





A Member of The Texas State University System

Expressions

Spring 2010

Volume XXIV

Expressions 2010 Student Winners

SHORT STORY

First Place

Live Radio Richard Hall

ESSAY

First Place

Can a Pit Bull Be Trusted as a Family Pet? Javier Olivares

Second Place

Is the H1N1 Vaccine for Everyone? Donnah Borgfeld

Third Place

The Influence of Billiards..... Nick Cearley

Honorable Mention

Caution: Oversized Load Kaala Jacobs

Splenda: Diabetic's Savior or Fraud? Javier Olivares

Things I Carry Jake Babineaux

A Day in My Shoes Mark Vincent

My Favorite Place Donna Abrams

POETRY

First Place

I Am From Everywhere..... Sabrina Odom

Second Place

Night's Lights Steven C. Hatfield, I

Third Place

A Traveler Between Cultures..... Karim Adtani

Honorable Mention

Play-N-Life Jeremy Spears

Love Avie Richard

POETRY

Honorable Mention

- UNWRITTEN..... Brandon Skillman
- No More Questions-a poem about hateAbby Woodrick
- Pretend Shawn Nguyen
- Lost Steven C. Hatfield, I
- Love/Hate Rachel White
- Love PoemAmanda Allen
- Love is Blind Kimberly Green

LITERARY CRITIQUE

First Place

- The Irony of Fate Steven C. Hatfield, I

Second Place

- Stories of Initiation: Two Worlds, Two Stories, One Right
Steven C. Hatfield, I

Third Place

- The More Things Change-The More Things Stay the Same
..... Tammye Knowles

Honorable Mention

- A Glimpse of Isak Dinesen: As Seen Through the Eyes of
Her Critics.....Marvin C. Nowell
- The Repeating Mistakes of Man..... Shelby Cooks

COVER ART

- First Place** Christina Buchanan

- Second Place**Robert Robertson, Jr.

- Third Place**.....Kwanzaa Edwards

Honorable Mention

- Wild Life Expressions Faustino Vela Rodriguez, Jr.

- Honorable Mention** Rick Hill

COVER ART

Honorable Mention

..... Tia Marshall
..... James Bailey

GENERAL ART

First Place David Gillespie

Second Place Juan Cardenas

Third Place Shawn McBride

Honorable Mention

Love Day 2009 Dinh Vo
..... Marvin C. Nowell
..... Chris Varela
..... Glenn Taylor

PHOTOGRAPHY

First Place Yesenia Torres

Second Place

Wildflowers..... Krista Bergeron

Third Place

Waterfall..... Krista Bergeron

Honorable Mention

Our Home After Ike Tina Hoffpauir
..... Leslie McCoy
..... Javier Olivares

Table of Contents

SHORT STORY

Hall, Richard.....	3
--------------------	---

ESSAY

Abrams, Donna.....	41
Babineaux, Jake.....	37
Borgfeld, Donnah.....	19
Cearley, Nick.....	23
Jacobs, Kaala.....	29
Olivares, Javier.....	15, 33
Vincent, Mark.....	39

POETRY

Adtani, Karim.....	50
Allen, Amanda.....	60
Green, Kimberly.....	61
Hatfield, Steven C., I.....	49, 58
Nguyen, Shawn.....	56
Odom, Sabrina.....	47
Richard, Avie.....	53
Skillman, Brandon.....	54
Spears, Jeremy.....	52
White, Rachel.....	59
Woodrick, Abby.....	55

LITERARY CRITIQUE

Cooks, Shelby.....	89
Hatfield, Steven C., I.....	65, 71
Knowles, Tammye.....	75
Nowell, Marvin C.....	79

COVER ART

Bailey, James.....	78
Buchanan, Christina	Cover
Edwards, Kwanzaa.....	11
Hill, Rick.....	48
Marshall, Tia.	12
Robertson, Robert, Jr.	X
Rodriguez, Faustino Vela, Jr.....	36

GENERAL ART

Cardenas, Juan.....	22
Gillespie, David	2
McBride, Shawn.....	32
Nowell, Marvin C.	62
Taylor, Glenn	31
Varela, Chris.....	70
Vo, Dinh	44

PHOTOGRAPHY

Bergeron, Krista	35, 46
Hoffpauir, Tina.	64
McCoy, Leslie	43
Olivares, Javier.	69
Torres, Yesenia.....	14

FACULTY & STAFF

Andress, William J.....	93
Byrd, Sally	101,103
Judice, Michelle	108
Megnet, Grace.....	99,100,102,110,111
Polk, Janet G.	92,113
Lowe, Zebulon	96,105,109,114,115
Thompson, Anthony	95,104,107
Wright, Sue Lanier.....	97

Student Contributors

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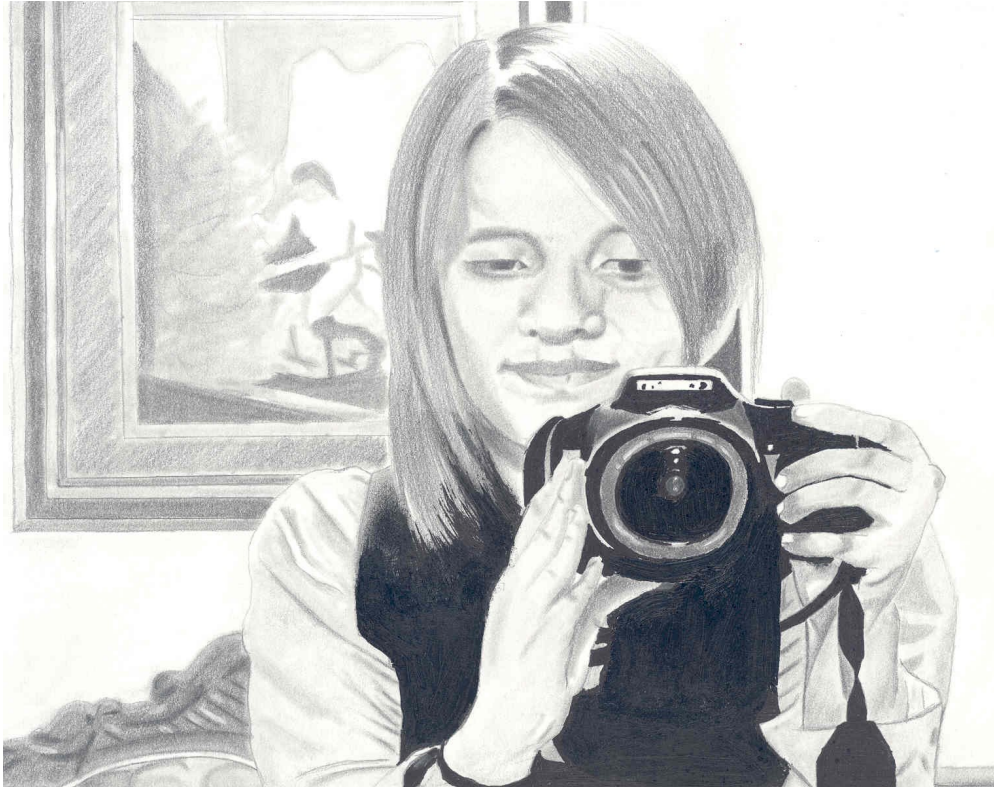
Avie Richard	Nguyen Tran
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Glenn Taylor	
Salmah Thomas	
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Cover Art-Second Place

Robert Robertson, Jr.

Short Story



General Art-First Place

David Gillespie

Short Story-First Place

Live Radio

Richard Hall

Dominic slumps into the folding chair behind the large folding table. Overhead the banner flapped in the morning breeze. "One more hour to go," he thought; "then I'm out of here." Two hours had gone by and a little more than half a dozen students had come by his booth. Only now was he starting to draw a crowd, the stack of publicity stills dwindling in size. As he slipped his headset back on, he could hear the music that introduced his show playing. Then the voice of his technician broke in.

"Live in five, four, three, two, one." Dominic came to life as if shot with a dose of adrenaline. "Good morning, friends!" This is Dominic in the morning coming to you live from Lamar State College, Port Arthur. Yes, we are here to honor the one hundredth anniversary of educating the masses in Port Arthur. It has been a real privilege to be here this morning. It's a real treat to get out of the studio and come out among all our fans. Things are starting to really move around here now. Looks like we have an audience forming now. How cool is that? Do ya'll want to say 'good morning' to Southeast Texas?" He rises from his seat and lifts the microphone toward the group of students milling about and like a band leader gives them a signal.

"Good morning," they all yell out. Returning to his seat Dominic once again launches into a monolog. "That was so cool!" Hope you enjoyed that Southeast Texas. It's great to be here! When we come back, we will see if we can find some brave souls to answer a few questions about this great institution. What about his news from Washington, huh? According to the 'AP' President Obama will release the short list of names of individuals he is considering for the new car czar post, which is really nothing more than

CEO of GMC. Also our good friend Congressman Ted Poe in the House and Senator John Cornyn in the Senate are sponsoring a bill to amend the Constitution to state 'life begins at conception and is granted full protection of the law at that point in time'. That's not going to win them a lot of votes from the pro-choice camp, that's for sure. So, stay tuned we'll be right back!"

"And clear. Real good Dom; it's going great."

"Thanks Dan" yelling to the crowd, "Say, any of you students want to be on the radio?"

Come on now, there has to be somebody out there who isn't afraid. How about you?" He points to a young blond woman, who shrugs her shoulders and moves around the table to take the seat next to the balding, overweight talk show host. "Yea, that's good, and what about the guy making goo-goo eyes at you? Who's that?"

Ronnie, my boyfriend."

"OK! Ronnie come on around and take the other chair. What's your name?" "Robin"

"I like it! I like it, Robin and Ronnie a little R and R in the morning." She looks at him with a scowl on her face. "Don't worry, I'm not going to use it on the air."

"Back in five, four, three, two, one."

"Dominic in the morning here with you till nine. We are broadcasting live from the beautiful campus of Lamar State College Port Arthur to celebrate one hundred years educating the youth of Texas. I'm joined here by a very nice couple, Robin and Ronnie. Now Robin, how long have you been a student here?"

"This is my second year Mr. Dominic,"

"Call me , Dom."

"I'll be attending Lamar University next year."

"So, what made you decide to attend here, say, instead of going

directly to the University?”

“Well, to be honest, it was a matter of economics. The tuition here is less, and all the credits are transferable. I’m saving thousands of dollars that I won’t be paying interest on later.”

“Wow! Beauty and brains, what a combination! Don’t you agree, Ronnie?”

“I certainly do!”

“I take it this is your second year also then?”

“Actually this is my third year. I work full time and have to attend evenings and days off. It’s a little hectic, but it makes me appreciate the support I get from home all the more.

“I see, so, Ronnie, what would you say has been the most difficult class to get through?”

“I heard that you asked a lot of softball questions.”

“Ouch, that hurt!”

“Just kidding”

“No, really, I figured with the limited time a full time job gave you there would have to be something that robbed you of sleep at night, or at least was hard to get through.”

“Yea. Well, I guess the hardest class would have to be, geology, right Robin?”

“That would be my answer. Dr. Taylor is rough. Not only is the material hard but sometimes even his explanation is difficult to grasp. I always call his class ‘Scratch and Sniff,’ because he always has samples you have to either scratch to find out how hard they are or sniff to try and figure out what it is. Like sulfur for instance smells really gross.”

“Sounds like a pretty strange class.”

“Well it’s not really too bad. I think Dr. Taylor makes it difficult by speaking over our heads.”

“Over your heads?”

“Yea, you know, like we are real scientists already or something. I guess it’s hard to break the information down for him or something.

“It’s a difficult class for sure. Everyone says so, but Dr. Taylor is very fair. Effort means a lot to him, so if you make a real effort, he will make time to help you out. Actually, I believe the class is a bit lame, but science is required and I would rather scratch rocks any day over dissecting a cow’s brain, that’s really gross!”

“Thanks for taking the time to talk with us guys. I’m on a hard break for the national news. Don’t you leave folks, we’ll be back, live from Lamar Port Arthur.”

“And clear.”

Robin points to the right, “There’s Dr. Taylor!”

“Hey that’s great, “Dominic waves an arm to get his attention. “Dr Taylor! Over here!”

A well dressed man in his late fifties pulling a handcart full of plastic cases ambles up to the booth.

“Good morning Dr. Taylor. My name is Dominic from KUTE radio 1420. I’d like a chance to interview you on the radio if you can spare some time.”

“I have some time, so I suppose I could answer a few questions, but I’ll probably be a very uninteresting interview, sir.”

“I’m sure it will be great radio, trust me. By the way just call me Dom, OK.”

“And you may call me Ron.”

“Sure, now just relax and remember to breathe. I can tell you’re a natural.”

“Back in five, four, three, two, one.”

“Dominic in the morning back with you, live from the campus of Lamar State College Port Arthur. You’re in for a real treat folks. My next guest is none other than Dr. Ron Taylor! Dr. Ron, I’m told by reliable

sources that you teach, er, instruct, if you will, the students about geology?"

"That's correct."

"So, um Geology. That has to be tough."

"What do you mean, Dom?"

"Well, I come on the air every morning from six AM to nine AM and talk about, well, just about anything. I can't imagine having to come into a classroom with say twenty or so students and talk for three hours about nothing but rock formations."

"Oh, I see, well it really isn't difficult. There is a lot going on in geology now a days. Plate tectonics is proven science now, and you can spend hours just discussing the way various plates are moving, what kind of faults are along plate boundaries. Then, of course, there are the different types and kinds of rocks and minerals to discuss."

"It's a challenging field of study, but one can hardly run out of material to discuss with students in an introductory level class."

"Yea, but isn't it just a bit boring, Dr. Ron? I mean, here I have all the weird news of the day, and with some of the clowns up in Washington running things, um, well, it's never boring that's for sure."

"Dominic, science is always changing. It's a challenge just to stay abreast of the new theories and proven science. Hardly boring at all."

"OK, Doc., that's twice you have used the term 'proven science.' What does that mean?"

"When an observation is made and a solution is reasoned out, we have a theory. The theory is then discussed, applied, tested and retested until it is confirmed. At this point it becomes proven science or knowledge if you will."

"So that's what you meant by that plate tech thing being proven science."

"Tectonics"

“Yea, that. It’s been proven that they exist, right?”

“Well, yes, basically, but so much more than that. Plate tectonics explains why mountains exist, why certain fossils are found on different continents that could not have survived there now, or why earthquakes occur in certain areas. It’s very different from bad or unproven science.”

“What do you mean by bad science, Doc?”

“Bad science, well, let’s take a look at this ‘global warming’ phenomenon.”

“Ok” “Someone says, ‘Hey ,the glaciers are melting. It must mean the earth is getting warmer’. So tests are run and sure enough the ambient temperature is some two tenths of a degree warmer than it was thirty years ago. Then another scientist blames this so called ‘warming’ on the carbon output of industrial nations, a man-made problem. That scientist gets government grant money to study the problem and find a solution. The solutions are to come up with ‘green’ industries to get more federal dollars. It’s just bad science, because the whole concept is wrong. They assume their theory is proven and force it down everyone’s throat.”

“What do you mean?”

“Well, the whole theory is based on shrinking glaciers, but the fact is not all glaciers are shrinking. Ninety percent of the world’s glaciers are actually increasing in size. Also just this month there have been several days when all time record lows are being recorded, in some twenty-three states. We are talking twenty plus degrees below recorded norms. It’s bad science because it’s all about creating wealth, and no science. People I trust believe that this process is closer to what occurs when the poles are changing, which has happened many times in earth’s history.”

“So the earth is just evolving, right?”

“Well, now you’re getting into unproven science.”

“Say, Doc, can you stay through the break? This is Dominic in the morning live from Lamar State College Port Arthur. We’ll be back with Dr.

Ron Taylor in two minutes.”

“And clear. Say Dom, the station says the phone boards are lit up like a Christmas tree, what do you want to do?”

“Skip the calls, don’t have time.”

“All right”

“Doc, you’re doing great. I feel as if I should be paying tuition.”

“Thanks, it is kind of enjoyable, isn’t it?”

“Back in five, four, three, two, one.”

“Good morning friends, Dominic in the morning back live at Lamar State College Port Arthur, with the infinitely knowledgeable Dr. Ron Taylor. I understand that the phone lines are blazing, but we don’t have time this morning to answer any calls. Dr. Taylor, you were just stating that evolution is unproven science?”

“Yes, I’m not saying that things can’t evolve mind you. Just cross a white corn with a yellow and see what happens. No, I’m talking about life by accident. It just can’t happen. DNA proves it. Nor did man evolve from low class animals.”

“Hold on Doc.”

“I’ve been to see Lucy at the Houston museum, and they said she was one of our distant ancestors.”

“Well, Dom, if that’s the only proof you need then the DNA proof I have won’t matter to you.”

“You have DNA proof?”

“Yes and No. Recent DNA testing done on people living in Siberia has found a whole village of people that share DNA with Neanderthal man.”

“So that proves evolution, right?”

“Hardly, what it proves is the opposite. If we all evolved through the different species, then we would all share common DNA. The fact that one group and one group only does, disproves the theory.”

“So where does this leave us, Doc?”

“Well, this takes us back to the theory of creation. DNA proves that one part of a cell could not exist without the other; the two require each other. This lends credibility to a creator who was able simultaneously to create the two parts. We also, by fossil evidence, know that the different species of humanoids overlapped in the times of their existence. So, my personal thought is that the Bible should be tested more and evolution less. Just think, I believe that Cain, after killing Abel was barred from the land. He claimed his punishment was too great, that anyone could kill him. Who were these ‘anyones?’ Were they Neanderthals? Did Cain mate with a Neanderthal to produce these people of Siberia? Science is full of questions Dominic and searching for answers can never be boring nor get boring. The human mind is always in search of answers.”

“Doc, thanks for stopping by and sharing with us this morning. I’d love to get you in studio sometime.”

“It was my pleasure, Dominic.”

“Remember, friends, it’s a crazy world out there, so be careful and be observant and give someone a hug today.”

“And clear. Great Show! Lets get out of here.”

“Boy, I sure see what those kids mean when they said he talks over your head. Did you understand any of that?”

“Of course, he said that traits within a species can evolve, but one species can not evolve from another, so we are looking for answers in the wrong places. Like the man says, nothing but questions.”

“Why didn’t I hear that?”



Cover Art-Third Place

Kwanzaa Edwards



Cover Art-Honorable Mention

Tia Marshall

Essay



Photography-First Place

Yesenia Torres

Essay-First Place

Can a Pit Bull Be Trusted as a Family Pet?

Javier Olivares

Many years ago, I performed residential work for Time Warner Cable as a computer technician. During that time, I came across my share of dogs, including pit bulls. As a result, I've come to the conclusion that pit bulls are not a safe breed of dog for the general dog owner. This assertion is greatly increased if the dog owner has children.

"Oh don't worry; he won't bite. He might just lick ya to death," was one of the most common reassurances I would hear. This may have settled any worries, if not for the fact that the owner was holding the dog by its collar as it barked and lunged wildly toward me. The egocentric thinking of some pit bull owners never ceases to confound me. Just because a dog is loving and gentle with the owner doesn't mean it will be loving and gentle with everyone else. The world of the typical dog owner is usually blind to this fact. Unfortunately, for pit bull owners, this blindness can lead to dangerous consequences.

A recent three year U.S. fatality dog bite study, performed by *Dogsbite.org*, found that pit bulls kill a U.S. citizen every twenty-one days. They are also responsible for the majority of off-property attacks. Because of the viciousness of the breed, "at least eleven U.S. Supreme Courts and Appeals Courts have ruled that the pit bulls pose a greater risk" to humans than other dog breeds. This has allowed cities and states to enact legislation to restrict these dogs and to make their owners responsible for their attacks.

Opponents to these laws are plentiful, of course. An organization called *Pit Bull Rescue Central (P.B.R.C.)* does its part by providing education to the public about the various pit bull breeds. Their goal is to

myths about pit bulls and their aggressive tendencies. They portray them as being a misunderstood breed that receives “undeserved” negative media attention.

According to the P.B.R.C., they are the gentlest, human friendly dogs on the planet. They high spirited, playful, wonderful with children, and they sometimes “think” they are lap dogs. “Perhaps the most important characteristic of pit bulls is their amazing love of people. Many people are surprised by the loving personality of these dogs the first time they meet one,” they say. Yet P.B.R.C. could not omit or ignore the fact that pit bulls were originally bred to be fighters, though they claim this fact does not make them aggressive toward humans.

A recent incident involving my family allows me to object to that notion. One afternoon while we were returning home from Houston, we decided to stop at a truck stop restaurant for a bite to eat. As we were leaving, I walked to the back of the car, opened the trunk and placed my wife’s purse inside, then I suddenly heard low growling. I turned around to find two pit bulls charging toward us. Luckily my wife and child had already gotten into the car, but my mother-in-law and I were still outside. Thankfully, the owner realized what they were doing and he called for them to come back, and they obeyed him. Apparently the owner of the dogs allowed them to roam loose in the parking lot.

Lucky for us, the dogs were well trained. Or were they? I found myself pondering several questions afterwards. Why would these dogs decide to attack us? We were not on their property. We were probably thirty yards away from them, so I can’t imagine why they felt threatened. The P.B.R.C. describes several aggressive tendencies on their website, such as: dog aggression, territory aggression, and food aggression. I could not find justifiable cause for any of them on that day.

There seems to be predatory nature in these dogs that is not found in most others. I tend to characterize wild animals that either prey on their

victim or are opportunistic. It appears to me, that these dogs felt and opportunistic urge to attack us. For me, that just doesn't fit the role of a domesticated animal. I have come across other dogs in the past, such as Rottweilers or German Shepherds, who did not react the same way when they were away from their territory. As a matter of fact, most loose, roaming dogs will simply ignore you and go on their way. This isn't true with pit bulls, though.

Added to that, are many cases where pit bulls attack their owners or the owner's family. It seems that this breed cannot be trusted. Yes, all dogs will bite. But not all dogs are bred to fight to the death. The breeding of this dog, through the evolutionary will to survive, has created an incredibly strong and tenacious animal. It will ignore the most intense pain to fight on and continue to do against all odds. Even when a pit bull is confronted by a group of humans, it will not back down. This makes the pit bull a very dangerous dog to own.

The P.B.R.C. describes several things a pit bull owner must do in order to own one responsibly. Taking care of a pit bull seems to take a greater effort than raising a child. They claim an owner cannot restrain a pit bull or he will become more aggressive. It seems they would have us allow them to roam the streets freely. This makes for a happy pit bull, but a serious danger for anyone who comes across its path. It seems to me that any animal that requires such specialized attention, with no guarantees of safety, does not deserve a place among humans.

One of the most appalling attacks logged on *Dogsbite.org* was story in which a woman, referred to as "mother of the year," blamed her four years old son for a vicious attack upon himself. "It was the boy's fault. The pit bull was just doing what it's supposed to do."

Children, especially younger ones, do not realize what they are doing when they handle a dog. Even if the dog reacted instinctively, a child's safety should always come first. Having a pit bull around a child,

is a very irresponsible thing to do.

For this reason, I don't believe pit bulls are a safe breed of dog for owners with children. The breeding of the dog, all in itself, makes this animal a dangerous addition to any family. A responsible owner must always balance the good and bad in every aspect of his children's lives. However, a child's safety should never be left to chance. Playing Russian roulette with a child's life is not only bad parenting but shows someone's priorities are highly suspect.

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Essay-Second Place

Is the H1N1 Vaccine for Everyone?

Donnah Borgfeld

Many question the necessity and safety of the new H1N1 vaccination. I believe the “swine flu” has been exaggerated because of the few deaths in “healthy” young adults in Mexico, striking fear in those not usually worried by the flu. The fact is, according to the Centers for Disease Control (CDC), the symptoms of the H1N1 virus are mild in most cases and similar to those of other normal cold and flu viruses. Those most at risk of death are young children with underdeveloped immune systems and adults with chronic conditions and impaired immune systems. Healthy adults over the age of twenty-four have no reason to risk getting H1N1 vaccine.

The fear of healthy adults being at risk of death from this new virus is unsupported. The deaths in Mexico were investigated by the Mexican government, not ours, and the reasons why the virus turned deadly for these individuals is still unclear. There may have been underlying circumstances that compromised their immunity. The victims and their families may not have been aware of a chronic condition the victim may have had. Some have even speculated the deaths were related to the rare condition referred to as the “cytokine storm,” where the body’s immune systems fights so hard to attack the virus that it begins attacking itself. No one can be sure why the seemingly healthy adults were unable to survive this virus.

The seasonal flu is related to approximately 36,000 deaths each year. There have been 127 deaths as of early September, nearly five months after the first reported case of the “swine flu.” The members of the media like stories that draw in viewers. The more people who watch, the more money they make. The hype in the news has people in a panic. The

government's response to this panic is a "quick fix" vaccine to ease the minds of its voters. This tactic may work right now; however, next year's election may reflect a rash decision gone bad, as millions of Americans receive an untested vaccine that may or may not have long term effects.

Although the long term effects of the H1N1 vaccine are unknown, the short term effects of the virus are reported as relatively mild. Most people with the H1N1 virus are reported to have been treated successfully and recovered at home. Many more unreported cases are speculated to have gotten better without medical attention. The most common consequence of the "swine flu" for healthy young adults is missing a week of work. This reason may be motivation enough in this struggling economy to want to be vaccinated, but is one week of missed pay really worth a lifetime of not knowing when, or if, possible life threatening side effects may afflict you?

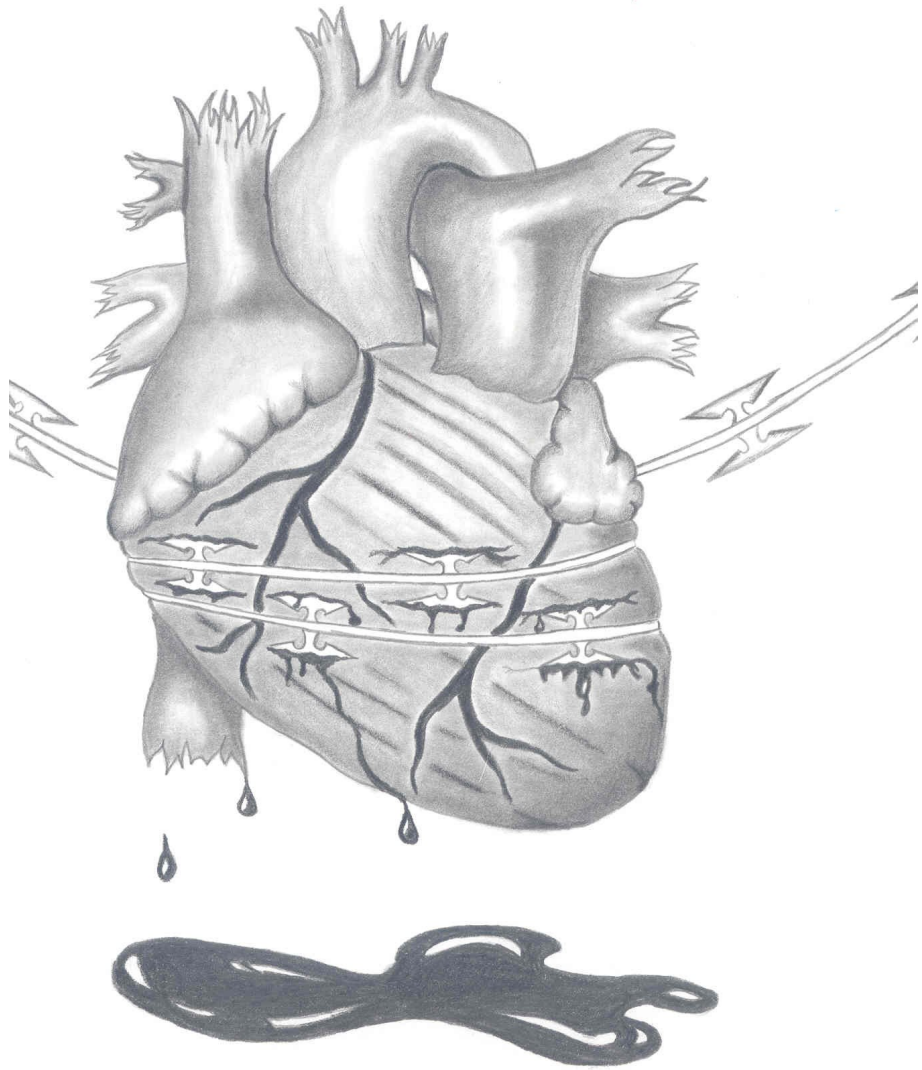
A strain of this seemingly new "swine flu" virus came out in 1976. The government was as quick to act then as it is now, and a vaccine was provided for its voters. Many of the country's citizens experienced terrible neurological side effects caused by Guillain-Barre Syndrome (GBS). Some victims of GBS had short term side effects that were resolved, but others were left with lifetime paralysis; while the most unfortunate died from the vaccine's side effects.

I heard on the news the other day that there is a new malaria vaccination in the making. According to news reports the clinical trials are looking good, and in few years there should be a vaccine available to help prevent malaria in thousands of third world countries that are struggling with this disease. The H1N1 vaccine has been in the making for less than six months, and it is already being given to American children. This seems strange, to me. It is too soon to be administering this vaccine. No one knows the long-term side effects. It has not been in existence long enough to know what may happen to an inoculated person a year from now.

All medications, vaccines, and medical procedures have risks and possible side effects. The key is carefully to weigh the risk versus benefit each time a person makes a medical decision. Is the risk of death from H1N1 virus greater than the risk of side effects from this new and poorly tested vaccine? Can we as a nation trust this rush-ordered 'swine flu' vaccine after what happened to so many Americans in 1976 with that vaccine? I am a healthy adult with no chronic medical conditions. I have sought information from both sides and weighed the risk of possible side effects versus the benefit of avoiding the swine flu, and I will not be getting an H1N1 vaccination this year.

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General Art-Second Place

Juan Cardenas

Essay-Third Place

The Influence of Billiards

Nick Cearley

Billiards has a long, rich history with its own tales and its own heroes. It's a remarkable game that's touched numerous aspects of our life today. Many of the influential people who fill our history books were also avid pool players. Mary, Queen of Scots, was one of its most colorful advocates. She loved the game so much that she constantly complained of its absence while being held for an attempt on Queen Elizabeth's life. Her last wish was for her body to be wrapped in the cloth that covered her favorite table (Byrne). Another well known player was Wolfgang Mozart who played billiards as his main form of relaxation. He often spent his breaks from composing masterpieces wandering the seedy parts of town looking for a rowdy pool room (Ford). A third famous enthusiast was Abraham Lincoln who described it as a "health inspiring, scientific game, lending recreation to the otherwise fatigued mind" (Famous Owners). By looking at Lincoln's portraits during his presidency there can be no argument that he suffered from a fatigue that would have benefited from the slow pace and concentration that billiards requires. These and many others billiard players have had a profound effect on our society. However, in many ways, billiards has had its own effect on our lives. In a history that stretches back over six-hundred years, there are many instances when this noble game changed the saga that is our past.

On one particular warm summer night in early June of 1748 the Honorable Thomas Turner, Clerk of the Virginia House of Burgesses, was playing billiards in the home of a fellow Virginian. The young man approached the table and propositioned him to wager some money in a game. Confident in himself, the Clerk accepted the wager and played the

tall, skinny man for a few racks. According to his opponent, Thomas lost in the end (Axelrod 54). The young player kept close account of his winnings and losses and on that day he wrote "To cash won at billiards: one shilling, three pence" referring to Thomas as the "pigeon" he had won it from (Mizerak 13). Today that diary is considered one of our greatest national treasures. It is one of the few sources on the early years of our first president. That tall, lanky man was George Washington at the age of sixteen.

Washington is remembered as heroic figure that held our Revolution together and set the standard for a great American leader. From the stories of his rotted teeth to the tales of physical might, Washington's life is embedded into our society. Despite this, one part of his character is rarely mentioned, he was a gambler. At the age of sixteen he acquired a fondness for billiards and card games. He enjoyed making these games interesting with wagers that were more than mere tokens (Axelrod 53).

At this time in his life George was just starting a career as a surveyor. Traipsing through the frontier he gained the experience he would need thirty years later, leading the continental army against Britain (Axelrod 41). His early introduction to billiards was another invaluable experience for him later in life. A game of planning and strategy, it is important to understand each shift on the table and foresee the placement of each ball. A sport of patience and focus, every round is different, and every shot is pivotal. Thomas Jefferson once remarked that the President "never acted until every circumstance, every consideration, was maturely weighed" (Randall 229). These gambling years for Washington taught him how to take his time and consider all the factors. Without this approach on the many challenges he faced in his life, our country may not have lasted at all.

Another president who enjoyed the game of billiards was John Quincy Adams. Our sixth president, and son of our second commander-in-chief,

his election in 1824 was full of controversy (Miles). He and his opponent, Andrew Jackson, had received an equal number of electoral votes which resulted in the House of Representatives selecting the winner. In what became known as the “Corrupt Bargain,” the presidency was awarded to John Quincy Adams (Parsons 36). The following election in 1828 would be remembered as one of the most intense of all time. Both men, Adams and Jackson, had wild stories circulated about their pasts with exaggerated charge of murder, adultery, and procuring of women plastered across the pages of all the newspapers (Parsons 67). One controversy set the underlying tone of the campaign. It involved the first presidential billiard table. Shortly after he became President in 1825, Adams installed the first billiard table in the White House. Though he purchased the secondhand table with his own money, it led directly to charges not only that he was extravagant in the use of public funds, but that he encouraged the vice of gambling. Labeled the “Puritan” in his campaign, this accusation was enough to bring into question his intentions and his character (Miles).

Many accusations were made on both sides. While Adams’ people used the truth to discredit their opponent, most of Jackson’s people lied to tarnish the reputation of John Quincy. Still in the end Adams lost by a landslide (Parsons 233). If he had never purchased a billiards table, it is quite possible that many of the claims made by Jackson and his people would never had any validity. Adams might have been reelected and what is now know as the Jacksonian era either would have never happened or it would be referred to as the age of Adams.

Both Washington and Adams played an entirely different game than what we today call pool. They enjoyed what is now known as carom billiards. Played with one white ball and two or three red balls, the tables didn’t have any pockets and the railing around the sides wasn’t made of rubber. Most tables were handmade by local furniture makers with no standard size or any accepted guideline for their measurement. In essence,

every table was different (Billiards History). One component that was consistent from game to game concerned the balls. From the games inception up until the late 1800's, billiards balls were preferably carved from ivory (Mizerak 45). Reportedly, Marie Antoinette even had a cue stick carved from one elephant tusk decorated with gold inlays. Every year over twelve thousand elephants were killed to produce billiard balls and piano keys (Byrne). Eventually a shortage of elephants began to elevate the price of ivory beyond a reasonable cost. In an effort to save the billiards industry, the largest equipment manufacturer now known as Brunswick, issued a proclamation offering a reward of \$10,000 for a replacement for ivory (John Wesley Hyatt). Soon this need would be fulfilled with one the most substantial advances in science ever made.

John Wesley Hyatt was born in Starkey, New York ,in 1837. At the age of sixteen he began work as a printer in Illinois and later in Albany, New York. Here John became aware of the reward being offered (John Wesley Hyatt). An inventor from an early age, he received hundreds of patents throughout his life. He spent several years in search of a suitable material to replace the depleted ivory. It turns out his profession as a printer led him to the answer. An inventor named Frederick Scott Archer introduced liquid nitrocellulose in 1851. used primarily in photographic applications also was widely used as a quick drying film to protect the fingerprints of printers like John. Through experimentation alongside his brother Isaac, John eventually was able to produce a solid nitrocellulose (Turnbell and Morris 39). Strong, malleable, and cheap, celluloid was an excellent replacement for the many uses of ivory. Though there is no documentation that John ever collected a reward from Brunswick, he did form the Albany Dental Plate Company. Eventually renamed the Celluloid Manufacturing Company, he produced billiard balls, piano keys, dominos, false teeth and many other popular products (Turnbell and Morris 41).

Now referred to as the father of plastics, John Wesley Hyatt was

awarded a Perkin Medal and inducted into the inventors Hall of Fame. Some of the companies he founded with his new inventions are still profitable today including an engraving company based in Newark, New Jersey. Other innovations accredited to him include roller-bearings and one of the first water purifying systems in the world (Turnbell and Morris 45). Celluloid was eventually found to be somewhat unstable for the billiard table. It had a tendency to explode leading to the perfection of a process for the mass production of ammonia. This process enabled Germany to fight WWI and resulted in a tremendous advance in life expectancy due to the availability of cheap fertilizer (Turnbell and Morris 74). Phenolic resin has since replaced celluloid as the standard material in modern billiard ball construction (Billiards History). But if it were not for a reward offered by a struggling billiard company, the introduction to plastics might have taken much longer to happen and WWI might have never been called the “great war.” This innovation changed our world dramatically over the last hundred years and is still a foundation for the discoveries of tomorrow.

Billiards has affected many influential people over the past four centuries and in many ways it has affected our society itself. From discussions of government policy while playing with Theodore Roosevelt to negotiations of corporate mergers while gambling with Andrew Carnegie, the billiard table has been center to numerous historical events (Famous Owners). In its day it was the most popular sport around. During the Civil War, tournament results were more broadly covered in the newspapers than the battle taking place nearby. The first world champion in the history of sports was the winner of a billiard tournament in 1873 Detroit (Billiards History). There can be no argument that the history of billiards is a riveting tale enthralled in the fabric of our civilization. Without this noble sport our present day may have looked completely different. In effort to ensure that this games’ impact continues, Shakespeare said it best in *Antony and*

Cleopatra, "Lets to billiards" (Byrne).

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Essay-Honorable Mention

Caution: Oversized Load

Kaala Jacobs

If I were an eighteen-wheeler, steaming my way down the highways of life, full speed ahead, it would take me longer than the usual load bearer to “slow my roll” and check in at the weight station. When reading “The Things They Carried,” a short story by Tim O’Brien, light was shed upon the tremendous loads we carry as human beings. As illustrated in the story, the things we carry are both physical and mental. In many cases, the mental loads are exponentially heavier than those loads which have actual, tangible weight.

As a young woman of eighteen years, I am an extremely busy individual. My hectic schedule demand much of me, from lots of times to strength untold. Everyday of the work week, I carry a backpack full of all the things I need, or feel I need to be a prepared and successful student at school. My bag usually consists of a textbook or two, a binder full of paper and graded assignments, a folder with important college scholarship applications and high school transcripts, and a book for leisurely reading, as if I even have spare time to read it at school. Not only do I carry a backpack, but I carry a gym sack. I am an athlete, playing softball in the spring season and participating in the drill team year around. Usually my items for the two activities are dumped into the same bag that I bring to school just about everyday, although I avoid having to bear the extra load when unnecessary. Depending on what has to be done or achieved that day, I carry a variety of different things. On game days, I carry a duffle bag full of uniforms and equipment, for performances, I carry a duffle bag full of “glitz and glamour,” and for special days I carry nothing. Starting that I “carry nothing” on some days is a complete understatement one my

mental load is taken into account.

At a place in my life where a critical point of transition from being pacified as a child to the responsibility of adulthood lies around the corner, my mental load has far exceeded that of maximum capacity. Although tough, I admit and face my challenges with great zeal because I have been taught all my life the God will never give any of His children an unbearable load, so I just take it in stride. Fear and worry hold the greatest weight of all the things I carry. I am considered very intelligent by my family, peers, and others persons of significance in my life. Not only do I have high goals, great expectations, and ambitious aspirations for myself, but others do also. My greatest fear is failure. I fear that I will not be accepted into the prestigious Historically Black Colleges and Universities to which I have applied and expressed a yearning to attend on many occasions; I fear that I will get into the school and not be able to afford it; afraid that my horrid habit of procrastination will finally kill one of my dreams; I fear that college will be too hard; I fear that I will make silly mistakes in college that will land me right back home in Port Arthur like I have witnessed happen to too many people I know. I am afraid that my goals will not be achieved and I will let myself, all those before, beside, and behind me down. This is my heaviest burden by far, and the fact that I have to live with these thought swirling through my conscience in a huge ball of confusion everyday is so weighted that its mental bearing sometimes affect my physical being as well. I wonder sometimes though can others tell?

I carry my oversized load with great poise and dignity, hiding the things that lie beneath. Covering my fear with smiles and laughter, I try to give others the misconception that I have it all together when I really don't. Don't we all do that? Just as the soldiers in the story, we carry common secrets, but don't allow each other to know because of our fears of ridicule and rejection. Instead of lightening our own loads, we make them heavier by "carrying these things inside, maintaining the masks of

composure” (808). In many cases, the mask can only hold for so long until something or someone knocks it off and we are exposed for all that we really are. Intimate moments where others are allowed see who we really are and are comfortable to actually let their own guards down long enough to share bits of their toils and struggles about the things they carry are rare occasions that allow us to know that we are all in the same boat...or in this case, truck. Although the loads we bear are tremendous, the most important thing that we carry...is on. We carry on.



General Art-Honorable Mention

Glenn Taylor



General Art-Third Place

Shawn McBride

Essay-Honorable Mention

Splenda: Diabetic's Savior or Fraud?

Javier Olivares

The predicament of diabetics is how do we avoid carbs, control glucose levels, and yet satisfy the sweet tooth which got us into this situation in the first place? The answer, the maker of the sugar alternative known as Splenda, claims cup for cup, it measures and tastes just as good as sugar. But how does it really measure up in the kitchen, especially with baked goods?

Mine is certainly not the first study into this question. Carol Ness of the *San Francisco Chronicle* assembled a trio of pastry chefs to put Splenda to the test. Feeling that I have the expertise to critique this claim, I decided to conduct my own study and compare it to the *Chronicle's* results. My experiments were conducted on a chocolate pudding cake, pumpkin pie, and an apple pie. I used recipes that were found in a *Favorite All Time Recipes: Diabetic Desserts Cookbook* and also on *Allrecipes.com*. Prepared with natural sugar, they were delicious and admired by everyone who tasted them.

The chocolate pudding cake I baked using Splenda left a lot to be desired. Its taste was terribly flat. It was more like a chocolate bread than a cake. And the chocolate flavor was incredibly vague, leaving me wishing for more chocolate or more sugar. It baked flat, dry, and noticeably uneven. The physical characteristics coincided very well with the *Chronicle* study.

Next, I prepared a basic pumpkin pie recipe which I found on *Allrecipes.com*. I was absolutely pleased to find that the consistency of the pie was pretty good. When I tasted it, I knew that this was my new Thanksgiving Day recipe. The complex combination of spices and Splenda

seemed to be a winner in this case.

After the successful pumpkin pie, I wondered, do I dare try an American favorite? Should I try an apple pie?

Once again I used a recipe from *Allrecipes.com*. Called Perfect Apple Pie. Surely if it's "perfect," it must be good! The only thing I changed in the recipe was to make a lattice top instead of a basic flat top. I did this partially because I prefer the fancier look and partially because I wanted to be able to see how the apples, spices, and Splenda baked.

I wish I could say that the family awakened from a sugar induced coma after eating this. But guess what? We thought we should have. The incredible flavor was every bit comparable to an apple pie made with sugar. The spices baked perfectly and created that same tempting eye appeal that a perfect apple pie commands.

Unlike the professional pastry chefs from the *San Francisco Chronicle's* study, I found Splenda to be more than adequate for pies and somewhat adequate for cakes. As a diabetic, I realize that life consists of a series of trade-offs. A flat tasting cake is much more acceptable when the alternative is dialysis, especially when the taste of the cake can be tweaked by adjusting the Splenda measurement.

Furthermore, most diabetics have already developed a taste for artificial sweeteners, which I'm assuming the *Chronicle experts have not*. We drink it every day in our sugar free drinks and eat it in our store bought consumable goods. Even if Splenda doesn't measure up in all recipes, I will be happy to have my cake and eat it too, or at least that yummy apple pie!

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Photography-Second Place

Wildflowers
Krista Bergeron



Cover Art-Honorable Mention

Wild Life Expressions
Faustino Vela Rodriguez, Jr.

Essay-Honorable Mention

Things I Carry

Jake Babineaux

I carry many things with me, some are tangible and some are intangible. Sometimes people carry something tangible to feel safe and secure or even to keep from worrying about something. Sometimes people carry something just out of habit. We also carry things that are intangible with us like a memory or a loved one or friends that have passed away.

To feel safe, I carry a small concealed Ruger LCP .380 caliber pistol in my back pocket or in my truck. It is a smaller caliber, but it will do everything and anything I need it to do. I also carry a knife, all the time but that is just more for convenience and out of habit; people wouldn't believe how handy it can be. I grew up on farms and ranches, so I have had a knife and some kind of a gun on me the majority of the time, I always need a gun or knife out in the country and woods. When I was little, it started with a pellet gun, then went to a .22 rifle or pistol, or a 20 or 12-gauge shotgun then to .357 and .45; as I got older the guns got bigger. Another thing I don't leave my house without is cell phone' it's really for convenience and out of habit it makes things so much easier. If I need to look something up on the internet, I can pull out my phone and look up what I need or if I need to get in touch with someone I have his number and call him quickly, and when I am not around a radio or something I have music on my phone so I can listen to it. I carry a coin that my grandmother gave me, that on one side a cross and under that it has "Just Believe" and on the other side it has "When God closes a door He opens a window." I carry this coin with me at all times; it has a special meaning to

I also carry around memories with me, even though I can't see them or touch them, I know they are there in my mind and helping me get through the day and hard times; not everything has to be visible to mean something. One of these memories is my grandpa. He was a great man, and someone who whenever I had a problem I could go to. He taught me many things and helped to learn and grow as a person. He taught me how to be respectful to ladies and just how to be an all-around Southern gentleman. I always carry the good times with my good friend Max who passed. I just know he is always with me no matter what I am doing. He taught me to be carefree and have fun at life, to enjoy it not to dread it. I carry the memories of my cousin, Josh who passed away when he was nineteen, because he taught me how to rope and ride horses; another lesson he taught me is that life is too short, and we never know what can happen. After his death I learned that lesson. It just seemed so unreal that my nineteen-year-old cousin was going to work and he got in an accident, the fog was so thick he couldn't see the train coming, but once he did it was too late. Even though it was one of the saddest times in my life, it taught me so much, things that I value and carry with me all the time. Life is too short to be mad at someone or hold a grudge. I just live life to the fullest and do not take anything for granted. It also brought our family closer together, which I value and carry their love with me. Without them, I wouldn't be who I am today. Those are the people who taught me lessons I know and how important the intangible lessons are. Even though I can't see them, or touch them I know they are there.

All these lessons I carry with me, whether I can touch them and see them or even if I can't touch or look at them. They are things that help me get through my life and help me to grow. Some of these items might seem pointless or stupid to others, but they are some of the items I hold close to me and love.

Essay-Honorable Mention

A Day in My Shoes

Mark Vincent

I can still remember the day I got my boots. The unit had ordered them for me three weeks before, and it seemed like I would never get the phone call to pick them up. Early one Saturday morning I finally got the call that I had been waiting on that said my boots had been delivered. I picked them up from U.S. Calvary, a popular military surplus store in Tennessee, for \$99.99 and rushed to my apartment to open them. I was so happy to pull them out of the box. They were nine inches tall and solid black leather. The soles and toes were reinforced to handle the stress of combat. I could not wait to put them on, but after I did, I noticed that they were extremely stiff and rubbed the side of my foot in a way that would surely cause a blister. They are very uncomfortable and hurt quite a bit, but I didn't care because these boots were special. These boots were Corcoran II Jump Boots and wearing them signified my membership in one of world's most elite and respected military forces, the 101st Airborne Division. Little did I know the journey these boots would carry me on and the stories they would be able to tell.

The first year or so I broke the boots in and kept them so polished I could see my reflection in them. I can remember looking at some of the more seasoned veterans in my unit and thinking that they should take more pride in their boots because they were never as clean or shiny as mine. Some of the guys in my unit wore boots that did not even look suitable for a soldier in a third world county. This was surprising to me because my unit was a highly trained group of military professionals who were known for setting the standard and example for all others units to

would take me around the world and into some of the deadliest engagements of the War on Terrorism. This would truly start my boots' journey. As time passed, my boots carried me through the deserts of Iraq, the mountains of Afghanistan, and other challenging terrain what would test me, my unit, and my boots. My boots ere used to run in and out of combat zones and ere there to help me pull wounded friends to safety and fallen friends off the battlefield. They were always with me during ambushes and ferocious gun battles that put me and my equipment to the test. They were also with me when I carried the American flag draped casket of fallen American soldiers to planes that would take them home to their friends and family. They were there for me waiting patiently every time I woke up and every time I was called to duty by my country. Every morning I laced them up wondering if they would carry me to another day. My boots never complained or failed me, and in the end they carried me home to my loved ones.

Those clean, black boots that I bought for \$99.99 so many years ago are gone. In their place is dirty, worn out pair of priceless boots that represent my journey. These boots have been scarred form harsh terrain and stained by the bold of some of the bravest men and women I've had the privilege to know and to serve with. They've seen humanity at its best, death at its worst, lives saved, and lives taken. Sometimes I think back at some of those more seasoned soldiers that were in my unit and understand why they wore boots that were so scarred and damaged. In the end, I learned that you can tell a lot about a person just by the shoes he wears. I could live a hundred more years, and I would still remember the day I got my boots.

Essay-Honorable Mention

My Favorite Place

Donna Abrams

Looking back over the past thirteen years, I realize that my favorite place is the least likely place that someone else would choose for such a title. This location has come to be one the places that I look forward to going to with great anticipation each and every time, no matter the circumstances, weather or price tag. I am always ready to go there and never seem ready to leave and return to the U.S.. My favorite is the Island of Haiti, all inclusive of the people, landscape and missionaries.

The people of Haiti are numerous, poor and mostly unemployed. At the last count, the population was said to be well over eight million. Of that figure, only about one million have jobs. The job force forces that I have come in contact with are those working in the airport within the city, grocery stores, gas stations and other places such as these. The people of Haiti do practice Voodoo as a form of their religious beliefs. They are mostly Catholic with a small percentage being Baptist. Apart from the industry workers, the majority of my time on the island is spent with the less fortunate. We start off at the Ambassadors for Jesus orphanage. This is our first family. The children here range in age from three to eighteen, and because there is still no where for them to go after eighteen, some still live on the premises and work as teachers, caregivers, and drivers for the other children. We always stop here to gather our supplies left from the previous mission and then we head to which ever village we are to minister to this trip.

The landscape of Haiti is mountainous, dry, and breathtaking. When we land at the airport, immediately upon standing on the ground we can

destination there is nothing breathtaking to see, only smog and awful smells taking our breath away. The view at this level is dry, dusty and cluttered. There are people everywhere, walking mostly. There are broken down cars on the side of the road, hogs running free and sewer drainage, highly visible. As we travel northward, the landscape begins to take on a different hue. It's actually quite beautiful, breathtaking in a genuine picturesque kind of way. When the rain falls from the heavens, there is manmade irrigation designed by people wanting to survive. They have land where they have planted the crops that provide income for their families from sugar cane to rice. There are banana trees and mango, the latter which I have seen with my own eyes. From the destitute that is the color brown to the life-giving vegetation that is green-this is the landscape that takes my breath away.

The most important reason Haiti is my favorite place is because missionaries are born during these trips. My first trip to Haiti was in January of 1996. My pastor stated in church one Sunday that he was going, and everyone was invited. He only had a vision and was not sure of what would happen next. The first trip there were only eight people who went. I have gone at least once a year since then. We have had as many as fifty missionaries go at one time, from various churches and religious backgrounds. If someone is a person who believes in a calling before taking on a mission, let me say that once that person goes to Haiti they are either in missions for the long of it or not, there is no in between. Over the course of thirteen years, I have seen my share of Americans come to terms with their selfishness, fortunes and reality checks. The missionaries who serve with me in the mission field are everyday people with degrees some without. There is always something for our hands to do, from serving and ministering to other missionaries to serving and saving souls for Christ.

My description of my favorite place is compelling enough to peak a person's interest so that he will look into making provisions to join me

on my next mission. My favorite place is the Island of Haiti because of the people, the landscape, and the missionaries. Maybe it will become someone else's favorite place, too.



Photography-Honorable Mention

Leslie McCoy



General Art-Honorable Mention

Love Day 2009

Dinh Vo

Poetry



Photography-Honorable Mention

Waterfall

Krista Bergeron

Poetry-First Place

I am from Everywhere Sabrina Odom

I am life
the thread that goes through every
living thing. From the heart that beats to
the frog that jumps.

I am from the universe
where all life ends, and all life begins
from tiny specks of dust.

I am from the sun
that warms me, and provides energy to
all living things.

I am from the moon
that guides people on their way with its
light.

I am from the earth
where beautiful flowers bloom, and the
trees grow tall with people on every
continent.

I am from Louisiana
where it is hot and full of bayous and
crocodiles.

I am from Germany
where the land is covered with ancient
death and castles.

I am from Virginia
where the mountains are high and
covered in snow.

I am from Alabama
where the grass is bright green and the
air is clean.

I am from Texas
where the land is wet and surrounded
by mosquitoes.

I am from different environments,
that have helped shape me into the
person I am today.

I am from my mother and father
where I was loved and nurtured.

I am from my grandparents who loved
and told me never to give up.

I am from my sister,
who always keeps me on the straight
and narrow.

I am from niece,
she always keeps me on my toes and
surprises me at every turn.

I am from my aunts and uncles, whom
I love with everything in me. I love to
hear their stories about growing up.

I am from my cousins, who are like
the brothers and sisters, my mother
decided not to have. No matter how
many times I asked.

I am death
I am the end of this life, and the cycle
begins again.



Cover Art-Honorable Mention

Rick Hill

Poetry-Second Place

Night's Lights Steven C. Hatfield, I

Night comes—stars comfort

Ropes of colored gens—clear roses

Soft—watching—intimidating

Echoes of time forgotten—evanescent

Night comes—full moon warms

A pale-bright flame—powdered light

Serene—listening—elucidating

Whispers of creation—ever-present

Poetry-Third Place

A Traveler Between Cultures

Krim Adtani

I am from the place that supports over a billion people, and never sheds a tear.

I am from the Himalayas and monsoon weather that I was taught never to fear

I am from rickshaws (taxi) and local buses

I am from cultures and colors and languages and music

I am from weddings and funerals which everyone attends.

Where friend's parents are referred to as "Uncles and Aunties."

I am from poverty and illiteracy, disease and disasters

I am from governments that do nothing to solve these problems faster

I am from a mother and father who had an arranged marriage, yet after 22 years they shelter in the same carriage

I am from Taj Mahal and Chandni Chowk where sweet lover reside

I am from Red Fort, Kargil and Hasty borders where patriots thrive

I am from Chicken Masala, Tandoori, Samosas and Goat curry.

I am from cow worshipers, five times a day prayers, Buddhist monks and Catholic nuns.

I am from the young independent, determined workers, trust worthy neighbors, male dominated figures, fully clothed women, brilliantly raised children, joint family ventures, highly respected elders, humbly appreciated veterans, and self motivated individuals

I am from my motherland my birthplace, my identity and my righteous

soul.

I am from a place that's turning a "melting pot" to a "tossed salad."

I am from desert placed casinos and middle class locals.

I am from Sinatra lovers, head bangers, guitar hero players and hip-hoppers.

I am from hat tippers and "Howdy" sayers.

I am from the north and the confederate, from boot shaped maps to pan handles.

I am from frequent flyers and road rage drivers.

I am from opportunity givers and opportunity takers. From path followers and destiny makers.

I am from record label dreamers, athlete trainers, degree holders, and white collar workers.

I am from a democracy with high divorce rate.

I am from a place where laws are first made, then restructured, replaced, bent and broken.

I am from gangsters, mobsters, cliques and crime stoppers.

I am from Rocky Mountains, tall skyscrapers, busy buses, and subway takers.

I am chicken fried steak, corn bread, steamed vegetables and delectable gravy.

I am from concentration camp survivors and television series watcher.

I am from the old experienced, wounded soldiers, diabetic husbands, "pants wearing" wives, instant messaging teens, thoroughly hammered adults, high school dropouts, play date children, passionate lovers, selfless volunteers, traumatized veterans and disciplined marines.

I am from the land of the free and the home of the brave.

Poetry-Honorable Mention

Play-N-Life Jeremy Spears

Torn out of a book and read out loud.
The words turn into whispers as the story is
told by the faces in the crowd.

Emotions mean less than the script.
They are just props for the play.
Actors have no shelter from the feelings inside of themselves.

They are never hopeless but always helpless.
They only option left is to let the tears flow when the sad lines come.

Nobody cares about the real problem.
It's the appearance and not the reality that others focus on, because of the
fear that reality will show who they truly are.

The truth seems such a pity in comparison to the picture they can paint.
Such pretty colors on canvas yet so many stains left on the soul.

But a soul means nothing when a life is on the line.
On the line...so thin it is.
Just trying to see it hurts your eyes but to cross it can kill your destiny.

That is if we are destined to be, and somebody famous once said, "That is
the question."
Now the curtains are drawn and the light fades.

Poetry-Honorable Mention

LOVE

Avie Richard

Love, what is love?
Some say love is patient
Some say love is kind.

I say love is beauty
And love is timeless
When you search for love,
It's everywhere you're not looking.

Love. When you see it,
Love helps you
When you want love,
You can't have it
When you need love,
It's never around
When you make love
You feel it
When you have love
You know it.

Can you touch love?
Love touches you
Can you feel love?
Only if it's right
Can you see love?
Only when it's really there.

Poetry-Honorable Mention

UNWRITTEN

Brandon Skillman

The poetic wonders of my mind
Are not limitless
There are bridges that just can't be crossed
I write to vent
So my untouched emotions are left...

UNWRITTEN

How do you describe the beauty
Of a women you've never met?
How do you describe a love
Unfelt in the loveless world?
These are my plagues
My downfalls
My weaknesses
I will overcome them
One way or another
An expansion of my imagination
Or an expression of an untouched emotion
One way or another
Those feelings will come to life
At least on paper
And in my mind
One way or another
They will not be left...

UNWRITTEN

Poetry-Honorable Mention

No More Questions-A Poem About Hate

Abby Woodrick

You are here no more
Only in my memories
Sometimes my thoughts
You comforted me
Made me feel important and beautiful
You were my friend
Someone I trusted
I confided my inner most thoughts to you
You are here no more
I do not wait for you
I have not forgotten
But I will not forgive
I am no longer living with your threats of suicide
I am no longer rationalize your behavior
I regained my sense of self
My values and beliefs
I walked away from a destructive situation
I do not want to be a part of your existence
I do not wish to be a victim of your cruel, manipulative actions
This is not the end
It is the beginning
I go on

Poetry-Honorable Mention

Pretend

Shawn Nguyen

I spent day wondering and figuring out
what really goes on in your mind.

I look at you and I pretend to go along
as you pretend to me that you are really fine.

So as we're both pretending, I start to wonder...
which one of us is really fine?

This playhouse type of thing isn't really working
and what I'm trying to find out is what is lurking in your mind.

Because you see, you're lying to me...saying that you're okay,
that everything was mutual and that you understood.

Yet your eyes are leaking the truth that you're not okay
and that you didn't want him to leave but there you stood.

Now you are taking it out on yourself with the coulda, shoulda, woulda,
then come back around to the what if's, what could've been, what
should've been, and why.

Now I'm sitting here trying to solve this broken puzzle piece equation that
he left me with as I flip through this book I got from Barnes and Nobles
called, A Dummy's Guide: How to Fix a Broken Heart.

You're talking to me like it was nothing
but I know what you had with him was something.

Your physical appearance is telling me that you are the one who is hurting
the most, and that your mental disappearance into the past is telling me
so.

The bags under your eyes reflect the endless crying
and sleepless nights over this.

Your pale white skin and chapped lips tell me
that you desire one more kiss.

That is a NEED in your life for you to live on.

Yet, I'm trying to figure out what he done to you to get you so sprung over
him, when I can be almost or even better than what he would've been

I want to know how he held you, kissed you, touched you, loved you...

I just want to know just basically everything,
so I can just know how to be that much better
that him for you.

Now as I go along with playing pretend with you,
I really wonder...

Are you pretending not to notice how much
better life would've been with me?

Poetry-Honorable Mention

Lost

Steven C. Hatfield, I

What am I to do?
Who am I to be?
Tell me where to go for I can no longer see.

This life I live is empty
Though I pretend that all is well
My soul dwells in confusion
Have I created my own hell?

What am I to do?
How do I stop this pain?
All that I love is going away
As dust washed away by rain.

Please show me the way
To the love and peace I seek,
In a world full of illusions
That strives to make me weak.

What am I to do?
I cannot fight this alone.
I am lost inside the darkness
And cannot find my way home.

Poetry-Honorable Mention

Love/Hate Rachel White

The hardest thing people can do is truly love themselves.
Must look deep and accept everything they see.

This is very hard to do because it involves the old and the new,
And when it comes to that, we just do not know what to do.

We must examine every little encounter,
To start the escapade of figuring out the way.

The images start to re-immerses and people start to run
Because they do not like what has become.
They know the story, because they were the author.
Still learning of some things, they never wished they forgotten.

Their light starts to fade as they begin to drift away.
Starting to hate what they see in the reflection
Because they must say, "This is me!"
Some keep striving and soon they will see.

Love and Hate are almost the same,
Because you care the same, to feel that way...
We cannot hate something we do not love,
But we cannot let hate consume all the love.
We must find a balance in this madness that we feel.

To love yourself is to know yourself and accept it all, unconditionally!

Poetry-Honorable Mention

Love Poem Amanda Allen

Loving for no reason at all
Or just doing it so it couldn't be measured as a fault
The best thing in the world for some but sometimes
Taken as an unreal emotion

Learning to love young
When love is ultimately blind
No prior knowledge to back a person up
Thinking it has to be a necessity

Growing up loving mom, dad, sister, brother
Loving them has to be necessary for the growth of a person
Learning how to love and what love looks and feels like
Loving for no reason at all

What happen when love loves no one?
Mental destruction, psychopathic behavior, or even
Hateful thoughts.

Being loved when a person has never experienced it
Will be interpreted as a foreign emotion that is
Phony, not genuine, and counterfeit
Not necessary

Love is all about give and take
Not being fake
Starting off real
Not breaking the seal
And everyone knows that will break the deal
Breaking deals will cause relationships to fall
And will stop the process
Of loving for no reason at all

Poetry-Honorable Mention

Love is Blind Kimberly Green

Love at first sight-is something I only heard about
But when I saw him
I knew what they said was right

Forbidden Love-is what it was from the start
But it felt so right, in my heart.
He was for another and I didn't care,
He promised to be with me
And I wouldn't have to share.

Married Love-came as a surprise; he got down on one knee
And looked into my eyes.
The day he proposed to me
On that rainy night
Deep down in my gut
I felt something wasn't right.

A Mother's Love-is a feeling I can't explain,
We were full of joy
When the doctor said "It's a boy."
Everyone said he was so cute
But he looks like his dad
With brown eyes like you.

Fool in Love-was me indeed.
He was in love with another
And it wasn't me.
He sat me down, while holding my hand
Playing with our son, saying
Daddy must go again.
My heart skipped a beat
And I was lost for words when he said,
This may not sound right to you
But I'm in love with a man
Not you.



General Art-Honorable Mention

Marvin C. Nowell

Literary Critique



Photography-Honorable Mention

Our Home After Ike

Tina Hoffpauir

Literary Critique-First Place

The Irony of Fate Steven C. Hatfield, I

When writing about Isaac Singer's "Gimpel the Fool," writers seem to focus only on the conflict or the irony of the story. Either way, this leaves out half of the story because when reading it; the reader is immersed into a world of conflict and irony to such a degree that it is virtually impossible to discuss one without the other.

A writer of Yiddish fiction isn't usually brought up with the typical Western vision of a hero, i.e. chivalrous knights battling evil and fighting duals or even a cartoonish superhero type of character. The usual hero is the "little man." But in an interview, Mr. Singer once said, "In my own case, I don't think I write in the tradition of Yiddish writers 'little man,' because their little man is actually a victim-a man who is a victim of anti-Semitism, the economic situation, and so on" and he believed that his characters were neither big men nor little [...]" because they are men of character, men of thinking, men of great suffering" (X.J. Kennedy, 107). He works to avoid the traditional little man and believed that was the case when he wrote "Gimpel the Fool." However, in reading this story in depth, the reader can see that not only is Gimpel more than the average little man, because of his race, class, and culture, he is also a victim; a victim of circumstance albeit fraught with cosmic irony. He fought as an individual versus society and – as part of his race, class, and culture – he was also in conflict with faith, doubt, and religious vision as well. To say he was merely a fool or a victim is to miss the heart of the story.

Gimpel was the first to admit that "[he] was easy to take in even as a kid" (Singer 96). This ends up being an ironic understatement as the reader

occasional practical joke to the point of being a concerted effort by nearly the entire village over and over. From the beginning of the story, the reader not only begins to see him in conflict with society, but also sees the beginnings of his religious battle when he says, "And I like a golem believed everyone. [...] everything is possible, as it is written in the Wisdom of the Fathers" [...] (Singer 96). The townspeople even-as a group-told him the Messiah had come, a joke that at any other time in his culture would be considered blasphemy. Gimpel saw that one coming and went to look anyway-not quite dramatic irony nonetheless. When he did challenge them, they got angry at him for calling them liars. When he decided to refuse to believe anything they said, they kept him [...]" So confused that [he] didn't know the big end from the small" (Singer 97). Again religion comes into play when, after seeking the rabbi's advice and being reassured that they-and not he-are the fools, the rabbi's daughter herself pulls one on him by telling him that he has to kiss the wall before he leaves. You can't call that cosmic irony because it isn't "fate" that's doing him in, but one would be hard-pressed to give it another name.

Just when the reader begins to have some sympathy for Gimpel, along comes a wife-chosen by the townspeople-who Gimpel himself admitted [...] "was no chaste maiden" (Singer 97). You could see that one coming a mile away but, with everything that occurs up to the wedding, you don't foresee it being held at the gates of the cemetery. It is definitely dramatic irony which is then followed with being given a baby's crib as a wedding gift. Here the reader realizes that Gimpel's problems go beyond simple naïvetè or foolishness. He is basically a dupe, especially when the sexton announces the pinnacle of irony in the story as he says, "The wealthy Reb Gimpel invites the congregation to a feast in honor of the birth of a son." Gimpel should know is not his-only being four month's into the marriage-but is convinced otherwise (Singer 98) His wife curses him repeatedly, is caught in adultery twice, has a child although they have

been separated for over nine months-he should have seen that one coming-and after all of this, the reader not only sees that he truly loves the children, but somehow her as well. And the one thing that repeatedly keeps him strong-his religious faith-comes back in a major way when he says, “What’s the good of not believing? Today it’s you wife you don’t believe; tomorrow it’s God Himself you won’t take stock in” (Singer 101). A close reading reveals that this is not just blind faith in God and his wife but, rather, a fear that not believing in one thing will cause a complete lack of faith in everything. This foreshadowing becomes apparent very soon when his wife, becomes ill with what appears to be cancer and, just before dying, confesses that none of their children-six in all-are his and that she doesn’t even know whose they are. Being a fool, he is shocked!

The one thing that Gimpel had refused to do through his life then occurs when [...] “The Spirit of Evil himself” comes to him in a dream and not only tells Gimpel that he should get even with the entire village by putting urine in the dough of the bread that he bakes for the town, but when asked, also said, “There is no God either” and Gimpel-true to form-said, “I let myself be persuaded” (Singer 104).

Next, his wife - the cause of so much of his misery – gives us a great moment of situational irony and comes to him in a dream to save him. She asks him what he has done to the bread and himself. When he cries and tells her that it’s all her fault she replies, “You Fool! Because I was false everything is false too?” (Singer 104). She tells him that she was only deceiving herself and that “They spare you nothing here” at which time he sees that she is turning black and realizes that “A false step now and [he’d] lose Eternal Life” (Singer 104-05). He buried all of the bread and then went home. He divided his saving between the children and told them that he had seen their mother and that she was turning black. He gathered a few things and then told the children to “Be Well. [...] and forget one such as Gimpel ever existed” (Singer 105).

The way the story ends leaves the reader wondering if Gimpel actually had a better grasp on the world than the rest of us, sort of an alternate irony of fate as it were. He wanders over the land and the good people never neglect him. He has many children-also not his own and yet no less loved-awaiting him at each place to tell them stories and he still dreams of his wife. He believes that “No doubt the world is entirely an imaginary world, but is only once removed from the true world” (Singer 105). The depth of this is realized when the reader see that he is awaiting death and thinks to himself, “Whatever may be there, it will be real, without complication, without ridicule, without deception. God be praised: there even Gimpel cannot be deceived” (Singer 106).

Isaac Singer may not have intended Gimpel to be a victim, a little man, or a big man, but he actually made him all of those and more. Gimpel was truly a man of character, a man of thinking, a man of great suffering, and, above all, a man of faith. In a life that would have caused most of us to lash out at ourselves, society, and God, “[he] believed them, and [he hoped] it did them some good” (Singer 96).

When a writer can make a character more than he intended or realized afterwards and do so with the twists of fate and irony that Mr. Singer did, not only has he entertained the reader, but he has given them something to think about as well. That is the true genius of the craft.

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95-107



Photography-Honorable Mention

Javier Olivares



General Art-Honorable Mention

Chris Varela

Literary Critique-Second Place

Stories of Initiation: Two Worlds, Two Stories, One Right Steven C. Hatfield, I

Most would think that initiation stories would all be basically the same; however, the opposite is often true. Such is the case when comparing John Updike's "A&P" and William Faulkner's "Barn Burning."

The biggest difference is the setting of each story. "A&P" is set in 1961 Massachusetts and "Barn Burning" in Reconstruction Era Mississippi. They are not far from being two completely different worlds. The other major differences are: middle class versus lower class ("A&P", "Barn Burning" respectively); the ages of the two boys-Sammy, the check-out clerk, is nineteen and Sarty is just ten; and last but not least, the depth of their crises differ.

Both of our protagonists are on a journey because they are both growing up. Both also begin another journey after the separation and detachment phases of their initiations. Sammy thought to himself as his stomach fell [...] "I felt how hard the world was going to be to me here after" (Updike 19). Sarty, however, had no final thoughts save those of the birds' calls being [...] "unceasing-the rapid and urgent and queering heart of the late spring night" followed by "He did not look back" as the last sentence of the story (Faulkner 174). Sammy was moving on to the next phase of his life while Sarty-as the late spring night, hence, beginning of a spring day metaphorically implies-is beginning a whole new life. And even though Sarty is only ten and already on his own, one gets the idea that his future will be the easier because he has suffered more in his all too short childhood than Sammy is likely to in the rest of his life.

The crises they faced were similar in that they were both rebelling against a type of unbending tyranny, although one would be quite justified in questioning Sammy's motives. His manager, whom Sammy describes as a pretty dreary Sunday school teacher who hides all day, is berating three teenage girls for shopping in their bathing suits. Sammy is upset because he embarrasses them regardless of their reason for being in their bathing suits. The reader realizes that Sammy has reached a type of breaking point when, after his boss says, "It's our policy", Sammy thinks to himself, "That's policy for you. Policy is what kingpins want. What the others want is juvenile delinquency" (Updike 17). Until that point in the story, Sammy has given no hint of rebelling against anything save the fact that he refers to the customers as farm animals i.e., he's better than they are. A couple of minutes later, he says "I quit" to his boss, one sees that as symbolic in that he wants the girls to hear it (Updike, 18). Then, when he has a second thought about his actions, he realizes that he will have to go through with it or future actions will be seen the same way. It isn't so symbolic when the anti-climax is that the girls are gone and his boss is standing in his place as though nothing has changed.

Sorty's crisis was exponentially more difficult. His father was a cold, harsh, unsympathetic arsonist. Sorty wasn't rebelling just to show off or as a matter of principle. Far from it. He was rebelling against family. He was choosing between his survival-as in food and shelter-versus his survival by living with a family curse that was destined to haunt him like a hereditary disease. It was not a question of if would, but when it would come. Not only that, he was choosing between right and wrong in the process. His father had hit him for merely thinking about telling the truth and said, "You're getting to be a man. You got to learn. You got to learn to stick to your own blood or you ain't going to have any blood to stick to you" (Faulkner 165). And he wanted to believe it. There were several times when he hoped his father would stop burning people's barns and allow

a normal life to ensue. Even after going to court over the rug his father deliberately damaged, he thought to himself, "Maybe this will be the end of it. Maybe even those twenty bushels that seems hard to have to pay for just a rug will be a cheap price for him to stop forever and always from being what he used to be. [...] Maybe it will all add up and balance and vanish-corn, rug, fire; the terror and grief; the being pulled two ways like between two teams of horses-gone, done with for ever and ever" (Faulkner 170) (emphases added). And later that night when he realizes that his father is going to burn the de Spain's barn in retaliation, he thinks to himself while running to get the fuel, "I could keep on, [...] I could run on and on and never look back, never see his face again. Only I can't," [...] (Faulkner 172). This becomes a moment of decision. A minute later, after being threatened with being tied up, he is struggling to get away from his mom and go warn the de Spains and he tell her, "Lemme go! [...] I don't want to have to hit you!!" (Faulkner 173). It's a fight or flight moment, and he is intent on doing both. He is vindicated when his aunt says, "let him go! [...] If he don't go, before God, I'm going up there myself!" (Faulkner 173). He breaks free and warns the de Spains.

Both of our heroes now have to assume a new identity of sorts. In the case of Sammy, he is no longer "Sammy, Mr. and Mrs. so-and-so's son" but rather, "Mr. Sammy..." and faces a world that will still expect him to choose when he should decide to be a hero and think about decisions involving ego and pride. As for Sorty, his actions caused the death of his father and brother and, though he only expresses grief for his father and tries to remember that he was a war hero, one can see that he knows the truth. He has truly assumed a new identity. He no longer has a family nor a family curse. He only has a direction to walk-any will do-and a direction to live by-any but one that involves the types of decisions that his father made. Sammy is now just another regular Joe in Middle America. Sorty is anyone he wants to be in a country rebuilding itself after a civil war.

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Longman, 2002 162-175

Updike, John. "A&P" X.J. Kennedy and Dana Gioia (14-19)

Literary Critique-Third Place

The More Things Change- The More Things Stay The Same Tammye Knowles

Sophocles wrote *Antigone* almost 2500 years ago. Some of the tendencies humans had then are still relevant today. We still stand up for truths and ideas we deem worthy of our defense. When we are confident and sure of the importance of our beliefs, we are willing to put our lives at stake to defend them. Two specific characters, Ismene and Haimon in *Antigone* have strong, definite opinions. Each is so set in his belief that they are unwilling to see the other's point of view. Often we are guilty of being just as close-minded. Two other characters demonstrate the voice of reason in our lives.

Antigone is a strong-willed young woman. While it is admirable she believes so strongly in a proper burial for her brother that she is willing to risk her own life and face Creon's wrath, it is also foolish. She won the battle in burying her brother, but she lost the war by killing herself. Living, she would have been a constant reminder to Creon that she had indeed defied him and justice for the dead had prevailed. Aren't we also blinded by our obstinate attitudes? We are so focused on winning the issue at hand that we lose sight of the bigger picture. Did Antigone have to give her life to make her belief known?

Ismene, Antigone's sister, tries to give Antigone some wise counsel as she reminds her of how their family members endured such awful atrocities. Ismene does not want her or her sister to continue fulfilling this self-destructive course. However, Antigone is too adamant to listen to reason. She is determined to play out her life as the loyal, heroic martyr.

and somewhere along the way, craving the spotlight; our martyrdom becomes the focus of attention instead of the cause itself. Anyone who does not agree with our philosophy is obviously not as dedicated to the cause as we are and then we proceed to pour on the guilt. Antigone does this very thing in the rebuttal to her sister, Ismene. Antigone states, "...You may do as you like. Since apparently the laws of the gods mean nothing to you" (846).

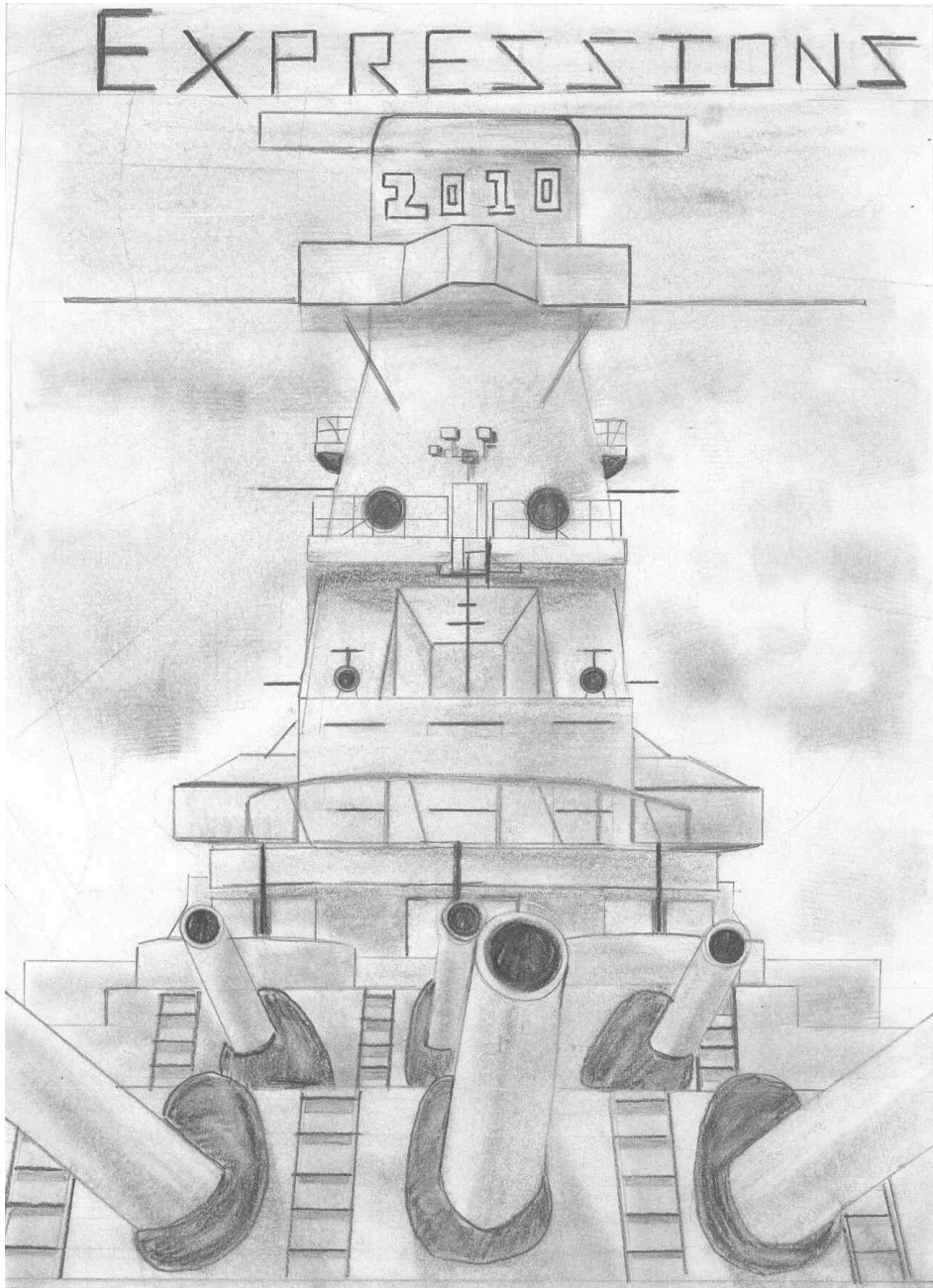
Creon makes it clear in the beginning of his speech that he is an austere man when he says, "...I have nothing but contempt for the kind of Governor who is afraid...and as for the man who sets private friendship above the public welfare, - I have no use for him, either" (849). With such stern statements, we know that eventually he will regret his words. We would be wise to learn from Creon and his arrogance. The Bible states in Psalms, "Pride goeth before a fall." Creon is just as rigid in his views as Antigone. We see an underlying animosity between the two of them fighting for the loyalty and love of Haimon, Creon's son and Antigone's fiancé. We encounter the same attitudes today in the workplace, in the schoolyard, and in our government. We want people to align themselves with our point-of-view and choose our side of an issue.

The Sentry is our example of self-preservation. Self-preservation causes him to approach Creon with the bad news and to deliver Antigone. He begins his babbling by declaring innocence in the matter even before the matter is made known. Self-preservation does not start with the Sentry. It starts with Adam in the Garden of Eden. When God questions Adam as to why he has disobeyed and eaten the apple, Adam's first words are "the woman you gave me...". Adam was saying it is either your fault, God, for giving me the woman or it is the woman's fault but it is not my fault. The mindset continues today. Whether it is played out in Congress blaming the president, in children's blaming the parents, or parents blaming the schools, no one wants to accept responsibility for the troubles

of today. If someone is going to be at fault, the attitude is “better you than I.”

Haimon is our model of reason. He listens to Creon’s argument and expresses his love and loyalty to his father, but then Haimon relays what he had heard from the townspeople. Haimon asks his father to consider a different opinion. He even gives analogies of things that were too rigid and they ultimately met their demise. Still Creon would not listen. We would be wise to follow Haimon’s example of reasoning, respect, and soft words. Thankfully, there are individuals in our lives today that are a voice of reason. These people will give us wise counsel and ask us to consider all views before making decisions.

In reading this ancient play, one can see that human nature has not changed in the last 2000 years. There are people and personalities in the world today that are a semblance of the characters in Sophocles’ *Antigone*.



Cover Art-Honorable Mention

James Bailey

Literary Critique-Honorable Mention

A Glimpse of Isak Dinesen: As Seen Through the Eyes of Her Critics Marvin C. Nowell

Isak Dinesen portrays her faith and ideology through her writing. This becomes evident with the reviewing of numerous written criticisms compiled concerning Dinesen and her work. Her critics are innumerable and diverse in their views. It is written in Contemporary Authors, "Ms. Dinesen's themes did not vary greatly throughout her writings." (Vols.25-28:83). She did not attempt to hide her feelings about nobility, aristocracy, or the faith in her God. Isak Dinesen may have dreamed of the perfect world; the world of her writing. "[...] is essentially realistic in one important respect: it never wholly yields to the individual will or conforms to the needs of men and women who live within it" (Burstein in CLC.29:161).

Isak Dinesen was born as Karen Christentze Dinesen on April 17, 1885 in Ringsted, Denmark. Her parents were Wilhelm and Ingeborg Dinesen. She studied English at Oxford University in 1904, and then studied painting at the Royal Academy in Copenhagen, in Paris, and in Rome in 1910. She married her cousin, Baron Bror Blixen-Finecke on January 14, 1914, but they divorced in 1921.

Isak Dinesen had a lengthy career as a writer from 1907 until her death in 1962. She published a large number of works, including short stories, novels, and a series of newspaper articles concerning the war in Berlin, Paris, and London during 1940. She also translated her work from English to that of her native language, Danish. For several years Isak Dinesen and her husband owned and operated a coffee plantation in British East Africa; now known as Kenya. It is from the years spent there

is the focus of her novel, Out of Africa, and Letters from Africa were derived from.

Ms. Dinesen received several honors and awards for her outstanding work in literature. She enjoyed international acclaim and was a member of several prestigious institutions including, but not limited to, the American Academy of Arts and Letters. One of her most notable awards was the Hans Christen Anderson prize, awarded in 1955. Dinesen also had earned great respect from many authors, including Ernest Hemingway, who upon receiving the Nobel Prize in 1958, “[...] said that it should have been given to Isak Dinesen” (in C.A.2528:82).

Isak Dinesen was born to a family background of aristocracy and lent her sympathies to her writings. She was as proud of the title, “Baroness”, as she was of the title bestowed her by an African servant, “Honorable Lioness.” She took her responsibilities of these titles quite seriously.

It has been suggested by many of Dinesen’s critics that her views of aristocracy are showcased by the actions of her characters. According to Eric O. Johannesson, “[...] Dinesen’s own aristocratic background and her experience in Africa have undoubtedly played a major role in the formation of her own conception of aristocracy, her reading must have provided an added impetus” (in CLC; 20:155).

Antagonistic of democracy. Especially that of the Danish, Dinesen was very critical:

“With democracy, we seem to give up all ideals that are higher than those that can be reached. It’s a mediocre happiness...purchased at a price of no great art, no great music. With complete democracy the quality is bound to come down. I don’t think its well for a nation to give up completely its elite. There should be a few versed in the classics,” (in CA; 25:28:83).

Johannesson points out that, “[...] critics have commented on Ms. Dinesen’s preference for the aristocrat and the virtues of aristocracy” (in CLC; 24:155). He further states, “She tends to surround herself in the tales with figures who have something of the *grande siècle* about them, figures for whom life is a noble and beautiful game to be played according to the rules of honor, and for whom pride is the highest virtue” (in CLC; 29:155).

In Isak Dinesen’s, Letters From Africa, 1914-1931, she gives her readers a glimpse of her life as well as her views of the political tragedy that was entrenched in Africa. Naomi Bliven writes, “The letters, an unconscious and unself-conscious self-portrait [...] reproduces the reality of the author’s life in Kenya: struggle, anxiety, loneliness with intermittent periods of elation” (in CLC; 29:163).

“After Ms. Dinesen’s return to Denmark, she became a sort of high priestess of the Heretical group of writers, and young writers made pilgrimages to see her” (in CA; 25-28:84). She was an elitist, accepting the duties, real or imagined, of any title given to her.

Dinesen’s relationships with her God must have been very strong and possibly stems from her family background. Janet Lewis comments on Dinesen’s faith by when writing “The theme of God as artist, poet, creator is constant throughout her work [...]” (in CLC; 95:48). Thomas Whissen quoting Eric O. Johannesson “says that in Isak Dinesen’s world ‘God is the greatest artist because he has the greatest imagination...’ “(In CLC; 95:52). Mr. Whissen also claims that she believes, “[...] God respects the artist by refusing to turn reality into art, so must the artist respect God by resisting the temptation to turn art into reality” (in CLC; 95:53). Whissen also, “contends that she sees the artist as Godlike, but that the human artist ‘is not the master of the situation, for he has an adversary in the greater artist, God’ “(in CLC; 95:49). Johannesson says in part; Isak Dinesen’s characters “[...] are all marionettes and thus in the hands of God and the storyteller” (in CA; 25-28:83).

The reader is left with no lingering doubts of Dinesen's faith in God and His greatness. Her characters are almost always challenging the impossible, thereby testing God's resources. One cannot be an unbeliever and develop the themes or characters with that type of unhidden faith. One must truly believe in His greatness to attest to His strength in the middle of life. With this belief Isak Dinesen enriches her reader's life, while giving God the credit. She believes God is the greatest of all artists. As Johannesson writes, "[...] we are only marionettes of God's great marionette comedy" (in CLC; 29:152).

Ms. Dinesen also shows us a unique insight of humanity. Her characters are like normal day to day people, striving to learn who they are while attempting to solve life's many mysteries. From the introduction of Isak Dinesen in Contemporary Literary Criticism (Vol. 29), a general agreement on her characters is written. "Eric O. Johannesson perceives her characters as involved in a pattern of events too complex to be understood while they take place...the characters gain insight into themselves and the significance of life's struggles "(152). He believes that many insights are viewed through Dinesen's works. "Isak Dinesen's stories are often contrived and improbable, but in the skillful hands of the storyteller the characters are brought to their appointed end, to the moment of insight" (in CLC; 29:153). He expands further, "Dinesen's tales tend, in fact, to become epiphanies because they concentrate on the turning point in human experience, the moment when the truth is revealed and we see in a flash the pattern of meaning" (in CLC 29:153).

Artists of any genre can and should use their art to give different choices of perspectives to mankind. It is possible to do this in the written and visual arts. Isak Dinesen does it well in her written works. Thomas Whissen brings this point of view, "The artists' job, as she sees it, is not to show man how to live but to heighten his consciousness of the life he is already living" (in CLC: 95:53). Mr. Whissen shows us" [...] Isak Dinesen does

believe that man has a primary possibility in life which it is his duty to discover and to exploit. He is equally free not to discover this possibility [...]” (in CLC; 95:49).

Donald Hannah gives us this view, “Behind Karen Blixen’s attitude is the firm belief that there is a purpose in life, that we have been created with a particular design in mind. Our function in life is to realize what this design is and how to carry it through” (in CLC; 95:42).

Janet Handler Burstein argues that Isak Dinesen allows one to see herself / himself as a shaper of their own world, or at least the allusion of changing the events surrounding them (in CLC; 29:161). Ms. Burstein also believes that “[...] Dinesen seems to speak, conservatively, for values that many of us have learned to distrust” (in CLC; 29:160). Burstein sees “...the value of symbols as reflections of the human self and its objective situation is undeniable in Dinesen’s work” (in CLC; 29:162).

Robert Langbaum puts it quite simply that Isak Dinesen seems to have developed as the narrator and teacher of a “[...] relativistic view of life” (in CLC; 29:158). Isak Dinesen gives us the tools to look at the psychological side of life. Langbaum refers to her when he speaks of the usage of the natural-super-natural (CLC 20:158). He gives her credit for challenging out credulity by saying, “Our scientific habit of mind must be enlarged but not destroyed, for a psychological attitude-the deepest, but still psychological-is wanted” (in CLC; 29:158).

Through the words of Isak Dinesen, we learn to look at the world as a whole and with both eyes open. One of her characters is shown to say, “Life is a mosaic of the Lord’s that He keeps filling in bit by bit” (in CLC; 29:161). Ms. Burstein further explains it as “[...] a vast and intricate design whose meaning becomes clear only when the pattern is complete and one’s own roles in the pattern is recognizable” (in CLC; 29:161). The same can be said for the pattern of Ms. Dinesen’s work.

“A long time ago, in Africa, Isak Dinesen saw two lions attack an ox. Unarmed but for a stock whip, she flew at the Kings of the jungle and lashed them into retreat. Unarmed but for a pen, Isak Dinesen... has spent the... years of her writing life routing the brute realities of the 20th century from her prose. “

Taken from the Contemporary Authors (Vol. 25-28:82) in a section that is entitled, “Sidelights” (accredited to a Time reviewer) the author undoubtedly pinpoints Karen Blixen’s life as the writer Isak Dinesen. Ms. Dinesen may have been somewhat surprised at the acclaim she received after the publication of Out of Africa and Steven Gothic Tales. Whether or not she realized the significance her work would eventually have on the literary world is not important. What is of great importance is that the literary not take for granted such a gift from this amazing woman. Call her Isak Dinesen or Karen Blixen, but either way her inspirational work and examples of her faith should be required study of any teacher of cleric. If it was a required course of study, the world might become a much better place.

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Literary Critique-Honorable Mention

The Repeating Mistakes of Man Shelby Cooks

The tragedy of *Antigone* by Socrates dictates what happens if we let our pride and anger get in the way of our rational thought. Even though the story was written almost two thousand five hundred years ago in four hundred forty-one D.C. the emotions and situations displayed are still the same today.

The main conflict in *Antigone* starts off when Creon, the king of Thebes, enacts a law that restricts anyone to bury or mourn the body of the fallen enemy soldiers who recently attacked the city. Antigone's two brothers, Eteocles and Polyneices, perished in the attack. Eteocles fought for his home and state while his brother, Polyneices was left to rot in the battlefield. Creon exclaimed "He shall lie on the plain. Unburied; and the birds and the scavenging dogs can do with him whatever they like" (849). Antigone defies the law of the state and buries her brother and thus has condemned herself to death. Creon was a dictator who would not listen to reason until all he loved and cherished were dead. His paranoia and belief that he controlled the people mirrors the actions of dictators in our time such as Stalin. It seemed that Creon and Stalin almost had the same idea of controlling the people to suit their own needs and egos and silencing any and all opposition to their laws. Even in the time span of two thousand five hundred years, a dictator's paranoia that someone, if not everyone, is currently trying to undermine him from his seat of power has not changed.

After such a long time it's evident that the parents of today are the same as the parents in ancient times. They demand unwavering obedience from their children. When Creon said "that is the way to behave:

or daughter tries to talk back to his parents on any topic, he is almost immediately considered to be wrong, even if the child is right. My dad and I would argue over some ridiculous things because he always thought he was right even when he was clearly wrong.

In the end, people as a whole are still the same. When Creon condemned Antigone, some people had to understand that what he was doing was wrong. Creon openly defied the ancient law of the gods, but many people were afraid that if they spoke out they would be executed or convicted of treason. Even in the modern world people are scared to speak their minds for fear of being pointed out or publically humiliated. When Stalin was the leader of the U.S.S.R., almost a million innocent people were killed. What just cause is there to kill so many people and why didn't anyone stand up and speak out against him? If a group of our peers were beating up on someone would we jump in and help the victim or would the fear of it happening to us keep us from doing the right thing?

Consequently, even as our technology and society changes human emotion will still be the same. Emotions such as fear, pride, anger, and love won't change the way we act over time. Even if we wait another couple of millenniums , the same things that happen today and in Antigone's time period shall happen then. All that people can do is look upon the past mistakes of our forefathers and try to learn not to make the same mistakes as they have.

Faculty
and
Staff



Right Brain Art Exercise

Janet G. Polk
Staff

Silver Wings

I soared so high above the Earth; I saw the blanket of clouds that covered its great worth.

I saw the sky reverse. The blue moved beneath me and the clear cool air above.

And in the night to my surprise, I saw the moon begin to rise; from over the expansive ocean it filled me with such strong emotion.

Its moonlight turned the clouds of cover, into a soft fluffy blanket that seem to hover.

And then, just over the mantel of the Earth, I saw the new Sun giving birth. Through my icy window, the light of morning began to wink, and it was shinning such a bright and cherry pink.

And in the full light of day, I looked down to see, the clouds that covered the deep misty sea.

It looked as if some giant hand had stirred these clouds in icy swirls, and then froze them in their icy curls.

The sunlight of the early dawn, made them look like a giant frozen pond, rough with high peaks and valleys, just like cities with streets and alleys.

I spent a night and a day at my icy window in the sky, seeing what I imagine angels see perched high above their clear blue sky.

I saw how small man and his ships seemed to be, as I looked down through, to the deep blue sea.

I looked from my window in the sky, and marveled at how high we seem to fly.

This metal bird with such strong wings is able to carry me to see all these things.

And as I sit by my window watching this shinny bird soar, I continually heard its soft steady roar.

I feel this bird's tremendous power, no matter how late is the hour.

As it flies, it sometimes trembles, and yet it remains steadfast and nimble.

I feel the warm glow of its cozy lit cabin, I hear the soft speech of its passengers gabbing.

For this bird there is no confining earthly street, people looking up to see only a silver streak.

By night it moves across the sky so far, it looks like a wandering twinkling star.

These silver birds are continually on the go, they have no boundary that we know.

Round and round the Earth they go, following the winds wherever they flow.

They live their life in the air so high, far above in the icy blue sky.

For these silver birds there is no rest, not even a place for it to nest.

It spreads its mighty wings without a grumble and as it climbs we hear the distant rumble.

We think these silver birds, are looking for a place to roam, but to them it is their icy home.

And from its window you will see, the beauty of its icy sea.

Its silver wings above the Earth, take us to distant places of great worth.

It is covered with bright and shining lights, as it crosses moonlit starry nights.

This bird is alone, it's on its own, in this its cold and icy home.

And from its perch high in the sky, something may catch your earthly eye, that silver streak through the clear blue sky, the faint metal glimmer that seems to shimmer. We hear that distant rumble, then a soft steady roar, taking its passengers to some far and distant shore.

And someday all these wonders may pass your eyes if you fly with this silver bird in its icy sky.

William J. Andress
Faculty



Anthony Thompson
Staff

Jolene In Fields of Hay and Sugar Cane

Jolene. The waning sunlight warmed her face
as she pulled her cotton dress above her knees,
walked through hayfields as dancing stalks would grace
her thighs. The sun sank deep behind the trees
and laid an amber blanket on the land,
against the wind and rising stars, entranced
to songs of katydids and fireflies.
Barefoot and laughing – in the dusk she danced.

In cane fields the night whispered of quiet places
during the summer solstice, between the reeds
and sugar cane, where the nothing speaks in lace
tongues of night. The rising fog spills over, bleeds
into the fields, mothering the swampland.
Dim, distant stars drew close to earth – enhanced
the moon's reflection in her silver eyes.
Barefoot and laughing – in the dusk she danced.

Jolene. Amidst the hallowed barbwire space,
with rusted plows and barns taken by weeds,
remains the memory of that timeless face.
Her face flowed soft into her eyes, like leaves
trailing a summer wind through barren land
in a black and white, yellowed slight – fragranced
by lavender breath of youth when she sighed.
Barefoot and laughing – in the dusk she danced.

And so she rested her head upon the hay
and ran her fingers through the sugar cane,
waiting for the autumn season's first stay,
waiting for spring to bring its softest rain.

Zebulon Lowe
Faculty

I TELL THEIR STORY

The man who said that the past is prologue to the present was most certainly a genealogist. It becomes clearer to me with each family line I undertake to trace, that our ancestors are like a beautiful patchwork quilt laid out across the pages of time, and we are pieced together from fragments of them all.

When I come upon a picture of some long dead relative, I find myself, magnifying glass in hand, studying the curve of an eyebrow of my great grandmother taken when she was a beautiful girl of 16. But I just saw that same elegant curve recently when my granddaughter earnestly explained why she had to have that certain prom dress. And what about those piercing black eyes of the man in a proud civil war uniform. Why do they look familiar? It's because they were passed on to my brother, eyelash for eyelash!

And when I read of the arduous journeys undertaken by my great grandparents who set out in oxcarts and covered wagons to uncharted territories, leaving behind family, friends and possessions, and taking with them only their barest needs, plus courage, determination, and yes, stubbornness, I don't mind so much when my family points out a stubborn streak in me. I know how it came to me.

Another piece of the puzzle falls into place as I read their lives and feelings on their tombstones. Here's the grave of an ancestor, who, though having lived and died in Texas, expresses homage to his birth state: "Born in Kentucky, and proud of it." And others, three in a row: grandfather, father and son, all with Masonic emblems on their stones-- mute testimony to a strong belief that transcended generations. And others, with their regiment and unit numbers inscribed on them, bear silent witness to their patriotic service to their country.

Not everyone is interested in genealogy, subscribing to the theory that the dead past should bury its dead. But fortunately, for all of us, there seems to be one in each generation of a family who is happy to spend untold hours scanning vital statistic and census records looking for elusive ancestors, to put flesh on their bones and words in their mouth, and make them live again, to tell their family's story and to feel that somehow they know and approve.

Genealogy is not just compiling dates of births and deaths. It is a way to piece together the fragments of our heritage to better understand the people that we are today, and in doing so, we breathe life into all who have gone before us. For in finding them, we somehow find ourselves.

Genealogy takes pride in what our ancestors were able to accomplish. It respects their hardships and losses, it honors the deep pride in our forefathers who fought and died to make and keep us a Nation, and to keep our Nation free, and in our foremothers who struggled to give our generations life, sometimes under the worst of circumstances and then overcome adversities to rear those children in crude dwellings on some raw frontier. They are responsible for who we are; without them, we would not exist.

That is why I do genealogy—to study and to tell the story of my family, and through them, gain a better understanding of myself, the composite of their faults and foibles, their wit and wisdom, their triumphs and disappointments. I feel a oneness with my ancestors and with those who will come after me as I realize that I am not the end of a line, but a merely one of the pieces in this colorful patchwork of people who comprise the generations of my family tree.

Sue Lanier Wright
Faculty/ Austin Community College
Expressions 2010 Poetry and Prose Judge



Grace Megnet
Faculty



Grace Megnet
Faculty

The Poet

About three poems whirl through my head
Some come while driving, some in bed.
They strive to reach the paper first
Sometimes I feel my head will burst.

I try to put them off a while
I store them in a mental file
I promise each his voice to heed
And give to each the time he needs.

But I am afraid they will not stay—
And leave me before the closing day
And I will lose a clever thought
Or a truth for which I've fought.
Some poems I know steadfastly stay,
While others languish with the day.

And so my love, be patient, this is fate
One will come now, but others wait.
One will soar; another a violent end.
But all are true to you, my dearest friend.

Sally Byrd
Faculty



Grace Megnet
Faculty

Blood Lines

Bloodlines
Blood stains
Blots on an escutcheon

Neat rows
Gardens of thoughts ready for the scythe to harvest
Some baptized in blood, some lightly sprinkled

Blood
A living sacrifice
A director of muscles
A nourisher of the mind
A stimulant for new growth.

My blood mingled with their thoughts
Forming a new crop
Firmer thoughts
New hope for a mind expression
Truth realized

Or worse--

My blood covering their thoughts
Smothering their hopes, their dreams
Their faith in themselves.

A death by pen
Red blood—red ink
Showing the converse potential
New birth or sudden death
Abel or Cain
New light or closing darkness

Sally Byrd
Faculty



Anthony Thompson
Staff

Under a Bridge in Triste

I can't recall the day our paths once crossed.
The town, the month, have sunk as fallen leaves
Into the river bottom's darkest pools,
Stirred soft by memory's breath over a jade
Reflection's broken rays of sunlight fading
To black. We met the summer my travels
Led me to Italy – to older worlds.
Under a bridge of smooth marble you sat
While the *touristich*e passed you, taking
Your soul with each snapshot, to add to their
Scrapbook of "adventures" in foreign lands.
Your eyes led way to an old soul that the lines
Dividing your face already spoke.

I couldn't help but notice the crow's feet
Carved deep into your leathered skin as rivers
Often do – running through desert canyons.
Your toothless smile, cracked lips, jade eyes, ragged
Clothes, and hair – your silver hair wisped between us
In the summer trade winds as we shared one
Brief moment of "us," and I offered you bread.
Pane? I asked and kneeled down to meet your eyes.
We broke bread together as a dying

Sun cast its glow upon forgotten wonders,
Long lost in the flood of progress and the West.
Your cheeks were sallow and sinking from days

The daughters of song had long silenced whispers
Into your ear and left your tongue speaking
The language of the wind breathing through corn
Fields – ripe for the harvest. The day was ours.

I wondered if my paltry molded bread
Brought you nourishment from days of hunger –
Days of begging with downcast eyes searching
For discarded coins, not worth the pocket space
That are cluttered with travel guides and maps.
How many come to see your land but pay
No homage to the keepers of its soil?

You sheltered me from rain that night, under
Tattered quilts thin and frail as the Gospel.
And you smiled soft at my glance of pity
So that I might be ashamed of judgment
Passed from a poorer soul than you to you.

Zebulon Lowe
Faculty



Anthony Thompson
Staff

Love 'em/Hate 'em

I love my students, most days. They're amazing. I love the *determination* they show. He's here at 8 a.m. after working all night. She's here after sitting up with a very sick child. He's taken the same algebra class three times and finally going to pass. She has been working on her degree for nine years.

I love their *attitudes*. Most come to class ready and willing to be told how to write for academia and the workplace. They realize that through repetition and revision they become better writers. They know and appreciate I am trying my hardest to help them.

I love their *fortitude*. It amazes me every semester. I read their stories of the past and the obstacles they have overcome. He has been to war and witnessed the worst that one human can do to another. She has suffered unspeakable acts by the hands of someone she trusted. But they are both here, every day, diligently forging on to a better future.

I love their *optimism*. They believe that through education they can do better for themselves and their families. She has worked in the prison system for ten years and can't take it any more. He has worked on that roof, 100+ temps, and wants off.

I love their *innocence*. They come in and sit here, pour their hearts out on paper and allow me into their private worlds. Some believe that they can make a difference in this world and others think "it" is going to be easy. She thinks she can get that teaching degree even though her GPA is 1.5. And he thinks he'll never get caught cheating.

I love their *honesty*. I am flattered, proud and often over-whelmed. He is a part-time dealer and she is getting an education so she can move her kids out of where they are now. He admits he is an alcoholic and she says that she is in recovery.

I love their *enthusiasm*. She smiles when she makes the first A after all the low grades. He has never been told he is a good writer before. She feels pride in her work. He now has confidence writing that memo to the boss. They know these new skills will go with them when they leave this room.

I love that I meet each one of them and am blessed.

I always hate their *apathy*. "Just try," I said. Why bother coming if not willing to give 100%? He attends, sits through each class but doesn't turn in anything. "Do you think I can just make up a grade for you?" "Would you like to turn it in late, with points taken off?" "No" he replied. Plain and simple, "no." It baffles me. I can't force him to do the work. He just doesn't care.

I hate the *obstacles* so many of them face. She is a young, single mother who has to get three kids off to school and then get here before she goes to her eight-hour shift in the nursing home. He wasn't adequately prepared in previous years of schooling, perhaps a learning disability or lack of guidance?

I hate the *dishonesty*. He thinks I won't know it came off the web. She thinks she can re-use her sister's paper. Cheating, stealing, lying, plagiarism... it's all the same to me: depressing.

I hate that they don't all *succeed*. Sometimes fifteen weeks is just not long enough. Sometimes "life is what happens when we're busy making other plans." And, sometimes they just don't get it. Sadly I wonder if it's them or me.

I hate the *distractions*. He thinks she is "the one" and that taking that call or texting her is more important. She skips class to go somewhere with him. That one comes in hung over and the one in the other row smells like pot. Another just found out she's pregnant. He has to work overtime again.

I hate the *attitudes*. She blames me when she does poorly. Why not blame dropping out of school 25 years ago or not following the directions? He won't carefully listen to the lecture and she won't participate in peer review. I am their advocate, their coach, not the opposition.

I hate the *unfairness*. It isn't fair that some are so privileged and others aren't. Her parents cared, nurtured, supported, and encouraged her. His let him raise himself, drank and drugged in front of him and laugh at his aspirations. She has a brand new car to get here and the other catches the bus, even when it's raining and dark.

I hate I can't make everything better for them.

Michelle Judice
Faculty

Prelude for Odin

I paid the price for wisdom once that now,
Upon a moment's thought, has served me well.
My eye I had to give, and humbly bow
Before the cypress king as oceans swelled
Their tide of protest so, licking his bough.
He drowned the sea in floods of fire that fell.
Just as the prince himself once did the night
He cursed the sun, and waged his war on light.

Then from his breath the wind rose up and laid
Me down upon the tree. My hands were nailed.
My feet were bound. The vultures cried, and weighed
The soul that lay below (they saw it pale).
Sallow, their faces turned, and talons splayed
My chest (inhaling all that I exhaled).
For forty days I hung upon the tree,
My ichor spread across the fiery sea.

Zebulon Lowe
Faculty



Grace Megnet
Faculty

In Paradise

“Heineken, Budweiser, Budweiser Light, and Kalik, a Bahamian beer,” the waitress listed with a French accent.

“Bring me the last one, please. And what do you want, baby,” he asked turning to her.

“A bottle of San Pellegrino,” she said.

The French accented waitress brought the drinks with the bill, seven dollars and 34 cents, it was Key West after all right out-side the pier where the cruise ship docked. She was glad she could sit. A giant fan made a humming sound, and a mist of water kept the garden somewhat cooler. She looked at her cell phone on the table. It should vibrate and then ring. A group of Indian sailors were waiting for a bus on the pavement on the other side of the fence. They were from Kerala. She recognized the sound of the language they spoke. She did not understand but it reminded her of times past when she had heard this language a lot. The cell phone kept silent. He liked the beer. She took a sip but preferred her water. The Hemingway house was in the same street, a FedEx driver had told her when she had asked him, but the ten blocks were an insurmountable obstacle. She watched tourists on scooters and electric mobiles with energy to spare. The Indian sailors were still waiting for the bus. They had their limitations, she had hers. Still no sound from the phone which she had carefully placed on the metal table to make sure she would not miss the call.

“All will be alright,” he said.

“Yes,” she thought, “in the end everything is always alright.”

“Should we go for a walk,” he suggested.

The waitress brought drinks to other tables, and he had finished his beer from the Bahamas. He took the backpack, and she put the phone into her pocket, carefully. They walked around the block, saw other tourists from the cruise ship. Hustlers invited them inside stores to taste key lime pie. They looked at gigantic leaves and gorgeous flowers in the Audubon garden. She checked the phone: nothing.

They ended up on a bench. On the other side of the pier they could see the line of passengers wanting to go back on board. It was hot, and she wondered how she would survive that line. She checked the phone twice more.

Only when they were back on board did the phone finally ring: “No Ruth, you don’t have cancer,” the nurse said at the other end of the line.

Grace Megnet
Faculty



A Gift Given With Love
Janet G. Polk-Staff

I've Come To Know These Waters Well

The mist sleeps – low and thick beneath the night's dampened lull of cranes and gulls that echo through abandoned walls of poughy boats still left clinging to the stale, faint smell of rust and sea.

I've come to know these waters well.

The boats move as young mothers often do – slowly to console a newborn child – rocking from side to side in murky waters with care, praying as the rivulets of swamp air sing against the smoothness of their weathered sides.

I've come to know these waters well.

The moon's quaint, mercury halo is caught – waiting for the sun to loose her from a cloud of spider silk that snares even the night. Drinking in the silent rhythms life can weave, still waters feed on death and broken light. I've come to know these haunted waters' wail.

I've come to know these waters well.

Zebulon Lowe
Faculty

Jimbo Contemplates Frogging on a Mid-Summer's Night

Air's hot tonight, damn hot, and humid too.
They should be coming out the mud soon.
They don't act like them other swamp things do.

Come out the swamp for flies, usin' tongue glue
to catch 'em good. Just like on a cartoon.
Air's hot tonight, damn hot, and humid too.

Marge's on my back, "You can't go with the flu,
Jimmy." I tell her I'll be back home soon.
They don't act like them other swamp things do.

They's eyes shine bright with some kind of a orange hue
to see 'em good. Just like on a cartoon.
Air's hot tonight, damn hot, and humid too.

The gig's the key, you see. Gotta go through
that slimy skin 'n hold 'em and grab 'em soon.
They don't act like them other swamp things do.

Don't go look for them where the water's blue,
but thick and black-could hold up straight a spoon.
They don't act like them other swamp things do.
Air's hot tonight, damn hot, and humid too.

Zebulon Lowe
Faculty

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Statement of Editorial Policy

The editorial staff of EXPRESSIONS 2010 would like to thank all of the students who submitted work for consideration to EXPRESSIONS 2010 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 2010 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.

As the editor, I will make changes to reflect correct grammar and usage to enhance each entry and the magazine as well.

Sally Byrd, Editor

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