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LETTER FROM THE CHAIR OF THE HUNTER COLLEGE DEPARTMENT OF ENGLISH

I am delighted to be presiding at this year's Prizes and Awards ceremony, my first as chair. This day proves what we as faculty already know: that our students are brilliant, soulful, motivated, and successful, and that there is nothing that can replace the close relationship between faculty mentor and student writer and scholar. We see, too, that the thrilling exchanges in which we participate in the classroom are often translated into provocative essays, moving poems, stories, and creative writing of all kinds, and inspiring plans for further study.

As always, this year we celebrate our students' work from their first year through the Masters level. Our prizes also reflect the past of the department, preserving the memory of beloved late colleagues like Gail Gordon and Sylvia Roshkow (who shares the title of her prize with her supportive husband Howard), as well as former chairs of the department Helen Gray Cone and Blanche Colton Williams. The third annual Nancy Dean Medieval Essay Prize continues thanks to the ongoing generosity of former department faculty member Nancy Dean.

In 2015 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 language, literature or writing, but also in psychology, law and medicine. They are going as far afield as the Hebrew University in Jerusalem and University College, London and as close to home as MA and MFA programmes here at Hunter, and many places in between: Rutgers, Yale, the CUNY Graduate Center, University of Indiana, University of Washington, University of Maryland, New York University, Penn State, Columbia University, University of Pennsylvania, and Vanderbilt University, to name just some. They bring with them an understanding of the true value of a liberal arts education and the importance of rigorous higher education dedicated to the children of New York City.

Welcome to the 2015 Hunter College Department of English Prizes and Awards Celebration!



Sarah E. Chinn
Chair, 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

HONORABLE MENTION FOR THE HELEN GRAY CONE FELLOWSHIP IN ENGLISH



Thomas A. Bolan is a graduating senior of the Macaulay Honors College at Hunter. He comes from a family of educators and has a passion for teaching. In 2013, he traveled to Rio de Janeiro, where he taught English in a low-income neighborhood. He was recently accepted to Hunter's School of Education and plans to teach English to high school students in New York City. He is also considering going into education administration after teaching for a few years. He enjoys creative writing, listening to Spanish music, and exploring New York City.

Excerpt from “Arbitrating Death: Anne Bradstreet and Solomon Northrup”

Northup’s escape into the swamp also marks a difference in how Bradstreet and he faced death. Bradstreet, though indubitably active for her own survival, trusts in God for salvation, whereas Northup uses his own agency to survive, despite being forced into a position designed to remove it. His struggles with Tibeats highlight his self-reliance and determination to survive. Northup says, “There was not a day [...] I did not consult with myself upon the prospect of escape” (240). Although Northup prays to God for help, he depends on himself for freedom.

HONORABLE MENTION FOR THE MARY M. FAY AWARD IN POETRY

HONORABLE MENTION FOR THE ACADEMY OF AMERICAN POETS PRIZE

Emma Briggs was born in Fort Lee, NJ and grew up in Ithaca, NY. She is a Psychology major at Hunter College with an interest in neuroscience, but uses most of her elective credits on writing classes. She hopes to find work as a research assistant after graduation. In her free time, she likes to play board games and do home improvement projects.



Excerpt from *Ashes*

Last night Ruth told me they took her eyes.
We sat on the bare floor
leaning against boxes from the move.
She was a donor, Ruth manages, they took her eyes,
and we don't talk about what they couldn't take.

Excerpt from *Robinson Crusoe*

The TV lady says
the search for survivors has been postponed and
I know what survivors are, I've read Robinson Crusoe three times.

A building has fallen down somewhere and now
my mom is rattling in her unstable housing.

FIRST PLACE WINNER OF THE HELEN GRAY CONE FELLOWSHIP IN ENGLISH



Kristin Brophy is a writer, triple majoring at Hunter in Creative Writing, Human Rights, and Political Science. Graduating in May, Kristin will attend the Vermont College of Fine Arts starting July 2015 to begin her MFA in Writing for Children and Young Adults. She loves the environment just slightly more than she loves words and cats. In the past she has served as a reading intern for Spencer Hill Press and an editorial intern for Macmillan Children's Publishing Group. An excerpt from her novel-in-progress won the 2014 Society of Children's Book Writers and Illustrators Student Writer Scholarship to L.A. and a spot in author Nova Ren Suma's young adult novel workshop. Kristin hopes to be both a writer and editor of children's books.

Excerpt from “Humans, Rights, and the Environment: The Present and Future Impacts of Climate Change”

...Not all human activity is created equal when considering carbon emission distribution. “The three billion poorest people...emit essentially nothing. In other words, the development of the desperately poor is not in conflict with solving the climate program, which is a problem of the very rich. This is very, very important to understand” (Pacala 2007)^[1]. This statement alone is not a causal link to consumption, yet it is obvious that the globalised lifestyles of wealthy nations live in a wholly disparate manner than do developing nations. In these terms, wealth does not necessarily refer to accumulation of sheer monetary value, but rather instead highlights the inequality between those who have influence and those who do not. We, the wealthy nations, embrace technology, a plethora of options, and more of everything – a manner completely inharmonious to our surroundings and its natural ability to play catch-up. The thing that separates humans from other animals is the very thing that can enable us to want more: we are able to reason with ourselves that it is necessary, even if the logic is flawed. Very little stands in the way to advise us otherwise, and we personally experience little-to-no daily environmental ramifications that might deter us. However, just because we, as overindulged citizens of the planet, are not individually affected by climate change does not mean that it is not happening. Though, as Pacala says, it is a problem instigated by the very rich; it is a problem that we are laying upon the shoulders of others: the poor, the indigenous, and future generations. These are the people who are disenfranchised by the sheer power of presence of the wealthy current generation.

This paper will focus on the latter two. It is my belief that by addressing both indigenous and future peoples we will be going a long way to help the developing world as well; their environs will be more stable for living with better chances for clean water, air, and a climate that benefits husbandry. In many instances, however, it is also the case that indigenous peoples have been disenfranchised due to historical contexts that reach into the present-day. The first section will define and discuss intergenerational justice as it relates to Richard Hiskes’ reasoning and my own, as a basis for understanding why it is necessary to consider the impact we are having on future generations. We must consider why the protection of the environment is not only a necessity for humans as a species, but also as individuals that seek to safeguard human rights. The second section will explain and examine the theory, as put forth by John Broome as to which circumstances should be considered when deliberating acting upon climate change; e.g. how changing our economy now benefits both the future and the present. The third section is the case study of the Native Alaskan Iñupiat of Kivalina, Alaska, as a present-day example of climate change, the effects that the actions of the very rich have on everyone else, and just why climate change remains a very real human rights issue.

[1] Pacala, Stephen. “Equitable Solutions to Greenhouse Warning: On the Distribution of Wealth, Emissions and Responsibility Within and Between Nations.” Presentation at the International Institute for Applied Systems Analysis, Laxenburg, Austria, November, 2007.

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

Megan Cahill grew up in Cranford, New Jersey and moved to New York when she was nineteen. She is currently a senior majoring in Sociology and English.

**Excerpt from “The Struggle for Patriarchal Order and the Dishonored Female Body
in
Measure for Measure”**

This essay will trace the Duke’s choices and dissect his motives, while also pinpointing how transgressive sexuality places his authority at stake. By the end of the play, the Duke is able to manipulate his subjects’ into becoming his authentic, subservient subjects. That is to say, the Duke can reinstate the power differential between ruler and subject by making public examples of the lawless with threats of extreme punishment followed by offers of conditional mercy...By analyzing the motives behind the Duke’s multifaceted scheme and the transitions they go through throughout the course of the play—especially how these transitions cope with, abuse and contain the sexual bodies of Juliet, Mariana and Isabella—I will argue the Duke seeks to reify appropriately contained sexual behavior, both male and female, in order to regain patriarchal power dependent on female chastity; by reinstating the social ideology of marriage, the Duke in effect perpetuates the social exploitation and suppression of the sexual female body that keeps patriarchy absolute.

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

Natasha Carr is a graduating senior finishing her Bachelor's degree in English with a focus on literatures, language and criticisms. She has worked for the last five years with a not-for-profit called Armory College Prep. As an alumni and administrative assistant of the program, she has mentored students as they transition from high school into college. Natasha was recently accepted to the New York City Teaching Fellows, an alternative certification program that aims to improve the quality of education in NYC public schools by training recent graduates, retirees, and mid-career professionals into exceptional teachers. She will begin her fellowship in Fall 2015 with hopes of becoming closer to pursuing her dream of becoming a High School Principal.



Excerpt from “*The Pejorative Subjugation of the Male Black body in Athletic*”

In modern day athletics, sports generally function as a mode of escape for young men black and white, but disproportionately black, to escape from poverty. Black males are subject to the racialization of their bodies as they stand again upon a stage and are viewed and evaluated by “plantation staff” for their athletic ability. This racialization also contributes to the belief of assumed black inferiority versus the mind of white quarterbacks. This is evident within present day athletics in which African Americans are rarely seen in “intellectual sporting positions” such a quarterbacks. They are used primarily for their physical capabilities and are cast into positions that call for them to be more physical than using their intellectual ability. The practices of the NFL and their treatment of African Americans throughout history has allowed the pejorative subjugation of the black body all over again. African American athletes remain exposed to the plantation owners as their athletic futures are at the discretion of their wishes. Although whites undergo the same examinations, it doesn’t rewrite history. Blackness is racialized and as long as it remains a determinant of the nature and capabilities of blacks it will always create inequality within athletics.

FIRST PLACE WINNER OF THE NANCY DEAN MEDIEVAL ESSAY PRIZE



Felicia Castaldo grew up in Queens, New York. She lives with her parents and two brothers, who have all been lovingly supportive in helping her to achieve her goals. Aside from studying English at Hunter College, she divides her spare time between work, theater, and political activism.

Excerpt from “The Power of the Word: The Wife of Bath and Interpretive Authority”

The effort made by the Wife of Bath to challenge the traditional hierarchy of marriage in which the husband is the dominant partner, illustrates a microcosmic view of the effort made by the Lollards to challenge the power of church authorities... The relationship between the Wife of Bath and her husband Jankyn demonstrates the ways in which glossed texts are used to maintain power and hierarchy. He often reads to her from his *Book of Wicked Wives*, a text which includes Jerome’s views based on his Biblical interpretation. This culminates in a physical altercation between the couple which ends in the destruction of Jankyn’s book. The burning of Jerome’s interpreted text can be viewed as the removal of power of the glossator and the achievement of power for the oppressed party...The power held by Jerome is removed when his glossed text is destroyed. This suggests a reliance on the true Authority of the ‘naked’ Biblical text itself which Wyclif argues for and the Wife of Bath supports throughout her Prologue.

SECOND PLACE WINNER OF THE HELEN GRAY CONE FELLOWSHIP IN ENGLISH



Michelle M. Chan is a first year M.A student at University of Illinois at Urbana-Champaign. She has a B.A. in both English and Classics from CUNY Hunter College. Her areas of interest lie in classical reception in the Medieval and Early Modern Era. Her research focuses on the depiction of classical women: women who were memorialized in ancient literature, brought back to life in the Medieval and Early Modern Era, only to be re-memorialized in a manner that suited the writers of the time period.

Excerpt from “The Symbolic Torch of Ancient Marriage Rituals in *The Life of Christina of Markyate*”

In *The Life of Christina of Markyate*, I argue that while there is a visible shift from marriage to sexual renunciation with the growing influence of Christianity, the patriarchal aspects of the ancient marriage ceremony are merely reconfigured into Christina’s relationships with men. In examining the use of fire imagery, it is clear that the symbolic torch of the Greek and Roman marriage is carried into the Middle Ages. However, because this is a text focusing on the devout nature of Christina, this visually hazardous symbolic metaphor cannot be maintained. As she progresses on her religious journey a new metaphor of light is used to describe the relationships that she maintains later in her life. Ultimately, Christina’s relationships can be contextualized by examining them along with the marriage rituals of classical antiquity.

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

FIRST PLACE WINNER OF THE ALICE MINNIE HERTS HENIGER SCHOLARSHIP

Arielle Davinger is currently pursuing a Master's in English education for grades 7-9. She is a tutor at both the John Jay College Writing Center and the Hunter College Reading/Writing Center. Her favorite part of writing is thinking up hokey titles and sub-headings. She likes musicals, dogs, television and, of course, reading and writing. If she went to Hogwarts, she would be in Ravenclaw.

Excerpt from “Blurred Lines: Questionable Consent in Seduction and Novels”

Pamela and *Love in Excess* are narratives about pursuit, reluctance, and eventual consent. Women in the novels are conflicted because of their own sexual desires and the prohibition against acting upon them. The men are drawn to their purity, but it is that same purity that makes it difficult to win the women's consent. At the same time, the men are forceful and care only about conquest....The two extremes are incompatible: a good woman would never give herself to a rake, no matter how charming he is and no matter how much she wants to, and a rake will never win the heart of a pure woman. Ultimately, the responsibility falls on the woman to resist until the man is ready to commit. However, in reality, these situations do not play out as neatly as they do in novels, and such novels complicate the discourse of consent.

Excerpt from “Man Up: Mandarin in Communities Across the Globe”

Hong Xu recommends strategies based on Mandarin's unique linguistic features, to help English-language learners adjust. For elementary school students, she recommends that students do sorting activities, such as grouping words by syllables, number of letters, and alphabetical order to get students used to features that do not exist in Mandarin, especially the alphabet. Since Mandarin share limited morphological features with English, Hong Xu also suggests having students identify morphological features like plurality and affixes. On a sentence-level, Hong Xu recommends that the teacher “unpacks sentences,” showing students the relationship between words in a sentence and having students diagram them. With these strategies, teachers do not necessarily need to speak another language; they just have to know what qualities exist and do not exist in another language, which can help them understand why certain students are making specific mistakes. By knowing what areas of difficulties are most troubling, teachers can differentiate their instruction based on language attributes. For example, articles will be especially hard for Mandarin-speaking students to grasp, whereas word order--in terms of basic subject-verb-object--would not be as much of one.

SECOND PLACE WINNER OF THE GAIL GORDON ENGLISH 120 PRIZE



Isabella Divilova is from Brooklyn, New York and is a first-year undergraduate student in the Roosevelt Scholars program. As a former policy debater at Brooklyn Technical High School, she is interested in the nuances of government, postmodern philosophy, and postcolonial and feminist theory. She is currently pursuing a Bachelor of Science in Community Health and minors in English and Philosophy.

Excerpt from “Rhetorical Analysis of Gender Stereotyping in Commercials”

Perhaps the most interesting part of my results came from the rhetorical analysis of the ten Most Effective Ads of 2013. These ads scored either equally or much better than both the Most Watched and “Best” Ads across the tests. The most effective ads had practically no gender bias, had an almost-equal amount of men and women with agency in their commercials, were less likely to hypersexualize women, and didn’t perpetuate the stereotype of women not being shown outdoors. The most-watched ads and “best” ads, on the other hand, portrayed more gender bias, featured men with agency more than women with agency, and were more likely to hypersexualize the characters.

FIRST PLACE WINNER OF THE KATHERINE H. GATCH AND MARION WITT FELLOWSHIP



Maxwell Donnewald lives in Brooklyn and teaches second grade at Saint Ann’s School. He is a frequent reader at Mellow Pages Library, and his poems have most recently appeared in Perfect Wave, Volume 3. He helped produce issues 21 and 22 of the magazine n+1, as well as their upcoming essay compilation, City by City: Dispatches from the American Metropolis. As the recipient of the Gatch-Witt fellowship award, he hopes to intern for art press in Paris.

Excerpts from “Untitled”

As I would learn, taking French language courses also meant learning about French history and culture. And taking English courses at Hunter inevitably meant confronting the huge tradition of French philosophy and literary theory. An honors course on Jean Luc Godard meant I’d be forced to try to make sense of France’s rich and complex political landscape. For my independent study this semester, I’m even attempting to apply a newly translated book by sociology scholar Frédéric Lordon to a small cadre of contemporary fiction writers. For my final project at the CUNY Graduate Center’s Language Reading Program, I’ll be attempting to translate a portion of a book of Lordon’s which has yet to be released in English. I am hooked from all sides.

.....

Aside from my professional ambitions, there is also that same spirit of adventure in me as a poet that first stirred as I watched the sunset through a train window over the New Mexico countryside, freshly dropped-out of architecture school. I was confined to very limited circumstances as a child, shuttling between the homes of a disabled mother and an alcoholic father scarred by the Vietnam war. Much of my poetry has dealt with these experiences, and in doing so has provided me with a path to transcend the struggles packaged therein. But as an artist I also have an appetite for new sensory experience that has to be nourished for me to continue to produce. I have never left America, and may not be able to for some time without institutional support. The Gatch-Witt award has the potential to expand my emotional world beyond the history which has defined it until now, and to open doors toward a future of passionate, globally-engaged scholarship.

FIRST PLACE WINNER OF THE BLANCHE COLTON WILLIAMS FELLOWSHIP IN ENGLISH

HONORABLE MENTION FOR THE HELEN GRAY CONE FELLOWSHIP IN ENGLISH



Tom Flynn is a student in the Macaulay Honors Program at Hunter College. He will be graduating in the Spring with a degree in film and English literature. He recently finished production on a narrative short film, and is hoping to make another this summer. Tom has been the Artistic Director for the CUNY Film Festival for the past three years.

Excerpt from “Narration and the Unknowable in *Frankenstein* and *Wuthering Heights*”

Both *Wuthering Heights* (1847) and *Frankenstein* (1818) are structured so that the critical events of the novel do not happen in the present tense of the narrative. Instead, both Brontë and Shelley place their story within a framing device. Both writers introduce an initial narrator who is tangential to the main story, but through a combination of luck and curiosity, encounters a more informed character who can tell the story in its entirety. The initial narrators of *Wuthering Heights* and *Frankenstein*,—Lockwood and Walton—are both relative non-entities, each quickly conceding the storytelling responsibilities to different characters—Lockwood to Nelly and Walton to Frankenstein. This structure cannot help but feel archaic to modern readers; multiple, active narrators may well be the legacy of a culture where storytelling played a more central role in social interaction. However, to dismiss the nested narrative as simply a convention of the time would be a mistake. For both writers, the conceit serves a very specific thematic purpose. These novels are about individuals that have access to feelings and experiences beyond that of ordinary people—they feel things and know things that are incomprehensible to the average person. The framing narrative, therefore, ensures that the reader is not given access to the undiluted inner thoughts of these characters (Frankenstein and the Creature, Heathcliff and Catherine) through an omniscient narrator; instead, these extraordinary experiences are mediated by a narrator with a recognizably limited spectrum of emotions and relatively ordinary life experience. In “Narrative Distance in *Frankenstein*,” Richard Dunn writes of Walton’s story:

The lack of conclusiveness of Walton's tale may even suggest the inherent failure of language that Robert Kiely mentions as romantic fiction's "sign not of vacuity or of imaginative limitation, but of the singular immeasurable nature of great experience.

This “immeasurable nature of great experience” and the “inherent failure of language” that Kiely and Dunn point to is central to understanding the framing narrative—that the characters *tell* their story allows for the author to suggest that meaning cannot be fully encapsulated by language.

FIRST PLACE WINNER OF THE AUDRE LORDE AWARD

Elizabeth Garrett is from Detroit and upon graduating from Hunter this December, will be hopping on a bus straight back. She currently works at a Kung Fu Studio and has previously worked at a Halloween costume store. She hasn't got the answers, she hasn't been doing the education. Right now she has a podcast and a bank account.



Excerpt from “Exploring Racism Through *Gran Torino*”

The movie makes us put more of the emphasis of our anger on the gang members, and although they are somewhat to blame, the system of policing and racism in the United States should be the real recipient of our anger. Eastwood shies away from this topic for whatever reason, perhaps because the audience doesn't want to admit to themselves how badly people of Color are treated on a daily basis.

**HONORABLE MENTION FOR THE SYLVIA AND HOWARD ROSHKOW MEMORIAL PRIZE FOR AN
OUTSTANDING UNDERGRADUATE STUDENT IN 20TH CENTURY AMERICAN LITERATURE**



Kitty Huang (yes, it's her real birth name) was born and raised in Brooklyn, New York. Vibrant and diverse, she's fascinated with the constantly changing neighborhood. Currently in her final semester, this busy senior is balancing English honors and Psychology honors with a Chinese poetry class thrown in the mix. She will be graduating in May 2015 with a double major in Psychology and English, as well as a minor in statistics. As you can probably tell from knowing this, she has many areas of interest, which causes her indecisiveness. But Kitty prides herself in being flexible and open-minded to everything. She plans to take some time off and apply to developmental psychology programs next fall. When she's not procrastinating on her assignments, she is usually napping, surfing the internet, going on food adventures with friends, reading fiction, or watching films. In the future, Kitty hopes to visit Europe.

Excerpt from “Bartleby the Scrivener: Another Look at Bartleby’s Boss”

“Bartleby the Scrivener” is arguably one of the better known short stories that Herman Melville had written in *The Piazza Tales*. One would assume from the title given, the main protagonist is an odd man named Bartleby. The story of this man is told in third person through the narrative account of a lawyer who is also a nameless narrator. While the narrator mostly talks about Bartleby’s strangeness, he occasionally gives the reader insight of his own characteristics. Although Bartleby may be the title character, Herman Melville might be intending to have the narrator be an important character to focus on as well. He might not simply be an observer in the background. One should examine his relationships with everyone else to determine his personality. Literary critics like Richard R. John and Sheila Post-Lauria also seem to think so too because they’ve written extensively on the subject of the narrator. There seems to be more to the lawyer than what meets the eyes.

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



Ruby Hutson-Ellenberg grew up in Queens. She is a Hunter Muse Scholar and majors in English. Currently, Ruby interns at Community Board 11 in East Harlem in an Arts/Culture social media position. She used to work as a production intern at Mint Theater. You may have seen her perform “My Angry Vagina” in Hunter’s 2015 production of *The Vagina Monologues*. She will be graduating in January 2016 and plans to pursue a career in playwriting.

Eve and Her Neighbors

EVE

(lightly pushing them away)

No, no, no. I really did meet a snake. You see, Adam and I are not allowed to eat from the Tree of Knowledge, and there was this big serpent that tried to convince me to eat the fruit. He was quite charming. But I didn't. Who'd be stupid enough to accept fruit from a snake? Talking about stupid enough, Adam has been on his own all day. I should probably go check on him. Make sure he isn't too banged up.

SHIRLEY

Hold up. You're telling me there is a Tree of Knowledge and you're not allowed to eat it?

(Eve nods.)

SHIRLEY

There is just some big tree in the middle of Paradise with some reptile lounging by it?

(Eve nods.)

SHIRLEY

And this snake character is trying to lure you to it?

(Eve nods.)

SHIRLEY

And you're *definitely* not allowed to eat from the tree?

(Eve nods.)

SHIRLEY

Well, why would God put what you're not supposed to have in the middle of where you live?

DOREEN

That's a dick move.

SHIRLEY

Why in his blessed-be-thy-name would He not want you to have knowledge? If this place really were the cat's pajamas, then if you had a little knowledge, you would still believe it's Paradise. Sounds like some kind of scam.

DOREEN

This place has got some kinds of mind games going on.

SHIRLEY

Why aren't you allowed to eat from it?

EVE

I dunno. God doesn't always explain his commands. He just gives them.

DOREEN

Typical God.

SHIRLEY

But why *wouldn't* someone want to eat from that tree?

- **excerpt**

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

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

Excerpt from “Laws of Physics”

And so it was with everything about China, which was to Lili then a faraway and magical place. China was as lost as her father, existing only in her imagination and in her mother’s stories. “Because we are Chinese,” her mother would say, almost as much as, “Because you have no father.” In China, ma-ma said, there were always so many people you knew everywhere, it was impossible to be lonely even if you had not very much family. In China, ma-ma said, your mouth waters just from walking into the streets and smelling all the frying jian bing and you tiao, rice balls and dumplings and buns steaming. In China there was Wantu where ma-ma was born, where bamboo trees bend like fluffy green feathers from the mountainsides and evening is announced by the smoke of woodchips rising from stoves and chimneys; in China there was Beijing, the capital city with the most magnificent palaces on earth where mazes were made of yellow flowers and turtles crawled in the streets; and in China there was Shanghai, the great city by the ocean where little Lili herself was born. Shanghai, ma-ma said, where they had lived in a room even smaller than the one they lived in now, stacked on top of tens of other families, but somehow it had seemed so much bigger. Where great ships and ancient barges roared down the river at the heart of the city and you could buy anything you wanted just by stepping outside the door. Lili did not remember China, did not remember Shanghai and all these things in it, but even so, as ma-ma said, she was Chinese through and through, because she had been born in China. China was in her blood as much as all her gone fathers.

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

Mia Kang is a writer, dancer, and arts administrator based in Brooklyn, New York. She is interested in the (sometimes conflicting) acts of looking away, willfully obscuring the truth, and closely examining all things blurry. Right now, she is working on a series of taxonomical poems involving birds and an autoethnographic project about Seoul in the 1980s. To make her fall in love, write her letters.



Excerpt from *Ark*

Small bird in a new world – an olive leaf,
as the story goes. Have you now warred sufficiently
for your heart to go ahead with stopping?

I brought everything with me and threw the rest away.
Beneath the boards, a store of supplies: I myself
was empty and inedible until further notice.
The beasts piled up on the gangway.

Quit making meaning. Just say that the cows smelled
and the cats bickered, that the storm came
and the boat floats. That the bird lands
in the hand of one who knows not what he has.

Noah, you fool, thinking you had a duty
to survive. Just look – we're still stuck
taking roll call in pairs. No one gets out alive.

FIRST PLACE WINNER OF THE ACADEMY OF AMERICAN POETS PRIZE



Parveen Keynejad is an aspiring artist. She forms herself through means of poetry, fiction, screen writing, digital art, film, painting - and really anything she can get her hands on that allows emotions to flow. She lives in New York, and studied Creative Writing and Women and Gender Studies. As she leaves undergrad behind she just hopes to find work that is authentic.

Sonnet

Do you experience the world
through a cluster of individual things?
Through the rotting maple tree spreading its wings
around the corner. Or through water pressure in the Atlantic curled
then rising and rising and rising until swirls
falls-crashes on sharp shelled sand. Or maybe through the king's
body whose snake arms slithered all over you, until it stings.
Or are you experiencing the world

as the tattered brown hemp cloth that clothes the divine,
the farmer's plow in morning mist grooming the field for life,
a sweet soft peach giving plenishment to the varmints' hunger, makes strong spine
maybe you're a sanctuary for blue birds, brown deer, red foxes, they sit upright.
Could you find peace as a water molecule waiting to be evaporated-far from a louse,
or does serenity only lie in the Middlemist Red uniquely alone in a greenhouse?

Grief at Golden Age

Diluted watercolor. A painting,
my father's past: Isfahan 1965.
His eight-person family well and alive.
Simplicity and smiles, sweet

grandmother gives dates
to him and his brother Ferehdoon,
little hands nibble that and the *noon*.
Happiness of a family resides here.

Six raven haired siblings
rushing running around,
tattered cloth climbing
the brown barks of childhood freedom.

September's sun spills orange
angry heat setting ablaze
their innocent gaze.
Aneurysm rattles rough

striking in his sister's brain.
Only five little blue boys remain.
No more warm welcoming sky
just mixes of grays and white light.

Death of dates, of simple smiles,
brown bark – all buried with her.
Father says still can be the same.
Yet, now, those colorful kids are tamed.

Adventurous desires
masked in black shirts.
Knees nourished in dirt
from weight of loss and prayers-
grief will be the only thing shared.

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

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



Swati Khurana is a writer whose work has appeared in *The New York Times*, *The Weeklings*, *Narrative.ly*, and *Asian American Literary Review*. As a visual artist, she has presented her work at the Smithsonian and Brooklyn Museum of Art, and has received awards and residencies from Jerome Foundation, Bronx Council on the Arts, Cooper Union, Center for Book Arts, Henry Street Settlement. A Kundiman Poetry fellow, she is working on a novel called *No.1 Printshop of Lahore* and a not-yet-titled book of collected essays.

Excerpt from "Renewable Energy"

The scientists who harnessed the energy of children into the energy for the planet annually win the MacArthur.

No other idea has been as good.

The beds creak, the closet doors fall off their hinges, the car windows fog up, as seat belts make marks on the haunches of people whose moans, groans, and pleas continue.

We have so much more time – time for which we begged.

We are doing everything we wished to do:

blogging

developing food trucks

learning to knit and weave

riding reclaimed unicycles

reading our subscriptions.

The school teacher finally has the small class size he always wanted, cashiers can finally read chapters of Anna Karenina in between customers, dairy shelves are more empty and cartons more cold, as the doors would open less frequently.

The lawns have flowering hydrangeas.

FIRST PLACE WINNER OF THE GAIL GORDON ENGLISH 120 PRIZE



Nicole Krishtul is a freshman from Brooklyn in the Roosevelt Scholars program at Hunter College. She is studying political science, history, and public policy as a framework to understanding the development of modern institutions and eventually reform them. She enjoys writing for Hunter Historical Society’s journal, exploring the inner workings of local government, and forcing friends to listen to her lengthy tangents about political and social problems.

Excerpt from “How Does a Visual Rhetorical Analysis of the Brookdale Dorm Rooms Reflect a Burkean View of Identity and Do the Rooms Reflect Gender Differences in Arguments of Identification”

In the midst of posters and stacks of ramen noodles, perhaps there is more depth to the typical college student’s dorm than meets the eye. At the Brookdale dorms of Hunter College, each student is given an individual room, which the occupant can personalize to his or her choosing. The rooms are physical extensions of the students occupying them. Each student makes arrangement choices that become arguments about personal identity in ways that can be obvious or extremely subtle. In his book *A Rhetoric of Motives*, literary theorist Kenneth Burke introduces his own perspective on the complex identification that is “rooted in the notion of substance, and identification is synonymous with consubstantiality” (Christiansen). In this study, I apply a Burkean rhetorical analysis to consider the different ways that students physically manifest their essence in a confined space, and the extent to which males or females are more likely to shape their room in a way that encourages consubstantiality.

THIRD PLACE UNDERGRADUATE WINNER OF THE MEMOIR PRIZE



Sam Langstein is a senior majoring in psychology and minoring in English. Over the past year he has interned at two ends of the psychology/social work spectrum, one researching psycholinguistics at Yale University and one shadowing home visits with a children's social service provider in Brooklyn. Now he is trying to figure out where in that spectrum he belongs. As for the foreseeable future, he is spending this summer at the Yiddish Book Center in Hampshire, MA studying Yiddish Language and Culture. Next year he will be a corps member with Avodah, The Jewish Service Corps.

Excerpt from “Talk About Enduring”

When I arrived back at my bedroom, my Hasidic roommate grabbed me by the shoulder and pulled me towards his book. He pointed down at the book and then back at me. *Nu*. Unlike his last few books this one I recognized. It was *Hatarat Nedarim. Absolving of Vows*. Each year the day before *Rosh Hashanah*, each Jew is supposed to gather three men, to be judges before him and rule in the verdict of releasing the petitioner from his vows. Traditionally, this ceremony is held on the day before the New Year, but when my roommate heard I was only supposed to be there temporarily, he realized that this would be the last time he could appeal to three men. So he pulled me and the only other two men aside and we began the ceremony, reading from the book as we went along.

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

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

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



Andrew Laudel recently started spending more time writing things. He is a University of Michigan grad with degrees in English and Musical Theatre and is sometimes an actor/singer/dancer. He teaches writing and literature in Hunter's English department, writing and acting in Phillips Academy Andover's summer program, and he will complete a degree in English Education this spring. He thinks James Joyce is neat. This is his first play.

Excerpt from *Samaritans* (formerly titled *Low Fidelity*)

MEL

There's a lot of noise in here. I feel like there's too many distractions. Charlie kill the music, will you?

CHARLIE

No way / I...

MEL

Do it. Sweetie. I can't think. I'm toasted.

HARRY

Toasted?

MEL

ING, toastING. I want to give a toast.

CHARLIE

I think you were more right the first time.

MEL

Don't tell me when I'm right and when I'm not I know the difference babe. I know my own mind.

CHARLIE

I wish you would share it with the rest of us.

MEL

I'd like to propose a toast, to Charlie...who...what did you do, Charlie?

CHARLIE

Do?

MEL

Yes, do. Accomplish. Achieve. You must have done something. Did you leave the apartment today?

CHARLIE

I drank a shit ton of Molson.

MEL

All day?

CHARLIE

Recently.

MEL

To Charlie, for not doing anything and probably - though I can't say for sure - not leaving the apartment today or any other day this week because he thinks I won't marry a man who lost his job so he keeps putting on a suit in the morning and inventing some reason to stay here when I leave. You can only lose your wallet so many times, hun. So I salute you, Charlie, for drinking a "shit ton" of Molson, the beer of the gods, the beer of champions, the beer of people who don't care if their taste buds crave the taste of actual beer, who insist on drinking this piss-colored piss-tasting can of something that must in fact be piss because there's no other explanation for how it can taste so bad. The beer of Charlie.

She slams the whiskey and pours another.

CHARLIE

I like it. I don't care what you think.

MEL

To Charlie, who likes it whether you do or not.

She downs her whiskey again.

KRISTIN

Cheers!

MEL

You're still here?

CHARLIE

She's kidding.

MEL

Don't speak for me. I might have been kidding. I might not. I'll leave it for you to guess.

Excerpt from “Himself, His Name, and Where He Was: Naming, Identity, and Escape in *A Portrait of the Artist as a Young Man*”

Stephen draws a parallel between naming God and naming himself: “God was God’s name just as his name was Stephen”(13). As we have noted, Stephen views restrictions on the inner being through language as inhibiting soulflight. Names propose special challenges to Stephen because they embody exactly the kind of limitations from which he wishes to escape. Names, especially personal (as opposed to abstract spiritual) names, inevitably carry historical and social resonances that evoke specific places and things. They recall individuals, families, clans, as well as nationality – categories Stephen resists when arguing with Davin over his refusal to fix his signature to the petition. Even more interesting is how names are inseparable from individuals in Stephen’s mind to such an extent that the two may be indistinguishable, as he obliquely points out while breaking his self-taxonomy into three distinct categories of “himself, his name, and where he was”(13). We see three categories, but on the page we see two: his name and the taxonomic categorization of himself that moves outward geographically from his name to The Universe. Where is “himself”? To Stephen, he himself is located in his name. Looking at naming and identity as intertwined in this way, it is impossible for Stephen to ever escape his name, for it is he and he is it and he cannot divorce himself from his name’s meaning even if his exterior name is changed. But what of the non-Irishness of “Stephen Dedalus”? The resonant fusion of Christian and pagan mythological symbolism inescapably embedded in this name points toward certain constraints that Stephen may choose to rebel against (i.e. Catholicism), but both of these referents originated beyond the confines of the island of Ireland. This name then, with its explicit ties to non-Irish ancient innovators in martyrdom and craft making, is a road map to assist Stephen in escaping the nets of Irishness. Escape for Stephen rests on his ability to create innovative work by focusing on himself, on his internal being or “soul,” and to shut out the external forces or nets that try to prevent him from self-focus. Exactly what the innovation is that will allow Stephen to maintain life outside of Ireland, though, is never seen.

Excerpt from “The Rarest of Boons: Musical Performance and Myths of Irish National Identity in *Ulysses*”

The musical vibrations Bloom encounters, both through the mediation of memory and the actual experience of live performance, are markedly contrasting in origin – they are either traditional Gaelic folk music or Continental European opera. Plock herself gestures toward but does not really explore Bloom’s conflicted responses to musical expressions of Irish nationalism. She describes these varied musical experiences as coordinating “Bloom’s mixed feelings about his social status in Dublin”(490). As a likely native born Irish Jew whose father hails from Vienna and whose mother was also likely a native Irish catholic, and as a man married to a woman of British and Spanish origin, Bloom is clearly drawn toward European culture. This attraction is reflected in his musical tastes: his responses to the music of Flotow and Mozart are spirited and often sexual. He conflates this musical tradition with Molly, whose background and profession intimately tie her to this tradition both in Leo’s mind and in the actual world of the text. Bloom’s sympathetic vibration in response to the mythic portrayal of Ireland through music originating in Gaelic folk tradition and telling the story of Irish political struggles, however, (as we saw in the introduction) most often signifies revulsion and / or ambiguity. This revulsion is due to Bloom’s sensitivity to the modality of the musical representation of historical events themselves. The modal, vibrating nature of sound is, to Bloom, an inappropriate means of communicating or transmitting historical fact. The very nature of representation through music inescapably alters the event itself, making this representation – now a myth – an unreliable and therefore untrustworthy marker of truth. At the same time, the power of this musical representation, which works (inescapably if you are within ear shot) to influence the mind of the listener / subject, is extraordinarily dangerous because it persuades its listener to view the myth / message of history in its particular and distorted way.

FIRST PLACE UNDERGRADUATE WINNER OF THE MEMOIR PRIZE



Maya Leggat is a Hunter College senior, majoring in Creative Writing and minoring in Human Rights. Her father and mother are from Canada and Malaysia respectively, but she was born and raised in White Plains, NY. Her ideal day is staying inside during a thunderstorm, reading or writing, with her cats snuggled next to her, who are only there because the food bowl is low, as is the way of cat affection.

Excerpt from "Emergence"

Nothing was ever so real to her as it was in this moment. With every tight breath, chest squeezing to meet the spine. With every frightened scream, eyes open wide because closing them would mean feeling. Life thunders in her ears and nothing is more lonely than it is lying underneath this train platform. A breeze passes through, kissing wet places on her body. Her arms are spread out to either side of her, as if they were in the middle of making a snow angel on the gravel. The sun is shining bright and yellow. Voices are a murmur from above, but the loudest sound is the voice in her head repeatedly reciting Al Fatihah. She reaches out for God the way a child asks for the light to be left on. The repetition distracts from the pain that radiates through every part of her body. It's a pain that thrums, and arrests her muscles, an electrocution in slow motion.

FIRST PLACE UNDERGRADUATE WINNER OF THE MEMOIR PRIZE

Livia Maia Fernandes comes from a small coastal town in Northeast Brazil. She is the youngest of a six-sibling family with native Brazilian lineage. In 2008, after earning a BA in Advertising in Brazil, she managed a local bookstore and discovered her passion for literature. In the following year she sold all her possessions and took her first international flight to New York City. She began her studies in Writing and Literature at LaGuardia Community College in 2011 and transferred to Hunter College two years later. She hopes to continue her studies by applying for an MFA next year and hopefully starting it in 2017. In 2014, under the guidance of Professor Louise DeSalvo, Livia wrote her memoir *Brutality*. If it wasn't for DeSalvo's belief in her work, she wouldn't have considered applying for this prize.

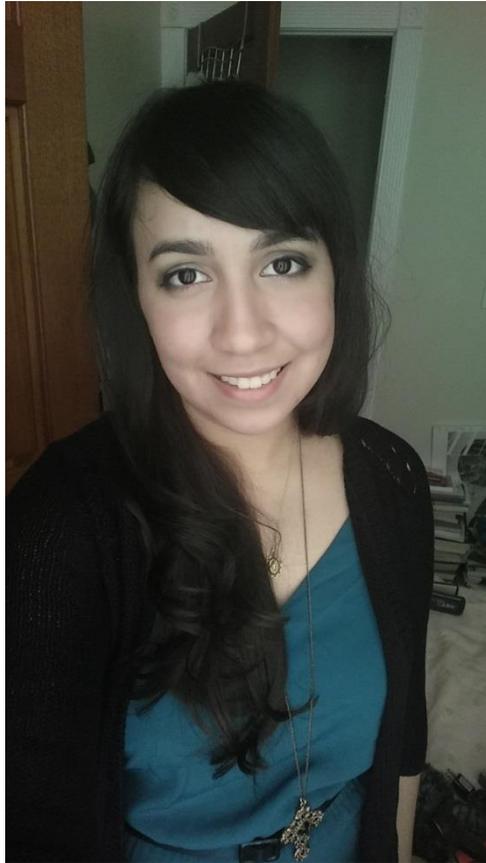


Excerpt from “Brutality”

It was pitch dark outside, and inside the truck my sister and I sat in silence, while our friend drove us back home. We weren't the only passengers on that silent ride. In the back of the truck, there was a casket, held in place by ropes. In it my father was laying quietly, a state that we rarely found him in when alive. In that area of Brazil, late at night, what we could see was the deserted landscape and the dark skies. Trees were rare, for they wilted in thirst. The yellowed bushes, the dried wild grass, and the cactuses fought against rocks and sand for space to thrive. The inhospitable land didn't look so bad in the darkness. The moon offered some mysterious aura to it.

SECOND PLACE UNDERGRADUATE WINNER OF THE MEMOIR PRIZE

Angely Mercado is a native NYer and an avid lover of words. She likes to observe people in her hometown and then write stories about them because she's pretty convinced by now that no one normal lives in Ridgewood. Angely also freelances for Curbed NY (mostly about gentrification) and has been published in various websites including Mr. Beller's Neighborhood. She hopes to start graduate school this coming fall.



Excerpt from “Vigil”

Sometimes the “Our Father” isn’t chanted, the band sings it out and I am constantly waiting for a Sunday where I hear the guitar slowly strums out “padre nuestro tu que estas, en los que aman la verdad.” The melody and guitar notes are the exact same notes and melody found in Simon and Garfunkel’s “The Sound of Silence”. I’m not sure which came first, “Sound of Silence” or “Padre Nuestro”, but after I became a fan of Simon and Garfunkel in high school, thanks to my dad, and I began to love those Sundays. And so while everyone else is clasping hands, swaying slowly, and saying “padre nuestro tu que estas”, I would sing “hello darkness my old friend, I’ve come to talk with you again.” And so church becomes a sing along and a wrestling arena. I can’t help but wonder what the angels and saints think of my entertainment. They probably hog up God’s widescreen HD television in order to see what I’ll do next.

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

SECOND PLACE WINNER OF THE AUDRE LORDE AWARD

HONORABLE MENTION FOR THE SYLVIA AND HOWARD ROSHKOW MEMORIAL PRIZE FOR AN OUTSTANDING UNDERGRADUATE STUDENT IN 20TH CENTURY AMERICAN LITERATURE



Stephanie Park has spent the past four years studying the literature and history of marginalized peoples. She is currently working on her final English paper concerning contemporary responses in literature to police brutality and the injustices of the American Justice System. She will be graduating in May, and is still figuring out how to continue the necessary conversations about humanity, race, and gender that take place inside her classrooms, to the outside. She strongly agrees with Patricia Hill Collins who writes, “Privatizing and hoarding ideas upholds inequality. Sharing ideas through translation and teaching supports democracy.”

Excerpt from “Planting Sustainability in a Food Desert”

It was shocking to see such a big difference in standards of living for the two socio-economically similar, but racially opposite neighborhoods. How could one neighborhood be recovering from the Hurricane at such a rapid speed while its next-door neighbor remained a desolate food desert? The USDA defines a “food desert” as a ‘low-income’ census tract where a large enough number of residents have ‘low access’ to a supermarket or another main food provider. (USDA Economic Research Service) The residents of the lower ninth ward have an unequal opportunity of accessing healthy foods compared to the residents of St. Bernard Parish.

Since obtaining healthy, affordable foods are linked with access to supermarkets; I find the shortage of supermarkets in low-income, predominantly African American neighborhoods to be racist, using the definition of racism provided by the Merriam Webster dictionary (a belief that race is the primary determinant of human traits and capacities). Using the example of St. Bernard Parish and the lower ninth ward, supermarket operators are hesitant to set up their business in the lower ninth ward for fear of robbery, violence, and negative profit. Though St. Bernard Parish is of the same socio-economic status, which should be an indicator for similar levels of robbery, violence, and profit, operators were more willing to open stores. This shows the direct belief that operators assume African Americans to be more likely to commit crimes and less likely to purchase healthy food.

Excerpt from “The Merger of the Avant Garde and Feminism: A Poetic Revisioning of History”

Marlene Nourbese Philip, in “Discourse on the Logic of Language” engages in this experimental form to poetically shed light on the fallacies of American history. Philip provides a stunningly experimental visual piece of art, in which she challenges the status quo of English poetic form by the use of multiple fonts, and the vertical, horizontal arranging of the various pieces. Philip innovatively situates a reimagining of a genesis story; a set of historical edicts, a medical document, experimental lyric poetry and a multiple-choice questionnaire, and the power of her poem is just as its title suggests, a “discourse on the logic of language.” Philip, in offering the traditional masculine perspective along with the experimental feminine, challenges and pushes the boundaries of “logic” by revisioning and reclaiming a history that was not only taken away from her, but hidden deep within the contours of the masculine tradition of destroying the unintelligible.

Excerpt from “Mandingo (1975): A Justifiable Threat to Middle Class Respectability”

By silencing this complex but significantly progressive depiction of American slavery in film, and by ignoring the approval of the film from the general black audience, the white critics are maintaining the prevailing privilege of white males. The graphic portrayal of sex and violence, which are inherent in the creation of slavery, are deemed offensive and incompatible with the social construction of middle-class respectability; and likewise, the portrayal of the necessity of revolution in gaining liberation is deemed a threat to the order of society. Thus despite the multitude of complex realities of slavery that are bravely presented by Fleischer, white critics of the time, opted to preserve the social order of middle-class respectability over defending the film for its uncompromising depiction of slavery – in that there is no happy ending, nor an orderly, inoffensive way of depicting the horrors, and too often desensitized depiction, of American slavery.

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

Lindsay Rindskopf is a junior at Macaulay Honors College, and is majoring in English and Political Science. Her grandmother's life-long fight for women's rights sparked Lindsay's interest in advocating for social change. Lindsay plans to attend law school after she graduates.

Excerpt from "Stop and Frisk: The Cure of the Disease?"

Despite the city's promise to withdraw its appeal, the heated debate surrounding the NYPD's "stop and frisk" practice rages on. Although the debate appears to emanate from the tension between safety and liberty, it is actually more nuanced. New York City officials and the NYPD tend to support "stop and frisk," while criminologists and community organizers tend to oppose the policy. The main subjects of debate are the efficacy of "stop and frisk," the equity with which it is practiced, and its collateral consequences: including its financial and psychological impact, and its effect on the perception of the criminal justice system.

Proponents argue that "stop and frisk" reduces crime, is not discriminatory, and is relatively cost-free. Opponents, however, argue that "stop and frisk" is inefficient, discriminatory, and has severe collateral consequences. Although opponents agree that the NYPD cannot continue the current practice of "stop and frisk," they disagree about how to reform the practice.

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

FIRST PLACE WINNER OF THE BERNARD COHEN SHORT STORY PRIZE

SECOND PLACE WINNER OF THE HELEN GRAY CONE FELLOWSHIP IN ENGLISH



Sadia Shepard is a 2015 MFA candidate in Creative Writing at Hunter College, where she is an adjunct lecturer in the Department of English. She is the author of *The Girl from Foreign: A Memoir* (The Penguin Press, 2008) and is currently writing a collection of short stories and a novel.

Excerpt from *The Bicycle Going Down the Street*

In Connecticut, Hassan shared a desk with a woman—a girl, really. Later, this would be what he remembered most about the job, long after the inconvenience of his morning commute, the banality of his days checking spreadsheets, and the mediocrity of the cafeteria had faded from memory. He would remember Hina the way that he saw her on her first day. The crunched, focused expression on her small, sharp face as she claimed her half of the desk, a purse over one arm and a duffel bag over one shoulder, the light sheen of perspiration on her upper lip, her dark gray headscarf wound tightly around her head and fixed above her right ear with a long, sharp pin.

Hina nodded at Hassan in greeting and then took a brass-colored nameplate out of her purse, placing it carefully on her side of the desk. It was the kind of thing you might order from a mall kiosk that specialized in monogrammed gifts. “My name is Hina Khan,” she said, pointing at the nameplate, in case he hadn’t noticed it.

“Yes, I see that,” Hassan said.

Hassan had been at the bank eight weeks. Long enough to know that there was a long way he could take from the men’s room back to his cubicle, a route that killed off three minutes of the work day. Long enough to learn that Casual Fridays meant khakis, not jeans. Long enough to feel that the two person, T-shaped desk he’d been assigned to was his alone. Hina Khan looked to be in her early twenties. At least seven or eight years younger than he was. Why on earth were they sharing a desk?

Hina had an Accounting degree from SUNY Albany, a fact that he knew from the diploma she hung on the wall next to her computer, tapping a tiny nail into the plaster with a miniature, purse-sized hammer. On her desk she arranged a Kleenex box with a crocheted cover, a small, iridescent vase with three silk flowers, and a pen case with an expensive looking ballpoint inside. She placed several large computer manuals on the floor and stood on top of them in order to reach the high shelf above her desk. There she placed her Quran, swaddled in a maroon velvet cover decorated with multi-colored ribbons. Once all of her belongings were in place she tucked an imaginary hair inside her scarf and raised the height of her chair until her feet didn’t touch the floor. Hassan noticed that she swung her heels back and forth as she talked, like a child might.

“So,” she began, her voice a dull, nasal monotone. “We might as well get to know one another. Where are you from and how long have you been at the bank?”

He could guess from Hina’s accent that she had grown up in the States, and from her features, her coloring and her name that she was likely Pakistani. Was this, he wondered, why they had been placed together as desk mates? The two Pakistanis? The thought irked him. He could already tell that they had nothing in common.

Excerpt from *Contact*

Cash knocked on her door on the first of October, early in the morning.

“Ms. Klassen, good to see you,” he said when she opened the door, as if the day depended on his smile. His teeth were sharp and white, like baby teeth. His features were delicate, like a woman’s, but his shoulders were broad. He wore his long black hair in a ponytail, like many Ayomoro did.

“Morning,” she said. Marike walked back inside the house, motioning to Cash to follow her to the kitchen. She had a parlor with a coffee table, a couch and a rug, but it didn’t get much use. Paul’s reading chair was there, his foot stool and his lamp. She knew that she should put away his reading glasses, lying face up on the table, but she liked the way they looked there, as if he might still pick them up.

She offered Cash a seat at the breakfast table and snapped on the electric kettle to make Yerba Mate. She filled two gourds with spoonfuls of leaves, then filled them with boiling water and two metal straws. She slid the letter and one of the gourds across the table, then sat down.

“You might have mentioned you were handing out my brother’s address,” she said, shifting her weight. Her knees hurt today. Bone spurs, the doctor had said. She needed to lose weight, so that there would be less pressure on her joints. Easier said than done.

“It’s just the one person, sending me mail I mean,” Cash said. “It’s a friend in Chicago. She kind of insisted on having an address to send stuff to.”

“My brother Paul died four months ago,” she said. “Stomach cancer. I guess you didn’t know that.”

“I’m sorry for your loss, Ma’am,” Cash said, looking at his hands. “I didn’t realize.”

Marike looked down, her chin to her chest. When people offered her condolences there was never anything to say back. She pointed to the ragged edge of the envelope where she’d ripped open the letter.

“I didn’t know it wasn’t mine,” she said. “I opened it before I realized.”

“No worries,” Cash said. He sucked at the metal straw, drawing the warm liquid into his mouth. What an annoying phrase. Who was it, exactly, that had no worries?

She asked him about his fieldwork, what he planned to do while he was in Paraguay. He told her he was trying to buy an old ambulance he’d found in Asuncion. He wanted to be able to ferry the Indians between their base camp in the interior forest and Campo Loro, their camp on the outskirts of Filadelfia. Campo Loro was a desperate place. A thousand hectares of suffering, Paul used to say. The trees were long gone, burned to make charcoal. There was flat, bone dry land in every direction. A scattering of mud shacks, mewling dogs. Ayomoro prostitutes out in the open, waiting for customers.

“You call being a taxi service research?” Marike asked.

Cash grinned, slipping the letter into the woven Ayomoro satchel he wore around his neck.

“I like to be useful,” he said. He asked if his friend could send him other letters here. He planned to live in the Ayomoro camp in the forest and come out to Filadelfia around the first of each month for new supplies. The girl was determined to write to him while he was away. Marike was the only person he knew in Paraguay with a bonafide address.

“That’s a girl then,” she said, motioning to the envelope.

“Yeah,” Cash said, taking a sip. Cash placed the gourd back on the table and wiped the liquid off of his mouth with the back of his sleeve. “My girlfriend. Or, she was. It’s complicated.”

The boy was irritating, Marike thought, studying his shiny forehead, his long black hair pulled back and fastened with a rubber band, as if he was trying to blend in with the Ayomoro. The strange part was that he could almost pass. His features were too fine, his frame too tall and too slight. But almost.

“Well, I suppose that would be fine,” Marike said, surprising herself.

Excerpt from *Displacement, Trauma and Reinvention in Post-Partition Karachi: Qurratulain Hyder's "The Housing Society" and Joginder Paul's "Sleepwalkers"*

The Partition of India in 1947 brought radical change to the city of Karachi. While under British rule Karachi existed as a sleepy port of 400,000 people, after Independence and the creation of Pakistan the city received hundreds of thousands of Muslim refugees from north India. As Karachi became the chief locus of Urdu-speaking immigrants from North India the city became a site of unprecedented social mixing; laborers, poets and government servants found themselves living side by side in refugee housing. (Hasan 16) These migrants, who dubbed themselves *Mohajirs*, or pilgrims, would transform Karachi into a new center for Urdu language culture, (Farruki xxvii) and create a new literary landscape in Pakistan. It was into this milieu that several prominent writers from north India such as Qurratulain Hyder migrated after Partition, but it was Lahore that would prevail in the cultural imaginary as Pakistan's literary city. The idea of Karachi, Pakistan's chaotic economic center, as a locus for arts and culture seemed incongruous to many. Despite evidence to the contrary, it still does. In her introduction to *The Oxford India Anthology of Modern Urdu Literature* editor Mehr Afshan Farooqi lists the cities that have been the headquarters of literary culture in the Subcontinent: "Lahore, Delhi, Bombay, Calcutta, Lucknow, and Hyderabad were important literary centers throughout the twentieth century, with Calcutta and Lucknow suffering decline in the second half of the century." (Farooqi v) Karachi is decidedly not on the list.

However, several important works of the post-Partition era are set in Karachi and render the city as a potent site of trauma, betrayal, exile and loss. In Qurratulain Hyder's *The Housing Society* (1963) and Paul's *Khaab Rau* (1990, translated as *Sleepwalkers*, 1998) Hyder and Paul write about the emotional world of the *Mohajir* community as it contends with the trauma of Partition and the new social realities of life in Pakistan. Both novellas have different ambitions than the "riot literature" of Saadat Hasan Manto (Jalil), and provide a useful framework to consider notions of displacement, trauma and reinvention in post Independence Karachi. They also ask us to reconsider the history of Karachi as a city of literary importance.

HONORABLE MENTION FOR THE NANCY DEAN MEDIEVAL ESSAY PRIZE



Adi Sieradzki is currently pursuing her undergraduate degree at Hunter College, majoring in British Literature. Originally from Tel Aviv, Israel, Adi also holds an undergraduate degree in classical music (Manhattan School of Music) as well as a graduate degree (Hunter College), both of which focused on vocal performance. In the course of her studies, Adi developed a fascination with feminism in pop culture, as well as Shakespearean theatre. In her free time, Adi enjoys seeing terrible superhero movies with her friends, and watching the TV show *Hannibal*.

Excerpt from “Red Hot: Fashion in *The Canterbury Tales*”

If the Doctor of Physik wears silk, he is wearing imported fabrics he is clearly capable of affording. If the Wife of Bath wears scarlet stockings, she shows that she has access to finery. Chaucer was a careful writer, and he was not only aware of the power of fashion in the capacity of his work as the comptroller of customs for the port of London (which meant he had detailed knowledge of fabric imports, as well as ornaments, shoes, and leather goods), but also in the capacity of his literary work as a social observer and commentator. The importance of red clothing as a symbol of power and riches, therefore, was not lost on him. It is also not lost on all of those who look at *The Canterbury Tales* through a fashionable lens.

FIRST PLACE WINNER OF THE MARY MCELLIGOTT GLOSTER AWARD

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

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



Erica Siudzinski is a native Long Islander who is double majoring in English Literature and Philosophy, with a minor in Women and Gender Studies at the Macaulay Honors College at Hunter. She hopes to study modern American literature in graduate school and is planning to pursue a PhD. She enjoys being a strident feminist, traveling abroad, and pointing out every dog on the street.

Excerpt from “West’s Disease”

The grotesque is a modern technique in every sense: it disposes of the comfortable, revealing the possibilities lurking in a world of broken, empty, and transient morals. By portraying the increasing violence and encroaching fascism of the disillusioned mobs, West prophesizes the destruction of American culture through boundless decadence and the mindless consumption of mass culture. Faye’s vacuity and grotesquery are West’s warning to the American public; this mindless consumption is leading people to force-feed dreams and aspirations to the youth, destroying individuality and organic humanity. Though West’s vision attempted to undercut this empty dream, the societal pressure to conform has not lessened. A dream is never more appealing than when it is out of reach. Thus, we run after this dream, fast enough to keep it in sight, yet just slow enough that it eludes us.

Excerpt from “The Unwelcome Prophet: Eliot’s ‘Prufrock’”

Prufrock describes himself as “At times, indeed, almost ridiculous—/Almost, at times, the Fool” in Hamlet’s court (120-1). Yet Prufrock is not a fool, but merely a coward: he recoils from his prophetic role either out of fear of social exile or out of his divided sympathy for the society. He pictures death as a wicked bourgeois servant, cackling at his demise: “And I have seen the eternal Footman hold my coat, and snicker, / And in short, I was afraid. (86-7). Yet Death does not seem to be there to execute Prufrock, but merely to show him the door. The death Prufrock faces is not mortal, but social; he is the prophet who will be asked to leave the dinner table. Though the poem reveals Prufrock’s ability to wax poetic about the shackles of modern society, he is unwilling, or perhaps incapable, of fulfilling his role as prophet.

Excerpt from “Splitting Hairs”

Throughout his work, Hemingway uses hair as a signifier of sexuality, enforcing strict gender roles; short hair is masculine and powerful, long hair is feminine and submissive. Though his early work clearly delineates binary gender roles, a thread of androgyny runs throughout, culminating in *The Garden of Eden*. As early as *The Sun Also Rises*, Hemingway expresses his fascination with the emasculated man, the masculinized woman, and, if not homosexuality, homoeroticism. It is not until *A Farewell to Arms* that he introduces hair cutting as a form of equality. Hemingway clearly differentiates two types of equality: Catherine Barkley hopes to become one with Frederic and give up all of her power, while Catherine Bourne just hopes to gain the power that David has as a man. Gender roles and sexuality ultimately come down to power in a relationship. If bodily autonomy is the ultimate form of freedom and power, then cutting your hair is the most revolutionary thing you can do as a woman.

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



Jason Sloan is a graduating senior at Hunter College. He is a busy double major in biology and English, but in between volunteering at Beth Israel Medical Center and working at a cell biology lab at Hunter, he finds time for the Olivetree Review and his own writing. He is very grateful for the opportunities Hunter has given him and for the amazing experience of living in Manhattan for four years. After he graduates, he plans to be a little less confused about his life plan while making more time for reading and writing.

Excerpt from "The Kiss of Depth"

Mr. Krawczun, the stubborn, thirty-year Polish immigrant who still refused to learn proper English, attempted to fish out Connor's lifeless body with a 20-foot pool net. He cursed in Polish while the dean, assistant dean, provost and other school administrators assembled around the pool's edge. Policemen stood around, as though to prevent another murder from occurring in the pool area, and an ambulance's rotating lights reflected off of the pool through the windows and cast erratic, red shadows on the high ceiling.

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



Nadejda Webb isn't human. She was conceived in Moscow, Russia to two almost humans, and grew up in Kingston, Jamaica, attempting to incubate a humanity she hasn't found. She is, however, a dancing flower, red cups of lavender tea, napalmed land and a smiling pig. She has spent a total of five years at Hunter, and will continue her English Studies at Vanderbilt University in the fall. While at Hunter College, she was apart of the Community Scholars, the Mellon Mays Undergraduate Fellowship and the CUNY Pipeline Program. She endeavors to laugh daily.

Excerpt from “Infantile Citizenship in Ralph Ellison’s *Invisible Man*”

The cacophony of feelings expressed by Invisible Man are in response to a white, naked blonde woman standing in front of the boys called to fight, stunning them. The presence and visibility of the American flag denotes a connection to the nation that is unestablished until this point. This blonde unnamed woman is a national monument, forever divorced from those farthest from the America dream: Black men. Her lack of name and speech flattens her character to a typecast: she is the white woman every Black man has leered after, in the fantasy of the nation. She is the woman Black men have been lynched to protect. The separatist laws and manufactured history of white virginal purity collides with the need to emotionally emasculate these boys. Though Invisible Man is finally stunned and many are “crying and in hysteria” (13), he still cannot fathom the manipulation that is happening. He stands within the act, not realizing he is acting. As the Battle Royal ensues, the *respectable* white men of the community yell various phrases, including “Ring the bell before Jackson kills him a coon,” and “Get going, black boy! Mix it up!” (14). Though these phrases are intimately violent, the thought of set-up still evades not yet Invisible Man.

**HONORABLE MENTION FOR THE BLANCHE COLTON WILLIAMS
FELLOWSHIP IN ENGLISH**



For the past few years at college **Christopher Wilson** has spent most of his time tutoring students in English and building hiking trails in upstate NY. The written word has always fascinated him and he believes everyone should learn to have a mastery of it. Without the written word we would have nothing to connect us to each other. He wants to give a special thanks to Professor DeSalvo for pushing him to write this piece. Also, all of his love goes out to his family and friends who made him the man he is today.

Excerpt from “Aquilifer”

The beaches feel more crowded than I remember. I sit on a sea-battered log that is sunk in the sand, looking out across the Sound. After the crowds of people disperse, I walk out to the tip of the sand bar. The waves cross in front of me; they break and crash into sibilating foam, as white as the retreating clouds above me. The sand adopts the ripples of the waves, etched by the Sound’s murmur. The waves cross perpendicularly without pause, my feet are cushioned by the wavy sand; I walk further. I walk past the gulls, the shore hundreds of feet behind me but the water is only as high as my ankles. Jesus would have stood inches above me, resting both his feet on the surface. Those inches distinguish the sheep from the shepherd, a man from the Son of God. As people wander to greater depths, toward the unknown vastness, those inches become feet. Even at such depths, the relationship between the shepherd and his flock remains the same, constant. When we walk, our paths become indiscernible and chaotic to the weak of heart. Yet, to those who believe, to those who are faithful, the shepherd forever stands above calling his flock to the surface, beckoning us into the light we cannot always see"

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

Matthew Adler
William Arguelles
Thomas Bolan
Kristin A. Brophy
Christine Cohn
Ashley Cunningham
Ailanit Davydova
Anthony Dibella
Maxwell Donnewald
Rafael Duran
Thomas Flynn
Robert Franco
Jack Houlton-Vinyl
Kitty Huang
Gidget Irizarry
Emily Isayev
Caroline Kaleda
Martin Keenaghan
Angelica La Furno
Ekaterina Lalo
Taylor Latrowski
Maya Leggat
Shelly Leung
Amy Liang
Rose Lin
Christina Lombardo
Joseph Mahoney
Raheem Miah
Alexa Morang
JoAnn Papadopoulos
Stephanie (Ji Won) Park
Susana Pereyra
Maria Rodriguez Beltran
Ramon Samuel
Kimberly Scelta
Monaliza Seepersaud
Jason Sloan
Kate Sokolovsky
Chanelle Thompson
Kevin Tseng
Trevon Turner
Rosita Valle
Vlad Velicu
Nisha Wadhani
Nadejda Webb
Kacper Wegiel
Cinnette Wilder
Christopher Wilson
Phoebe Wolfe

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, the following is a partial list of graduate school acceptances. Congratulations to all!

Vanessa Baish

M.F.A., CalArts

M.F.A., School of the Art Institute of Chicago

Alvaro Barrington

M.F.A., University College London

Thomas Bolan

M.A. Program in English Adolescent Education, Hunter College

Kristin Brophy

M.F.A. Program in Writing for Children and Young People, Vermont College of Fine Arts

Shakti Castro

M.A. Program in Oral History, Temple University

M.A. Program in Oral History, University of Massachusetts, Amherst

Ashley Cunningham

M.A. Program in TESOL, Hunter College

David De Leon

Ph.D. Program in English, CUNY Graduate Center

Ph.D. Program in English, Rutgers University

Ph.D. Program in English, Yale University

Julie Donnadieu

M.S.Ed., Bank Street College of Education

Emilia Fiallo

M.A. Program in Bilingual/Bicultural Education, Teachers College, Columbia University

Brad Fox

Ph.D. Program in English, CUNY Graduate Center

Jessica Freeman

M.A. Program in Literature, Language and Theory, Department of English, Hunter College

Zachary Fruit

Ph.D. Program in English, University of Indiana

Ph.D. Program in English, University of Pennsylvania

Hedy Haroun

M.A. Program in TESOL, Hunter College

Matthew Hitchman

Ph.D. Program in English, University of California, San Diego

Ph.D. Program in English, University of Washington, Seattle

Gerard Holmes

Ph.D. Program in English, University of Maryland

Steven Obiora Ikeme

M.F.A., University of Alabama

Emily Isayev

M.A. Program in Literature, Language and Theory, Department of English, Hunter College
M.A. Program in English, New York University

Daniel Jackson

M.F.A. Program in Creative Writing, Adelphi University

Sanghee Kim

M.A. Program in Literature, Language and Theory, Department of English, Hunter College

Anastasiya Kryukova

Psy.D., Yeshiva University

Amy Liang

M.A. Program in TESOL, Hunter College

Eugene Lyubarov

Physician Assistant Program, Monmouth University

Vivian Ma

M.A. Program in International Affairs, American University
M.A. Program in International Affairs, City College CUNY
M.A. Program in International Affairs, University of Chicago
M.A. Program in International Affairs, CUNY Graduate Center
M.A. Program in International Affairs, University of Maine
M.A. Program in International Affairs, The New School for Public Engagement
M.A. Program in International Affairs, New York University
M.A. Program in International Affairs, George Washington University

Denise DeMattico

M.A. Program in TESOL, Hunter College

Bretney Moore

Ph.D. Program in English, University of Michigan

Megan Pindling

M.A. Program in English, Queens College

Melissa Rabassa

M.A. Program in English Adolescent Education, Hunter College

Eduardo Ramos

Ph.D. Program in English, Pennsylvania State University

Melissa Ramsingh

M.S.Ed. Program in School Counseling, Brooklyn College

Mark Rausch

M.A. Program in English Literature, Hebrew University

Nicole Rivera

Urban Teacher Residency Masters Program, Hunter College School of Education

Maria Elizabeth Rodriguez

Ph.D. Program in English, CUNY Graduate Center

M.A. Program in Humanities, New York University

Ph.D. Program in Comparative Literature, Pennsylvania State University

Ph.D. Program in Comparative Literature, Rutgers University

Simon Sarkodie

Ph.D. Program in English, University of Virginia

Rebecca Souverain

M.A. Program in TESOL, Queens College

Matthew Taylor

Columbia School of Dentistry

Rosita Valle

M.S.W., Silberman School of Social Work, Hunter College

Vlad Velicu

Columbia University College of Physicians and Surgeons

Edna Vera

M.S.Ed. Program in Early Childhood Education, Hunter College

Nadejda Webb

Ph.D. Program in English, CUNY Graduate Center

Ph.D. Program in English, Vanderbilt University

Meghann Williams

M.F.A. Program in Creative Writing, Hunter College

M.F.A. Program in Creative Writing, Queens College

M.F.A. Program in Creative Writing, Sarah Lawrence College

Phoebe Wolfe

Columbia Law School