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## LETTER FROM THE CHAIR OF THE HUNTER COLLEGE DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

Each May, our department offers its tribute to our students with respect, love, and a deep awe for their lives and work. I always look forward to annual celebration of the brilliance of our students whose poems, stories, and essays come out of their relationship with a loving and dedicated faculty. Hunter is not an easy place to negotiate for students or for faculty. And with rising tuition and government cuts to education, it must be said that we are all in embattled circumstances. So we must acknowledge that we are here because of our deep intellectual love affair with one another. It is the classroom where it all happens, followed by the one-on-one conference, and the written word. The reciprocity between our faculty and students produces energy, a crackling electrical current of intellectual and aesthetic joy.

As always, this year we celebrate our students' work from their freshman year through their masters level. The sixth annual award for the best essay written by a student in English 120 is awarded in memory of our late colleague, Gail Gordon. A prize, named after another late colleague and her very supportive husband, is being awarded for the fourth time. We are so pleased that The Sylvia and Howard Roshkow Memorial Prize was awarded this year and look forward to many more award winning essays in writing and rhetoric. The first annual Nancy Dean Medieval Essay Prize is going to two students, and I want to say a special thank you to Professor Dean for offering this prize. In 2013 we have more students graduating with honors than ever before. And many of our students, both undergraduate and graduate, are leaving us for graduate study, and not just in literature or writing, but also in law and medicine. They are going to Fordham University, the University of Chicago, the Graduate Center, CUNY, Columbia University, Perdue University, The New School, Teachers College, Temple University, UC Berkeley, Sarah Lawrence, Harvard University, University of Wisconsin, SUNY Stony Brook, University of Maryland, Portland State University, Yale Divinity School, the University of Nottingham, and the University of Iceland, among other schools. All of our students are a testament to the value of a liberal arts education and to the excellence of our curriculum. I wish you all the best as you embark on your next intellectual adventures.

I close with love and respect for our students and our faculty, and I welcome you to the 2013 Hunter College Department of English Prizes and Awards Celebration!

Professor Cristina León Alfar, Chair  
Associate Professor  
Department of English  
Hunter College of the City University of New York

## **LETTER FROM THE CHAIR OF THE PRIZES AND AWARDS COMMITTEE**

This year there has been a great deal of discussion about the value of a college education. One particularly prominent voice (at least until recently), has denounced the idea of college as a universal possibility as “snobbery.”

The mission of the City University of New York has been historically to focus its attention and efforts on providing that possibility to working men and women. Our students have full-time jobs, they raise families, many are immigrants, many are veterans, and a great number of them are the first in their families to attend college. This would seem to me to be the opposite of ‘snobbery’ or ‘elitism’ of any kind.

The quality and integrity of our students’ work, the work we recognize and honor here today, are proof of the value of what we do.

David Winn  
Assistant Professor  
English/Creative Writing  
Hunter College, City University New York

**FIRST PLACE WINNER OF THE MIRIAM WEINBERG RICHTER MEMORIAL AWARD  
FOR CONSPICUOUS ABILITY IN SOME FIELD OF ENGLISH FOR CREATIVE WRITING**



**Fatin Abbas** was born in Sudan, grew up in New York, and attended university in the U.K. and the U.S. She is an MFA candidate in Creative Writing (Fiction) at Hunter College. She is working on her first novel.

From *Brighton*

Brighton

He had not known what to expect, but when he stepped off the train in the grand old station with its vaulted glass ceiling, the sun streaming down in between the metal beams and pigeons flapping from one ledge to another, steam rising from the train engines, commuters hurrying this way and that with blank though not unfriendly faces, he sensed, somehow, that he would be happy here. He could not account for the feeling; if anything he should have felt more ill at ease. After all, there were not many Africans here, and looking around he glimpsed every now and again a man in horn-rimmed glasses or an old woman with a scarf tied round her hair looking him up and down curiously. But he did not mind the stares, he knew that what they saw surprised them. He could see it in their eyes: he was handsome, and tall, and full of life. And this despite his ill-fitting clothes, the too-short trousers of his suit and the jacket which belonged to a different suit and which was, moreover, broad at the shoulders. He took comfort in his tie, a thin black piece of fabric which was no more than a ribbon really, in the fashion of the times, which his cousin had taken him to buy in London on the one day he'd spent there on his way to Brighton.

And this before he saw the sea: King's Road stretching along the length of it, the West Pier and the Palace Pier straddling it on either side, the rows of green-striped deck chairs lining the promenade (the "prom," as the locals liked to call it), the procession of majestic Regency buildings overlooking the beach, the hippies and the beatniks and the pretty girls in summer dresses and cat's eye sunglasses strolling up and down the pebbled shore. He did not realize until he saw the sea that he had never seen a sea before. It was not the most beautiful sea, reflecting the grey and brooding aspect of the clouds that tumbled and rolled over the horizon, but to him it seemed a magical thing, especially when the clouds parted and a shard of sunlight beamed down and set a patch of water on fire, the waves shimmering.

**FIRST PLACE WINNER OF THE SYLVIA AND HOWARD ROSHKOW MEMORIAL PRIZE FOR AN OUTSTANDING UNDERGRADUATE STUDENT IN 20<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY AMERICAN LITERATURE**

**SECOND PLACE WINNER OF THE BLANCHE COLTON WILLIAMS FELLOWSHIP IN ENGLISH**

**HONORABLE MENTION FOR THE MATTHEW RAY WIESEN PRIZE FOR A GRADUATING UNDERGRADUATE ENGLISH MAJOR**



**Anna Marie Anastasi** is currently completing a degree in English Literature, Language, and Criticism at Hunter College. She plans to begin graduate study in the field of 20<sup>th</sup> Century American Literature this Fall at New York University’s English MA program. She is a CUNY Graduate Center Pipeline Program Fellow and will serve as valedictorian at the Spring 2013 commencement ceremony. Her research interests include: affect, trauma, the body, fear, and memory in Southern Gothic Literature. Her most recent research project explores Flannery O’Connor’s use of the grotesque body and she plans to begin a new project this summer which explores how popular television shows employ the supernatural to blur boundaries between us and the monster.

**From “Old/New South Identities, the Critique of New South Progress, and the Blurring and Challenging of the Antebellum/ Post-Bellum line in the Works of Charles W. Chesnutt”**

“The language of “spirits” and “haunting” which enters the text at this point also suggests the falsity of a clean Old/New South break and why an identity based on a false New South cannot be maintained...the language of “spirits” may suggest, specifically, a re-emergence of past secrets and that these “ghosts” cannot be eradicated until the past secrets are uncovered/ resolved. That is, this ghost imagery suggests that the “progress” the sheriff has made does not truly constitute progress, but rather that progress entails resolving that which haunts rather than attempting to abruptly sever it from oneself. Furthermore, through this haunting past, the story may participate in a kind of Southern condition, in which “hauntings” pervade texts that attempt to figure the Old South in a New South identity.”

**From “Nature Imagery and the Destruction of the Migrant Laborer’s Body: Lyric Language Activism in Helena María Viramontes’s *Under the Feet of Jesus*”**

“Estrella’s repetition of “their bones” also asserts the tar-pit destiny, resulting from a society that values products over human life, exists as a collective condition. As nature’s consumption of Estrella seems more extreme than Alejo’s, presumably because her whole life has circulated around this labor, Estrella’s tar-pit body represents a collective worsening. Thus, her rebellion, successful in that she saves Alejo’s life by asserting her own worth and humanity, suggests that her generation both has the most to lose and is the only one that can disrupt and begin to end this accelerated perversion of the body and nature. The text also suggests however, that the conditions of the laborer are not all that contributes to Estrella’s accelerated demise. It is also her acceptance, her “hope” in lieu of action. Just like Estrella accepts that a circle around the house banishes scorpions without question, she accepts her impending tar-pit body without question until her moment of rebellion. As the text suggests Estrella’s rage and her threatening assertion of her rights allows Alejo to be saved from the tar-pit body, it also reveals that this one moment of violence and self-assertion will not stop the cycle of destroyed bodies. In the final lines of the text, as Estrella attempts to “summon home all those who strayed” with her powerful heart,” the text suggests that home, community, and collective action (especially among youth) is necessary to end the cycle (Viramontes 176).”

**From “Harriet Jacobs’s “Place of Concealment:” The Reversal of the Gaze, the Tool of Literacy, and the Transformation of Physical Torment into Mental Empowerment in *Incidents in the Life of a Slave Girl*”**

“Despite the objectification of Jacobs’s suffering body in her concealment passages, she appropriates the power of literacy and of the gaze to herself. She is able to reverse the physical torment into empowerment, rather than breaking, seemingly because her concealment is a choice. Her repeated use of the word “resolve” emphasizes that she is able to gain these powers of gaze and literacy, because she “resolves” to do so. However, this agency of choice is troubled by Jacobs’s implication that her confinement is something that has been done to her by slavery. She repeatedly refers to her “place of concealment” as a “dungeon” and as a place of “imprisonment” (Jacobs 162). This imagery suggests an involuntary confinement, that she does not choose to be hidden but is rather shut up by another... However, despite the involuntary nature of her “imprisonment,” the words “to avoid” and “ventured” suggest that she does have a kind of agency, a kind of limited choice. She must work within the confines of slavery. Thus, even though slavery forces her into the suffering of her confinement, the “resolves” she makes and her attainment of mental empowerment during this time appropriates the powers of the master to herself and reverses her torture into a kind of empowerment.”

**FIRST PLACE UNDERGRADUATE WINNER OF THE NANCY DEAN MEDIEVAL  
ESSAY PRIZE**



**Thomas Anziano** was born in Sayville, New York and later went on to receive a Bachelors of Business Administration from the University of Miami in 2005. After a brief period working in the advertising industry in New York and Hamburg, Germany, he decided to return to school to pursue a career in Foreign Language and Bilingual Education. He is currently a senior at Hunter College with a double major in Spanish Language and Literature and English Literature, Language, and Criticism. After graduation he will travel to Madrid, Spain to work as an English Language Teacher in a Catholic secondary school.

**From "The Queering of the Fragmented: The Pardoner and the Wife of Bath's Reversal of the Hetero- normative Discourse"**

“A close examination of the two narrators and their position in patriarchal medieval England reveals that the Wife of Bath and the Pardoner are actually overwhelmingly similar; they both represent queer figures, that is, they both exist outside the traditional gender roles created by the dominant masculine discourse. Their physical lack of male sex organs corresponds with their lack of equality or wholeness in the patriarchal order. The Wife of Bath does not present a complete text that must be penetrated, but rather, like the Pardoner, a fragmented one that attempts to queer the masculine discourse and expose its equally fragmented nature. By asserting their own queer voices the Wife of Bath and the Pardoner offer an alternative discourse, albeit an equally fragmented one. However, within their discourse the voice that is lacking is that of the now queered heterosexual male. This reversal of the dominant heteronormative discourse exposes its lack of equality in order to challenge the portrayal of the ‘inferior gender’ in hopes of creating a ‘complete’ space in which all voices, including the queer and the feminine, will be heard.”

**SECOND PLACE UNDERGRADUATE WINNER OF THE MEMOIR PRIZE**

**HONORABLE MENTION FOR THE ACADEMY OF AMERICAN POETS PRIZE**



As an English major and writer, **Ayendy Bonifacio** has always been invested in the writing process. A large part of his creative writing, poetry in particular, is informed by quotidian moments in his neighborhood, East New York, and by his favorite poets, Hart Crane, William Carlos Williams, and Walt Whitman.

Mr. Bonifacio is interested in antebellum and post Civil War literature. A large part of his scholarship explores transcendentalism and the poetry that came out of this movement. He has recently accepted a MA/PhD offer from The Ohio State University, where he is planning to continue his research on Whitman, Emerson, as well as print culture. He is graduating this upcoming May.

From *Memoir (Untitled)*

I still believe my fears were justified. At fifteen, such places introduced me to incomprehensible violence. I was subjected to a type of fear that can only be felt in the mind. It was a collectively constructed panic, which tainted all I remember of my childhood even though I know there must have been blissful moments.

From “**Poetric**”

In this hissing place, I heard the rattling vibration, the gust that lifted the blackness off the plastic, that lifted cigarette buds and a mistreated lotto receipt off the bars beneath my feet. How fine you smell New York—

## FIRST PLACE WINNER OF THE BERNARD COHEN SHORT STORY PRIZE



**Joseph Buchanan** was born in a log cabin in Park County Colorado in 1981. He was raised in the bedroom community of Indian Hills, Colorado and graduated from Collegiate Academy of Colorado in Littleton in 2000. Joseph first attended college at the University of Denver between 2001 and 2003.

In the spring of 2006 moved to Brooklyn, New York. He was accepted into Hunter College for the Fall 2011 term and declared his creative writing major soon after. In the fall of 2012 Joseph became a full time student and in spring 2013 he added a film minor to his degree and joined the Hunter Comic Club.

Joseph's other interests and hobbies include painting, music, history and film.

From *Snow Born*

“I reach to catch the baby's head as it emerges and I start, because the umbilical cord is sliding over the top of it's head and around its neck as it emerges. My breath catches in my chest and my mouth feels like sandpaper on a summer day, but feigning calm I take my fingers, and very carefully slip them between the baby's head and the loops of the cord. I slip the cord over the baby's head as it emerges into my waiting palms and my brief moment of terror is over.

My wife pushes a few more times, but the hardest part is done and my child slides into my arms - a son. I hold him and gently slide my finger down the bridge of his nose to help expel the mucus from his nostrils as my wife pushes the after birth from her body. I then lay him on his mother's stomach, head slightly downward to encourage the expulsion off amniotic fluid and he begins to wail.”

**FIRST PLACE WINNER OF THE DAVID STEVENSON AWARD TO AN OUTSTANDING STUDENT IN SHAKESPEARE STUDIES**



**Christopher Chilton** was born and bred in the state of North Carolina, and received his B.A. in English Literature and Latin from the University of North Carolina at Chapel Hill. He moved to New York City in 2008 to join the NYC Teaching Fellows and to receive his Master's degree in Education from St. John's University. When not writing essays for his classes at Hunter he can be found teaching Senior English and AP Literature at the High School for Construction Trades, Engineering and Architecture in Queens. In this photograph he is looking at a seagull.

**From "When Blows Have Made Me Stay, I Fled From Words: Speech and Self in Coriolanus"**

As the Republic rejects Coriolanus, he rejects the Republic: "I banish you!" he cries back at his banishers, reserving for himself an analogue of the state's power to define its boundaries by exclusion (3.3.127). His banishment of the Republic suggests a state that is simultaneously exterior and interior, a self both contained by the state and containing it. That is, while the critical commonplace remains true that Coriolanus becomes, or seeks to become, a kind of state, this exclamation only makes sense if he carries the state within him already. Here, for the first time, Coriolanus hints at the transformation he will attempt in the play's final acts, toward a bounded selfhood which is not entangled with the state.

**SECOND PLACE WINNER OF THE HELEN GRAY CONE FELLOWSHIP IN ENGLISH**

**FIRST PLACE WINNER OF THE RANDOLPH AND ELIZA GUGGENHEIMER PRIZE  
FOR DISTINGUISHED WORK IN ENGLISH LITERATURE**

**FIRST PLACE WINNER OF THE WENDELL STACY JOHNSON AWARD FOR AN  
OUTSTANDING STUDENT IN 19<sup>TH</sup> OR 20<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY ENGLISH LITERATURE  
SCHOLARSHIP**



**Linnea Conelli** is currently pursuing her Masters degree in the British and American Literature program with a particular interest in American expatriate writers from the late 19th century through the early 20th century. She enjoys sharing her love of writing with other students at the Reading/Writing Center, where she works as a tutor. As an undergraduate, Linnea majored in music, concentrating on classical vocal performance. She has performed in operas at New York University and Hunter College, as well as various musical theater productions. Linnea previously worked as a director at Staten Island Children's Theater Association for eight years, in addition to running her own voice/piano studio for private lessons.

### **From 'The Yoke of Our Embrace': Sexual Crisis during the Great War**

The Great War ushered in a time of change for traditional sexual relationships through its challenging of prescribed gender roles. Men left to fight overseas while women were offered more freedom than ever before in both the public and domestic spheres. This shifting dynamic created a degree of resentment between the genders for women were safely undergoing a process of liberation at the expense of soldiers' deaths, in the opinion of some men. The short story, "England, My England" by D.H. Lawrence follows the breakdown of a heterosexual relationship once it has been touched by modern machinery and eventually the Great War itself. Because of this wartime hostility between genders, sexual connection between many men and women was put under pressure and even damaged, causing homosocial bonding to replace more traditional relationships, as demonstrated with the soldiers' interactions in Lawrence's "Monkey Nuts." Unable to thrive in the militarized modern realm, heterosexual couples were removed to a private sphere of nostalgia, where they could try to ignore the harsh realities of the war. Within Rebecca West's *The Return of the Soldier*, the soldier, tainted by the destruction of war, rejects his marriage and tries to find a relationship which can remain untouched by his contemporary world. In order to preserve their heterosexual desire, this couple must find a space of their own which only exists outside of their modern lives.

### From “**Feminine Agency in the Private Sphere**”

The Truth and Reconciliation Commission was utilized by many as a means through which they could enact the process of restorative speech after the atrocities experienced during apartheid. However, if one is incapable of the public act of speech, what are the ways in which dignity be restored in the private sphere of daily life? The South African authors, Bessie Head and J. M. Coetzee, struggle with the question of female agency after the experiences of violence within their respective novels, *A Question of Power* and *Disgrace*. For these female characters, namely Elizabeth and Lucy, the speech act in the public sphere is not possible. Yet, they are able to recover a form of agency through the inhabitation of the private sphere of their inner, domestic lives.

### From “**The Genteel Muzzle: Colonial Silencing Within Great Expectations**”

In Charles Dickens’ novel, *Great Expectations*, Pip’s identity is shaped by his complicit participation in British colonization, and its accompanying practice of silencing the colonial subject. His mysterious inheritance creates a new social position for him within the Victorian class system, while being removed from the true source of his fortune: the convict, Magwitch. Like the nation itself, Pip exploits the colonies’ wealth, in order to obtain social status within his metropolitan community. Within the urban space of London, the colonial subject needs to be silenced in order for the middle class to maintain their identity, a concept also explored in the modern novel, *Jack Maggs* by Peter Carey. Pip’s personal interactions with the colonial figure of Magwitch exposes the insidious nature of his class position, destroying his previous false understanding of his identity. Pip’s ultimate departure from England reflects his refusal to participate in this silencing practice and also functions as an act of defiance against societal attempts to deny the colonial subject’s influence.

**FIRST PLACE WINNER OF THE ACADEMY OF AMERICAN POETS PRIZE**



**Jen DeGregorio** will receive her MFA in Creative Writing from Hunter College in May. While at Hunter, she has taught English 300, Introduction to Creative Writing, and worked for the Muse Scholar Program, an honors cohort of artistically talented undergraduates. She also freelances as a writer and editor. Jen's poetry has appeared in *Lyre, Lyre*; she has a poem forthcoming this summer in *Able Muse*.

From “**After Hours**”

A hand in her coat  
rifling for change,

the other  
over her jaw

frowning before the  
candy store window.

The sweets she craves are  
barred by evening

falling, darkening the  
glass to mirror—

Shelved beside  
some lemon drops

draped in cellophane,  
her pink face

going tomorrow to  
whoever has a penny

and a taste  
for something sour.

**HONORABLE MENTION FOR THE MIRIAM WEINBERG RICHTER MEMORIAL  
AWARD FOR CONSPICUOUS ABILITY IN SOME FIELD OF ENGLISH FOR  
SCHOLARLY WORK**



**David M. deLeon** has had poetry published in a dozen magazines and journals, and prose and essays in a few more. He has one more semester to go at Hunter college to finish an undergrad degree more than ten years in the making. In those ten years he's worked as a cashier, a music journalist, a copyeditor, a freelance writer, a managing editor, and sold cheap laptops to tourists. Now he dedicates his time to Hunter, running the undergrad literary magazine and co-chairing the media board. Recently he's been getting back into theatre, acting in productions around Hunter and writing drama. He poorly maintains a website at [davidmdeleon.com](http://davidmdeleon.com).

**From “And Yet the Sea: Strategies of and against Modernism”**

When Hart Crane wrote in a letter to Allen Tate in 1922 that he had found a way around the "absolute *impasse*" of Eliot, the details of his strategy didn't matter so much as his wording. An "absolute *impasse*," after all, can't be gotten through, no matter what "safe tangent to strike" you discover (279). It is the problem of the immovable object, against which one can only go roundabout, like Ibsen's *Boyg*. The importance of Crane's wording is how illogical it is. To Crane, Eliot is an absolute impasse. There is no way through Eliot. And yet, Crane has found a way through. Similarly but less seriously, the strange Polish cipher of Cummings' wartime memoir *The Enormous Room*, also published in 1922, does not believe America is over the sea. The sea is an impasse: it has no other side; it is blank and vast and mysterious. "[a]nd yet," it is a place where "fish swim. Wonderful" (167).

Eliot is an impasse; the sea is vast: these are statements which to their speakers are irrefutable. And yet these statements are also incomplete truths. Viewed from the shore, the sea is a vast blank. Viewed from underwater, however, it is teeming with life. The addition of this underwater understanding does not break the logic of the first statement; it re-contextualizes the first statement in such a way that it remains true yet somehow not completely true. The mechanics of this strategy is contained in the phrase "and yet." Crane never attempts to prove Eliot wrong or ignore his conclusions: Eliot is a representative of modernity itself, and of the forces of history which brought about modernism. It would just as difficult to prove wrong or ignore the sea. Instead, Crane sums up the modern, agrees with its inevitable truth, then scribes the almost mystical incantation "and yet," which immediately renders it true yet incomplete.

That this strategy appears somewhat silly belies how serious the stakes were at the time. The early 20<sup>th</sup> century, especially in the realm of poetry, was an age of impasse. The commercial and industrial revolutions were reducing human individuality to economic units, positivism in philosophy was condensing thought to sensory data, and the first world war had produced death on an unprecedented scale. The bright future envisioned by poets of the past had become much of a nightmare. "If only America were half as worthy today to be spoken of as Whitman spoke of it fifty years ago," writes Crane, "there might be something for one to say" (467). History itself seemed to be bearing down on the present moment like the "racing car... resembling a serpent with explosive breath... a roaring automobile that rides on grape-shot" of Marinetti (4). Because of this, artistic manifestos were popping up everywhere. It was obvious how anxious intellectuals were becoming about the place of art in this new post-historical society. Tradition (another name for history) had become the enemy, in that it represented the failure of the human culture of the past to avoid the gloom of the present.

### THIRD PLACE GRADUATE WINNER OF THE MEMOIR PRIZE



Novelist, editor, and budding memoirist **Anita Diggs** was born and raised in New York City. In addition to her published books, *A Mighty Love*, *A Meeting in the Ladies Room* and *The Other Side of the Game*, she has written two works of nonfiction including *Talking Drums: An African-American Quote Collection* and (with Dr. Vera Pastor) *Staying Married: A Guide for African-American Couples*. Ms. Diggs worked in the book publishing industry for more than fifteen years and has been widely praised for her work as a book editor at Ballantine/Random House. She has been featured in *The New York Times*, *The New York Daily News*, and on numerous television and radio programs. *Columbia Journalism Review* placed Ms. Diggs on their "The Shapers" list for the year 2000. The Shapers is a list of prominent New Yorkers who shape the national media agenda. She lives in Manhattan.

#### From *People in Hell Want Ice Water*

Mama didn't let us cross the street or go around the corner when we played outside. Any games we enjoyed took place on the north side of 52<sup>nd</sup> Street between 8<sup>th</sup> and 9<sup>th</sup> Avenues. This block was our whole world. When we weren't playing street games, we sat on the stoop and watched our neighbors. Sister Dupree was drunk every day, all day. One time she was so far gone that she came out in the broiling mid-day heat clad only in a white slip and a pair of pink bunny slippers. Her cheap, stringy wig sat askew on her head, and bright red lipstick was painted directly to the left of the mouth she had missed. We dissolved into giggles, alternately clutching our little stomachs and pointing our little fingers at the strange spectacle.

Sometimes the kids who lived on our block took turns playing tricks on Shammy The Junkie. He sat on the top step, scratching and nodding, deep in heroin heaven while we threw spitballs at his nose. Each time a ball struck its target, Shammy The Junkie would try to wave it away, as though it were a buzzing fly. He lacked enough coordination to actually reach his nose, and each failure sent us into gales of laughter.

My family's apartment 2R in Building #329 occupied the second floor rear of a four story tenement. There were three families on each floor. Our back windows overlooked an alley filled with rubbish and a gang of stray cats. We shared the view with two little girls named Jackie and Tanya who lived across the alleyway. We all communicated with each other by raising our windows and yelling to each other about school.

But mostly we sang the 1960s R&B hits that we heard in our homes..."Hold On, I'm Comin" by Sam & Dave," "Frankie and Johnnie" by Sam Cooke, "Chain of Fools" by Aretha Franklin We sang hard and with vigor. Jackie was the best singer and we all knew it. I decided that if my voice wasn't as pretty, it could certainly be louder. One lazy summer afternoon, I was literally screaming the lyrics of "Backfield in Motion" by Mel and Tim out the window when I felt a hand tug on the tail of my dress, yanking me back inside the living room. Mama stood over me looking angry and embarrassed.

"Nita, what you know about a damned backfield in motion?"

**FIRST PLACE WINNER OF THE MARY M. FAY AWARD IN POETRY**



**Aimée DuPont** is a first-year MFA student who splits her time between poetry and profit margins. A native of Pennsylvania and current Brooklynite, she is an aspiring poet with a hedge-fund day job. When she's not writing/reading/spreadsheet-ing, she enjoys things like cooking, bourbon, and her two cats.

*Telfair State Correctional Facility*

Mornings I read the Journal. You won't catch me  
dumbing down in here.

I'm no goldfish. I've got a word for that.

The word for our liquor is Prune-o

because both it & prunes taste like shit. Last

New Years I vomited for days. The last time

I walked anywhere green I don't remember.

It wouldn't be so bad if I couldn't see

the trees. Wouldn't grab me by the neck,

those bastards, if the leaves didn't make that crunch

under a boot. If, before that, they didn't drain of color

& snap, landing on whatever mess of earth is nearest.

**FIRST PLACE WINNER OF THE BLANCHE COLTON WILLIAMS  
FELLOWSHIP IN ENGLISH**



**Norrell Edwards** is a senior at the Macaulay Honors College at Hunter College majoring in English literature and criticism as well as French Language and civilization. She is originally from New Rochelle, New York. She loves to read and write, as all English majors do, and is extremely grateful for this award which supplements furthering her graduate studies in English literature.

From "**Or Does it Explode**"

“Absolute violence,” that is the only answer Fanon has for the question of decolonization. He decries compliancy and theorizes the native’s provocation to force. At the other end of the spectrum Frederick Douglass, a paragon of African American upward mobility, advocates hard work and education as necessary tools for success. From the oppressive fields of the plantation to the wooden podium at abolitionist conventions, Douglass is the key representative of these two tenets. Like many other prototypes of American ideals, Douglass is criticized for losing himself within the discourse of the master, a passive pawn who has succumbed to the whims of dominant society. What is the difference between the American slave and the colonized native? What link lies between these two perspectives of oppression? How does gender alter these perspectives?

### THIRD PLACE UNDERGRADUATE WINNER OF THE MEMOIR PRIZE



**Edmye Hernandez** was born and raised in New York City and is a student at Hunter College where she studies Psychology, English and Adolescent Education. A proud and dedicated mother, she spends the majority of her time nurturing her endlessly curious toddler through art, music and rhyme and giving belly rubs to her delightfully mischievous Cocker Spaniel. In her spare time, Edmye also enjoys daydreaming, writing, mentoring at risk youth, playing the piano and sculpting.

#### From “**On the Borderline: Love and the Manic Depressive**”

I continue to find myself withdrawing from my suite on the “Big Blue Marble” and booking with “Mom’s Lavatory” instead. I do not know how I end up here night after night.

Bewildering, digit twisting, dips of consciousness birth soul stirring delectations of extreme focus. Like a baked Cherokee, I sit. Clayed onto the transcendental Navajos layered above the narrow panels of timber. The southern latitudes of my body quickly begin to numb - a sensation signaling that the necessary degree of balance has been reached and so it is safe to participate in this cosmic expedition. The coffee table centered before me has just recently been adorned with 48, perfectly constructed, origami figurines – the result of this seasons obsession. Fold after fold, each unique in units of Pascal, they appear, as I await admittance into the garden of reverie: a meadow of dreams that always welcomes the undernourished offspring of Narc and Feeble.

Nosing this tarnished *yola* into the pier of Shitholes, I am tickled by the crosshatched feathers of warblers that roam the skies of my native island and were once illustrated along the margins of my journal. The flock dances in spirals around me, sprinkling petals of love and ease. I inhale deeply, and my eyelids sink downward. Collectively, they jet past me to swift the door shut before conferring again at my crown and unraveling my tassels of armor.

**FIRST PLACE WINNER OF THE BERNARD COHEN SHORT STORY PRIZE**

**FIRST PLACE WINNER OF THE ANDREW AND ELEANOR MCGLINCHIEE  
PRIZE FOR A PLAY**



**Maria Juarez** was born and raised in Jackson Heights, Queens. She recently graduated this past January, earning a B.A. in Creative Writing. When she is not writing up a storm, she enjoys traveling, drinking Chilean wine, and creating all kinds of beauty concoctions. If you get to know her you will see that she always has time to change her nail color. She is currently working on combining her love of beauty, photography, and writing into a successful career.

From *Caffeinated Photos*

Small, medium, and large suitcases rattle around the bus, their bright tags, made of ribbon and balloon strings, shake as we move down the busy Astoria Boulevard. The man sitting in front of me is wearing a black puffy jacket, but the collar of a Hawaiian shirt peaks out on the back of his neck. The woman next to him, whose sunburn is shocking even against her red coat, shuffles through a folder filled with papers. The papers are travel itineraries, and from the check marks against each activity I can tell they had a good time. The young guy next to me, wearing a black turtleneck and a peacoat, is fighting his ever-closing eyes by reading a thick vogue magazine. He turns the pages with a limp hand. The trees that line the boulevard are bare, and their gray stumps match the morning sky. The sun's orange glow, which shimmered over the buildings, only a few hours ago, is now hidden behind sheets of gray clouds. Chilly air seeps through the window, making me shiver. Every seat on this bus is taken, and though most passengers are glowing, they all have a look of contemplation and grogginess. I always prefer this crowd, because my usual morning scowl blends right in. I don't put on my headphones around these commuters because their faces look just as unpleasant as mine. The feeling of arriving into cold New York City always settles in on the bus ride, and many lay their heads on the cold window, or against their partner's shoulder, to try and hold on to the memories.

From *The Heart Through the Fur*

JOY

Good. Now give me your hand.

MARK

(Extending his hand) Okay, but do it quick. Please.

JOY places the rat in MARK's hand. At first MARK seems visibly bothered, but slowly he starts to relax.

JOY

Well look at you two. Like two peas in a pod.

MARK

Wow.

(Beat)

This is incredible. (To the rat) Hey, little guy. You're not so bad, huh?

JOY

I told you he was a good one, didn't I?

MARK

Whoa, I can feel his heart beating! I can feel his heart beating through his fur. My god.

JOY

Beautiful, ain't it?

MARK

Yeah. (Beat). Yeah, it is beautiful. I can feel his heart here. Right through his fur. Right here in my palm.

**FIRST PLACE WINNER OF THE EDITH GOLDBERG PAULSON  
MEMORIAL PRIZE FOR CREATIVE WRITING**



**Shushanik Karapetyan** was born in Yerevan, Armenia. She immigrated to the United States at age eleven. Currently, she is a graduating senior at Hunter Collage, triple majoring in Creative Writing, Psychology, and Studio Art.

From *Early Childhood*

I couldn't decide which came first – the pumpkin, the soap, the pomegranate seeds, the football field, the fountain or the record player. My earliest memories seemed like precious pearls in a sea that was my mind, where I swam blindly, hunting for them, recognizing them only by touch, not knowing whether the ones I found were real or fake, and not knowing how many more there were to find, if any more.

## FIRST PLACE WINNER OF THE MARY M. FAY AWARD IN POETRY



**Seelai Karzai** is a native New Yorker, although her cultural background has roots in Afghanistan. She is a Creative Writing and Classics double major at Hunter College. She has always loved literature and poetry and hopes to pursue graduate studies in English literature with a concentration in postcolonial theory.

*Excerpts from two winning poems:*

### **"A Mother's Appeal"**

Let the mourners brood  
and howl at every  
hour of the day. Let the sun dangle

by a cosmic thread. Let god  
see a mother dig  
a grave for a child  
deprived of active  
organs.

### **"I Remember"**

I remember that I am a coward.  
And it is not as easy to just fly  
across nations on a magic carpet  
and spill into her warm embrace.

Would that I could write a song,  
an ode to her soft lips calling,  
or a treatise to that esteemed  
divine composure, which eludes me.

## FIRST PLACE GAIL GORDON ENGLISH 120 PRIZE

**Karolyn Le** is an upper freshman who is planning to major in Biochemistry. She has a love and hate relationship with writing. She likes to admire nature and to sing. Her favorite television show is *Elementary*.



### From "**Social Media: A Contribution to Cyber Bullying**"

Social media allows people to take on fake identities. With a simple push of the anonymous button, typing in a fake name while creating a profile or merely creating a username, bullies have an advantage of disguising themselves. This anonymity “reduces the ability of the victims to defend themselves and to shield the cyberbully from social consequences” (Moore et al. 1). Moore and his fellow researchers conducted an experiment to identify the features of cyberbullying in order to prevent it, and one of the features they focused on was anonymity. Examples of social media sites that feature anonymity are Tumblr and Formspring. They argue that the ability to be anonymous is appealing to cyberbullies because the anonymity protects them from being judged as they would if they were to bully someone in public. It also shields them from having to deal with consequences “through school or criminal law” (864).

**HONORABLE MENTION FOR THE MIRIAM WEINBERG RICHTER MEMORIAL  
AWARD FOR CONSPICUOUS ABILITY IN SOME FIELD OF ENGLISH FOR  
CREATIVE WRITING**

**Rainer Lee** was born and raised in Chicago, IL before moving to New York to pursue his MFA in Hunter's Creative Nonfiction program.

From *Metropolis, Illinois*

Sonshine Amusements, from Odenville, Alabama, has assembled their carnival on a plot of sand and rock, a half-dozen small town blocks from the Superman Statue. Without hesitation, intent on being whipped and spun through the air, children cram into the rides, ignoring the metal hand rails and sparkling vinyl seats that have been baking all day in the sun.

Bumper Cars, Merry-Go-Round, the Go-Gator.

Paratrooper, the Rock-o-Plane, the Sizzler.

The Round-Up: Defies Gravity, The World's Most Exciting Ride.

Everywhere is the smell of funnel cake and suntan lotion, fries, ketchup, and manure. The boys stalk around the carnival in twos and threes, showing off their impending manliness by wearing faint scowls and going shirtless to expose their nascent shoulders, their hands stained with melted Sno-Cones. Country girls in bloom, kicking up fine clouds of dust that collect around their bare ankles and stick to their thighs, stroll next to their fat, perspiring mothers.

**THIRD PLACE UNDERGRADUATE WINNER OF THE MEMOIR PRIZE**



**Susan Li** was born and raised in New York City. She studies English and Philosophy at Hunter College, and, in doing so, brings shame to her immigrant parents. But, like, whatever.

From *Mad Money*

You watched old Chinese women hunched over on the subway, bony fingers wrapped tight around walking sticks, varicose veins pulsing like blue worms under papier-mâché skin. Their bodies shook as if the skeletons within them were made of toothpicks glued together. They were decrepit in every sense, on the brink of immobility. It never occurred to you that your hair would whiten too, that your breasts—despite your careful posture and the constant support of push-up bras—would succumb to time and gravity too, until it happened to your mother.

**FIRST PLACE WINNER OF THE HARRY ROSENFELD-BERLE READE AND IDA  
SOLOMON FISCHER READE PRIZE**



**Lia Manoukian** has ink, chocolate, music, and love coursing through her veins.

From **“Dangerous Dreams: Demonic Identity in Gothic Fiction”**

The question of whether demonic identity is learned or whether it is an innate element within all human beings is evident throughout the focus of *Frankenstein* and *The Strange Case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde*. This is a philosophical question, among others in the narratives, which is never truly answered because it cannot truly be known. However, Mary Shelley and Robert Louis Stevenson provide clues as to their reasoning and view points. Understanding Poe’s ideas related in “The Imp of the Perverse” reveals explanations that are applied. According to Poe,

“Induction, a posteriori, would have brought phrenology to admit, as an innate and primitive principle of human action, a paradoxical something, which we may call perverseness, for want of a more characteristic term” (Poe 1).

Poe identifies this perverseness as being “innate and primitive.” It is implied, then, that according to him, all human beings are born with these instincts. He uses the word ‘primitive’ throughout his work several times. An example is when Poe states, “It is a radical, a primitive impulse-elementary” (1). The word ‘elementary’ connotes that there is an easiness and a tendency to turn to this perverseness. In *Frankenstein*, the creature learns about human society through solemn observation. However, he does not fully interact with the people of the society. Instead, he learns through sight, sound, and the reading of literature. The importance of language as a tool for communication is illustrated.

**FIRST PLACE WINNER OF THE HELEN GRAY CONE FELLOWSHIP IN ENGLISH**

**FIRST PLACE WINNER OF THE AUDRE LORDE AWARD**

**FIRST PLACE WINNER OF THE MATTHEW RAY WIESEN PRIZE FOR A  
GRADUATING UNDERGRADUATE ENGLISH MAJOR**

**THIRD PLACE WINNER OF THE BLANCHE COLTON WILLIAMS  
FELLOWSHIP IN ENGLISH**



**Isaac McGinn**, pictured above with his grandmother, Jeanette Gresh, lives in Brooklyn and studied American Literature and Political Science in the Macaulay Honors College at Hunter College. He is currently making a film based on a William Faulkner short story called ‘Was’ from his collection *Go Down, Moses*, and is looking for serious investors. If you are interested in participating in this project, please send inquiries to [2013was@gmail.com](mailto:2013was@gmail.com). This is not a joke. Although, he’s not sure how much money there is to be found in the English Department. This is a joke.

### From “‘Be All About Your Paper and You’ll Succeed’: Reagan and Rap Music”

...‘Gangsta’ rap, the music that made rap infamous and marketable, makes no threats of social change. In fact, it simply makes money: it sells. These identities *sell*, which turns the establishment of such identities into a societal objective. And in addition to selling, it *buys*:

Hip hop artists use style as a form of identity formation that plays on class distinctions and hierarchies by using commodities to claim the cultural terrain. Clothing and consumption rituals testify to the power of consumption as a means of cultural expression...If anything, black style through hip hop has contributed to the continued Afro-Americanization of contemporary commercial culture.

In consumption lies only the power for trend setting, and the Afro-Americanization of contemporary culture means only the mass dissemination of an *image*. The image is one of continued commercialism, the belief that worth equates to wealth and that *wealth* is the ultimate end as opposed to equality. But the image coming from rap in the 1990s is also one of the young black male as assertive, violent, greedy, and criminal, which only sets inner-city communities further apart from society, thus making the struggle to escape them, to change them even more difficult.

Rap music writes its own history, shaping itself with the values it extolls. The history of rap music as the doomed product of its own values (fed to it by external political constructs that gave it no other choice), as the quest for individual success by marginalized black Americans, is unwritten. It should be viewed as representative of a collective inability to come to terms with the past and what that means and requires in terms of the future. It discusses, promotes, and enables only the perpetuation of a present in which history is ignored and economics are discriminatory (as they are based on racist assumptions).

It is this very emphasis on the individual and on wealth, as expounded by Reagan’s new conservatism, that means the very plight expressed in rap will not change. Monetary accomplishment is seen as the only out for the individual, the individual strives only to help himself, rising above it all by acquiring wealth, power, and status. He measures his own success by comparing it to those around him. The emphasis is on an *individual*’s worth (material, lyrical), not on the collective empowerment of a group facing nation-wide discrimination and seen as *worthless* by society’s power-brokers (who in turn perpetuate those people’s inability to contribute). Rap music testifies to this self-feeding cycle, consciously and unconsciously bearing witness to its own inability to escape the rugged

individualism, at once suppressive and impressive, that has given rise to the realities it voices. That is not to say rap music is not great music: as the product of the post-industrial era, rap music was supplied with the recycled raw materials of much of the music that preceded it. This music was cut and chopped and spliced to create beats comparable in energy and emotion to the hardened personas of the rappers who poetically layer lyrics on top of them. Their writing is fantastic instruction in modern, urban self-expression, rhythmic, driven, and often the vehicle for making very interesting points, giving form to gritty realities never before realized in music. Its biggest fault is that in the mainstream, it either demands that we *fight the power* (as Public Enemy did for a short stint in the late 1980s), which energizes and directs anger but achieves little more than cheers and jeers - as McWhorter writes about 'political' rap acts like Public Enemy:

Rehashing that too many black men are in prison, they know nothing about nationwide efforts to reintegrate ex-cons into society. Whipping up applause knocking Republicans, they couldn't cite a single bill making its way through Congress related to the black condition (and there are always some). They are not, really, political junkies at all. The politics that they intend when referring to its relationship to hip-hop is actually the personal kind: to them, politics is an attitude.

Or, like Big L, it says *fuck the police* and, like Jay-Z, reaches for a glass of Crystal - curses the system and celebrates one's ability to buy one's way out of it: "This is a politics that has nothing to do with *doing* something - or even suggesting what might be done. If this posturing is a 'politics' black America should be proud of, then black America is accepting nothing as something: stasis as progress, gesture as action."

(Was it *made* mainstream (offered to the consumer) due to its relative harmlessness or did it *become* mainstream (demanded by the consumer) for that reason?)

Rap reports on the presence of disadvantageous conditions in black American society - marginalized, ignored and physically isolated. It is documentation. It is not a political music form, it is no impetus for revolutionary social change. It tells the tales of adaptation to harsh inner city living conditions, as evinced by individual histories. Rarely, however, does it question the collective history that has shaped America. While many of these marginalized people face the same struggles, they are lead to believe material wealth is the only escape (indeed these economics make it so) and so make no attempt to uplift their fellows, as this becomes secondary to lifting one's self. Instead rap becomes a competition, pitting one man against the next, even though *the system* places both of them in the same inescapable predicament. No rapper changes any of the system's injustice by aspiring to attain success as the system has defined it. When Jay-Z raps 'Let's stick up the world and split it fifty-fifty' he does so with a perspective that differentiates between *us* and *them* - insiders and '*outsiders*.' Success in this case is individual, exclusive, and material.

Rap does not question this definition of success. Some wonder whether it's *allowed* to, whether it *wants* to. As sales dictate allowance, many would say it is not. Avenues for escape are heavily guarded, such that the only way out is with dollars. Wealth becomes the savior and that which keeps the need for change from being voiced. Rap music indicates the pervasive and lingering presence of racism in a post-Civil Rights society that choses to see itself as blameless. Conservatism is in many ways to blame for this, as its very tenets are based on historical ignorance (denial of suffering and of the infliction of suffering)...

... In his classic book on memory and the construction of history, thinker Saul Friedländer writes: "Perhaps the essence of tradition, its ultimate justification, is to comfort, to bring a small measure of dreams, a brief instant of illusion, to a moment when every real avenue of escape is cut off, when there is no longer any other recourse."

Rap was born as a vocal, public form of music, likened, in its early days, to the protest music that preceded it. Gangster rap took the helm of the genre, bearing detailed witness to the abject conditions in American cities that left large groups of people in a perpetual state of suffering. The stories of this rap music - which had never been told before - became popular, akin to folklore or legend, and made many rappers very wealthy. The very existence of this music in the mainstream was contingent on its ability to sell records. With commercial success came the tendency to praise riches and the rugged individualism that 'helped' obtain them. Notions of success were inherently comparative - look where I am now compared to where I came from - defined by distance from the ghetto, described as great escapes. In the music, the existence of impoverished inner-city communities was matter-of-fact: I got out and I'm never going back. With regard to its origins, the genre adopted a stance of disillusionment - in many ways neglecting the power of a far-reaching microphone and the responsibility to uplift silenced others inherent in previously marginalized voices taking center stage. Equality and freedom of opportunity, democracy representative of all the people - these ideas were absent from the rap music that came of age in the 1980s and exploded in the 1990s. Instead, the nonchalant, nihilistic attitude of many rappers became mainstream as they touted their new, successful lives in the face of governmental failure. The dominant idea was that I made it out and I'm not going back but also that the 'hood' made this possible, made me who I am, made me rugged enough to succeed. If rugged individualism helped them climb out of oppressive conditions, why abandon it? Maintaining their original, hardened, rugged identity is adopted by many rappers as their way of demonstrating that money hasn't changed them, that they are still proud of their heritage - as an image of resistance. Yet they fail to acknowledge that *this* is an ideology that conforms to the capitalist ideal precisely as intended, an ideology that smothers so many from those

same communities, *and* that *this identity* promotes certain images of black Americans that are then used by white powers to promote stereotypes and incite fears, to further isolate impoverished black American communities.

In *Notes on the House of Bondage* (1980), James Baldwin writes,

The American institutions are all bankrupt in that they are unable to deal with the present...When Americans look out on the world, they see nothing but dark and menacing strangers who appear to have no sense of rhythm at all, nor any respect or affection for white people; and white Americans really do not know what to make of all this, except to increase the defense budget. This panic-stricken saber rattling is also for the benefit of the domestic darker brother. The real impulse of the bulk of the American people toward their former slave is lethal: if he cannot be used, he should be made to disappear. When the American people, Nixon's no-longer-silent majority, revile the Haitian, Cuban, Turk, Palestinian, Iranian, they are really cursing the nigger, and the nigger had better know it.

Baldwin points to American institutions' inability to 'deal with the present.' This failure to adequately understand and 'deal with' the present is fundamentally based upon a refusal to recognize the violent and oppressive American past which shaped it - the repression of acknowledgement of past wrongs and the ways in which we participate in their perpetuation to this day. Rap music showed the United States and eventually the world that America's former slave would not disappear. It's largest failure as a political music form, as an art with the potential to change history, was adopting the amnesiac ideology of the conservative ideology as represented by capitalist consumer-and-commercial-ism. It did not become an impetus for large scale change because while these *dark and menacing strangers* were now known to have rhythm, they were still dark and menacing to a world that would rather listen to a rapper's tales of ghetto gunslinging than question why such a ghetto even exists at all.

### Lorde From "Judith Butler vs Mohandas Gandhi On (Non)Violence And Frames"

Mohandas Gandhi and Judith Butler see violence as a corruptive force with deep roots in all aspects of society. Violence confronts these thinkers at all times - Gandhi describes humans "in the midst of violence" and Butler describes humanity as "mired" in it - and therefore demands some sort of critical response, which is to say a response that is thought out rather than automatic. Both thinkers believe generally that a reworked approach to violence can help alleviate many of the problems that plague society, particularly those willfully inflicted on the people by power structures. However, their specific approaches to the problem differ greatly. Gandhi provides us with what he understands to be the one true path in Hind Swaraj, where he prescribes a step-by-step method by which individual sovereignty can be obtained and honed; while Butler declines all prescription, all clear-cut rules and all principles - which involve inherently violent mastery - turning instead to a discussion of frames. Frames, Butler argues, are constituted and disseminated by sources of power but are maintained and extended through performance by the people. For Butler, close attention to frames elucidates the foundational sociality of constructed meaning - we all reiterate meaning and thus make it real through our actions - while highlighting human interdependence - regardless of meaning, humans are closely connected by their common precariousness, by their perpetual vulnerability, and by their obligation to pay attention to the performance of frames, norms, and meanings as these collective concepts are in large part responsible for the allocation of precariousness and violence. Butler's non-violence is thus a collective struggle to resist dominant frames, to expose existing norms, to carefully consider context, and to continually reaffirm human interdependence in the face of power that tries to distribute value/power and shape ethics by framing individuals, groups, and ideas as oppositional. Challenging frames, which first demands a recognition of their existence and of their importance, enables a more complex response to the violence that fills our everyday lives than Gandhi's rigid principles; from the conditioning of gender roles to the misinformation we receive about wars - dynamic, never-ending conversations based on particular circumstances and the frames around them are meant to slowly deconstruct dominant modes of meaning thereby enabling reorganization of society in the name of the collective.

### From "The Experimental L Feminine in Mina Loy's 'Apology of Genius'"

"Our wills are formed" Loy writes "by curious disciplines / beyond your laws" (17-19). This stanza is central to Loy's deployment of the Experimental Feminine. The Experimental Feminine is understood as that which does not fall within or conform to dominant organizational structures and patriarchal societal orders. For this reason, it is 'conventionally' unintelligible - meaning it cannot be understood through masculine analytical frameworks, which is to say, through frameworks that impose strict requirements upon a piece of art. The geniuses described in Loy's poem are born outside convention, wrought in the departure from convention - the idea of the outlaw is construed here as a positive because the laws described here are viewed as oppressive. Retallack writes, of contemporary artists on bold paths of experimentation:

...they start from questions and guesses and put variables in motion to see what happens...but they are more wiser than legitimate experimental design because...results are radically unpredictable, radically incompressible into summaries and rationales. Feminine dyslogic - the need to operate outside official logics - is essential because official logics exist to erase any need to operate outside official logics, that is, the feminine...What is unintelligible within the rules of intelligibility of an institution is either invisible or threatening. The masculine is the most intelligible in its need to prove that it isn't feminine - pliant, forgiving, polylogical. (92)

Loy's poem fulfills this in two ways - the piece has no discernible form. The images of the genius struggling among the people, being stepped on by society, which Loy gives us, appear in distinct fragments. The images, drawn from disparate sources, are surreal - fantastical, with a hint of science fiction - presented by a voice that speaks from 'above' other mere earthlings; and yet the subject matter is based in reality, on Loy's experience as a female artist, on her relations with other like-minded artists, on her experience of real rejection by society, which, in the poem, derives from misunderstanding, from misreading, from the masses' inability to access/grasp her work and from power's need to marginalize critical thinking...

... The poem, called 'Apology of Genius', never offers an actual apology. It laments the victimization and the marginalization of the genius but it also, and perhaps more importantly, feels sadness for the 'fools', for those who do not understand, who react with aggression out of fear, for those who will later come to realize the error of their ways. The premise of this piece, although it's never stated outright, is that art, beauty, genius at work are initially ugly - true newness is shocking, unsettling, and thus hard to accept. This frightening ugliness, this 'magical disease', which challenges the dominant order's attempts to regulate beauty and to impose cleanliness and simplicity on a chaotic and complex present and an unwieldy, inscrutable past, is the basis for society's knee-jerk reaction against these new experiments. Loy's poem both enacts Retallack's Experimental Feminine through the exploration of new forms and literally depicts in her imagery the dialectic struggle between the Experimental and the Ordered.

Experiments in every discipline are born out of the unanswered questions, the unfulfilled improbabilities, of the past but also out of the radically unintelligible nature of the contemporary...Any truly contemporary art is experimental because to be actively engaged with one's contemporariness is to be in conversation with the unintelligible." (98)

Through the depiction of the relationship between the Genius and the Masses, between the creator and her surroundings, Loy looks closely at her role in contemporary society - as both a woman and as an author - and explicates the ways in which these roles contribute to her marginalization and to her discovery of her own voice, to her willingness to experiment with the Increate. It is through her exploration of her own marginalization at the hands of society writ large and her feeling of ostracism as a 'genius,' that she successfully creates a beautiful work - one which is fragmented and disparate and vague, which uses images so fantastical they feel timeless, while also being cohesive and coherent and contemporary and specific to her own life. The imagery in the poem, of genius and geniuses for example, is amorphous - moving through different locales and metaphors. The meaning of the piece - its intelligibility, its purpose - lies in its seeming unintelligibility, in its intentional investigative, indeterminate nature. As Retallack writes, "In those silences, those unintelligibilities, lie the forms of our futures" (101). Loy is able to innovate by immersing herself and her work in the raw chaos of contemporary reality, by capturing a piece of it, by grappling with and struggling to capture it, knowing her work can never contain it all.

### From "How Can a Scientist Not Know?" Kimiko Hahn's *Toxic Flora*"

Like Gloria Anzaldua and other hybrid poets of marginalized groups, Hahn takes as her subject the absence of identity and the struggle to form an identity using the vocabularies, languages, and discourses around her, which have already been coded with ideological, often oppressive power structures. Twice othered - Hahn, a woman, who looks Japanese in America and American in Japan - must find a voice that expresses her sense of displacement. As opposed to writing more formally experimental poems, Hahn consciously returns in *Toxic Flora* to writing "regularly lineated poems." Even in the poems containing disturbing imagery or concepts there is a prevailing simplicity, a heightened atmosphere of calm, of delicate poise. The problems and the politics explored by the poems in this text are never examined on the surface, never stated outright, unlike Anzaldua, for example, who explicitly outlines the terms of her project. In addition to puzzling through national categories, Hahn explores the role of gender in her struggle to find a voice, "the ways in which women must cobble together a language, as opposed to merely finding it" (Yamamoto, 239). Her poems about science and scientific names, about nature's predatory processes and violent hierarchies, become vehicles for her description of her own constant search, this inescapable and opaque sense of estrangement. She does this by starting with scientific subjects, which seem at first to be impersonal, and exploring the language used to express them in ways that eventually lead her to her own intimate, existential struggles.

The speaker or speakers in the poems seem removed from their subjects, floating through them - in a deep and temporary concentration that allows a brief abating of the self. It is the meticulous attention to detail, the relentless observation and consideration of natural images - the speaker's careful, piercing eye, which sees with a calm, almost resigned sublimity, not any sort of exalted tone - that betrays her enthrallment with the phenomena she observes, her sense of wonderment in watching nature and reading science. The subtly enamored presence of the self is primarily subsumed by the stark imagery in the poem, until it cannot help but show through. What begins as an examination of a marvelous occurrence becomes a groping for meaning, a revealing attempt to find metaphors for human experience in the natural world, and thus a plumbing of the depths of the monstrous as the speaker emerges toward the end of the poems to try to explain and explicate her own struggles through the consideration of these different phenomena. Many of the poems end in inquiries, as the speaker asks the reader, asks no one in particular, asks herself, if there might be meaningful metaphors to be found in ornithology, or in the awesome migration rituals of different birds, or in the ways "migratory calls" differ from "routine song", or in the different definitions and histories of the word syrinx. The poem ends: "muck is where a lover's sojourn leads to" - an interrogation of the process of making-meaning, of writing, as Hahn demonstrates the processes, both literal and metaphorical, often circular or meandering, by which she ends up at this conclusive image of stagnant and immobile self.

As Traise Yamamoto writes of Hahn's poetry in *Masking Selves, Making Subjects*, "Hahn's exploration of the writerly persona foregrounds a number of issues relating to the subjectivity, or subjectivities, that inform any text. Thus, she does not bracket her own subjectivity and its constructions of, by and within language." Yamamoto points to the ways in which Hahn's texts are both deeply personal and somewhat distant, as though the self seeks a way out, wants to be shown, but half-hides behind images - exposing enough to pique our interest as though inadvertently finding connections between herself the natural image she has chosen, but concealing the hot, bubbling, liquid core of suffering, which can be sensed in her image choices: of searching, spaciousness, emptiness, possession, consumption, violence, survival, death. Through the ways in which Hahn confuses speaker and author, reader and writer, the scientist and the poet, she "remaps the possibilities between the extremes of a reductive autobiographical reading on the one hand and a disembodied textualism on the other." (237) Through the discussion of these somewhat obscure scientific topics, the speaker has explored, sometimes finding, sometimes failing to find, as she fades off into the abyssal silence of the unknown or the no-reply, the metaphorical and existential significance of these these natural processes which she continues to discover and to learn from; has carried out an indirect, distant, sort of circular search for meaning, in which the self, sometimes simply curious and sometimes deeply troubled, peeks or breaks through these natural images to reveal some of her own secrets, bits and pieces of her unending identity crisis.

## FIRST PLACE UNDERGRADUATE WINNER OF THE MEMOIR PRIZE



**Angely Mercado** was born and raised in Queens, New York. She currently studies English and Media at Hunter College and hopes that writing will one day lead her down a very odd investigative story. Angely is planning on pursuing a career in journalism after college and is going to spend this summer interning with the Hunts Point Express, a local newsletter based in the South Bronx. She is obsessed with jogging, music, longboarding (a recently found hobby), and trying to get the local stray cats in Ridgewood to let her pet them.

From *Cuco*:

Since guardians existed so did things that were supposed to punish us. After every story that my mother and her family told me about guardian angels, they would then tell me a story about El Cuco. The boogey man had absolutely nothing on El Cuco. My nightmares were filled with men in trench coats who hid their claws under long sleeves and their red demon eyes under large straw hats. Other times El Cuco took the form of an animal that resembled the pictures of the Chupacabra that people had claimed to see in the central mountains of Puerto Rico. This version made El Cuco out to be the love child of a deformed dog and a spiked alien. The pictures depicted a weird bat-like canine whose spinal cord was long and twisted, making the creature's back seem as if it knotted up into humps on its back. Other times El Cuco was a man who was made of black and grey shadows. If I didn't go to sleep right away like I was told he'd suffocate me in his shadows and make me disappear.

**FIRST PLACE WINNER OF  
THE TESSIE K. SCHARPS PRIZE FOR AN ESSAY ON FRIENDSHIP**

**Ashley Mingot** is a current student of Anthropology at Hunter College. She is of Haitian descent, but was born and raised in Queens, NY. As an anthropologist, her hope is to help preserve the diversity of culture and arouse silenced voices. In her writing, she aims to describe images and sensations in a raw manner that captures the attention of the reader. She attempts to apply this philosophy to the way she lives her life: appreciating every moment because each one has something unique to offer.



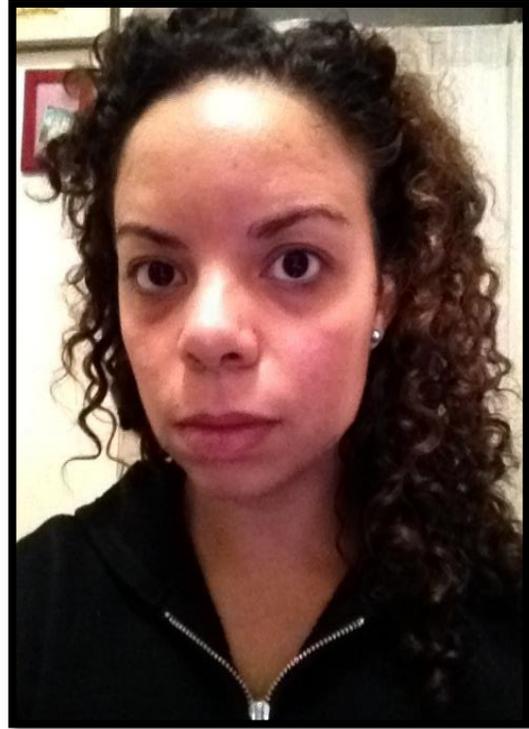
From **“There’s No Strength in Happiness”**

An utterance as simple as a bilabial glide of the sound of “w” in “word” could release Amrita’s shriek. The sound flourished, trembled, pulsed in and out of all of us. Lying down it could not shove me to the ground as it would while I was standing. Instead, it sprout from my core, my solar plexus and illuminated my whole body. My chest propelled forward, arching my back and released passion out into the universe. My legs would bend, shifting my weight from one side of my body to the other. The fullness was harsh, yet delicate. The passion was overwhelming until I felt pain in my abdomen and I began to cry. After maybe an hour or more, I remember Amrita sitting up to go back to her room, but we needed her being to accompany ours’ for the night. We understood that her departure meant that those precious moments would have passed. The moments would be a part of us that had become apart from us. She stayed, but the moment finally came when we could not hold on for any longer. Eventually, things must die.

**FIRST PLACE GRADUATE WINNER OF THE HARVEY MINKOFF  
AWARD IN LINGUISTICS**

**FIRST PLACE WINNER OF THE CAMILLA SCHWEIGER SCHOLARSHIP**

**Bretney Moore** resides in Brooklyn, NY and was born and raised in Connecticut. She is an English literature and criticism/ Thomas Hunter Honors major who plans to graduate this spring. She is currently pursuing summertime teaching internship opportunities, and plans to apply to graduate programs in education for the fall 2014. Her research interests include African American and postcolonial literary critical inquiry, sociolinguistics as they pertain to ethnomusicology and education, and issues of sexuality and gender inequality. Her literary critical/ sociolinguistic work was twice published in the Mellon Mays Undergraduate Journal, and she was chosen as one of three presenters of original research at the Mellon Mays Annual Coordinator's Conference. She has spent the past two summers at research programs at Stanford University and the University of Illinois at Chicago, and is excited to spend a quiet summer in New York planning



From **“‘Oh she’s um definitely, ya know, more white than she is black’: The tension between ‘self-ascription’ and ‘other-imposition’ in epistemic stance, dress, and musical affiliation”**

“Linda” and “Apache Indian” highlight two ends of the spectrum regarding hair. In Linda’s case, she does not discuss her hair as a deliberate decision to project any kind of political message, and instead discusses how her hair seems to signal certain things to other people before she even has a chance to “self-ascribe.” In “Apache Indian’s” case, the “bhangramuffin” artist asserts that his hair is meant to visibly signal his political alignment with the Dance Hall community, which I assert is also a way for him to visibly signal his epistemic stance, something not generally seen as tangible or visible. An exploration of the hyper-visible signs of “self-ascription,” whether those signs are hair or dress or even gait, illuminates the negotiation that is identity. As Bucholtz and Hall assert: “We argue for a view of identity that is inter-subjectively produced rather than individually produced and interactionally emergent rather than assigned in an a priori fashion” (587). As the aesthetic trappings of “self-ascription” make salient, the visible is understood as both a space for the assertion of identity, and a space that is vulnerable to the possibility of “other-impositions” that are constrained both locally and by larger cultural and linguistic ideologies. Identity is a discursively constructed enterprise that is thus subject to scrutiny and contestation from without, and so while one may *intend* to do any number of things aesthetically, one must be prepared to negotiate (and may even come to internalize) the perceptions of those viewing their *doing*.

**From “‘Racking My Brains To Discover What the Knot Could Mean’: Strategic Amnesia and the Developer’s Paradox in Ibsen’s ‘Master Builder’ and the Real-Life Exploits of Robert Moses”**

“I am the man who destroyed the Valley of Ashes and put beauty in its place,” declares Robert Moses in one of the final interviews of his life (Berman 304). Moses’ attempts to raise himself to the stature of what Marshall Berman refers to as a “quasi-mythological” being brings to mind the ambition that drives Ibsen’s “Master Builder” Halvard Solness to sacrifice both his children and his wife in order to guarantee his professional rise to power. While both the fictional and the factual “master builders” share a voracious desire for success, neither man can stomach “the public” for which he claims to toil endlessly. Frances Perkins, America’s first Secretary of Labor under FDR, said the following of Moses: “He loves the public, but not as a people. The public is [...] a great amorphous mass to him; it needs to be bathed, it needs to be aired, it needs recreation, but not for personal reasons- just to make it a better public” (Berman 304). The contradiction apparent in bringing about the creation of space for “the public,” while simultaneously having little to no affection for actual people, animates Ibsen’s “Master Builder.” Solness employs a kind of strategic amnesia, and it is precisely this calculated failure to remember that allows him to work through the deeply complicated developer’s paradox that threatens to overcome his being: for “he loves the public, but not as a people” (Berman 304).

**SECOND PLACE WINNER OF THE WENDELL STACY JOHNSON AWARD FOR AN  
OUTSTANDING STUDENT IN 19<sup>TH</sup> OR 20<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY ENGLISH LITERATURE  
SCHOLARSHIP**

**Kerishma Panigrahi** is a junior at the Macaulay Honors College at Hunter, double majoring in English Lit and Gender Studies with a minor in Spanish. Hailing from the small town of Sayville on Long Island (or, more fondly, “Lawnguyland”), she can’t help but feel starry-eyed and smiley about getting to go to school and live in The Big City. As much as she strives to emulate Leslie Knope, her love of television, sleep, and the Internet—and her frequent indulging in all three—often casts her as more of a Lindsay Bluth. Though she plans to pursue graduate studies in literature after college, she continues to secretly hope she can live the dream as a Bollywood superstar.



**From “Falling From the Monstrous Pedestal”**

As a writer and a playwright, Oscar Wilde was in his prime when *An Ideal Husband* had its debut on the London stage in 1895. His 1891 novel *The Picture of Dorian Gray* scandalized the English public with its morbidity and ambiguous morality, and he had just seen a string of his plays satirizing Victorian social customs met with wild success. Career-wise, he was at the top of his game, perched perfectly atop his artistic pedestal as his work was greeted with more and more adoration. But as Wilde himself quipped in the preface of *Dorian Gray*, “All art is at once surface and symbol. Those who go beneath the surface do so at their peril. Those who read the symbol do so at their peril” (17). As one delves beneath the surface of *An Ideal Husband* and the life of Wilde himself, a darker story of the cruelty of public life, the false nature of societal morality, the inability to wash away past sins, and the inevitability of the long fall down from monstrous pedestals emerges.

## HONORABLE MENTION FOR THE ACADEMY OF AMERICAN POETS PRIZE



**Matt Petronzio** is a poet and journalist based in New York City. His poetry has appeared most recently in *Breakwater Review* and *NAP*, and he previously received the Academy of American Poets Prize and the Ullly Hirsch/Robert F. Nettleton Poetry Prize from Fordham University. Matt is currently an MFA candidate in poetry at Hunter College.

From “**Writer’s Colony**”

On Wednesdays, we yell at the sun, pine  
for the prior night’s plum sky that we hoped would yield  
to us, bear us poem-children.

The ocean water, with its  
salt-plump toxicity, intoxicates us until we stare through  
inkpot eyeglasses, declare everything to be greater  
than humankind.

We all have a secret thirst for warring  
with ourselves, for feeding the prickly plants growing  
through us. We all have a mother who doesn’t approve.

**FIRST PLACE WINNER OF THE DAVID STEVENSON AWARD TO AN OUTSTANDING STUDENT IN SHAKESPEARE STUDIES**



**Lauren Prusecki** was born in Binghamton, New York and grew up on Long Island. She studied Photography at the School of Visual Arts and graduated in 2004. After graduation, she moved to China to teach EFL and remained there for five years--four of which were spent teaching at Suzhou High School. While living in China allowed Lauren to use her talents as a photographer, her time at SZHS helped her to realize she was much better suited to a future in the education field. After having made this discovery, she decided to return to the United States in hopes of pursuing a career in Secondary English Education. Lauren is currently working as a TOEFL tutor and is taking undergraduate level English courses at Hunter College. She has recently applied to Hunter's graduate program for Adolescent Education in English; she is crossing her fingers and waiting to hear from Admissions.

**From "All that Glisters Is Not Gold": The Economic-religious Relations in *The Merchant of Venice***

In *The Merchant of Venice*, there is a division of two sets of principles. On the one hand, we see the Christian group which is defined by its obsession with economics, its inability to disconnect financial interest from the emotional sphere of the human experience. On the other hand, we are presented with Shylock who is similarly obsessed with economics, but uniquely has the ability to measure things and people in terms of their sentimental worth or emotional value and his familial, principle-based bonds always trump economics. And while the play's Christians hate the Jew for being greedy, it's clear that he is no more greedy than they are. Even more importantly, it's the Christian characters who prove themselves to be the greedier group in a number of ways. Not only do they use economics to determine and define their bonds with one another, anyone who does not play by these rules is considered non-Christian and therefore, inferior and inhuman; they use economic relations to define themselves as good Christians--tying Christianity with economics--and to elevate themselves in contrast to the "evil" Jew. Furthermore, in order to be a part of the privileged, dominant group in society, one must submit to their corrupted form of bond and hegemony. Therefore, when Shylock resists the Christian form of bond and eventually goes so far as to threaten a Christian, the court, through Portia's ruling, dominates Shylock by stripping him of everything he values and forces him to submit to the ruling class. The final act of the play, which presents three anti-climactic and inharmonious marriages, robs the Christians of the victory that would be granted if we were meant to view them as the heroes of the play. Therefore, the play demands that we not only look at the Christians critically because of their corrupted, greed-based formations of bonds, but that we also recognize the corruption that comes along with the use of Christian morality to maintain capitalistic and economic power over the Other.

**FIRST PLACE UNDERGRADUATE WINNER OF THE NANCY DEAN MEDIEVAL  
ESSAY PRIZE**

**FIRST PLACE WINNER OF THE KATHERINE H. GATCH – MARION W. WITT  
FELLOWSHIP AWARD**

**HONORABLE MENTION FOR THE AUDRE LORDE AWARD**



**Eduardo Ramos** was born into a Dominican Family in New York City, where he has lived most of his life. He was a Vocal Major at LaGuardia High School before taking his studies across Central Park as an English Major at Hunter College. Eduardo will begin pursuit of an interdisciplinary M.A. in Viking and Medieval Norse Studies at the University of Iceland this coming autumn. He plans to become an expert in Medieval Germanic literature. Eduardo enjoys traveling and practicing martial arts.

**From “Hrafnkels Saga: A Mirror of its Time”**

While as wily politicians and effective bullies Snorri Sturluson and Hrafnkel Hallfredsson seem very similar, in combat they are nothing alike. Snorri was no warrior. “He avoided fights unless he and his men vastly outnumbered his enemies, according to his nephew Saga-Sturla, who recounts such episodes in excruciating detail in *Sturlunga Saga*,” (Brown, 54). Right after we are told of Hrafnkel’s pushiness and ambitions, we are told that, “Hrafnkel was in many single combats and never paid anyone compensation,” (Gordon, 60). While Hrafnkel’s cunning and overbearing nature match those of the Sturlung chieftains, in matters of honor his actions serve as a criticism for them.

**From “Continuing Studies in Iceland”**

Just before going to watch *Das Rheingold* at the Metropolitan Opera, I decided to read the *Völsunga saga*. The fascinating world of this saga led me to wonder what other Old Norse sagas were out there. I began my investigation by reading a collection of ten sagas published under the title *The Sagas of Icelanders*. The first saga in the collection, *Egils Saga*, depicted a world that seemed very real and yet completely fantastical at once. I eagerly followed the lives of Kveld-

Úlfr and his descendants. Very quickly, I read through the entire collection and then proceeded to acquire and read every saga that I could find in translation. It was not long before I felt a burning desire to read these sagas in their original language.

From **“What’s Good G”**

I remember this past winter in Iceland,  
bathing outdoors in the predawn light.  
Soft snow falling on my frozen hair,  
while I floated in the Blue Lagoon’s warmth.  
You might not believe me; too far from the block.

**FIRST PLACE WINNER OF THE EDITH GOLDBERG PAULSON  
MEMORIAL PRIZE FOR CREATIVE WRITING**



**Rennae Robinson** was born in New York, but spent some of her childhood in Kingston, Jamaica. She is currently studying Creative Writing at Hunter College and will be graduating in the spring semester of 2013. Upon graduation, she will be pursuing a master's degree at the University of Rochester. Besides mastering the memoir and essay, Rennae hopes to spend a good deal of her life teaching and traveling. If possible, she would like to return to Jamaica one day.

From *Nanapush*

An original spirit more than fifty moons watched the woods turn before him.  
Reflecting the pattern-sealed seasons.  
Oaks of the past faded to spirits, plagued skin beaten thin, earth sitting waiting to consume.

Spare was he by the spinner tongue, to torment, to see,  
Strange new barks that rejected the soil and bore from the sea.  
Buffalos finding disturbing piece as bullets flowed free.  
Nightly moons, floating low, lacking silver, coated in gold.  
Voices spoke, shrilled and cracked, in emerald not black.

Those voices, how sweetly they whipped his face, course and crazed  
Boiled his skull with pearl parchment tales  
Caged him like cattle with murdered timber.  
Tried to bite his tongue with treaty deals.

## SECOND PLACE GRADUATE WINNER OF THE MEMOIR PRIZE



**Joseph Shapiro**, a graduate of Colgate University, has made writing an important part of his life since serving as Editor-In-Chief of the *Colgate News*, in the 1970's. In 2010 he was selected as a Fellow for the Lambda Literary Foundation Writers' Retreat for Emerging LGBT Voices. By day, Mr. Shapiro is the Director of Administration for the New York office of Foley & Lardner LLP, an international law firm. Joseph resides in Manhattan, and is active in the New York LGBT community, where he performs with the New York City Gay Men's Chorus.

From *Between Two Worlds – Marie's Crisis*

“I never come into this room without hearing a lyric that brings me right into my own life, that speaks to my own issues. Maybe that's what musical theater is all about. Or what it's about for me, anyway. So tonight I'm “Mister Cellophane,” again. And I know all the years of my life when those who were closest to me walked right by me without ever knowing the homosexual child, and later adult, inside; seeing only the boy, and later the straight-acting man, that I chose to project. I wonder how much longer I'll be immersed in this painful struggle to understand how and why I felt the need to hide that “me,” or whether others simply insisted on my invisibility.”

**FIRST PLACE WINNER OF THE MIRIAM WEINBERG RICHTER MEMORIAL AWARD  
FOR CONSPICUOUS ABILITY IN SOME FIELD OF ENGLISH FOR SCHOLARLY WORK**

**FIRST PLACE GRADUATE WINNER OF THE MEMOIR PRIZE**



**Jeannie Vanasco** was born and raised in Sandusky, Ohio. She is the first person in her family to graduate from college. She has worked as a ghost writer for a French philosopher, an editor for a literary quarterly, managed a citizen journalism project based in Sudan, and taught writing to college and high school students. She lives in Brooklyn with her boyfriend and their two cats.

From **“Absent Things As If They Are Present”**

After my father died, men removed his body from our home. They left the bed.

Hospice had loaned him the bed to die in. His last days were the only memories the bed offered me. One night I stood in the doorway and imagined him still breathing in his room.

A week later, different men returned and wheeled his last days from our home. I can’t decide what filled me with more emptiness: the empty bed, or the empty room.

I wanted to convince you that “to erase is to write,” but more than that I want to remind you of my father’s absence. He is the reason behind most of what I write, even this.

I have yet to complete the book I promised him nine years ago. Honoring him in a form that removes the blank page makes the endeavor feel possible. Honoring him in a form issuing wholly from loss feels right. To eulogize my father using a method that at once alludes directly to him and reminds one of his absence, all the while describing my feeling of loss: this is why erasure interests me. It is an example of what words are for.

From *The Glass Eye*

The night my father lost his left eye to a rare disease, my parents and I were playing a game we called The Memory Game. The goal was to find among sixty-eight cards in all two that matched. I remember there were sixty-eight cards because it was my father's age that year and I made the deck, using white construction paper and crayons, for my father's birthday; I was five.

It was my father's turn. I waited what felt like a long time for him to choose a card when, finally, I turned one over for him: an open door with nothing on the other side.

"What am I looking for?" he said. "I can't see what it is I am looking"—then he stopped.

I could see him as he looked at me, looking as if he were looking through me. I followed him to a mirror and watched him close one eye, then the other. When the right eye closed I disappeared.

"I close my right eye and I can't see Jeannie."

Was I someone no one could see? Had I really disappeared?

I closed my left eye, then my right, in that game of illusions that moves objects, moving my father an inch each time.

Next: my father in his casket thirteen years later, his eyes closed, and the funeral director asking, "Would you like to keep your father's eye?"

I suppose I conflate the memory of the loss of his eye with my loss of him. What is the term in literary theory? Synecdoche? When the part stands in for the whole?

His glass eye has become, for me, a profound interrogation of the act of looking at myself.

**FIRST PLACE WINNER OF THE BURNS LITERARY AWARD**

**SECOND PLACE WINNER OF THE HELEN GRAY CONE FELLOWSHIP IN ENGLISH**

**HONORABLE MENTION FOR THE SYLVIA AND HOWARD ROSKOW MEMORIAL  
PRIZE FOR AN OUTSTANDING UNDERGRADUATE STUDENT IN 20<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY  
AMERICAN LITERATURE**



**Timothy Wilcox** was born in Oregon and grew up in New York City. He studied English Literature with a minor in Philosophy at Hunter College, graduating with a BA in 2012. From 2011 to 2012 he was a fellow in the CUNY Pipeline Program for aspiring professors. He has spent the past year in Hunter College's English Master's program, taking classes between Hunter and the Graduate Center, as well as working as a tutor in the Reading/Writing Center. Starting in Fall 2013 he will be attending Stony Brook University, working on a PhD in English and an Advanced Graduate Certificate in Art and Philosophy.

From "**Living Beings and Mental Entities in the Poetry of Robert Burns**"

That the idea of her goes “round” the speaker’s heart is in part necessity, conforming to the physical shape of the mentioned organ, but conceptually that he suggests the idea of her should become round includes in it the idea of coming back upon itself and becoming now a completed object rather than an ongoing line. The idea is complete in that there will be no more experiences forming it, which has an unexpected positive aesthetic result. The act of coming back upon itself is even more conceptually fruitful. The idea of a person existing in the world becomes the person, thus closing the feedback cycle in which it had been previously operating. The idea of Jean tenderly entwining itself around the speaker’s heart is not only a desire, but the idea’s inevitable conceptual conclusion.

### **From "The Book of German Metaphysics on the Table: Thought Experiments in De Quincey's Autobiographical Narratives"**

If one cannot translate an experience into something one's own mind can process, it is then further complicated to translate it into language to convey to others. De Quincey, unable to record everything he would like, records instead thought experiments and opium dreams which work around the desired subject through a theoretical frame. The idea of involutes then forms the basis for De Quincey's form of autobiography: a narrative of his life which incorporates both his recollections of external events and process of philosophizing which attempt to incorporate other important aspects of his life.

### **From "Moore and the Sea: Imagination as a Tool for Exploring a Fluid World"**

An important pre-Socratic philosopher in regards to this idea of fluidity is Heraclitus, who theorized that things are constantly changing and that "(earth) is dispersed as sea" (page 41). Aristotle referenced his ideas in saying that some say, "all things are in motion all the time, but that this escapes our perception" (page 41). This is why for Moore, mere observation is not enough and the more penetrating process of the imagination is needed to access the real. Heraclitus also theorized the unity of opposites, which can be seen in such Moore poems as "A Jelly-Fish." He comments, "The path up and down" – such as in a staircase – "is one and the same" (page 40). In terms of world-view, there is much consistency between Heraclitus and Moore.

**FIRST PLACE GRADUATE WINNER OF THE NANCY DEAN MEDIEVAL ESSAY PRIZE**

**THIRD PLACE GRADUATE WINNER OF THE MEMOIR PRIZE**



**Helen Zuman** was born in London and raised in Brooklyn. After graduating from Harvard in 1999, she moved to Zendik Farm – a thirty-year-old cult disguised as a back-to-the-land artists’ commune. At Zendik, hippie ideals of free love and communal bliss clashed with an aging matriarch’s lust to control her followers through their most intimate longings. *Mating in Captivity* – Helen’s memoir-in-progress – traces a twisting quest for lasting love that guides her, finally, to the wisdom of the body. She now lives with her husband in the Columbia Waterfront District and farms in her backyard.

From “**A Seed of Gentillesse Germinates: The Transformation of the Knight in the Wife of Bath’s Tale**”

[The hag’s] initial strategic move is choosing the right time and place to deliver her lecture. Since the moment he raped the maiden, the knight has been afraid for his life. For most of the intervening period – the year and a day of his quest – he’s been on the move. Neither fear nor flight allows for germination. It is not until the knight joins his bride in bed that he has a chance – albeit a much resented one – to rest in warmth and darkness, like a seed in a well-tilled, springtime bed of soil. Yes, he twists and turns at first, expressing his inner turmoil through his movements: “Greet was the wo the knight hadde in his thought/Whan he was with his wif abedde ybrought;/He walweth and he turneth to and fro” (1083-85). But once the hag’s lecture begins, we hear no more of the knight’s twisting and turning. We can imagine, perhaps, that he lies still and listens, lulled by the steady, sing-song rhythm of her speech.

From *In Deeper*

I knew how sex meetings worked, since I’d been to a couple of them already, in my four months at Zendik: With Zar presiding, lower-level Zendiks described their sexual difficulties. He might give feedback of his own, or solicit input from other Family members or the group as a whole. Sometimes, supplicants’ faces lit up as they listened. More often, they burned with embarrassment, or crumpled like paper held to flame. Though Arol and Fawn sometimes mentioned issues that had arisen at these meetings, they did not attend.

The living room seethed with excitement and dread. On the couch facing the crowd, Zar sat with knees apart and brawny, tattooed arms crossed over his broad chest. Chin raised in challenge, he scanned the faces tilted up at him. He cleared his throat. A sardonic half-grin sent the knife scar on his right cheek into sharp relief. The room stilled. The chatter stopped. “So,” he said, surveying the thicket of rapt faces, “does anybody have any questions?”

**CONGRATULATIONS TO THE FOLLOWING STUDENTS  
GRADUATING WITH ENGLISH DEPARTMENTAL HONORS**

Etinosasere Agbonlahor  
Anna Marie Anastasi  
    Kyle Athayde  
    Julieta Benitez  
Michelle Cafarelli  
Lucia Cappuccio  
    Briar Cromartie  
    Seoling Dee  
Katherine Didrichsen  
    Robert Dire  
    Norrell Edwards  
    Robert Feliu  
Alexandra Genovese  
    Julia Gomula  
Spencer Goncalves  
    Max Gottlieb  
    Hedy Haroun  
    Mehrab Islam  
    Jasmin Kaur,  
Yuliya Kozachenko  
    Chantal Lee  
    Jessica Lilly  
Karen Melendez

Kimberly Milner  
    Bretney Moore  
Christina Morales  
    Casey Nezin  
    Joseph Papa  
    Ayelet Parness  
    Daniel Pratt  
Eduardo Ramos  
    Kelly Roberts  
    Aime Salazar  
Lucretia Salvago  
Nairovis Sanchez  
Rachel Schwartz  
Molly Steinblatt  
Young Mee Suh,  
    Tamara Turner  
Viktoriya Uliyanova  
Ameena Walker  
    Sean Winker  
    Gina Wolff  
    Maple Wu  
Jennifer Yeung

## STUDENTS PURSUING GRADUATE STUDIES

Every year an impressive number of our majors and Masters students are accepted at graduate programs. The English Department congratulates all on their achievement and is delighted to acknowledge their hard work and dedication.

Since many students are still waiting to hear from Hunter and other schools, and some are still deciding which admissions offer to accept, the following is a very partial list of where graduating and recently graduated students will be undertaking graduate studies this fall.

Anna Anastasi	MA - English	Fordham University
Timothy Baker	MFA – Creative Writing	The New School
Joshua Belknap	PhD – English	CUNY Graduate Center
Roger Blanton	PhD – English	U. of Nottingham
Brandon Callendar	PhD – English	UC- Berkeley
Peter Dearing	MFA – Creative Writing	Sarah Lawrence
Leslie De Leon	MS – Special Ed.	Hunter or Manhattanville
Norrell Edwards	PhD – English	U of Maryland
Dan Hengel	PhD – English	CUNY Graduate Center
Melissa Isaac	MSW	Hunter College
Claire Kancilla	PhD – English	Purdue University
Natasha Mansour	M Ed.	Teachers College
Dadland Maye	PhD – English	CUNY Graduate Center
Mathias Mietzenfield	PhD – English	U of Chicago
Sabrina Parys	MA – Book Publishing	Portland St. University
Adam Pizzo	MFA – Creative Writing	Sarah Lawrence
Morton Quinn	PhD – English	Harvard University
Eduardo Ramos	MA – Viking and Old	U of Iceland
		Norse Studies
Benjamin Schwabe	M Div.	Yale Divinity School
Joanna Siwiec	MA – Liberal Studies	CUNY Graduate Center
Blake Schwartenbach	PhD – English	CUNY Graduate Center
Dorrell Thomas	PhD – English	U of Wisconsin
Natasha Turner	MSW	Columbia University
Callie Viggiano	PhD – English	Fordham University
Timothy Wilcox	PhD – English	SUNY Stony Brook