrieving Hektor's corpse could bring that kind of closure. Hekabe does not want him to go for fear that he would be slaughtered like her sons. She wonders where his great wisdom has gone. "The heart in you is iron" (Homer XXIV. 205) she says wondering how this man would believe he could survive at the hands of Achilles. Hekabe is saying his heart is unbendable and as such has learned nothing by watching the deaths of many Trojans. Priam is not to be easily persuaded "If it is my destiny to die there by the ships of the bronzed-armored Achains, then I wish that. Achilleus can slay me at once, with my own son caught in my arms, once I have my fill of mourning above him." (Homer XXIV. 224-227), Priam's despair quickly turns to anger when he curses the Trojans for failing in their battles against the Greeks and wishes the lot of his sons and daughters would have been slain in Hektor's steal" Here we have Priam, elderly and frail, with nothing left to lose, going into the darkness to face the army of his son's murderer. In the actual meeting,

and hatred he has showed through the rest of the story. Priam immediately bows his knees and "kissed the hands that were dangerous and manslaughtering and had killed so many of his sons. (Homer XXIV 477-480). Here is where we realize why Priam is referred to so often as the godlike. He asks Achilles to remember his own father and that, unlike Priam, his son is still living and will return after the war (though Achilles knows this is not true). Priam's grief appeals to Achilles because his fate is known, his fate is a great loss. Achilles has lost Patroklos and soon will die and leave his father to suffer the same as Priam. As they weep together, Achilles is so moved by Priam that he actually begins to console him. He, like Hekabe, also describes Priam's heart, "Ah, unlucky, surely you have had much evil to endure in your spirit. How could you dare to come alone to the ships of the Achains and before my eyes, when I am the one who have killed in such numbers such brave sons of yours? The heart in you is iron." (Homer XXIV. 516-521). This time iron seems to take a different meaning. Priam's heart is no longer described as stubborn as iron, but strong as iron. He has a strong heart to come upon his enemy alone to ask for the corpse of his most beloved son. The two rivals eat. Priam, the godlike, requests a place to sleep in the encampment knowing no harm could come upon him or simply not caring if it did.

Priam was almost non-existent throughout the book until XXIV, and even here, this part seems almost uneventful. But in truth, it is the most important part of the story. Priam plays the integral part of viewing Achilles' anger. It is only through the extreme grief that Priam showed Achilles what despair his anger will bring upon his own father. It is only with Priam's iron heart that the rage of the brat Achilles was able to be quelled for a short while so that we may understand that though Achilles has been fated to die by his anger and thirst for glory, he too, regretted in his heart the loss he has caused to himself, his father, and Priam.

Literary Critique-Third Place

Irony in "The Saboteur" by Ha Jin
Gerald Meyer

The China depicted by Ha Jin in his short Story "The Saboteur" is one at a crossroads between capitalism and the old guard of Communism. The average person during this Cultural Revolution has been given the promise of increased prosperity and a secure future for his family. Ha Jin, having grown up in China during this tumultuous period, can lend the reader tremendous insight into the real workings of the Chinese government during this time. China, at this juncture, has begun to cautiously open itself up to individual entrepreneurship in business. But, the great majority of people still work in state-owned industries and most of their political situations are inseparable from the activities of their everyday lives. As the old Maoist China gives way to the new "open China," the author uses irony to introduce us to the absurdity of some of these situations in "The Saboteur."

Irony makes its first appearance early in the story as Mr. Chiu reacts to the policeman's throwing tea onto his feet as he and his bride are having lunch at Muji train station. Mr. Chiu immediately got to his feet and said out loud, "Comrade policeman, why did you do this?" He stretched out his right foot to show the wet sandal (185). It is obvious that Mr. Chiu expects to receive an apology from the policeman. The thought that, instead of an apology, he will end up handcuffed and thrown in jail never occurs to him. As he is being dragged away to jail, he cried, "You can't do this to me. This is utterly unreasonable" (185). The reader is led to believe that Mr. Chiu is a reasonable member of Chinese society. He is well-respected at his job with the university and has never encountered this type of trouble with the State before. As he is being led away in handcuffs, the young policeman says to Mr. Chiu, "You're a saboteur, you know that? You're disrupting the public order" (185). Little does the policeman know how haunting and ironic those words would become.

In a further description of dramatic irony, we find Mr. Chiu spending his first day and night in jail believing that he has only to find a reasonable policeman to whom he can convey his woeful tale and he will receive the apology that he sought at the train station. He uses a blustery speech in which he cites his education and political affiliation and threatens to expose the police, He has used this type of posturing to his advantage many times before, but never with the police:

Your police station owes me an apology. My train ticket has expired, my new leather sandals are ruined, and I am late for a conference in the provincial capital. You must compensate me for the damage and losses. Don't mistake me for a common citizen who would tremble when you sneeze. I am a scholar, a philosopher, and an expert in dialectical materialism. If necessary, we will argue this in The Northeastern Daily, or we will go to the highest People's Court in Beijing. (187)

The author is able to convey to the reader that this rant does nothing to benefit the situation in which Mr. Chiu finds himself. Quite the opposite is true; the irony here is that it only angers the policeman. Thus, this passage of the story is read with the knowledge that Mr. Chiu is digging himself further and further into a hole. After all, the "new China" has not come that far. As result of his tirade, the police torture Fenjin, a recent law school graduate, who had been sent by Mr. Chiu's wife to get him out of prison.

Mr. Chiu's realizes his hepatitis is progressively getting worse, and he is further sickened by the torture of Mr. Fenjin. Mr. Chiu reluctantly agrees to sign an admission to his crime. "I hereby admit that on July 13 I disrupted the public order at Muji Train Station, and that I refused to listen to reason when the railroad police issued their warning. Thus, I myself am responsible for my arrest. After two days' detention I have realized the reactionary nature of my crime. From now on, I shall continue to educate myself with all my effort and shall never commit this kind of crime again" (191). How ironic those words would turn out to be. It is this act of indignation by the police that would lead to the final twist of irony at the end of the story.

By forcing Mr. Chiu to sign an admission of guilt for disrupting the public order, the author leads us to the ultimate bit of irony in the story. Mr. Chiu sees no alternative now but to commit the crime to which he has already plead guilty. On his way out of town, Mr. Chiu chooses to eat at numerous establishments. He ultimately infected hundreds of people with acute hepatitis, killing six. This was the true disruption of public order, not the small infraction for which he was jailed. The police could have never imagined the outcome of their actions at the beginning of the story. For the people of Muji City, the actions of their police force had both ironic and tragic results.

Literary Critique-Honorable Mention

Tears and Tragedy

Anastacia Gordon

Antigone is a piece of literature that holds every aspect of tragedy except the death of the family dog! There is a great deal of conflict, not only man versus man, but man versus himself as well.

The most evident conflict is man versus man. Creon has decreed, "Polyneices is to have no burial." (1430), makes Creon the enemy of Antigone, who sees it only right that her brother be given a proper burial. By going against Creon's orders, Antigone sets off a chain of events that lead to more conflict and tragedy.

By purposely disobeying Creon, Antigone not only dooms herself, but others as well. Death, which Creon has sentenced her to, ultimately brings about the demise of those closest to him, son and wife. By condemning Antigone, Haimon's fiance, a conflict between son and father emerges, leading to the death of the son. By ultimately causing the death of the son, Creon creates conflict with his wife, who blames him for the death of not only his son and his fiance, but for her own as well. Antigone chose to bury her brother. She knew well that by doing this she would die, as did her sister, Ismene. Another conflict, though smaller, that makes an appearance at the very beginning of the play. Though it is Ismene's brother as well, she disagrees with Antigone, for they are "only women [and] cannot fight with men" (1427), not with the hope of winning. Clearly the sisters greatly contrast in personality, Antigone being stubborn as she is, unlike her submissive sister. The only possible way the conflict could have been resolved was for Ismene to give up her fearfulness and aid Antigone, which she cannot and does not do.

The conflict between Antigone and Creon had no hope of being resolved. Both are equally stubborn, but unlike Creon, Antigone does not have the power to create and enforce laws. It is that power that gives Creon the upper hand in the conflict. However, it is the power of a greater force, the people, as well as the predictions of a wise, blind prophet, unfortunately, that move Creon to undo what has been done; however, there are some things that cannot be undone.

Creon's conflict with himself may be considered a turning point in the story. It was only when he began to question himself and his actions, that he finally decided that condemning Antigone was something that should have never occurred. If he had realized this much sooner, he could have spared many people tragic deaths. After all that transpires, the conflict

Creon has with himself only continues to grow as the guilt and misery begins to fester inside of him. Had he not been so stubborn, those he loved so dearly would still be alive. By striving so hard to keep the "Ship of state" (1430) afloat, Creon disregards one of the most important things that keeps a large vessel from destruction: it's crew.

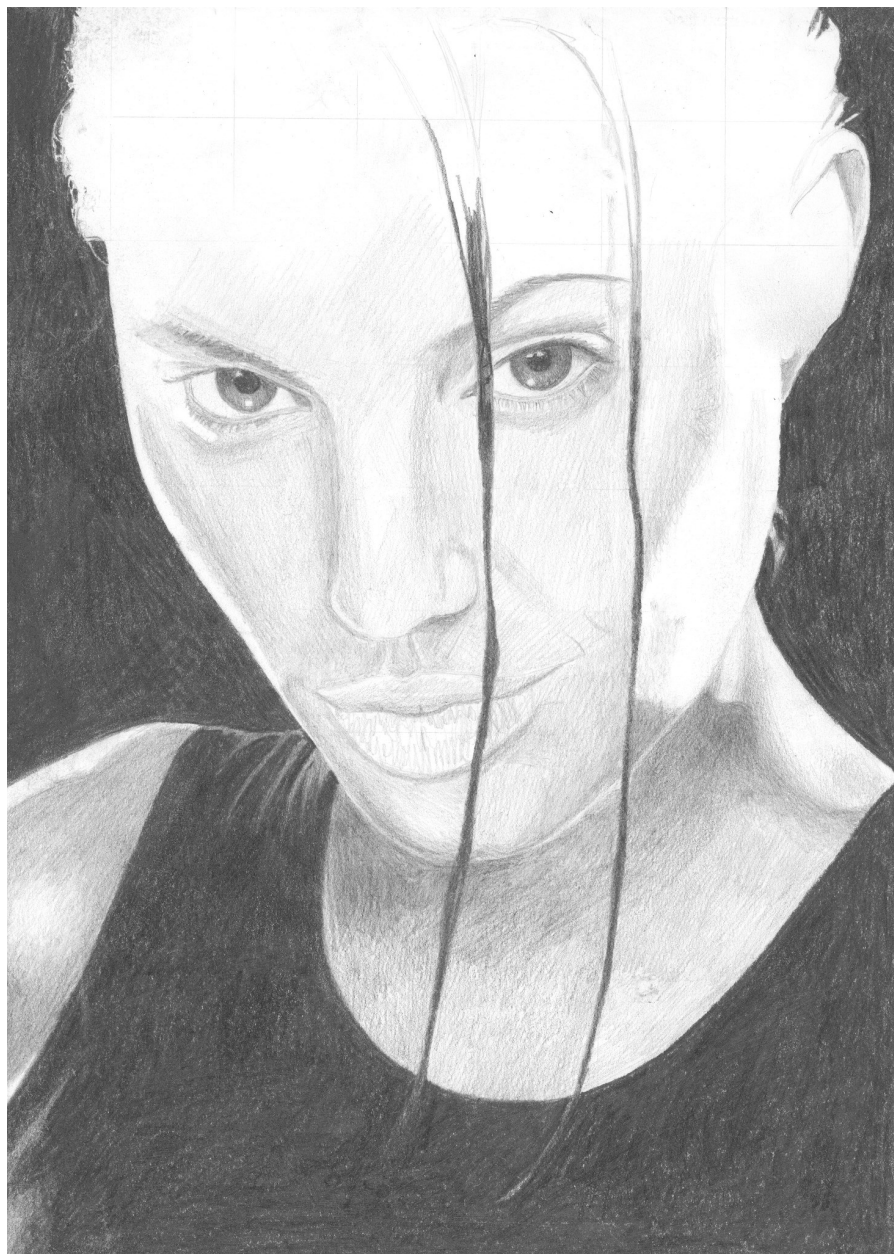
Ultimately, the conflict is a product of man's overwhelming pride. The need to be right out weighs the consequences that told others, until things spiral so out of control that there is nothing more to be accounted for but blood and tears. There are times when it is better to simply give in, and accept the fact that one is wrong, rather I than foolishly cling to false ideals until there is nothing left but misery.



Photography-Honorable Mention
Crystal Meaux

Special Category

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General Art-Honorable Mention

Lori DeRosier

Special Category

Popular Culture: Shaping and Reflecting Who We Are Ryan Andrew Hanson

Already there are some of you whose teeth are set on the edge by what the above suggests... *Does* popular culture shape and mold us as individuals? *Is* it a reflection of *who* we are? Others simply find the allusion rather curt and to the point; accepting the degree to which whatever is deemed popular by the masses as acceptable behavior for society.

All of us inevitably, then, must decide on what side of the issue we find ourselves. It is an important issue, considering our transition into a global community. Information technology brings those on the other side of the world right into our living rooms and/or workplace without the slightest I delay. "Real Time" we now call it; before we settled for the time lag of long distance calls often resulting in cutting each other off in mid-sentence at the slightest pause!! Yes, *technologically speaking*, popular culture is shaping and reflecting who we are. What once restricted us, now has set us free to get on with reaching the goals we dreamed of attaining. The communication barriers have been broken- - bringing the ability to network with whomever, wherever, whenever, and to finally let the world know who we are and what we stand for. So what is everyone waiting for? Surely there are a at least a few more geniuses out there with some equally genius ideas on what would be the best direction for our globally "connected" civilization. Every ship needs a captain, right? Not necessarily. Spaceship Earth seems to be moving along in this solar system quite adequately, unless someone can prove otherwise.

Seriously, though, I am speaking on the socio-cultural direction of this bright blue planet with a population now exceeding six billion *Homo sapiens*. There are two sides on this popular culture issue. One may see the cutting edge of technological advancement, in action after, just one decade. The other side is not quite as *sharp* an edge. In fact, this edge of the sword needs to be honed if it is to match its razor sharp counterpart. What society is experiencing is a cultural shock from the sudden impact of such unprecedented scientific advancements in information and telecommunication technologies. Quite suddenly, much of the industrialized world (some call us "civilized") has access to any and every kind of information known to mankind from the beginning of recorded history to the present. No longer are we mislead on any topic of discussion, now having all the facts at our fingertips within *seconds*.

No longer do we have to hold our tongues until we research the facts at conventional libraries, to refute or confirm a speaker's assertions. Instantaneous confirmation of fact or fiction, if available. How can one go wrong? It *would* seem that such availability of information, being a welcomed boon, should act as a catalyst in ushering in a new age of enlightenment. In reality, without hurdling a few obstacles in our path, society could very well crumble into a chaotic mass of well informed individuals without the ability to agree on anything whatsoever!

How so? *Prevailing culture is prone to mistake information for actual first hand knowledge.* None of us possesses *knowledge* unless we have applied the essential information in the specified area of focus. Knowledge is the related information applied. This is of necessity for us to understand. Many conversations, in the media as well as in social circles are being reduced to mere echoing of popular ideological clichés from "so called" authorities, who claim to be the sole bearers of truth. Many believe such truth assertions because they sound logical, appear rational, and are widely spoken and accepted. The problem is, none of these determine or solely substantiate what is "truthful." What is more, knowledge is not even an end in itself- - for it can result in either foolishness or wisdom, depending on its application. Knowledge and/or truth claimers must inevitably reveal their sources, which is the standard from which all must be measured. *Without a standard or source of asserted objective truth, all claims to such are groundless, having no foundation.*

Contrary to *popular* belief, believing something does not make it necessarily true. Something is true because it possesses that quality of existence or being. For example, if I show John a zebra and he calls it a horse, him *believing* it is a horse does not change the fact that it is a zebra (regardless of abnormal vision). Such is a picture of where we stand in social interactions. John would be wrong in calling a horse a zebra, and bringing such genuine truth to his attention does not ridicule him *nor* does it make one unjust in anyway for doing so. No matter how long and/or regardless of how many people choose to believe something- - *that* does not establish what is genuinely true either. In ages past, all but only a few actually believed the world was *flat!* Did that *make* it flat? This overriding belief was so strong that some of its adherents were more than willing to put to death anyone not sharing the same worldview!

These emotional hang-ups, in connection to beliefs, are not, therefore, new! No one particularly enjoys being found to be in error, much less having someone point it out to us and/or others. But which is worse, allowing one to continue in error, risking life and limb in some cases or caring enough to point out irrefutably erroneous beliefs, regardless of the

temporary emotional scars such acts of mercy may cause? The latter is no less than throwing a life preserver to a person drowning, due to lack of swimming ability! Who would do anything on the contrary? Yet, *that* is what we do when we refuse to point out errant truth claims in attempts to preserve that person's emotional stability. Many choose not to *offend* others with genuine truth at great long term consequences indeed. Such a lack of concern for other's ultimate welfare is where we stand so divided as a human society. Even in the most tragic of earth shaking events, people's motives are questioned as mere opportunities to gain public fame and achieve celebrity status! Come one and all... who will be our next hero/heroine!!! It's all becoming rather surreal to witness firsthand. ..Certainly, a brave new world has emerged to some degree. Whether it turns out to be for the better or worse will, to a large proportion, depend upon us. There is no question that all of us individually have the ability to make a difference. The question is anyone concerned enough about our direction to influence culture for the benefit of all mankind?

DO YOU ACTUALLY CARE?

Technology has finally freed us to dedicate more of our efforts to re-evaluate where we are going in this ever increasingly connected global community. A major obstacle is that today's "popular culture" seems to be preoccupied at the moment in satisfying sensual urges through various entertainment media -as if "feeling good" is the ultimate *end* to all our means! Hopefully, most people have taken notice the above trends and are fed up with this "pleasure principle" a never ending search for immediate gratifications that only leave us disappointed and wanting more. If so, one may begin to ask himself and find the answers to the following questions:

What am I doing to make this world a better place for our children to live in?

What do I really believe about this world and where we are going as a people?

Why do I believe the way I do?

Can I logically and reasonably give an answer to *others* about such beliefs?

Would I admit to myself if I was in error of those held beliefs?

What is the standard for truth?

If we encourage ourselves and others to ask questions similar to these we may find the answers taking us to where we should be headed corporately as a people. In the meantime, we will continue to be a *technologically connected/socially disconnected* people, expecting a leader to tell us exactly what to do, yet becoming resentful when he or she actually does so!

Much of our social stumbling can be rooted at an innate desire to be accepted into certain people associations or groups. We most certainly will not be accepted by everyone, but if we are honest with ourselves and others, those with such virtuous character-*will!* The potential for mankind to achieve even greater unprecedented heights for human civilization can be realized, if we would cast off such quirks that only add to the current socio-cultural snafus. These contributions may not be considered "popular" at present, but they may prove *vital* to tomorrow's culture and beyond. Never underestimate the value of *being.* " Live out loud. Carpe Diem!

"A civilization which develops only on its material side, and not in corresponding measures on its mental and spiritual side, is like a vessel with a defective steering gear..."

-Albert Schweitzer

Faculty
and
Staff



Early Morning Jog
Pat Pate-Staff

Sh-h-h, Sweetheart...

“M-*om*-mm?”

I turned away from the book I was reading and looked into my daughter’s face, crammed full of question marks. Umm, unusual she is normally bursting with explanation symbols!

“M-*om*-mm, does God speak, has He ever talked to you, can you hear Him, does He send Angels...?”

Her questions were tumbling out her mouth and head faster than she could speak, quicker than I could answer...

... *God?...Speak?...Hear?...Angels...*

“Ken, I am going for walk,” I said. He looks tired from studying but confident and prepared as he stood at the door of his motel room. “All right Janet, but don’t be too long; it is getting dark, and it gets strange around here at night,” he warns as I turn and start on my way.

Ken is a dental officer in the U.S. Navy, and I am his civil servant dental assistant. We are in San Francisco the night before he begins his two day California State Board exams. On the second day, he will start his clinical exams, and I will assist him chair-side. I was all too pleased to accept an expense-paid trip to assist him. I had planned to sitesee and shop until Ken needed me at the dental school.

I turn up the collar of my coat; the fog is beginning to creep in across the San Francisco Bay. The motel where we are staying is just few short blocks away from the Golden Gate Park, the bay, and the magnificent suspension bridge.

From the parking lot of the motel, I walk towards the sidewalk leading to the park. There is a band of hippies on the corner; I really want to get a good look at them, but the Charles Manson gang is on trial for the Labianca/Sharon Tate murders. I don’t want to call attention to myself and appear to be a gawking tourist, so I thrust my hands deep into my coat pockets and hunch my shoulders to get my collar up around my face. Briskly passing the group, I feel a chill run down my back; they *could be* the Manson Family, wild-eyed, spaced-out, with sinister haunting smiles. What a relief to get past them and enter the park.

Breath-taking, absolutely beautiful! The park lives up to its reputation, lush, green, colorful and well-maintained. What a contrast from the semi-arid, random landscape of San Diego. The scent of pine, flowers, and tide, a powerful combination and I completely get lost in my walk and forget the time. I come out of my walking trance and realize that I am deep into the park, and it is getting dark.

“Stupid! I am not going to get back before it is dark,” the very thing Ken warned me about.

“I cannot believe it!”

There is a black car with dark tinted windows parked at the end of the turn-around.

“Tinted windows? Only *really* bad mafia types have big black cars with darkened windows.”

“Oh, I have done it now, Lord.”

I stop short and change course to find my way out of the park. The idling car is put into gear and the vehicle slowly begins to approach.

“Lord, help me. I can’t get out the park before the car gets to me!”

My heart is racing, my mouth is dry; I want to run but God impresses me to remain calm.

“Am I seeing things? Where did this white car come from?”

The driver of the white car pulls in close enough for the passenger to roll down his window, with a presence that demands my attention, says,

“Do you not see the danger? You need to come with us.”

My mind is searching for reason... “Come with you, ...with you?”

“Yes, Janet, with them; you will be safer with them, than by yourself.” No words spoken, but I know that I must obey.

I dart into the back seat and slam the door shut. I crane my neck to look out the back window to see the black car speeding towards us, passing us with such force the little white car rocks in its wake.

“Wow,” is all I have energy to say.

I begin to take stock of my rescuers and summarize they are a couple of cute sailors stationed close by. They affirm that they are on duty in San Francisco. They have a calming effect on me, and I profusely let them know that their rescue is so appreciated.

They deliver me to the steps of my motel. I close my car door and place my hand on the arm of the passenger,

“Thank you again, and you are a couple of Angels.” He looks directly and intently into my eyes and with a sweet smile, replies,

“Yes, we know.”

I turn to start up the stairs and hear them begin to drive away. I pause to take one last look and wave good-bye. The parking lot is empty, and there is no traffic either way on the street...

“You are couple of Angels...” “Yes, we know...”

“Sh-h-h, sweetheart, come here and sit with me and let me tell you about”

Janet G. Polk - Staff

Anyone

Damon J. Gaspard-Staff

It's 3 a.m. another sleepless night...
Wanting you here so I can hold you tight...
Missing your love and feeling all alone..
I need your strength; I need your heart to live on...

...I don't want anyone but you, you know I don't

Risking it all to look into your eyes...
Anything to keep you in my life...
The love that you give I never had before...
I need your heart to complete me and more...

...I don't need anyone but you, you know I don't

I'll give you love; the things you want,
there is nothing in this world I wouldn't do...
I don't want anyone but you,
you know anyone won't do,
I don't want anyone, no anyone but you...

You've opened the door and found more inside...
You hold the keys to unlock my life...
Every story has its start...
and now you and I will write the next part...

I don't love anyone but you...
Please know anyone won't do...

I'll give you love; (if) that's what you want,
I would live and breath and cry and die for you...
I don't need anyone but you,
you know anyone won't do,
I don't want anyone, no anyone but you...



Hamilton Pool
Timothy Huston-Staff

Still Life

Sue Wright-Faculty
Austin Community College
Expressions 2005 Poetry and Prose Judge

A frail figure in white shirt and dark trousers
stands arms raised, palms facing outward
toward the turret of a business-
like grey tank

one solitary figure out of thousands
he stands - a symbol for
their oppression

Frozen in time, he has momentarily
halted the would-be crushers
of an embryonic democracy

like the bedraggled band in a small
skiff crossing the Delaware

like the trio of bandaged players
of the fife and drum

like the crouched but triumphant
raisers of the flag on Iwo Jima

the faceless silhouette of
an unknown patriot
will remain etched
in the hearts of
millions of people
who saw him while
aimlessly switching remote
controls from baseball to
basketball seated in their
easy chairs on a
sunny Saturday afternoon



Thunderhead Over Phoenix
Cindy King-Faculty

Mason and the Dinosaurs

Sally Byrd-Faculty

There might be a dinosaur with us
Right here in the car—
There might be a dinosaur sitting beside us
Anywhere we are.

He might be green, he might be brown
He could be mean or a great big clown
He comes to tell all children a secret
If dinosaurs are good and don't pitch a fit
The young ones get to come out and play
When the sun has set at the end of the day
By the light of the moon
They'll be there soon
And if we are quiet and if we wait
They'll come out every night
To play in the bright moonlight
Laughing and dancing in intricate formations
In the land of a child's imagination.

Get to the Lincoln Bedroom, Barbara

For Richard

Sally Byrd-Faculty

Can it be the bass drum's out of tune?
Can its boom boom be a little flat?
Does it sound like squash hit with a bat
Call for help. The band will falter soon.

For if the band despairs the beat be kept
And doubts the drum can keep them in a line,
Panic will ensue and then misstep
And members will no longer march in time.

If the clash of symbols turns to clong
And bells instead of ringing start to dong
When trombones play a melancholy song
And flutes refuse to toodle all day long

It is a time to take a look anew
And give to boom boom the respect it's due!



Jimmy's in Love
Bobby Summers-Staff



Is this *supposed* to be the dump?
Bobby Summers-Staff

The Light is in my Eyes

Damon J. Gaspard-Staff

The light is in my eyes,
too blind to see...
what you mean to me...

Just once, I would like to win...
I've held your smile inside my hands,
but let the dream slip away again...

It seems like the world's turned upside down,
and it's come between me and you...
I live my life lost, but now I'm found
and I've found it inside of you...

The light is in my eyes,
too blind to find a way...
love, it's so hard to say...

It seems like the world wants to see me down,
I hear them say 'He's no good for you...'
but now my eyes are wide open and the light's
died down, my journey awaits to begin with you...

The light is in my eyes,
too blind to see...
you're everything to me...



Best Pals Forever

"Best Pals Forever" titled by Mother
how could she see down through time
that when we were young together
grown now still intertwined?

Side by side, arm in arm
that sunny day at Sandy Beach in fifty-four
smiling with impish charm
an image for us always to adore.

Little Sis just six, Big Sis going on eight
the folks had her, but she was mine
none dare try hurt her, for I was the keeper of the gate
our little world was right and fine.

Giggles and stories from our twin beds
"Good night girls, turn off the lights, go to sleep..."
in the dark, hairpins in laps to curl our heads
a love and a friendship that runs deep.

Mothers and grandmothers we have become
Pray that those we love never
go through life lonesome
without their *Best Pals Forever*.

Janet G. Polk-Staff



Peek-a-Boo, I see you...
Susan Gregory-Faculty

The Voice

Damon J. Gaspard-Staff

I have a smile
you can see it from ear to ear,
time is ours for us to hold...

There's truth in your eyes,
you calm all my fears,
I'm led to you down every road...

It's just you and me,
I have so much hope,
a breath between us could be miles...

Let my arms surround you,
like the water surrounds the shore,
let me be the calm you seek for...

And everytime I get close to you,
it's the start of a brand new day, I'm
overjoyed with everything you say...

And I have this feeling,
do you have this feeling too...?
The nights are so long,
and cold here without you...

All I wanted was your attention, but
I can't find the voice to find the
words to say I need you so...
All I wanted was your attention, but
I can't find the voice so I write
the words to say I love you so...

I have smile,
you can see it from ear to ear,
time is all I have to hold...

Through it All

Damon J. Gaspard-Staff

Standing there alone,
you reached out your hand...
and then I saw you smile,
and for a little while,
I saw myself as your man...

Whenever you're around,
I don't have much to say...
but I see it in your eyes,
the beginning of my life,
you keep taking my breath away...

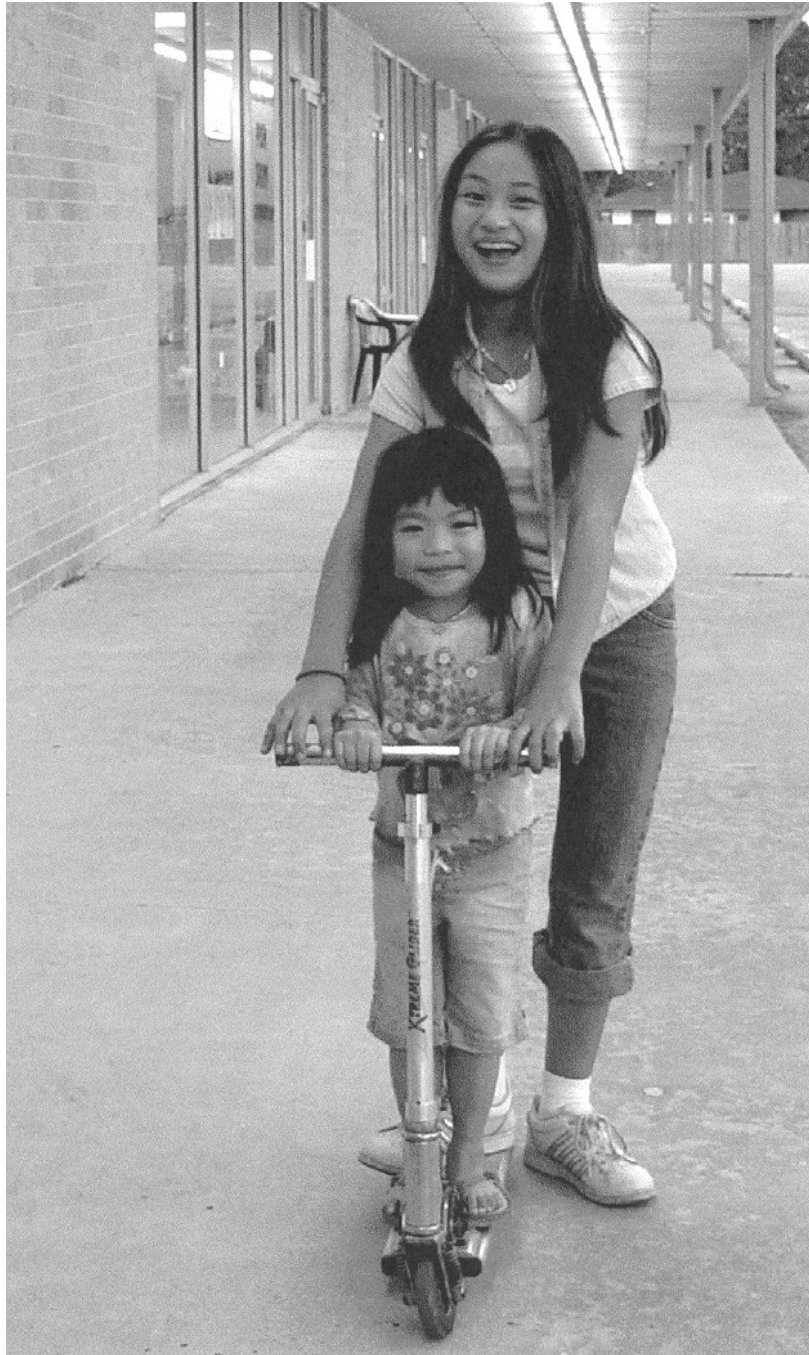
Through it all, it's been me and you...
through I don't always know what to do...
but everything is fine when I hold you in my arms...
I will protect us from the pain and keep you safe from harm...
and the only thing I need...
is to have you here with me...
...through it all.

Now you're by my side,
giving it your all...
all I can do is stare,
I feel your love everywhere,
more and more (In love) I fall...

Tomorrow we'll stay at home,
I want this to be your night...
this time I will be strong,
and know where I belong,
this time I will do it right...



Bear Checkup
Don Ross-Faculty



Sisters
Don Ross-Faculty

Provoking the Psychic Heart

Mysti Rudd-Faculty

When they are seen as fields of energy, human beings appear to be like fibers of light, like white cobwebs, very fine threads that circulated from the head to the toes. Thus to the eyes of a seer, a man looks like an egg of circulating fibers, and his arms and legs like luminous bristles, bursting out in all directions.

Carlos Castaneda, *The Fire Within*

He tipped the arc
Of the psychic's swing
As she sailed along strings
Tied to a magnolia.

To her it was no more than
A wisp of a wind,
Grey hair on a pillow,
The hint of an impish grin-

But I found myself defiled
In a field of dead feathers
Plucked from the chicken's rump,
The taste of ground bones on my tongue.

Lost, moaning,
Like Benjy in the pasture,
I lunge in loops,
Groping as a fungus
For the camouflage of grass,
The inbred smell of family trees.

Caddy, Caddy . . .
Mother me . . .
Make love to . . .
Accompany, the song,
Of my fury.



Pickup Upside Down
Don Ross-Faculty

The Cobra

Mysti Rudd-Faculty

I crawl into my future
as if it were a cast-off snakeskin.

With arms pinned to sides,
my body writhes
to fit in.

I squiggle
to inhabit
the skin of another,
the scent of an alien.

On Letterman's stupid human tricks,
a man promises to move
American cheese
from his forehead to his mouth
merely by twitching
his facial muscles.

The cheese resists,
She twists and bends,
slides up on her toes,
but in the end
lies stuck in a yoga pose,
back arched over the man's nose

just two tongue-lengths
from his cobra throat.



Gettin' Down
Don Ross-Faculty



Serenity at Sunset Lake Sam Rayburn
Sherry Lejeune-Faculty



Irises in Crystal
Janet G. Polk-Staff

Writing is imaginative—
I write;
I feel;
I am.

Writing is therapeutic—
to release, to vent,
To reveal secrets,
my words whirled about
might form windows
Into the door
of someone else.

Writing is “fun, enjoyable, fulfilling”—
When it’s not awkward, embarrassing, exasperating.

Writing is the moment you are born—
or mile twenty-one of a marathon run.

Writing is both my right hand and my left—
the tub full of water and the drain of emptiness,
my joy and my bliss,
my sorrow and my woundedness.

Writing is what seeps from my pores to my pillow
when I wake up with night sweats.

Writing is where my past marries my future,
and invites you, the reader, to the wedding,
to sip or spit champagne
as you choose.

Creative Writing Class Spring 2005
Mysti Rudd-Faculty

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Statement of Editorial Policy

The editorial staff of EXPRESSIONS 2005 would like to thank all of the students who submitted work for consideration to EXPRESSIONS 2005 this semester. Unfortunately, not every entry can be published. In order to insure fair and impartial judging and publication selection, the copy without the author's name is sent to the judges. The judges at no time see the copy which identifies the individual author.

The purpose of EXPRESSIONS 2005 is to publish the best entries for consideration. We are proud of the entries published in this issue and appreciate the support of all students, faculty and staff who contributed to and enjoy the magazine.

Sally Byrd, Editor

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