





## ADMINISTRATORS AND STAFF:

Brother James Gaffney, FSC, President of Lewis University

Stephany Schlachter, Provost of Lewis University

Co3(N)-67(l)-564(e)3(r J)1662 A64(5(i)20(t)-3 L), (l)-2(f L)-, P)12(r-27(n)e)3m (l)7(, F)2(y S



**STUDENT CRAFT**

Honorable Mention "Flying Geese" by the Art Club:  
Anjali Advani, Danielle Montgomery,  
Omar Ortiz, Nicholas Simotes,  
Maria Tharp page 35

**FACULTY, STAFF, AND ALUMNI CRAFT**

Honorable Mention "Celtic Knot Garden" by Br. Robert Wilsbach page 38

**STUDENT DRAWING**

First Place "Little Red Riding Hood" by Katie Ryan page 35  
 Honorable Mention "Peacock Feather" by Ivana Torres page 38  
 Honorable Mention "Charcoal Drawing" by Andrew Whims page 35  
 Honorable Mention "Greek Design" by Alana Bak page 35

**FACULTY, STAFF, AND ALUMNI DRAWING**

Honorable Mention "Journal Sketch" by Ann Blaas page 38  
 Honorable Mention "Journal Sketch" by Ann Blaas page 38  
 Honorable Mention "Magic Kiss" by Karen Donohue page 38  
 Honorable Mention "Charcoal Drawing" by Prof. Mark Swain page 35  
 Honorable Mention "Charcoal Drawing" by Prof. Mark Swain page 37

**STUDENT MIXED MEDIA**

First Place "J1 0 0 Tm [(F)18(i)]pan Pae" by Melissa Battini page 35

**STUDENT PAINTING**

First Place "J1 0 0 Tm [(F)18(i)]pan Pae"

# WRITING



“LEWIS UNIVERSITY PERSPECTIVE FOR



situation awards students many more opportunities to complete internships in their fields with the hope of better job placement after graduation.

Lewis University is situated just enough outside of the city to create a comfortable and secluded atmosphere tucked away from the hustle and bustle. It provides students with a middle ground between the small towns of Nor

# MUSICAL COMPOSITION

Face  
THOUGHTS ON PSYCHOLOGICAL DISORDER  
Garrett Castello

MUSICAL C

# Thoughts on Psychological Disorder

Continued

# Thoughts on Psychological Disorder

Continued

MUSICAL C

# Thoughts on Psychological Disorder

Continued

MUSICAL COMPOSITION

# Thoughts on Psychological Disorder

Continued

MUSICAL COMPOSITION

First Place  
 “THE ART OF EXISTENCE”  
 by  
 Jasmine Pacheco

For much of rhetoric's history, the aim it reached to achieve either had to do with the furious religious wind that took over for years or the persistent scientific realization. There were two writers of the modern to postmodern era that had different views of rhetoric and what it should be about. For both of the following figures, rhetoric was all about existence. Henry Louis Gates, Jr. was immersed in the language of his African American community. Gates was a public intellectual and a cultural critic. Being born in 1950, he was doomed to experience harsh segregation. Gates was extremely intelligent throughout school, and later in life he used the history and the present of his people to develop the idea of Black English. Gloria Anzaldúa was born on a ranch in Texas on September 26, 1942. She grew up in a time where women were expected to work their whole lives to support their families. It was seen as inappropriate for women to go to school. Anzaldúa's parents barely reached elementary schooling and, although most parents want their children to accomplish what they themselves couldn't, her parents did not support her decision to go to college. Anzaldúa also came out as a lesbian and since then was the black sheep of the family. She realized she r

identity through a language that was only available to them. Understandably, this vernacular is based on the master-slave relationship. Gates says that signifying is second nature for blacks because it exists at the crossroads of two languages. He wants to redefine vernacular and show that rhetoric is very political and deals with existence. Rhetoric endured a movement. It came from law, religion, and science, and now has everything to do with identity. Not only does language define us, it controls us. Signifying was a way for African Americans to express themselves and become united when the rest of the country only saw them as slaves. Black English is a very proud and personal language.

Gloria Anzaldúa too speaks on behalf of a language that wasn't recognized for a long time. Her book *Borderlands/La Frontera* talks about women of color and their mixture of known languages and dialects. For Anzaldúa, this mixture creates a blended voice and a layered identity. There are many issues present inside her work. Anzaldúa talks about feminist issues and the idea that "language is a male discourse" (1586). She was aware that it was wrong for women to become educated, and she saw the oppression women were going through. She points out demeaning Spanish words that are only applicable to women such as *chismosa*, *repelona*, *hablar pa'tras*, and *vieja*. They each refer to women who are gossipers and people who talk back. *Vieja* is a word that literally means old woman. It is very common for a Mexican man to call his wife this. She also talks about gay issues since she was a lesbian. She spoke as a woman, a lesbian.



she wants to empower women and have men acknowledge their oppression. She too wants people to view Chicano Spanish as its own distinct language. Similar to what Gates says Black English is for African Americans, Anzaldúa says that Chicano Spanish, along with Spanglish and other dialects too, helped create a sense of unity and identity among its speakers. Their existence relied in this created language.

Another art form that carries a similar feeling of identity is the work by the Mexican artist Frida Kahlo, specifically her painting "Roots." In May of 2006, the 1943 painting sold for \$5.6 million, setting the record for Latin American art. This painting too is very much about identity and feeling united with your background and history. She was born Magdalena Carmen Frida Kahlo on ~~July 1907~~ <sup>July 1907</sup>, and passed on July 13 1954. Her art expresses her rebellious and depressed identity. Early in life, she was involved in a terrible bus accident. No one thought that she would survive. She had a fractured pelvis, pained stomach, dislocated shoulder, and a spine that was fractured in three places. Because of this constraint, she taught herself to paint and eventually gave her paintings away as gifts. She married Mexican muralist Diego Rivera and grew to have an obsession with his affection and attention. Their relationship started when she went to him to get his criticism of her work, and ended with his constant need to focus on his own work rather than be in a relationship with her. Rumors spread that he was having an affair with his assistant, and so Kahlo fell into a deep depression that is clearly visible in her paintings during that time. Her existence and identity during that time is expressed in her brush stroke, subject matter, and medium. She has a focus on death and uses blood and fragmented pictures of the self.

Kahlo was upset with her reputation in America. Being married to Rivera, she was only seen as the wife, the accessory. She stood out with her different style of clothes, which incorporated ribbons, flowers, and bright colors. This view of her and her miscarriages added to her depression, and she began to doubt herself. Her lowest point in depression is what led to her best work and recognition. This is similar to Gates and Anzaldúa, because it was their lowest points that led them to speak up and create a new understanding of a whole group of people. Gates encased the voice African Americans needed in order to show their identity through their language. Anzaldúa sewed the right words together to uncover the identity within the borderlands of different languages. Kahlo broke ground, not just for women artists but also for Latin American female artists. Gates and Anzaldúa show how these languages and rhetoric deal with identity and existence. Kahlo too was a firm believer that it was her present life that was being painted. Kahlo refused to be categorized as a surrealist. She defended her paintings and explained that they didn't display fantasies or obsessions but instead showcased her entity. "They thought I was a Surrealist, but I wasn't. I never painted dreams. I painted my reality" ("About Frida Kahlo's Art"...). Gates would agree TJ T\* [(d)-18(0B7H)-12(g)(a)-

STUDENT A

not providing children for her husband. As Jill Bergman observes, "Motherhood...became linked, paradoxically, with chastity and served as a means of containing and denying female sexuality" (Bergman). Addie longs to be passionate with a man, but she knows from experience the inevitable consequence of doing so. No longer is she aware that the men in her society use this threat as a means of controlling women and ensuring that they will supply children to work the farms. Addie's affair with Whiteld represents a challenge to male superiority and this, in turn, reflects Faulkner's desire to subvert the existing ideology. Furthermore, the affair is depicted by Faulkner more as a method of liberation than as a horrible wrongdoing on Addie's part. Despite this, Addie knows that people who do not have

STUDENT ACADEMIC ESSAY

Second Place

“UNCOVERING THE TRUTH BEHIND ‘THE MINISTER’S BLACK VEIL’”

by  
Victoria Van Dyke

Nathaniel Hawthorne is best known for writing Gothic romances that involve sin, puritans, and morality. Although he is best known for The Scarlet Letter, he has written several other novels enriched with mystery and ominous themes, and many short stories. One of his most popular short stories is “The Minister’s Black Veil,” which is complex, mysterious, and contains an ominous theme surrounding man’s relationship to the world. The story focuses on a minister who suddenly puts on a black veil and refuses to take it off, causing his community to run amok. In order to expose the complex elements involved in this story, the literary theory of structuralism will be applied. Structuralism’s main point is to discover the signs and symbols within a piece of literature to be able to give

uncover the significance and many mysteries behind the minister's black veil.

With Mr. Hooper's face covered by this black veil, the binary opposition evident throughout is concealment/visibility. The minister conceals his face suddenly and refuses to allow anybody to know the reasoning behind it. Throughout the parable, it becomes obvious that Mr. Hooper has sinned in some way and the black veil becomes a contextual symbol; it is more than just a protective garment because it is concealing his sins. Although his community cannot view what is under this emblem, it "[does] not intercept his sight further than to give a darkened aspect to all living and inanimate things" (Hawthorne 487). That being said, the community does not know what sin he has committed so they cannot judge him, and the same goes for the dead or "inanimate things." Hooper, in contrast, can still see the community members, but this time they look figuratively darker through his shade since he has sinned.

The idea that the minister's veil is black contributes to the fact that Hooper has sinned, which is why he ultimately concealed. Numerous times his veil is described as "two folds of crape," and crape is a thin, transparent piece of material (487). Obviously, if something is transparent, it should be easy to see through, but because these people cannot "see" him, it just means that they don't want to admit that their minister has sinned. The town feels that "he

darkness,” which implies that he heads farther from God’s guidance and onward to Hell (Hawthorne 492). He does not run towards the light, or Heaven, which is where God’s guidance is but, instead, isolates himself more from his





and a man's whistle with aggressiveness emphasizes the fact that Sylvia has a stronger connection to animals than people. After the hunter meets Sylvia, the story revolves around this man approaching Sylvia and Mrs. Tilley to try and track down a white heron bird that he has spotted. He stays overnight with Sylvia and her family, so that the next morning he can find the bird and stuff it to add to his collection. This idea does not sit well with Sylvia as she feels a strong connection to birds and nature in general, so she debates through the whole story whether or not she should help him find this beautiful creature.

However, one can look at it from the angle that the hunter is really hunting Sylvia herself, as she is essentially connected with nature. This white heron really symbolizes Sylvia in all ways; she has a connection with birds, and Sylvia and birds are both free. Up until this point, Sylvia is not tainted by the sins of the world, so her soul is still free. Nonetheless, birds are a conventional symbol for freedom because they are able to fly thousands of miles and do as they please. As we see throughout the text, Sylvia must deal with the moral issue of telling where the bird is to the hunter or saving herself and the white heron's freedom by not disclosing this information.

Now, on the darker end of the spectrum, we can say that Sylvia can also be compared to the birds in the sense that birds symbolize women. During this time, birds were a conventional symbol for female prostitutes. Prostitution is definitely evident in this story, which again is not the typical "pure" idea of a woman. This plot goes against society's beliefs that women should be angelic little creatures. The hunter offers money to Sylvia in exchange for "the bird." "I can't think of anything I should like so much as to find that heron's nest," the handsome stranger was saying. "I would give ten dollars to anybody who could show it to me" (600). First of all, ten dollars was a lot of money back in 1886, especially just for someone to be able to "stuff a bird." The audience must then question whether he is really after the bird or Sylvia's virginity.

While we are talking about the dark side, we cannot leave out the conventional symbol of darkness. Darkness in opposition to light is a huge battle throughout Jewett's entire short story. The very first passage in this story provides an eerie mood for the whole story to be based on. "The woods were already filled with shadows one June evening, before eight o'clock, though a bright sunset still glimmered faintly among the trunks of the trees" (597). This little girl is headed deeper and deeper to the dark side with only a cow. Darkness is usually associated with one of two things: evil or the unknown. Based on the context of this story, the girl is going deeper into the unknown to the evil side. Perhaps evil will meet Sylvia unexpectedly, or maybe she is just exploring the unknown. However, the latter is less likely, considering Sylvia and her cow know these paths all too well.

It just so happens that the very next thing to occur in the dark forest is that Sylvia runs into this handsome stranger, the hunter. Basically going deeper into the forest, which gets darker and darker, has brought Sylvia to this stranger who tempts her. Not even knowing anything about him, other than that he is a hunter, she brings him home and they end up forming a bond. Some (i)-10(i)-10(n)-toin tgvia aonhi, she0(s i)-10(n)20(t)7ngs h-10(n)-5(g a)-25.1





stanza, Yeats portrays both island day and wonderful descriptions of the glimmering midnight: the “noon a purple glow, / And evening full of the linnet’s wings” (ll. 7-8). Though calm in meter, soft in sounds and images, these two lines represent the urgency with which he longs to be in a place with open land that captures all the glory for one to be happy. However, the eleventh line describes the speaker standing “on the roadway, or on the pavements gray.” is the contradictory concept of the poem. Yeats is clever to mention this because it allows us to visualize the scene of a man on top of concrete or iron, synthetic things, wanting something greater and more “natural.” The speaker craves a calmer place.

Reading the poem aloud, we can hear the music that drives this poem to a quiet state. With iambic meters, “The Lake Isle of Innisfree” is real and believable. The poem’s experience is the truth now. The poet uses this meter to sing a song of peace and natural beauty about this isle; this individual seeks for his heart to be full of happiness found within the cabin surrounded by what he finds amazing. This suggests that all readers can find serenity, as long as they know what they are looking for, and if, like this character, they “will arise and go now” (even if only in imagination) to the place that gives his heart peace. Many natural beings and wonders are mentioned throughout the poem such as the honeybee, the cricket, the time of day, the linnet, the water on the shore, and the heart, all of which are natural things. With its clever lyric narrative and imagery, “The Lake Isle of Innisfree” portrays a life that can be lived by all people searching for happiness.

Na

the speaker stops. There are three elements of the natural world mentioned: land, sky, and water. The trees of the woods represent the land; the "frozen lake" represents the water; and the sky is represented by the falling snow from above, the source of it. The speaker finds serenity within these woods because they encompass all of these elements of nature. All three are also connected at this moment with the speaker and his horse, with which he shares this peaceful moment even though the horse may not understand his intentions: "My little horse must think it queer/To stop without a farmhouse near" (ll. 5-6).

Robert Frost connects each of the four stanzas with the external form of interlocking rhymes of AAB/

STUDENT  
ACADEMIC ESSAY



First Place  
“NEVER TRUST A RUBBER DUCK”  
by  
Colleen Farrell

Last summer was the summer when a rubber duck kidnapped my nephews. Summer had finally come, but instead of relaxing by the pool while a servant served me drinks on a floating table, heading to the Dunes for a wild ride, or going on vacation to Malibu with friends, I was stuck babysitting my two nephews. It was halfway into the summer at this point, a sizzling summer day. Brian and Max had come down for breakfast super early. “Great, I guess we’re not sleeping in today,” I thought to myself. “Are you guys hungry?” I asked them.

“Not yet,” they responded. I proceeded to pack the lunches for the day. “I’m hungry,” whined Max.

“Yea, me too,” said Brian.

“Did I not just ask you this?” I mumbled. Cinnamon Toast Crunch cereal was served. Breakfast was not even over and I had already wanted to ram my head into a wall. Looking back now, I wish I had given them a more substantial breakfast.

We decided to go to the park. The cruel sun beat down on us from directly above. I had thought it would be a good idea to walk to kill some time since it was still pretty early. I had been wrong. Sweat poured off of our faces, a

“Very funny, Carly. Why are you really calling me?” she asked. “I swear to God, Lorelei. I don’t know what to do,” I cried. She told me that she didn’t have time for this nonsense and to stop calling her at work. I ran back to our house to get bubble bath to lure the duck with. My tank top was soaked with sweat at this point, and I’m pretty sure the temperature was at least 187 degrees. Beads of sweat were pouring off my face like tears. I wanted to cry, but didn’t have time. Crying isn’t at the top of your priority list when a rubber duck has just kidnapped your nephew.

On my run home, I saw Mrs. Holmes laughing at me. “Don’t say I didn’t try to warn you!” she shouted gleefully. I stopped for the first time in 7 minutes.

“Warn me about what?” I asked her suspiciously.

“I told you something bad would happen,” she said.

“How do you know anything bad has happened?” I questioned her. She looked stricken and walked back into her house in a huff. “By the way your dog’s been kidnapped by the rubber duck, too,” I shouted. It was a lie, but I didn’t care.

She turned around, “Not Toby!” she cried, running down the street towards the park. She was a sight to see. Her grey hair was flying everywhere; she looked like a maniac.

I knew she was involved. All summer long she had been harassing me for not being a good enough babysitter. She’d throw in her comments here and there, and sometimes literally over the fence on a piece of rubber duck notebook paper. She never liked me after that time I accidentally ran over Toby’s rubber duck toy with my bike when I was five years old, but I had never thought it would come to this. Fifteen years later and she was still holding a personal vendetta against me for it.

I bolted for the bathroom and grabbed the bubble bath from the shelf, Barbie Brand Bubble Bath. “Well, hopefully this duck likes Barbies,” I thought to myself as I dashed out the door. I heard it before I saw it, quaking obnoxiously, like someone was choking it to death. All the neighbors had come outside to see what the ruckus was about. I looked up and saw it in the sky with Brian and Max still sitting on each side of it.

Liquids were the magic potions for this duck, for anyone in this heat for that matter. I remembered Toby’s saliva had been bubbly, (d c)-12a13s w l-17(l s7(, l)-11s w13(i)gTl)11(2v11(e)-12(la t)7(o)12(y-4(l)-)-25 5(i)20(t)-18(t)-15[o

Second Place

“M ILO”

by  
Emily Brzycki

I figured I must be the only person crazy enough to go out to the old barn in the evening, not because it was

"It's not far from here. I can walk you if you want." I mumbled.

She smiled and replied, "Sure, ok. That would be great. I'm Lucy, and who are you?"

"Milo."

"Nice to meet you." She smiled again. She had perfect white teeth and her smile radiated everything good in the world. I couldn't believe this woman was talking to me. "Have you lived here long?" she added. "Is it a nice place? I mean it seems to be so far, but I haven't really met anyone and it seems pretty quiet around here."

"Well, I like it, I guess ... I never really thought much about it. I grew up here and when my parents died, I inherited their house and just stayed. So, yes, I've been here a long time."

"Oh, I'm sorry about your parents. They must have died young. I mean, you don't seem to be much past 27."

"27 actually. They did, die young, I mean. Car accident."

"Oh. I really am very sorry. I didn't mean to bring up painful memories."

The next few minutes were marked by silence as we made our way through town and to the store. I knew I should have said something, but I just couldn't. Five minutes of deafening silence had passed by the time we got to the store.

"Well, here we are," I said, almost, but not quite glad the awkwardness was about to end.

"Thanks, I appreciate it so much ... Hey, what are you doing later?" Was she really asking me this question? Really? I acted like a mute idiot all the way here and she still wanted to see me?

"Nothing, I mean nothing important anyway." I responded.

"I was wondering if maybe you could show me around town a little more."

"Of course," I said, probably too quickly, furthering my idiocy in her presence. "Where do you live? I'll come by and pick you up?"

"Oh no, you don't have to do that. I'll just come by your place."

I gave her directions and quickly walked away so she wouldn't see my face, which, for the first time in ages, was full of a goofy grin. I walked into my house in disbelief and nervousness and rushed around, trying to make my house appear less cluttered than it was, just in case she wanted to come in. When I finally had everything together and had picked out my blue, plaid, button down shirt and nicest tan corduroys I owned, I sat down to take it all in. A million things ran through my mind, and I thought about how excited my parents would be. They had ALWAYS encouraged me to find a nice girl, but I was notoriously shy and, like I said before, lacking in the brawn department. Mom always said the only reason girls didn't go after me was because I didn't think I deserved them. Maybe she was right, but I doubt I'll ever know. I missed them, but I'd lived on my own since I was 19 and there was no use mourning the lost, so any pain that did surface I threw wholeheartedly into my writing. I heard a knock on the hollowed wood of my front door, walked to my fate, and let her in.

"Hi," she said, smiling radiantly, still in her polka dot dress. I couldn't take my eyes off her. "I thought maybe we could do whatever it is you would normally do on a Thursday night."

"I'm afraid it's not as exciting as you think," I said. "I just take a walk after I've finished all my work for the evening. I have a particular route, but you probably wouldn't like it. I don't even really know why I take it."

"Oh, I don't mind. I'd love to go with you."

"Are you sure you don't want to go to a movie or something? It's just that you look so beautiful, and I don't want you to get all scratched up walking out in a field," I said before I realized that I'd just complimented her out loud.

"Oh, thank you," she said, as she blushed and looked down for a moment. But immediately after that, she looked back up and caught my eyes. I couldn't tear myself away from her gaze.

"Ok, um. Well then, let's go," I said, still mesmerized and probably ruining the moment. As I shut the front door behind me, I couldn't help but think it weird that a pretty girl wearing a dress would want to go traipsing through a

eld with some guy she'd met earlier that day. I just had a feeling that something had to go wrong, but I hoped that it was just my nerves and that all this really was as good as it seemed. We meandered around town a bit on the way to the old barn which, before last night, had nothing especially curious about it. I wondered if it was a good idea to bring her there after what I'd seen. I could always change where I walked. She'd never know. But for some reason, I felt compelled to keep going. I just hoped that my weird routine wouldn't harm her liking me.

When we reached the eld, I asked her, "Are you sure you want to walk back here?"

She giggled and replied, "Of course, silly, I don't mind." It amazed me how at ease she was with me. It felt like we'd known each other forever, and I couldn't imagine waking up the next morning without the possibility of seeing her. I decided to make a bold move and grab her hand. She responded by holding onto mine tightly and giving me another one of her looks that warmed my soul so much that I thought how easily I could fall in love with her. We made our way through the eld and to the barn which was remarkably in a clearing. It looked like someone had taken hours and hours to come and weed and cut the grass until it looked like a normal, lived in, piece of property. She looked at me knowingly and took my hands.

"I want you to come with me," she said in earnest.

"What? I don't understand," I said, thoroughly confused.

"This is my home." A house appeared next to the barn, an amazingly built and almost aristocratic looking house. "I've waited ages for someone to spend my life with, and I fell in love with you the moment I first saw you here. Last night I decided it was time for me to quit stalling and come and find you."

"But I saw a man here last night...wait...what?"

She laughed and spoke softly, "I know you did. That was my father. He watches out for me. My whole family is here, but he's the only one people ever see. If he frightened you, I'm sure he didn't mean to. He watches out for me because years ago after I turned down my boyfriend's proposal, he got extremely jealous and came after my whole family. None of us could have imagined what kind of person he really was."











# ART CATEGORY

ART CATEGORY

Student Painting  
First Place  
"JOURNEY 2"  
by Charlie Megna

Student Drawing  
Honorable Mention  
"CHARCOAL DRAWING"  
by Andrew Whims

Faculty, Staff, and Alumni  
Computer Graphics  
First Place  
"BEETLEFLY"  
by Matthew Coglianese



Student Drawing  
Honorable Mention  
"GREEK DESIGN"  
by Alana Bak

Student Craft  
Honorable Mention  
"FLYING GEESÉ"  
by the Art Club

Student Drawing  
First Place  
"LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD"  
by Katie Ryan



Faculty, Staff, and Alumni Drawing  
Honorable Mention  
"CHARCOAL DRAWING"  
by Prof. Mark Swain

Student Mixed Media  
First Place  
"ASAMI"  
by Marissa Frattini

Student Photography  
Honorable Mention  
"CITY CROW"  
by Katie Ryan

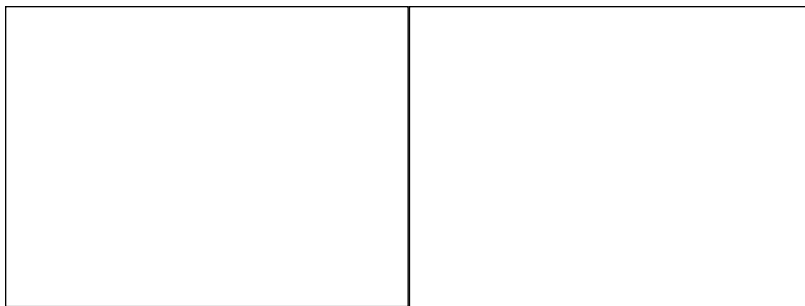


ART CATEGORY



Student Drawing  
 Honorable Mention  
 "PEACOCK FEATHER"  
 by Jovana Torres

Faculty, Staff, and Alumni Craft  
 Honorable Mention  
 "CELTIC KNOT  
 GARDEN"  
 by Br. Robert Wilsbach



Faculty, Staff, and Alumni Drawing  
 Honorable Mention  
 "JOURNAL SKETCH"  
 by Ann Blaas

Faculty, Staff, and Alumni Drawing  
 Honorable Mention  
 "MAGIC KISS"  
 by Karen Donohue

Faculty, Staff, and Alumni Computer Graphics  
 Honorable Mention  
 "HOPE"  
 by Prof. Paul Mitchell



direction of a svelte form perched on a counter stool. "Big city life will do all kinds of things to small-town girls." Russ looked then tucked back into his meal. He was so timid around women that he automatically skipped over an opportunity he had, even when one was thrown in his lap.

On his way out, he felt a light touch on his arm.

"Excuse me, sir?" The voice was somewhat exotic.

He turned and beheld a little minx of a woman with impossibly green eyes and a platinum – almost silver – hair. Her attire did nothing to hide her curvaceous figure – and she didn't seem to mind at all.

"Yes, Miss?"

"I'm looking for a special card for a special someone. The lady said you are the proprietor of the store across the street." Mrs. Emery, clutching a coffee pot in her pudgy arm, gave her a scowl that would freeze bees out of their hives.

Russ sighed inwardly. The same old story. "Yes, I'm heading over right now. Why don't you come along?"

She smiled. "What is your name?"

"Russell. Russell Peterson."

They crossed the street and entered the shop. "Please look around, Miss . . .?"

"Call me Cerise."

He showed her some cards with satin hearts, some trimmed with lace, some featuring rosy-cheeked boys and girls. "These are lovely, but not quite what I was looking for." Undeterred, Russ was reaching for a box of cards from France – when she stopped him.

"Mr. Peterson, I would like you to take me out."

Russ nearly fell on the floor. "You can't be serious!"

"Why not?"

"Well, I'm . . . No one ever . . . That is . . ."

"We73(m . . . N)13om

(e s)-3(t)-14c3(m (h l)-6(3412(u6 U)l y)6(r) )JTJ T4(e)-6(d h)-13(i)-1bwa87( 5u)- la s ne3-8 me Cume fe (p)-vom

FACULTY, STAFF, AND ALUMNI FICTION ESSAY



| FACULTY, STAFF, AND ALUMNI FICTION ESSAY |

remain calm. It would soon be rescued. His daughter-in-law took no notice and dislocated another drawer in the dresser, grabbing socks in desperate handfuls.

“What’s that bastard son of mine done now?”

The socks scattered, taking cover where they could as Diane squeaked, hands jumping to her chest. “Al,” she turned back to the dresser and clawed for more socks, “I thought you were out.” Toss. Three blacks, ve whites, a blue. None of them matched.

“Diane?”

She slammed the dresser back together and stormed into the closet, refusing to look at him. Shoes ew at the suitcase, one by one.

“Is it another woman?”

A sneaker hit the far wall and dropped like a dud missile.

“No.”

One shoe, two shoe. Day shoe, night shoe.

“Is it the pills again?”

Bang. Another dud.

“That cocksucker didn’t hit you, did he?”

She emerged from the closet, ammunition stores depleted.

“It was you, Alistair.”

“Ah.”

“It was you and Adele and me and his god damned job and every other important thing in his whole f\*\*\*ing life.”

“Ah.” This was the third time this month she’d taken his scotch hostage. He’d had to talk her down from the suitcase on each occasion. “Well, the asshole never shits far from the tree, I’m afraid. Why don’t you give that bag some time to digest? I’ll make us some coffee and then you can get back to packing.”

She picked up a fallen ip- op and brandished it in his direction. “You’re not going to-”

“I’ll do no such thing. I’m offering you coffee, compassionate conversation, and an extra pair of hands for packing up Adele’s bag when we’re through.”

He crossed his arms over his still heaving chest and tried to look nonchalant. After a couple seconds, Diane fe the shoe to the suitcase and joined him in the doorway, offering her arm for support. He gratefully accepted it.

Halfway down the stairs, Alistair heard the faint cry of the scotch bottle, which he’d forgotten to rescue.

“Aw, shit. Diane, I think I dropped my paper up in your room.” She turned and placed one foot on the stair behind them before Alistair caught her arm. “No, no! You take a break. Go on down to the kitchen, I’ll get it.”

She waited a couple seconds to see if he was stable and disappeared down the stairs. Al called after her. “And don’t even think about touching that coffee pot! I’m-a show you what black really tastes like!”

He chuckled twice and coughed. Swearing the staircase was twice as steep as it used to be. He creaked back the scotch, still waiting for him on the nightstand, eyed him dubiously. “There, there, boy,” he gestured breathlessly at the bloated luggage on the bed. “Didn’t think I’d leave ya to be guzzled by yon hellcat, did ya?”

The bottle cooed as Alistair lovingly tucked it under one elbow and started back across the room. The doorfran stopped him for a quick rest. He failed to convince his lungs to stop panting and took another step toward the stair with the wall holding up his right side.

The scotch slipped as Al’s left arm went numb. It bounced once on the carpet, gurgling in agony at the spill of i amber innards.

Sinking to his knees, the old man looked at the ceiling. It reached for him. The scotch in the carpet shared the pain erupting in his chest, and all the air molecules in the house pushed and pushed but failed to in ate his lungs.

Face down on the carpet, the lifeless scotch bottle's mouth gaping inches from his face, the last thing Al was was his son's face staring out of its translucent neck.

It comforted him to know that he did not die alone.

Third Place

“THE HOUSE DOWN THE STREET”

FACULTY, STAFF, AND ALUMNI FICTION ESSAY

hardest not to just burst out in laughter over the utter ridiculousness of this place. Since there were no other people in the house other than the three, Madelyn and Tom felt less pressure to keep their comments to themselves as they wandered through the place.

“I can’t believe how off this seems,” said Madelyn. “Who in their right mind would ever live like this!? It does not seem even remotely functional, and I can work with just about anything!”

“I know,” said Tom, “I can’t imagine always feeling the need to duck in my own house; I’m sure that would get annoying quickly enough. Should we just go without even wasting our time going upstairs?” he asked quietly enough so as not to seem rude.

“I think so,” Madelyn said, almost wearily. “What’s the point of continuing to look if there is no chance in hell we’d buy the place?”

They decided to sneak out of the house while the realtor was making a call in the kitchen. As they left, Madelyn received that same strange vibe she got walking into the house, and she almost felt sad that they decided not to be looking around. Turning and looking back at the house as she walked to the car, she felt the cold chill again and the hair on her arms stood straight up.

She said, “Tom! Did you feel that breeze?”

“No, not at all. What’s wrong?” Tom asked.

“There was some cool breeze that just swept over me ... look at the hair on my arms! I just had the most bizarre feeling!” she exclaimed.

“You going to be alright?” he inquired.

“Yeah, I’ll be fine; let’s just get out of here,” Madelyn said worriedly.

That night as she laid in bed, Madelyn could not think of anything but the house. Even as she would drift off to sleep, the vivid images of the layout would race through her mind. She continually rolled over to see if Tom was awake thinking the same things; however, he was fast asleep and did not seem to be troubled at all.

# STUDENT HYPERTEXT

First Place  
“THE NOTEBOOK”  
by  
Colleen Farrell

To view the winning hypertext piece, simply go to Lewis University’s website, [www. lewisu.edu](http://www.lewisu.edu), and type **aga** in the search box.



receptionist was not some marble robot but a human dressed in a black glossy suit. The sitting area to the right of the spacious room and about ten feet in front of the entrance consisted of black leather couches and what looked like a glass and chestnut table with a centered vase of white lilies. There was a rich aroma in the air of apples and cinnamon that lightheartedly tickled our ravenous noses. Being one in the morning, the lobby was completely deserted except for the sleek receptionist and one gallingly soaring black y.

My father hastily walked to the elegant front desk.

“May I help you sir?”

“Yes, Makarovas family checking in.”

The receptionist swiftly turned to his alien, black, plastic computer, which appeared as if it belonged in the garbage rather than on the gorgeous marble desk. “Oh, I’m sorry, sir. Your reservation has been cancelled.” The way in which the receptionist spit out the word “sir” made it well known that he thought he was better than us, the rejected guests. That was when my father’s lack of sleep, the horrible traf c, and nerves caught up with him,

“What do you mean ‘cancelled,’ because we didn’t cancel anything!?”

“You might not have, but your booking company did cancel ... sir”

“Fine! Then do you have any more rooms available?”

Without even glancing at his computer, the receptionist automatically said that there were no rooms left because “it was The week of Christmas.”

My father, getting angli67(h)11(e)2(l)-1113 -5(3>]TJ - )-18903 15(w)-5(a2(i)-10(n)-5(g o)-4(o)17J 1.636 -5(3>)]-2



elderly, greying man behind the front desk who should have been at home sleeping after drinking a warm glass of milk rather than working a graveyard shift. Once we paid for a room at the ne price of \$70 a night, hepatitis free of charge, of course, we marched, keys and bags in hand, to our new room. ∞

The grey room consisted of two small beds divided by an undernourished window in a nine by ten plot, with a hot plate on a small, yellow, peeling counter in the kitchen area to the right of the entrance door and a bathroom to the left. The white bathroom was tiled with soap scum, contained a too-large toilet, a tiny glass shower stall, and a prehistoric sink. Everything reeked of urine and old gym socks but my mother, being overly prepared, had packed an air-freshener and took care of the urine, tang dilemma without delay. Assembling the extra bedding that we brought along on the cots in a way that not one inch of our skin touched the mattresses, we slept.

Yes, to many the incident would have been a start of a horrible vacation memory, but to me it was a humorous learning experience. How many other twelve-year olds could say that during Christmas vacation they were thrown out of a prestigious hotel and almost arrested along with their parents? The December vacation was a teacher of great ideals that I follow to this day. It taught me that as long as we as a family were together, nothing could have really ruined the vacation, not even a funky fragranced hotel. I learned about my family, as well as to be paranoid when buying anything online, and to double check reservations. All together, it taught me to always be prepared for life or as my mother would say, "Always pack an air-freshener because you never know when you will have to battle some unseen funk," or something like that.

SECOND PLACE  
 "FEAR OF DEFORMITIES AND HILLS"  
 by  
 Natalie Schutz

I was so ready to go down that hill with my eyes closed and feel the wind rush through my hair. I was so ready to feel my heart beat faster. I was ready to talk to my mom about my day.

I was so ready to ride that day.

I'd been cooped up all day babysitting some snot-nosed kids since early morning. All I wanted to do was enjoy life; relax. After all, it was exactly two short weeks and I'd be off to an unknown place filled with new people, a new environment, all to start a new life called college.

So, the second my mom pulled in the driveway from work, I gave her about five minutes to change, and soon we had our bikes out of the garage ready for a bike ride.

This had been our summer tradition. My mom, wanting to lose weight, and myself, looking for some physical activity after working at Dairy Delite all day, would ride our bikes about three miles to the next little town and back. It was great stress relief, exercise, and a chance for us to talk.

We set off to enjoy the last breaths of summer. I was just enjoying the "whoosh" feeling that comes with going down a large hill at a fast speed. My mind was elsewhere though I was enjoying the fresh air and the physical stimulation. My thoughts were with something Lewis-related, like they'd been since I made the decision to go to the middle-sized LaSallian University back in March. "What would my roommate be like? Would we get along? How well?" I thought. I lifted my bottom off the bike's seat to adjust. Suddenly, my feet lost where the pedals were, and my bike took a sharp swerve left quickly to the rough ground.

My whole body plummeted against the grainy surface at much too high a speed. My hands skid against the

ground in an effort to stop my kinetic body. However, my hands were too weak to handle my body's ying weight. My head smacked the ground next with indescribable power. My brain felt as if it had come lose from my skull. For a short moment, everything went black.

I opened my eyes only to see a constant stream of blood quickly squirting from my left temple. I promptly rose my now-bloodied hand to stop it, and I screamed what my mom calls "the most blood-curdling scream" she had ever heard. As I was holding my temple, I saw her a few yards ahead enjoying the weather, seemingly oblivious to her current state. Yet, with the scream, she skid to a stop and almost lost her own balance. Without delay, she dropped her own bike, jumped over it, rushed over, and went into nurse mode.

"Lie down on your back! ... Oh God. Oh God! ... Put your hands over your head! ... Oh Jesus! ... Move your foot a little! I'm going to get this bike out from under you!"

I did as I was told. Inside, thoughts of Lewis again appeared. This time I couldn't go to school to study journalism because of a disabling injury. Yet, on the outside, I screamed in horror and cried between my quick, pulsating breaths.

"Breathe, Natalie, breathe!" screamed my mom.

Behind my mom I heard racing footsteps and an unfamiliar man's voice.

"Here you go! Take this! Who do you want us to call?" He lived down the street and, from our knowledge, never seemed to be at work. He mowed his yard a lot and always had a beer in his right hand. However, the beer was gone and you could see the fear in his shady eyes.

He had brought something to put my head on. Quickly, my head was raised and some square object was shoved under it.

"We live in the yellow house on top of the hill. Go get my husband!" My mother ordered to our neighbor's son. He ran up the hill. Meanwhile, the neighbor and my mother held now bloodied rags on my head. Every so often my mom would pick the rags up blood would pour out, and she would say, "Oh God!" and quickly return the rags.

Reminders like these informed me of my current condition. So far it was not looking so good. Of course, I could not see my left temple, but it felt like all the skin had been torn off and a large wound was exposed. I imagine entering Lewis on my first day with a large, white bandage wrapped around my head, a neck brace, and crutches. People would know me as "Ya know, that injured girl." Maybe people would take pity on me and be my friend. This made me cry harder and lose my faint breath.

"Breathe, Natalie!" my mother ordered again, bringing me back into the present. She also started to realize that

I was. The most amazing pain I could ever remember feeling tagged along with immense fear was not a good combination. Fear that I'd be hurt, fear that I'd have deformities, fear of surgeries, fear of stitches, fear of what others would think of me two weeks later in my new life, all lled my wounded head.

"Let's call the ambulance," my dad declared as my neighbor's son quickly dialed those three familiar digits.

As my breath slowed with relief, I was able to take notice of my own body. It was not just my left, bleeding temple that ached. My hands were both scratched, and one had the skin pulled back under the right middle finger. My hip hurt and burned, but it was under my now tattered capris so I was unable to see what was wrong. My toes stung as

| STUDENT POETRY |

Honorable Mention

“MY SLUM, PAST, PRESENT, AND FUTURE”  
 by  
 Christine Kustra

What could I ever come  
 Bound to my parent's past  
 I am stuck in this slum.

Bound to my parent's past,  
 The lies are home with me  
 Swarming without care to the last

Dying day. The lies are home  
 With me as we dine together  
 In piles of breathing domes.

In the slum, the past belongs in me now, the present  
 And future undeniably will consist of what I cannot over-

Honorable Mention

“WOLF”  
 by  
 Greg D'Addario

He stood and stated quite calmly  
 That he relapsed again.  
 This time hospital beds, Maternal Confessions  
 Concessions were made on both sides,  
 But no one really came away a winner.  
 He stated it was number 3, he needed help, and couldn't  
 stop himself.

Done Bangin Ron, veining poison  
 Hanging around death is never good.  
 Hospital beds this time  
 City Morgue the next?

In a chilled box, blue and foaming  
 Mother crying, old friends absent, Junky buddies don't  
 notice a thing;  
 A piece of furniture missing, a sock gone in the dryer.  
 Swears he's off the shit  
 Then she finds needles in his room.  
 Relapsed 3 times; told his friends he quit twice.  
 How many times can he cry wolf  
 We wonder--addicts are known to lie  
 Doomed to die.  
 And I already miss my friend.

# FACULTY, STAFF, AND ALUMNI POETRY

FACULTY, STAFF, AND ALUMNI POETRY

Today I just forgot about cooking  
my Lean Cuisine pasta in the microwave.  
I can't stop touching my black eye.

I'm flipping channels cuz you're not here  
to choose one. Ellen DeGeneres  
is teaching me a two-step.

I said "meow" and saw Africa,

gap between each click felt like an eternity. I'd just let you sit there the whole day in a dirty diaper. People would

Honorable Mention  
“THE LAST POEM”  
by  
Lois Mintah

When all the poems have been written,







theology in a personalistic, anthropological foundation. While discussions of forms and structures may help guide moral theology, the shift to a personal understanding of morality has provided a new layer of value to theological reflection. Despite the possible negative implications, an understanding of human person ultimately enriches moral theology.

#### References

- Gula, Richard M. Reason Informed by Faith: Foundations of Catholic Morality. New York: Paulist Press, 1989.  
Keenan, James F. Moral Wisdom: Lessons and Texts

STUDENT RESEARCH REPORT

auxiliary support they need to succeed.

But what about the high school graduate who wants to go to college? Will the college be aware of his or her

Furthermore, the students must present sufficient, current documentation verifying their disability and its impact in the school setting in support of their request; the IEP, in and of itself, does not meet these criteria and therefore is not acceptable documentation. Students and parents are caught unaware, uninformed about this disparity between the two levels of education (p. 75). Students suddenly are faced with the daunting task of disclosing their disability, advocating for access, and seeking their equitable participation in school. One major distinction between disability services in the K-12 system and those in higher education is that accommodation is not put in place to ensure the student's success. Accommodation supports only the student's equitable access to, and participation in, all of the college's curricular programs. The student is ultimately responsible for his or her successes and failures.

### What Can Disability Services Professionals Do?

Professionals from both systems must combine efforts to assist transitioning students by teaching one another and sharing resources. Leaders from both systems, as a community, must offer their professional guidance to local and state education agencies to help them to better prepare exit documents for these students. Finally, disability services professionals from both systems must embrace the Summary of Performance (SOP), a document required by the reauthorized IDEA that summarizes the student's academic and functional performance and makes recommendations for assistance in meeting the student's postsecondary goals (Madaus, 2006). The topic of my evaluation

THE JOURNAL OF RESEARCH REPORTS

### References

- Davis, J. R. (2005). Collaboration during post-secondary planning for students in special education: Connections, capacities relationships. (Doctoral dissertation, University of Wisconsin, 2005). Dissertations & Theses, AAT 3186186.
- Izzo, M. & Kochar-Bryant, C. (2006). Implementing the SOP for effective transition: Two case studies. *Career Development for Exceptional Individuals*(29) 100-107. Retrieved July 10, 2008 from ProQuest database.
- Kochar-Bryant, C. & Izzo, M. (2006). Access to post-high school services: Transition assessment and the summary of performance. *Career Development for Exceptional Individuals*(29) 170-179. Retrieved July 10, 2008 from ProQuest database.
- Madaus, J. W. & Shaw, S. F. (2006). Disability services in postsecondary education: Impact of IDEA 2004. *Developmental Education*(13) 12-20. Retrieved July 10, 2008 from ProQuest database.

there are intelligent minds that put this all together. Thus, it seems that the producers of such shows are patronizing the American people (Shachtman 267-68) and then a self-fulfilling prophecy takes place. If people are talked down to, as if they are morally and intellectually remedial, then they will possess this underdeveloped mentality surrounding their emotions. It is in this way that the talk shows contribute to an intellectually challenged society.

As morally devoid as talk shows are, some of the adult cartoons that are especially popular with children and teenagers fair no better. These cartoons, such as *The Simpsons* and *Family Guy*, downplay the value of intelligence. In these shows, the most comedic characters, such as Peter from *Family Guy* or Homer from *The Simpsons*, are absolute imbeciles. Further, the importance of school is rejected in such shows. For example, the protagonist in *The Simpsons*, Bart Simpson, does not do well in school, yet he is portrayed as much cooler than his academically astute sister, Lisa. Even shows that were popular in the early '90s, when the 20-year-olds of today were kids, including protagonists such as Will Smith in *The Fresh Prince of Bel-Air* and Zack Morris in *Saved by the Bell*, reject the modern school system and make fun of their hard-working, intellectually inclined peers. In an alarming study conducted by the McCormick Tribune Freedom Museum, "20% of Americans can name all five characters on *The Simpsons*, while only 0.1% (that's one in one thousand) can list all five freedoms granted by the First Amendment to the Constitution of the United States" (Vallen). Most American children surely learned our basic freedoms in the classroom, but television's influence apparently is more dominant in their minds. With this information, it is alarming to know that so many people, children especially, tune in religiously to these mindless television shows that send skewed messages.

Although television is often blamed for the current situation of America, one should also investigate other forms

there may not be such a difference between their academic performance with their Asian counterparts. The Kaiser Family Foundation reports that “on average, American children spend twenty hours a week watching television” (Dilenschneider 2). That’s almost an entire day every week spent being inculcated by the mindless media! In the growing world of globalization and internationalization, Americans will increasingly be coming in contact with their more intelligent Asian counterparts. The media, however, is hurting the chances of American students doing well in school because it offers a procrastination outlet commonly accepted in many American homes.

Today we scoff at movies like *Idiocracy*, which portray the dwindling mental capacity of the Average Joe. Surely one could ever get that stupid, right? But let us not rest securely on the notion that we are better off than those idiots in sitcoms. Rather, we should attempt to reach our full intellectual potential regardless of the pervasiveness of the media. Ironically, the very movie that has just been used to illustrate this cerebral decline of society is itself a product of the media. Sadly, that may be the only way its message could get across to the American people. This great information age, which could serve as an immense source of knowledge, has unfortunately robbed its subscribers of the information they seek. It is imperative to recognize the trend before we become another one of the mindless masses.

#### Works Cited

- Afroman. “Because I Got High.” <<http://www.thelyricarchive.com/lyrics/becauseigothigh.shtml>>  
Anderson, John D. “Latin, English Vocabulary, and Declining SAT’s.”



# FACULTY, STAFF, AND ALUMNI RESEARCH REPORT

First Place

“HOMER’S RHAPSODES OR DON’T BLAME THE SINGER”

by

Dr. Lawrence Sisk



FACULTY, STAFF, AND ALUMNI RESEARCH REPORT



FACULTY, STAFF, AND ALUMNI RESEARCH REPORT

| FACULTY, STAFF, AND ALUMNI RESEARCH REPORT |

FACULTY, STAFF, AND ALUMNI RESEARCH REPORT

| FACULTY, STAFF, AND ALUMNI RESEARCH REPORT |

FACULTY, STAFF, AND ALUMNI RESEARCH REPORT

Second Place

“THE UNCONSTITUTIONAL RIGHT OF THE JURY:  
JURY NULLIFICATION WITHIN RULE OF LAW AS APPLIED IN A PRECEDENT-BASED  
COMMON LAW SOCIETY  
AN EXCERPT FROM JOSEPH VOLIN’S SENIOR THESIS”

Abstract

Within the legal system, there are certain rights and responsibilities



a case based on factors such as personal and emotional factors other than the evidence admitted during the course of the trial. As I shall argue later, allowing a juror to take his or her own beliefs into consideration is not only morally wrong but should be considered unconstitutional as well.

#### History of Jury Nullification

Jury nullification is the ability of the jury to disregard the law put before them in order to render a verdict that they may believe is the right thing to do. Nullification can be traced all the way back to the Magna Carta in England in 1215 (isil.org). King John was given the right to deny any law he wished to, thus nullifying the law. Through the Magna Carta, King John was also capable of passing any law he wanted to. Part of the reason for this is because the judges and executive officers were appointed by him (isil.org). While opposing the Magna Carta, King John made the statement to the extent that "he would never grant such liberties as would make him a slave" (isil.org). He eventually passed the Magna Carta, granting the citizens liberties that they could hold onto.

Jury nullification is de facto, which means that it is in practice but not spelled out by law. The power and ability of jury nullification comes from an inherent quality of the current judicial system within the common law society — the unwillingness of the attorneys to poll the jury after delivering a verdict to inquire as to the motives and reasoning for a verdict (wikipedia.org).

#### Case Law Following

There is abundant case law set forth by different courts at different levels that upholds my belief that jury nullification is unconstitutional. In State v. Thomas, ten defendants were charged with conspiracy to distribute cocaine and crack cocaine, as well as possession of cocaine and crack cocaine. The jurors were told by the defense attorney during closing arguments to nullify his client because of his race. One juror accepted this plea from the defense attorney and found his client not guilty. The juror that disregarded the law was dismissed, and the trial commenced with only eleven jurors. The jurors returned a verdict of guilty and the defendants appeal or a death sentence.

FACULTY, STATE FINE ARTS JOURNAL RESEARCH REPORT

| FACULTY, STAFF, AND A

— FACULTY, STAFF, AND A

