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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. In the nine years I have been chair, 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 seventh 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 fifth 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 second 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 2014 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 Boston University, CUNY Grad Center, George Washington University, the University of Illinois-Champagne Urbana, Fordham University, University of Michigan, Columbia University, New York University, Ohio State, Perdue University, The New School, Columbia Teachers College, Harvard University, Harvard Divinity School, SUNY Stony Brook, CCNY, and Hunter, 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.

As I say goodbye to my duties as Chair, I close with special love and respect for our students and our faculty. Thank you for the privilege of representing you for nine years! Welcome to the 2014 Hunter College Department of English Prizes and Awards Celebration!

Professor Cristina León Alfar,
Chair (2005-2014)
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 HELEN GRAY CONE FELLOWSHIP IN ENGLISH



Austin Bailey is finishing his Master's degree in British and American Literature at Hunter College and will begin the PhD program in English at the CUNY Graduate Center in the Fall of 2014. His research interests include: Ralph Waldo Emerson, Transcendentalism, Pragmatism, 19th Century American Literature, and Philosophy. For the past few years Austin has been an English instructor at Hunter College as well as a tutor at Hunter College's Reading & Writing Center.

From "Thoreau, Civil Disobedience, and the Crisis of Democracy."

When Thoreau exits the Concord jail, he describes how his experience has transformed his perspective: "When I came out of prison,—for some one interfered, and paid that tax,—I did not perceive that great changes had taken place on the common, such as he observed who went in youth, and emerged a tottering and gray-headed man; and yet change had to my eyes come over the scene,—the town, and State, and country,—" Thoreau's former insurrectionist speech is becalmed by a silent recognition of what the State is. Thoreau then says: "When I was let out the next morning, I proceeded to finish my errand, and having put on my mended shoe, joined a huckleberry party, who were impatient to put themselves under my conduct; and in half an hour,—for the hose was soon tackled,—was in the midst of a huckleberry field, on one of the highest hills, two miles off, and then the State was nowhere to be seen." While Thoreau's joy at rejoining his huckleberry party suggests the permanence of nature over the ephemerality of the government, it also suggests a sense of elegy for human institutions that have failed to articulate justice within their governmental frameworks. By replacing the act of constitutive or representative speech with the silence of huckleberries—that is, government for nature—Thoreau both playfully and mournfully bears witness to a crisis of democracy, as he does throughout "Civil Disobedience."

The crisis he bears witness to is the failure of America to legislatively articulate its founding principles. This leaves Thoreau in a state of "bewilderment," to use Dewey's term. In such a state, one floats in the "void between government and the public" (Saito). However, rather than merely being in a state of mourning over his government, Thoreau seizes on this gap between stated revolutionary values and their concrete legislative articulation as a moment to urge his readers to remember that revolution is not merely a historical narrative but an always possible present. Thus, Thoreau enlivens revolutionary rhetoric to enact an insurrectionist ethos. At the same time, he combines this insurrectionist ethos with a turn towards nature and an appeal to natural law in order to show how nature, in its perfect silence, articulates what the American government has failed to.

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



Eric Barbera is a graduating senior from the Macaulay Honors College at Hunter and will receive an English degree with a focus in language, literature, and criticism. He has held a variety of positions in various editorial fields during his time in undergrad, including stints as a book scout, editor of a literary magazine, freelance writer, and reporter for various local news outlets. Currently an intern at WW Norton & Company, he hopes to find rewarding employment to bridge the gap between his undergraduate degree and eventual graduate study.

From “The Grotesque as a Critique of Mass Culture in American Society in *The Day of the Locust*”

Nathanael West’s *The Day of the Locust* is a novel filled with strange and often nightmarish characters. Sherwood Anderson, at the very beginning of his 1919 work *Winesburg, Ohio*, in “The Book of the Grotesque,” outlines what, in his view, turns someone into a creature known as a grotesque. Essentially, according to Anderson, when an individual claims an extrinsic truth and internalizes it, “he becomes a grotesque and the truth becomes a falsehood” (Anderson 2). Applying this extrinsic-to-intrinsic paradigm that Anderson highlights to *The Day of the Locust*, it becomes clear that while West’s novel isn’t literally “The Book of the Grotesque,” it is certainly a book of grotesques.

**SECOND PLACE WINNER OF THE ANDREW AND ELEANOR MCGLINCHEE
PRIZE FOR A PLAY**

Steven Carinci is a NY playwright (born ‘n’ braised in Bronck’s County) who holds a BA in English Literature from Hunter. In 1998 his play, LUNA, was awarded the McGlinchee Prize for Best Play and is pleased to have placed second with GROUPIE (Superstar). Currently a graduate student studying TESOL in the Dept. of Ed, he plans on applying to the Hunter Dept. of English to pursue his Masters in British & American Literature (*the good Lord willin’ and the crick don’t rise*).

From *Groupie (Superstar)*

NICOLE

(Emphatically, sensing a degree of incredulity from BILL,)

Humans are delicate. Some of the good Lord’s creatures, why, minutes after they’re plopped out, they’re on their feet, able to run from predators. We’re tender creatures—our hearts are—tender—and impressionable...and breakable—like little figurines in a glass menagerie. I believe that’s why mankind has cultivated religion and philosophy—cultivated ideas that celebrate the Godhead within—that impart to life a gentleness. And the elders who are versed in such customs bequeath to the young proper reverence for these age-old truths. The church dances, debutante balls, where young ladies were chaperoned and young men comported themselves in a certain manner—I believed they served a vital function. —Perhaps I’m only rambling, but I believe it’s what you meant by the “bill of goods.”

(BILL gives a faint but clear nod.)

A Faustian bargain. You were one hundred ‘n’ one percent right. A pact with the Devil. Yes! Baby with the bath-water. Throw out the old ways—trash the institutions and replace them with NOTHING! —Why Dante, in his *Divine Comedy* called the City of the Dead, “Dis.” You’re fortunate, Bill. Your family and religious instruction has imparted those values—and so you’ve avoided the pitfalls—while I, like so many young people today, eat crow in this teenage wasteland...wandering, willy-nilly, without a positive role model.

(Silence. Then says, enthusiastically,)

But I can change my life. YES! Gonna earn my degree...and...and...I WILL get involved in worthy causes, like...like what you are.

(A relapse, crying,)

Oh God—so scared. Guess I’m not so smart as I seem. All my parents’ money—underneath—no better than those poor girls. Oh, why wasn’t Father home to tell the servants to screen the gentlemen callers who came like yours would’ve? Hold me some more, Bill...please?

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

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



Christopher Chilton grew up in Raleigh, North Carolina and studied English and Latin Literature at the University of North Carolina-Chapel Hill. He received his M.A. in Adolescent Education from St. John’s University in 2010 and is currently working toward his M.A. in English Literature at Hunter College. He has taught high school English in Brooklyn, Queens, and Manhattan, and currently teaches the ninth and tenth grades at Hunter College High School.

From “An eagle among the children of men”: Scripturality and Interpretive Authority in James Hogg’s *The Private Memoirs and Confessions of a Justified Sinner*:

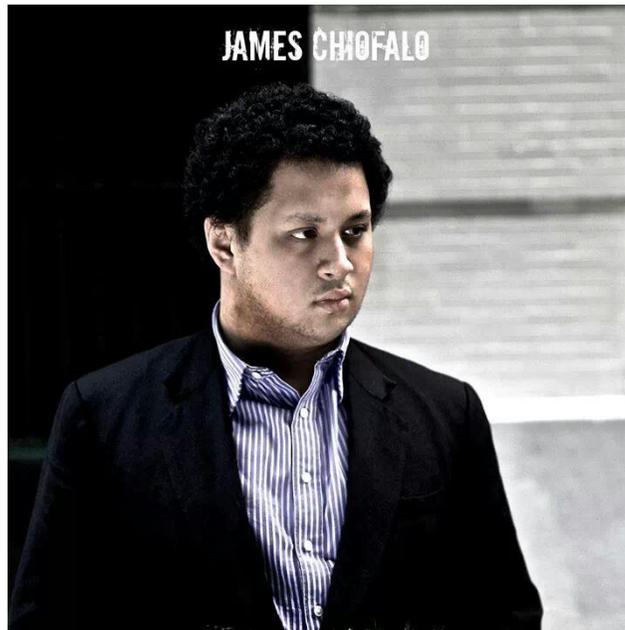
If we are frustrated by the difficulty of the text and its refusal to cohere, then we are not alone. Adrian Hunter notes that Robert himself “is a failed reader: of himself, of scripture, of history. The novel’s deep ironic structure consists in allowing us *as readers* to witness these failures in comprehension” (Hunter, 12). Beyond this, we do not merely *witness* these failures; the imperspicuity of the text forces us to repeat the failures, and to confront our own inability to make sense of the text. Hunter argues that “Hogg challenges us to be better (more critical) readers than the characters in this novel,” (ibid.) but he simultaneously refuses to give us the tools with which we might accomplish this task. We are amused when Robert, spooked by the story of the devil disguised as a preacher told to him by his servant Scrape, looks to Gil-Martin’s feet to see if they are hooves, but our belief that the devil would be subtler in his disguises does not enable us to say precisely who or what Gil-Martin is (153). Insofar as Robert also perceives the flaws in Gil-Martin’s arguments but cannot refute or reconcile them—“the form of his counsels was somewhat equivocal, and if not double, they were amazingly crooked”—the difference between his failure to read and ours is minimal at best (ibid.). We can see the errors in Robert’s readings, yet our own inability to bring the text into coherence draws us toward sympathy with him because we too are “sojourning in the midst of a chaos of confusion” (137).

From “The far shining view”: The Orpheus Figure and Transcendental Marriage in Margaret Fuller’s *The Great Lawsuit*:

Trauma is the mechanism by which a marriage, comprising only two individuals, works toward transcendent unification for all. It would not be enough for the husband and wife merely to be united. The love of one for the other, amplified by the ultimate trauma of the beloved’s inevitable loss, awakens the individual soul to its ontological kinship with all others. It makes Orpheus the being whose “soul went forth toward all beings” (*Woman*, 11).

It is this trauma which allows the ideal marriage to contribute to the project of collective transcendence. It is their “onward tendency” which is most valuable about them. The marriage in and of itself is not the ideal (as Orpheus’ reunion with Eurydice is not) because “In perfect freedom, such as is painted in Olympus, in Swedenborg’s angelic state, in the heaven where there is no marrying nor giving in marriage, each is a purified intelligence, an enfranchised soul—no less!” (*Woman*, 36-37). Yet if finitude is to be overcome, it is marriage, and marriage of intellectual and spiritual equals, which holds the key toward the mutual recognition of ontological kinship and the elevation of “men” into “man” and “women” into “woman,” wherein each is a “purified intelligence” and “an enfranchised soul.”

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



James Chiofalo is a theater student from Hunter College, and hopes to become an actor, director and/or a playwright. James would like to thank his mother, and father for pushing him to become the best person he can be. He would also like to thank his professors for helping him improve in acting, and writing. In addition to this, he would like to thank Robert, Mike, Jess, and Nicole for being fantastic friends, and for helping him in rough times, and laughing with him in periods of joy. Thank you.

From *Stuck Between Stations*

Ariel: Welcome to limbo. On one side is choosing life, and the other is peaceful bliss. As this point, your body is slowly losing consciousness, and starting to run low on blood. You know how you listen to the radio, and there are two programs you want to listen to, one with rock, and one that's talk radio? Well you are inbetween those. You're in the portion that's static. Stuck between stations you can say. Only difference is that one way is to be, and the other is not to be.

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

FIRST PLACE WINNER OF THE HELEN GRAY CONE FELLOWSHIP IN ENGLISH

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

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



David M. deLeon has published poetry, short stories, essays, and features in a number of magazines both print and online. At Hunter he served as editor-in-chief of *The Olivetree Review*, co-chair of the Media Board, and officer of the Hunter Theatre Company. He is also heavily involved in theatre, appearing in several productions, including *The Weiner Monologues* and *Choose*. Dramatic writing of his has appeared at The Factory, and the full-length play *CLICKBAIT*, co-written with Esther Ko, was produced at the Hunter Theatre Company in January, which he also directed. Currently he and Esther are in the fundraising stage for a full off-off-Broadway production of *CLICKBAIT* to be up early autumn. Help us make Hunter proud by checking out <http://clickbaitplay.com>. For more of David's writing, visit <http://davidmdeleon.com>.

From “Amazons and Witches: Hidden Feminized Spaces in Shakespeare”

In the treaty of marriage between Mary I and Philip II of Spain in 1554, English diplomats faced a curious dilemma. If Mary Tudor of England, a woman, was to marry Philip, a man, then under the law all of her lands and titles would belong to him. The “divine right” which Mary had inherited from her father Henry VIII would have then been subsumed under foreign rule. In response, the English proclaimed that Mary, as Queen, was male. Sure, Mary in body was female. But the political regent has, according to precedent, “two bodies:” that of their person and that of the State. The state, being powerful, was considered male. So for all legal purposes, Queen Mary, and later Queen Elizabeth, was therefore also male (Jordan, 157-58). This means that England from 1516-1603, through the reigns of Mary and Elizabeth I, and through all of William Shakespeare's formative years, was a male state with a female body: a state intersecting ideas of the masculine and feminine.

No wonder, then, why gender plays such a strong role in the imagination of Shakespeare's plays. While gender and its performances are constantly on display in the plays, I will focus on the puzzle introduced by the “two bodies” of the Queen. If power is naturally masculine according to medieval sciences, then what happens when masculine power is wielded by feminine bodies? And if the state is naturally male, when what would a naturally female state look like? Hints of these can be found in two of the major stock characters of the Elizabethan stage, the Witch and the Amazon.

From “The American Experiment: The Map of Lewis and Clark and Its Failure to Define America”

Lewis and Clark had set out to provide the United States government with a map of the West, not only its geography but its entirety: flora, fauna, natives, weather, geology, diseases. It was to subsume entirely the mystery of the wilderness into the arms of (Western) science and cartography. But in the end the expedition did none of this. The map that Lewis and Clark provided to history — and the entirety of the journals, notes, observations and specimens collected by the Corps of Discovery is a sort of map — is a hybrid: not a map of colonization or of triumph, but an uneasy mix of Western observation, native storytelling, human frailty, ethnography, and the record of a landscape which resists both names and easy observations. In the face of the untamed west, the Corps had begun to lose the America they had set out from. The map eventually returned to the United States government in 1807, in the form of the journals of Lewis and Clark, is a record not of human endurance or of imperial conquest, but of the failure of western ideals in the face of the unknown.

From "Myself Thy Friend and Myself Thy Foe: Self-image in *Lucrece*"

At the start the poem "Lucrece" we are introduced to the titular character not in her person or a description of her person, but through a description of a description. We are told how her husband Collatine praised "the clear unmatched red and white / Which triumph'd in that sky of his delight, / Where mortal stars, as bright as heaven's beauties, / With pure aspects did him peculiar duties" (11-14). This image of Lucrece presents her first: through another's eyes, second: as a possession of another, and third: as one whose worth is in what she provides for this other. Nothing is said, yet, of Lucrece herself. The "red and white" of her complexion is also disconnected: Lucrece has been reduced to two colors in a sky, a sky which also houses the stars of her eyes. These parts of Lucrece are all plural; the only singular referred to is "that sky," the blank field in which the plurals play. So from the start we have a character who is two steps removed from description, and when she is described she is described in parts. Over and over we see Lucrece described as pieces: her eyes "like marigolds" (396), her breasts "A pair of maiden worlds" (408), the golden threads of her hair "modest wantons" (401). If Lucrece does have a self, it is removed. She is defined only and entirely by lack, as the irreconcilable difference between plurals.

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

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



Tom Flynn is currently a senior in the Macaulay Honors College program at Hunter College, majoring in Film and English literature. After graduating, he hopes to get a PhD in Literature and eventually write full-time. He is from upstate New York.

From “Systems, Meaning and Order in *The Crying of Lot 49*”

The inverse rarity—a philately term, and possible the origin of Pierce Inverarity’s pun of a last name—is a prized mistake, a misprint that by being a misprint is made more valuable. These are the most significant types of mistakes in *The Crying of Lot 49*: errors that are read as either significant or not as errors at all. For example, Trystero uses misprinted stamps to send their mail, with typos like “U.S. Potsage” and “Please Report All Obscene Mail To Your Potsmaster.”

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



Christopher Fox grew up in Sea Cliff, New York and attended Regis High School. In 2011, he graduated from Williams College, where he studied English and Psychology. He is currently a graduate student in Hunter's MFA program studying fiction. The research for "His River" was made possible through the generosity of the Robert G. Williams Jr. Memorial Travel Fellowship.

From "His River"

Jimmie was slender for his age, bordering on gaunt, with glacial blue eyes and a true tenor voice. He sang at parties while his mother watched and his father drank, and he gained such control over his voice that he was able to do wonderful imitations. Jimmie imagined himself having a future as a performer, but as his father always told him performers and politicians were at their very core liars. And after talking his way out of quite a few beatings, Jimmie had learned that he was an awfully good liar.

That summer he told his brother Stannie and that girl Alice some wicked stories, deriving the sweetest of pleasures from the sourness and fear that would flood their faces at the thought of a dead bat in the dustbin or human bones found buried on the beach. He didn't have to do much convincing, just say the most horrible things he could think of in a logical manner and with an impressive vocabulary. He was very well read for his age. On some occasions he had woven such a promising yarn that he even found himself believing, his stomach turning at the mention of a toothless tramp who ate children under the boardwalk.

His favorite was to tell Alice and Stannie about how his mother would stick his head in a chamber pot when he had been fresh. A total fabrication, but his imitations of the gurgling noises one made when submerged and the exaggerated cackle of his mother made it all the more convincing. She was not a witch but could be one, believably.

His parents took him out of school, something about the money. Spending time at the house meant spending time with his father, who spent his own time with his whiskey, so by night Jimmie retreated into his books and by day he took to exploring the areas outside town. The woods offered him an escape and a place for his stories, where he could seek out tales and bring them back to his siblings. There was a story about a salmon he had heard, a salmon of wisdom, a fairy tale told by the country people. The idea of catching it, consuming its cleverness, made Jimmie feel the hunger in his stomach climb up into his head. Cleverness, as he came to see it, was the only thing you really needed in life.

One day, he followed the sound of the river. He saw through the trees a squat stone house with a slate roof that looked to him something like a tin of mackerel. An old man, a fisherman of some kind, seemed to be sleeping in his chair. Nothing biting, not with a pole like that. The metal was bent, like a jagged "S." For salmon, he wondered. Better luck with brown trout.

The old man had an ashen-grey moustache and no discernable teeth, and was yelling something awful. Jimmie leaned in closer to hear, but he was finding music in his sliding steps on slick stone. He slip stumbled, slip slipped and crashed into the water. He had many times ventured into the waters at beachy Bray, but clever sandbars provided him with support and a means for tricking Stan. The watery muck he found himself in now was foul, like that of a cistern, and his feet sunk as he tried to stand. He attempted to kick free, but the water around his head was rising. It filled his ears and covered his eyes and at once he felt like he was swirling in the center of the universe and falling, floating, flying back to sleep...

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

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

FIRST PLACE WINNER OF THE BERNARD COHEN SHORT STORY PRIZE



Zach Fruit was born and raised in Savannah, Georgia. He graduated from the Honors Program at Emerson College with a major in Writing, Literature, and Publishing and a minor in Postcolonial Studies. He plans to pursue a doctorate degree following his completion of the Masters Program in British and American Literature at Hunter College. He is currently working on his thesis paper, examining the global implications of panorama in *Middlemarch*.

From “Rewriting History: Tagore, Devi, and Anti-Allegorical Interpretation”

By placing these two texts from two Bengali writers in dialogue with one another, it is evident that, despite the various levels of problematic assumption within Jameson’s “Third World Literature in the Era of Multinational Capitalism”, there is a usefulness to exploring the role of national allegory in “Third World” texts, especially as a counterpoint (or an illustration of an “elite” reading) to the deconstructive technique characteristic of the Subaltern Studies group. Reflection on Jameson’s larger body of work, and his conviction that all interpretation must be political, in order to correct the “double-bind” of historicization and periodization, one can assimilate Jameson’s interpretative strategy into a methodology of explorative reading. Considering nationalistic allegory in places where it seems to be rejected, like in *Devi*, can further illuminate the hermeneutic possibilities of the text. Similarly, seeking to dismantle the allegorical framework of a novel like *The Home and the World* uncovers unexpected sites of cathexis. To fashion a dialogue between two writers, especially writers who are “regionally specific”, is to consider the possibilities of comparison and the necessary discontinuities between their texts.

From “Queer and Cosmic Consciousness: Multiple Hegelian Struggles in ‘The Prussian Officer’”

The various theoretical entry points to “The Prussian Officer” seem to convene around the unconventional morality of the story’s characters. Whether through the queerness of the male homoerotic aggression or the labyrinthine descriptions of the psychology of murder and violence, the piece is positioned in a narrative of transgression and moral exploration. The structure of the story mirrors this refusal of convention, and affords multi layered critical approaches towards the characters as both allegorical figures and nuanced psychological portraits. Through the use of the Hegelian master-slave dialectic, the spiritual significance of the struggle of human consciousness gains predominance. While the homosocial, erotic, and class mediated struggle of human recognition is consuming and passionate, it becomes secondary to the struggle of the enlightened “synthesized

man". The struggle between this human consciousness and the "second tier" of cosmic consciousness, results in the sublimation of the human mind into the grand anonymity of the natural world. This allegory does not correspond to traditional human conceptions of tragedy, or moral outrage. Morality becomes secondary to the ultimate need to contribute to the balance between life and death, sun and moon, earth and cosmos. It seems that, for Lawrence, the greatest contribution that a human can make is death.

From "My Own Dad"

This morning I make just one fried egg and eat it with hot sauce and my coffee feeling a little nauseous for some reason, like I sometimes do in the morning. My dad is moving around and sort of burping, it sounds like, which I guess maybe we have all just got stomach problems this morning, like maybe it was my pot pie that did it. I take him his pills and his orange slice and say, good morning, and he doesn't say anything back but just moans kind of like he is saying, yeah right. I pull the paper out of the wet plastic bag and read to him. As I am reading he moans a little again so I decide it is close enough to 8:00 to go get his next glass of Nutren. I stir it up and warm it. It is chalky brown and actually doesn't taste too bad. I tried it once when I was bored and it just tastes like a milkshake but with something meaty. I put the glass through the dog door and take out the old one, and this is one of those mornings where it isn't even touched. He probably just didn't feel like dragging himself across the room for it, so I dump it in the sink and wash the cup, and then the sink.

SECOND PLACE WINNER OF THE NANCY DEAN MEDIEVAL ESSAY PRIZE



Julien Garnier was born and raised in Portland, Oregon. He is currently a senior at Hunter College where he is majoring in English literature.

From “The Big Knight in the Middle of the Room”

With the knowledge that the Green Knight is in fact Bercilak disguised, we can reread the tale and the description of the Green Knight as having homoerotic undertones. If the agreement between Gawain and Bercilak contains homoerotic undertones, then the agreement between Gawain and the Green Knight to “exchange one heavy blow for another” (287) is even more openly homoerotic. Passively submitting to one another to receive a blow with a giant axe (phallic) becomes a sexually exchange albeit violent. The language describing the Green Knight’s decapitation has a sexual quality as well. The Green Knight prepares by “[l]eaving the neck bare and ready” (420), Gawain then takes his swing and the axe “sank through the white flesh and sliced it in two” (425). The scene is a metaphor for sexual penetration, the orgasm represented by the blood, which “gushed from the body” (429). Further evidence of the challenge’s sexual nature is the Green Knight’s statement: since I did not come for fighting, my clothes are softer” (271), it is not a fight but a form of love-making, disguised beneath a mask of chivalry.

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



Jeanne Hodesh was born in New York, and grew up in Maine and Michigan. Until she was thirteen, her parents ran an inn on the Penobscot Bay. She studied creative writing at Sarah Lawrence College as an undergraduate, and went on to work as the publicist for GrowNYC’s network of Greenmarkets. She is pursuing her MFA in memoir where she is at work on a coming of age story about growing up in an inn and finding her way into the middle of Brooklyn’s local food movement.

From “Through the Side Door”

I was eight when he offered me the job. Until then, I’d had a revolving line-up of sitters to keep me company in the evenings, girls from the town who would watch television with me in our house, put me to bed, then turn on the intercom before going home. As soon as I heard their parent’s car wheels pull out of our gravel driveway I knew I was free to get back to the action. I’d wait a beat before slipping on my jelly sandals and scampering over to the inn. As I escaped the shadows of our house, where the only noise was made by the walls settling into the foundation, I pretended the driveway was a moat. I could clear it if I ran quickly, solitude licking at my heels, as I aimed for the warm glow of the inn across the way and its side door, the gate that let me into safety from the lonely world outside.

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



From the time she was six, **Cailen Jimenez (Alicen Grey)** knew she loved to write. Since then, she has accumulated numerous awards and honors, among them the prestigious Lisa See Snowflower and the Secret Fan Excellence in Writing Award. At age 17, her poem “Hatred is a Circle” won first place in the district-wide Rebecca Marie Aronson writing competition.

Now, as a Muse Scholar and creative writing major at Hunter College, Cailen continues to foster her love of the craft. Her work has been featured in arenas ranging from Maleka Magazine to The Undergraduate Playwrights Festival, and in Fall 2012, Cailen won first place in The Olivetree Review’s poetry contest for her piece, “The Black Hole Speaks.”

On March 30th, 2014 under her pen name, Alicen Grey, she released *Wolves and Other Nightmares*, a collection of poetry about healing from a cultic relationship.

From “Wednesday In the Park With a Friend”

You need to understand something before I go on with the story: before this little adventure of ours, I had hated Central Park. HATED it. That pathetic, boxed-in patch of so-called trees and so-called grass that many city-dwellers call their getaway, their escape, was only a mockery to me. Manufactured mother nature. Artificial fresh air. Made in China. The machine-like noises and inorganic textures of Manhattan had already stripped me of any sense of humanity – I didn’t need a nature-in-a-cage to exacerbate that feeling.

But Friend wanted to go, and the weather was nice, and he was nice too. So I followed. He, being much older than I, and having lived in the big city all his life, knew this park like the back of his hand. Every bench, every bridge, every tunnel, every pathway. I felt safe following his lead, listening to his stories. Even if his stories hadn’t been interesting, I would have enjoyed hearing the sound of his voice. And if he hadn’t been talking at all, I would have simply reveled in his company.

We talked for a while about nothing in particular, while he occasionally photographed anything of mild interest. Eventually, I confessed my hatred of Central Park, explaining that the city skyline visible in the distance felt to me like impending doom. I couldn’t enjoy the trees with the looming threat of noise and overstimulation constantly in the background. I couldn’t enjoy the fantastic light show, knowing that this man-made wonder was the reason I couldn’t see any stars in the sky.

And then, he offered me a new perspective: “The reason I like Central Park is because I feel disconnected from all that. It’s like when I’m here, the city can’t touch me.”

He motioned with his arm as if pushing the city away from us. Now it was just me, him and the trees.

Untouched by the ceaseless panic, the mind-shattering commotion.

Untouched.

FIRST PLACE WINNER OF THE BERNARD COHEN SHORT STORY PRIZE

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



Ge (Gracie) Jin was born in Shanghai, China, and moved to the United States when she was a child. She is a first year student in the fiction MFA program at Hunter College.

From "The Weeping Widow"

I was in the market with Ahyi when I saw the weeping widow again. She walked with her head tilted towards the sky and her eyes far away, humming as she veered from vendor to vendor. I watched her as Ahyi bought vegetables for dinner. Every once in a while, she let out a mournful cry that sounded like a bird flying straight at your heart. She seemed to be wailing at nobody.

Ahyi had once told me that living in the same place where our ancestors were buried protected us. I imagined the spirits of my grandfather, my great grandparents, and my great great grandparents rising to walk beside us, while their bodies kept the earth full and thick so it wouldn't collapse below us. I was not frightened by the weeping widow, walking as if among ghosts. I thought she was just living what was true.

From "Old Li Er: An Adaptation of Shakespeare's *King Lear* for the Immigrant Narrative" (David Stevenson Award):

Just as Goneril and Regan's untold story is a particularly fruitful perspective for the feminist writer, Cordelia's untold story is a wonderful opportunity for the immigrant writer. Before Cordelia is married to France, her father essentially banishes her:

Thou hast her, France: let her be thine; for we
Have no such daughter, nor shall ever see
That face of hers again. Therefore be gone
Without our grace, our love, our benison. (1.1.264-7)

The fact that the King of France is referred to throughout the play as only "France" is a happy coincidence for the immigrant writer, because it makes Cordelia's marriage to France the equivalent to

her entrance into another country and culture. Similarly, Lear's coldness at his daughter's departure, his insistence that he "nor shall ever see/That face of hers again" can be transformed into the immigrant narrative to the homeland's coldness towards its exiled. After all, Cordelia's marriage to France is "a marriage of true minds" (Sonnet 116), as France has taken her out of admiration for her honesty: "My love should kindle to inflamed respect" (1.1.257). That the marriage starts from a seed of the shared philosophy inconsistent with her father's ideals reflects a clash of value systems—one of the homeland, one of the foreign place of exile—common in immigrant narratives. Finally, Cordelia's return to her former home to try and re-conquer the land can be read as the allegorical struggle for reclamation experienced by an immigrant returning to her homeland. Cordelia's desire for her father's "restoration" (4.7.26)—that is, the restoration of things to the way they were before she left—and her ultimate failure to secure it can be grafted onto a narrative of reverse culture shock upon returning to a homeland that has grown foreign during time spent abroad. Cordelia's story of exile based on a clash of values, and of attempted but failed reclamation of the motherland, fits naturally into a powerful immigrant story.

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



ESTHER KO has studied writing at Johns Hopkins University, The New School, and recently graduated from Hunter College with a B.A. in English, Creative Writing. She will be co-directing *Clickbait* this summer. More info at www.clickbaitplay.com.

From *Clickbait*

RICARDO

Where are we on the numbers?

KAYLA

I'm working on a long-form piece about the effect of suicide on the morale of a community. "When Healing Begins."

RICARDO

Mmmkay. Mmkay. I get you, I get where this is headed. I like it. How about "Tidal Wave of Suicide Batters Campus!"

KAYLA

Oh God, has there been another--

RICARDO

No, but there may as well have been. Have you seen the numbers?

KAYLA

People are starting to move on.

RICARDO

When the suicide story hit, we were gaining 40 new page views an hour. That's a 1000% increase. Since then we're down to 12.

KAYLA

That's still pretty good! It was a tragedy but we handled it well.

RICARDO

People are burnt out on "tragedy." But we should be safe and stick with suicide. Suicide is what got us this far. I have faith that suicide will only make us stronger.

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



Casey Levinson was a native of New Orleans, where he was born on September 30, 1924. His first novel, *Other Voices, Other Rooms*, was an international literary success when first published in 1948, and accorded the author a prominent place among the writers of America's postwar generation. He died in August 1984, shortly before his sixtieth birthday.

From "Yeats Against the Trench Lyric"

Yeats found suffering and politics unsuited to poetry and straight depiction of war mere journalism; he felt that art came of the exploration of war's meaning within man. "The mere greatness of the world war has thwarted you," he advised O'Casey, "it has refused to become mere background and obtrudes itself upon the stage as so much dead wood." It was not the facts that interested Yeats but the commentary. "Describing the horrors of war," Marjorie Perloff explains, "the poet is too often left with nothing to do but point to its helpless victims and find someone to blame." But Yeats saw no art in helpless victims and finger-pointing; he preferred active men and grand illuminations. The trench lyrics did not explain how or why man could create such horror. There was also the matter of presentation: Yeats thought there should always be aesthetic beauty in poetic expression. In contrast, Owen felt that the need to communicate truth, however harsh or ugly, outweighed considerations of style or beauty.

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

SECOND PLACE UNDERGRADUATE WINNER OF THE MEMOIR PRIZE



Alcy Leyva has been dedicating himself to the exploration of his writing for over twelve years. His work spans fiction, poetry and play writing. He is also an accomplished screenwriter, editor, and film director. His fiction is greatly influenced by the satirical and existential work of Franz Kafka, Samuel Beckett, and Etgar Keret. Alcy was born and raised in the Bronx and is still paying a ridiculous amount of rent to stay there. His current projects include a short story compilation, two novels, and a collection of poems.

From “Diner on the Edge of Town”

I want to be a guy in a movie. But not just any guy. I want to be the guy in the background, behind the main character, talking. You’ve seen these people. You can’t hear what he’s saying but it doesn’t matter. Whether he’s talking on a cell phone or to an equally quiet woman. That’s a great relationship. Even though they are saying nothing, they’re enjoying it. Do you look at their faces? The time they share is the happiest most interesting day in their lives even though they are exchanging nonsense. Silent drivel. Just lips moving. And laughter. Quiet laughter.

From “Pitch (and it's deconstruction)”

You pitch now to not pitch later. That means every throw a pitcher completes has to be crisp. It means the difference between a ball and a strike call. Between the ocean and the sky. This was my routine when I was younger. Pitching ran in my father's blood, all the way back to the little fields of Cienfuegos- a little remote town in Cuba. All this was repetition, even down to the same beat up glove and battered baseballs we used during every practice. He was making sure that I remembered what it felt like to throw a perfect pitch. Science calls it "muscle memory". My father called it religion.

FIRST PLACE WINNER OF THE GAIL GORDON ENGLISH 120 PRIZE



Prima Manandhar-Sasaki is a first-year undergraduate student at Hunter College under the Macaulay Honors program. She is an avid reader of foreign affairs and enjoys experiencing new and different cultures abroad. She is currently pursuing a degree in Biology and a minor in Public Policy with the hopes of becoming a physician for those in underserved communities abroad and in the U.S.

From “Is the Syrian opposition justified in its challenging the Assad regime?”

While some may argue that it was the students’ faults, in fact, for inciting the conflict, that would be suggestive that governments are to be totalitarian, and opposition should be forbidden. Does that idea not preclude progress? Criticism serves a beneficial purpose, if taken in a proper manner. A government that can identify and acknowledge its weaknesses is one well-deserving if such a title. If it cannot accept its shortcomings, however, progress is halted and the government proves to be incompetent. Thus, is it not the responsibility of the people to take matters into their own hands if the government proves to be unsatisfactory in attending to their needs? The government in this case is not serving the peoples’ interests, but rather attending to one and one stance only: pro-governmental points of view. The Assad regime’s totalitarian-styled actions make it a governing body of itself, not of the people.

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



Megan Mitchell is currently pursuing her Masters degree in British and American Literature. In 2005, she earned a Bachelors degree in English Literature with a concentration in Creative Writing from the University of Connecticut. When Megan is not in class or running outside, she works as a fundraiser in New York City.

From “A Will for Autonomy: Clarissa and Hegemonic Forces in 18th Century England”

Samuel Richardson’s *Clarissa* experiences multiple societal pressures to behave as the ideal 18th century female. These forces impact her behavior as well as society’s reaction to her choices. Terry Eagleton draws on Louis Althusser’s theory of ideological state apparatuses but adjusts it slightly, “focusing on how art produces ideology rather than how ideology informs art” (Leitch 1334). This idea is evident in Eagleton’s *The Rape of Clarissa*, in which Eagleton identifies Samuel Richardson as a ideologue who uses his novels to achieve hegemonic influence for the emerging bourgeoisie. In order to communicate bourgeoisie ideology Richardson creates Clarissa, the ideal woman who embodies the values of the bourgeoisie and suffers at the hands of her family and her prospective husband Lovelace, both groups representing the profligate aristocracy. According to Eagleton, Richardson’s intention for Clarissa’s story is centered on marriage as companionship rather than property -building: “His *conscious* desire in writing the novel was to assert the bourgeois and Puritan conception of marriage against the feudal-cavalier standards of Lovelace and the Harlowe’s emphasis on concentration of property” (Eagleton 77). In this effort to denounce aristocratic notions and hail bourgeoisie ideology, the issue of individuality arises so “those values of female subordination are themselves interrogated” (Eagleton 78). What emerges is a criticism of the hegemonic forces that make Clarissa’s suffering and eventual death possible. Clarissa’s story might have originally been intended to illustrate extreme commitment to bourgeoisie values; however, today, it can be read as a challenge to hegemonic forces and a desire to cast off the body which has come to be the site for ideological oppression. Her actions can be interpreted as resistant, albeit passively so, rather than submissive.

FIRST PLACE WINNER OF THE ACADEMY OF AMERICAN POETS PRIZE

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

Nick Neely is graduating with his MFA in Memoir this year. Originally from the San Francisco Bay Area, his essays are published or forthcoming in *The Southern Review*, *The Missouri Review*, and *The Harvard Review* among others journals. He's at work on a meandering memoir about a summer spent exploring the urban wildlands of Pawtucket, RI, considered the birthplace of America's Industrial Revolution. He's also at work on a book of poetry.



FIRST PLACE WINNER OF THE HELEN GRAY CONE FELLOWSHIP IN ENGLISH



Kate Neuman received her BA in English Literature from Hunter College and her Master's from Columbia University, where she was a Nicolson and President's Fellow. She is currently working towards her MFA in Memoir at Hunter; her personal essay "The Who Game" is a finalist for The Iowa Review Award in Nonfiction for 2014. Kate teaches at Hunter's International English Language Institute, works as an actress from time to time, is married to a web architect, David Donihue, and has a thirteen-year-old son, Elias. She has always lived in New York City.

From "Before the Attic: Madwomen on the Commedia dell'Arte Stage."

Again, the stage is the frame wherein the unacceptable can find acceptance; women could overcome their limitations through the performance of those limitations, and be seen doing so. By adopting the masculinist view of the irrationality of women and successfully exploiting that view, actresses of the *pazzia* called its foundations into question. Clearly, a woman does have a rational mind capable of assimilating and organizing, capable of masterly control over passions, as that control is required for the clear, intelligible portrayal of that lack of control.

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



Esra Padget grew up in New York City and attended Hunter College High School. She studied Linguistics at McGill University for two years, followed by a four-year hiatus where she traveled and played music with her band, Angels In America. This past fall, she decided to return to school and enrolled at Hunter in the CUNY Baccalaureate Program. Her Area of Concentration is “Language and the Body,” a blend of linguistics and movement study, or as her friend recently referred to it: “Chatting and Dancing”. She continues to record and perform music outside of school, both with her band and as a solo artist, under the name *Chicklette*.

From “Feminist Research As Journey (or, like, whatever?)”

Another example given by Eckert and Ginet is “politeness”, a quality that is often linked to weakness or subordination, and which has typically been associated with “women’s language”. They cite an ethnographic study done in a Mayan community in which women “in-marry” into families, where they are often abused by their husbands and mother-in-laws. The study found that these women honed their politeness skills in order to create ties with other women in the community that could aid their situation, as well as using it to navigate their daily life and avoid abuse (479). Here, agency is returned to speakers by arguing that politeness is socially strategic, creating bonds and alliances as well as “subverting institutionalized status advantages” (479). Rather than a deficit, politeness is seen as a mode of parlaying power for women who lack any other resources to do so. The tendency to look at politeness as a weakness is a result of the historical acceptance of male-generated norms; one’s that evaluate “women’s language” as “other,” or outside of the norm, instead of looking closely at speakers’ usage (481). Eckert and Ginet point out that simply by changing one’s research method, and looking at specific “communities of practice”, revelations can emerge out of the smog of statistical generalizations.

FIRST PLACE WINNER OF THE ACADEMY OF AMERICAN POETS PRIZE

SECOND PLACE WINNER OF THE MARY M. FAY AWARD IN POETRY



Matt Petronzio is a poet, journalist, and editor based in New York City. His poetry has appeared in *Breakwater Review*, *InDigest*, *NAP,PANK*, and featured on *Verse Daily*, a web anthology of poetry. He's received the Academy of American Poets Prize from Fordham University, as well as the Páez & MacManus Award from Hunter College, where he is a second-year MFA candidate in poetry.

From “Pensacola”

We trespassed, drunken
with a deficiency of women
among the turning vapors.

Guppies and cuttle waded
in the shaded gulf, unsure,
in twos. We walked in twos.

We smelled the panhandle
but couldn't see past the pier.
I sent flashes into the mist

to catch a ghost, to claim it
like a carnival fish in a Ziploc.
But nothing bit that night.

From “Pitohui”

Jack Dumbacher’s tongue burned numb
after he licked his stinging hand. Caught

between his mist nets, the pitohui snapped
his skin as he handled it, a small bitterness

edging the wound’s surface. The natives
called it rubbish bird, good-for-nothing,

too poisonous to eat. When desperate,
they stripped its feathers, bathed its skin

in charcoal, roasted it until it broke
the week’s hunger. They laughed at

tricking death, said its name as if spitting—
ptooey, ptooeey—

careful not to spew any of the meat.

FIRST PLACE UNDERGRADUATE WINNER OF THE MEMOIR PRIZE

FIRST PLACE WINNER OF THE AUDRE LORDE AWARD



Although she has had a love for books her entire life, **Aisha Sidibe** was nine when poetry was self actualized. As a multi-ethnic writer, the concept of intersectionality has been a driving force behind her writing. From poetry to memoir, Aisha has felt comfortable in cross genre writing. She provides workshops for students about the use of creativity in education. She currently lives in New York and is a MFA candidate at Hunter College.

From "Voudou Mystery"

When my mother is done with the story she looks straight ahead and we walk in silence. This is the story of the Haitian spirit. Mothers and daughters set fire to their homes and lands so the Whites could not get to it. They suffocated the beauty of the land and tucked it within their breasts. After the rebellion and its success they turned to their charred lands and sang about it. Massacres and emotional pain births new spirits; ones where songs are spiritual, where death had become prevalent. Perhaps, the only solution could be, to never let anyone truly die.

FIRST PLACE WINNER OF THE CAMILLA SCHWEIGER SCHOLARSHIP



Sam Sundius is a returning student at Hunter after a 5 year hiatus in Paris, where she developed a career as a bartender and brand consultant. Her professional interests in food and drink have merged with her academic interests in sociology and humanities, and she hopes to use her studies to better direct her career to aid in the reformation of food systems and policy in the US. Samantha has presented her research at the International Association of Culinary Professionals annual conference and at the Hunter Undergraduate Research Conference. She will start degree Master's degree in Food Studies (food systems and policy) at NYU in the fall.

From “Forget About the Degree That You Paid For’: Constructions of Respectability in Craft Drinks Profession”

We can paint a picture of how masculinity is closely linked to perceptions of success in the field of craft cocktails. For instance, the young bartender in Tirola’s [documentary] explains that he joined the marines “to make a man of myself” and that when he was unable to continue military service he was grateful to be able to become a craft cocktail bartender, suggesting that it was a means of achieving the same goal. The fact that we (as an audience) accept this explanation for becoming a bartender in ways that we would not accept “to make a woman of myself” or “to fully realize my gay identity,” points to the ubiquity of the heteronormative male perspective--that is, our way of seeing and identifying with the hegemonic view. The statement assumes that either the entire audience is heteronormative and male or that women and non-heteronormative men can necessarily identify with the “universal” concept of “making a man” of oneself.

This type of discourse promotes masculinities and heteronormative male sexuality as gauges of success within the field. A further example of this is when we hear a bar owner speak at a cocktail conference in the film: “Before we had the vision of the physical space we had the vision of an ethos; everybody sitting on any point of this bar will see everybody else who is sitting at that same bar. Yeh? In bars people get laid--at least in bars that we design.” This quote establishes sex and sexuality as common goals in craft cocktail bars (and presumably bars in general): the success of the bar is linked to its ability to aid its clients in the goal to “get laid,” or to realize their (presumably heteronormative) sexuality.

FIRST PLACE WINNER OF THE NANCY DEAN MEDIEVAL ESSAY PRIZE



Phil Troy is a New York City native and a graduate of Stuyvesant High School. After careers in finance, theatrical lighting and haute cuisine, he is studying English Literatures, Language and Criticism at Hunter. He has opinions on narrative structure and the role of pattern recognition as part of the human phenotype contributing to understanding and appreciating literature, which in turn contributes to a better quality of life. If you are too slow or insufficiently cautious, he may tell you about them. He lives on a strict diet of P.G. Wodehouse, medieval recipes in their original languages, and 1930s movies.

From “Acordant to Hir Cote: Dietary and Culinary Tropes in *The Canterbury Tales*”

Catharsis, purgation, the restoration of balance, and the release of pent-up energies, are evoked in many ways in this tale, but the crowing of a champion rooster who has done his level best to sire a new batch of chicks and escape both a dose of laxatives and the jaws of a hungry fox in one morning is a vividly intemperate image indeed. Even our narrator for the tale, the Nun's Priest (whom the Host suggests looks a bit like a rooster himself – and after all, he does live, much like Chauncleer, surrounded by women) cannot resist a bit of food imagery when speaking about the tale, and neither can his audience, who expect to be told the moral of the tale, and have its essence sifted down to the bran. He tells them to find the fruit for themselves, and to leave the chaff.

FIRST PLACE WINNER OF THE ALICE MINNIE HERTS HENIGER SCHOLARSHIP



Kevin Tseng is a Taiwanese-American student and his two greatest passions are writing stories and helping the homeless. He'd like to credit his parents for my passions. His love for storytelling came from his father who wouldn't stop telling him stories as he was a child. And his love for loving others came from his mother, who wouldn't stop buying him things. Now he likes to smother other people with love - the students at Hunter College, his friends at church, and all the homeless on the street. They deserve to have many things bought for them too. His dreams are to become a novelist and children's book writer, and to build the best homeless shelter in America.

From "The Fairytale Hymnal - Gene and the Dragon who Wore Jeans"

Once upon a time, an evil dragon with gray scales ten-feet thick stood as the most powerful and impenetrable dragon of all the lands. Its name was Malphox, and it had no weakness except its butt, which was rainbow colored. If anyone ever discovered this, its soul would absolutely wither, so it wore dragon jeans to cover itself, with a belt of the strongest mammoth hide in the world so that no one could ever pants it. One day, this mischief-loving Malphox stole the wife of a tailor named Gene, and Gene was so distressed he ripped the quilt that he had just finished sewing. Now, he had tender hands, but he ran up to Malphox, and he stabbed it in the leg. But the armor was so thick that even though the sword was imbedded to the hilt, it felt not a thing, and walked away to its lair unhindered. Gene had to witness his wife be carried away and locked into a great, gray tower at the end of the woods, but he was determined to save her.

Gene put away all his knitting needles, folded all his blankets, then exited through the big castle doors in search for the dragon. He crossed the footbridge over the river, and entered at the height of noon in the woods. And even though the woods had a thick canopy, the sunshine poured sparkling onto the floor of the woods, like fresh rain. Now Gene did not walk much so he tired out very quickly, and he took the shortest way through the woods, lest he collapse from exhaustion. But on the pathway through, he heard a strange noise. It was a mixture of weeping, laughing, and the bell-like ringing that only fairies made, but it was the height of day, and fairies did not ever go out in the daytime, lest the dragons eat them. But as Gene drew closer, there it was, a fairy that had flown into a branch, and the sharp branch had punctured her wings. Gene's heart was so moved that he strayed from the path to help her. He was an expert tailor, so he quickly stitched the wing back together with the yarn he carried. But the fairy was still saddened, and beckoned the tailor to walk down a dark path. As they walked, the bell-like weeping grew louder, and they entered into an ominous, silver grove where one thousand more fairies were strewn with broken wings on the forest floor.

"What happened here?" he asked, running up to the injured ones and examining them.

The mended fairy replied, "A big gray dragon walked by here not long ago, and it happened upon our hiding place. Now, everyone knows fairies are allergic to dragon breath, but he breathed on us. We flew in branches, and fell, and our precious wings broke." Gene stared into the tears coming out of that fluttering fairies eye, and then he eyed the tower. His legs were tired but he would help these fairies. His soul would disallow any abandonment. He sat cross-legged on the ground and sewed up the wings of the fairies. One by one, the fairies, young and old, stood up and hobbled into the air with unsteady wings at first until they discovered that their wings were sturdier than before. When Gene ran out of yarn, he asked the spiders for their silk, and everyone

consented to helping the tailor out. Very soon, they were all healed, and began to bandage the rest of their cuts and bruises. The first fairy said, "Thank you. May your soul be well in your journey." Tired but delighted, Gene went on to Malphox, leaving behind the troop of fairies with their quilted wings.

As the sun set in the sky, Gene exited the woods and came to Malphox's lair. Malphox noticed the small tailor limp into his dark and stinking cave that was its lair, and the great dragon said "what a wimpy man" before flicking the tailor into the sky. Gene was so light that he flew near to the clouds, and he started to fall. But in the sky, Gene with his strong soul trusted, and soon the thousand fairies came and took Gene upon their wings, and sprinkled magic upon Gene's hands so that they grew as enormous as the clouds and strong enough to accomplish the feats of heroes such as taking off the pants of gigantic, terrifying dragons. Malphox was still chuckling as it walked into the sunlight to see Gene fall to his demise. But when it looked up at the sun, it saw instead the gigantic palms of the falling tailor reaching out for his jeans. But before the screaming, roaring dragon could return to his cave, Gene had caught hold of its jeans, and pulled them all the way down so that the rainbow scales of Malphox's butt were all exposed. At the same moment, the fairies blew tiny, shrilling trumpets, and all the animals came out of the woods, and laughed at Malphox's rainbow butt until the sun set. The once great dragon was so mortified that it farted and destroyed the very tower that it hid Gene's wife in.

And so the story goes, she fell happily ever after into Gene's gigantic hands, which the fairies made normal again so that the couple could hold hands. And as for Malphox, he was so sad that he flew up in the sky never to land again. But on the rainy days, when the fairies get crazy, they like to play mischief on the dragon, and pants him again, so that the rainbow appears in the sky.

FIRST PLACE GRADUATE WINNER OF THE MEMOIR PRIZE

Jeannie Vanasco lives in Brooklyn with her boyfriend and their two cats, Flannery and Bishop. Her writing has appeared or is forthcoming in the *Believer*, *Little Star*, a McSweeney's anthology, The New Yorker website, the Times Literary Supplement, Tin House, and elsewhere.

From “The Glass Eye”

Next, I remember a woman painting my father's new eye. Spools of red thread, shiny blades, small jars of paint, and brushes thinner than my watercolor brushes sat at her long desk.

It is important the new eye look, rather than be, an exact match, she told me.

“Why?” I asked.

“No one's eyes match perfectly,” she explained.

As she painted, she looked at my father's real eye, then down at the glass eye, then back at his real eye. Meanwhile, I practiced drawing my father's eye in my coloring book.

“What do you think?” she asked me when it was finished.

I looked at my father, then down at his new eye.

“Am I remembering right?” I ask my mother. “Did I watch someone paint Dad's new eye?”

“You watched,” my mother says. “And I remember what you said when it was done: ‘It looks real.’”

HONORABLE MENTION FOR THE MARY M. FAY AWARD IN POETRY

Meghann Williams is an undergraduate Creative Writing Major at Hunter College and the senior poetry editor at the Olivetree Review.

At the Center of Every Childhood

Don't worry, if you mom dies
before you know what death really is,
you might just love her more if she doesn't get a chance
to hide your car keys. Besides,

you will love others better. Although at first your desire will be
unruly, nonspecific. You will arrange your dolls into sex positions
you saw on the scrambled Playboy Chanel.

In the end,

sex will probably disappoint you, as will most things.

(The world will never give you what you're after.)

Dogs die, candy is eaten by strangers while unattended
in your lunchbox. Your best friend can't be taken out from
a toy chest or coaxed out of your closet
like a frightened cat.

HONORABLE MENTION FOR THE NANCY DEAN MEDIEVAL ESSAY PRIZE



Christopher Wilson

From “Recognition of a Saint: The Rebellion Between Saint Cecile and Margery Kempe”

Margery Kempe’s journey in becoming a wandering pilgrim, devout in the faith, mirrors Saint Cecile’s tale through the portrayal of the accepted virtues for woman saints like chastity and self-denial but more importantly parallels the hardships and tribulations each one faced in society. Both woman moved away from their predetermined roles in society and lead a certain lifestyle because of the divine interventions each one is said to have experienced.

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

Temitope Adedimeji
Wafiyyah Ali
Anthony Americo
Ania Bakunova
Michael Behan
Raquel Betesh
Eduard Boguslavsky
Maevide Bowman
Kristie Debitetto
Kate D'Auria
Shanti Doobay
Charise Edwards
Carmina Evangelista
Grace Fletchman
Edmye Hernandez
Griffin Irvine
Anthony James
Wan Kim
Andrea Leon
Deena Lettas
Anna Loper
Vivian Ma
Lia Manoukian
Samantha Matcovsky
Colton McPartland
Andrea Montesdeoca
Paulina Pallay
Faith Pang
Michael Peck
Megan Pindling
Amanda Rincon
Amanda Rolon
Aharon Schrieber
Sarah St. Fort
Elizabeth Swearingen
Apeksha Vanjari
Elizabeth Watson

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.

Anthony Americo	MA – English	NYU
Austin Bailey	PhD – English	CUNY Grad Center
Deena Bono	MA – Adolescent Ed. in English	Hunter
Rebecca Breech	MA Ed./TESOL	Hunter
Mike Caiazzo	MA – English	Hunter
Michelle Chan	PhD – English	U. of Illinois – Champaign Urbana
Irene Chrysafi	MA – Engl. Ed	Columbia/Teachers Coll.
Linnea Conelli	PhD – English	SUNY Stony Brook
Jessica D’Onofrio	PhD – English	Fordham U.
LeiLani Dowell	PhD – English	CUNY Grad Center
Catherine Engh	PhD – English	CUNY Grad Center
Bruce Grossman	MA – English	Hunter
Tashay Hopkins	MA – Childhood Ed.	Hunter
Brianna Hough	MA – Childhood Ed.	Iona
Kimberly Huang	MA – Childhood Ed.	Hunter
Shushanik Karapetyan	MS Ed./Counseling	Brooklyn College
Kateryna Korolkova	MA – English Ed.	Boston U.
Yuliya Kozachenko	JD	George Washington U. Law School
John Lawton	MFA – Creative Writing	UNC Greensboro
Kate Leach	PhD – Celtic Languages and Literature	Harvard U.
Jessie Male	PhD – English	Ohio State
Amber Nigro	ELA/New Visions for Public Schools	Hunter Urban Teachers Residency
Vivian Papp	PhD – English	Fordham U.
Joseph Patrick	MA – Childhood Ed.	Hunter
Julia Park	MA – Ed.	Columbia/Teachers Coll.
Salif Rahman	MA – Adolescent Ed.	CCNY
Francis Santana	MFA – Creative Writing	U. of Michigan
Sarah St. Fort	MS – Ed. Childhood Special Ed.	Hunter
Sahar Shahid	MA – Religion and Lit.	Harvard Divinity School
Aisha Sidibe	MFA – Creative Writing	Hunter/ Sarah Lawrence/ or The New School
Clare Tascio	MFA – Creative Writing	Hunter
Andrea Timpone	JD	Benjamin Cardozo School of Law
Alexander Youssef	JD	St. John’s U. Law School
Chireau White	MSW	Columbia U.