Delta Epsilon Sigma

Journal

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Wisdom | Leadership | Service

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Email: DESNational@neumann.edu .

The Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal *accepts submissions from non-members as well as members of Delta Epsilon Sigma. While student contributions are welcome at any time, each spring issue will reserve space for the Delta Epsilon Sigma Undergraduate Writing Contest winners. We will consider for publication a wide variety of articles, fiction, and poetry. Our primary mission is to serve the Catholic cultural and intellectual tradition, and we favor work commensurate with that aim. Submissions to* Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal *are peer reviewed by doctorally-prepared academics or other specialists. Submissions published in the* Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal *may not be afterwards published elsewhere without the express consent in writing of both the Executive Director and the* Journal's *editor.*

Submit manuscripts (as Microsoft Word files) via email to either of the two editors: Dr. Robert Magliola (magliola.robert@gmail.com) or Dr. Claudia Marie Kovach (ckovach@neumann.edu).

Indexed in Ulrich's International Periodicals Directory *and Columbia University Libraries' web archive of freely-accessible e-journals.*

MESSAGES FROM THE EDITORS AND EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

DO YOU KNOW? *Thanks to the Amazon Smile program, you can donate to DES by simply shopping online at Amazon! When you designate Delta Epsilon Sigma as your chosen charitable organization, DES receives 0.5% of the value of your Amazon purchase. Use this link and it will automatically select DES for you:* ***https://smile.amazon.com/ch/41-6038602****.*

This fall, Delta Epsilon Sigma has two outstanding candidates for service on the Executive Committee, Dr Jonnie Guerra and Dr. Mary Ann Miller. You may read their brief biographies in the announcement section of this edition of the *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal*. In case you did not receive the recent mailing containing the ballot, you may still participate in the election. Vote for ONE of the above candidates for election to the Executive Committee, either by sending via USPS your signed, photocopied ballot form found in this issue or by sending an email mentioning your choice. Please return your selection by December 23, 2022, to Ronald L. Smorada, Ph.D., Assistant to Executive Director, Delta Epsilon Sigma National Office, Neumann University, Arts and Sciences, BACH 305, Aston, PA 19014-1298.

In the year 2021 Undergraduate Competition in Creative and Scholarly Writing, Clair R. Doll of Mount St. Mary's University won two first place awards. Her winning submission in Poetry was published in the Spring 2022 issue of the *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal* and her winning submission in Short Fiction appears in this Fall 2022 issue. All the second place winning submissions also appear in this present issue.

Submissions for the forthcoming 2022 Undergraduate Competition in Scholarly and Creative Writing are due on or before Dec. 1st, 2022. **PLEASE NOTE, apropos, that the Executive Committee has replaced the single category "Scholarly Research" with two categories representing two distinct kinds of scholarly research (see the details in the pertaining "Announcments" section at the rear of this issue)**. Chapter advisors are encouraged to organize their own local contests. *Before sending the winning entries on to the national competition, advisors must require the student-authors to correct all grammatical and mechanical (spelling, punctuation) errors in their submission*. Please note that the Executive Board must receive all submissions in Word format (no PDFs) and that submissions are limited to 5000 words maximum. *Submissions that exceed 5000 words shall not be considered*. Use the format of in-text citation and Works Cited. **All Notes should be relegated to the submission's back matter as Endnotes (NO Footnotes)**. Submissions may not contain copyrighted images unless these have been cleared by the copyright holder. For further specifications, see the pertaining section of the Announcements at the rear of this issue.

The Delta Epsilon Sigma website—**www.deltaepsilonsigma.org**—invites your *active participation*. The site features information about the Society and *its constituent chapters*. It supplies the latest news, **current and past issues of the *DES Journal***, instructions, and application forms for the various contests, awards, etc.

All published work in the *DES Journal* is peer-reviewed by doctorally-prepared academics or specialists in the work's subject-matter.

We continue to seek updated postal and email addresses of our membership. Please notify Ronald L. Smorada, Ph.D., Assistant to the Executive Director, DES National Office, Neumann University, Arts and Sciences, BACH 305, Aston, PA 19014-1298.

TABLE OF CONTENTS

ANNOUNCEMENTS

SWIMMING LESSONS

CLAIR R. DOLL*

I watch my tears trickle into the river. They fit right in, running with the current, salting the summer air, adding to the flow of water coursing forward. There's something beautiful about that, and if I weren't crying, I would probably appreciate it more. Above me, the sky stretches for miles. Momma says it's colored "periwinkle," which sounds so magical to me, and as I look at how the dusty white clouds and twirling of lavender and tie-dye paint the sky, it seems to fit. All sorts of blues surround me. There's the blue of the river water that appears clear up front but deep blue as it runs forward; the faded light blue of the sky as the sun sets; the blue of Momma's eyes, so bright and pretty as if lit up by the stars themselves.

Blue becomes my favorite color, right then and there.

Before I can even turn around, I feel Momma's hand slip into mine. When I meet her eyes, her smile fades to a frown, and she gives me a kiss on the forehead. Instead of wiping my tears, or telling me that it will be okay, she leads me to the river and we begin to swim, dipping our bodies in the chilled water. I still don't know how to swim well, but today Momma says we are learning how to push against the current.

"Okay, Brookie, I'm letting go. Kick your feet… now!"

When I feel Momma's grasp slip away, I pretend like I'm riding a bicycle, or like my feet are jets on a big ship. I feel the pull of the river drive me backwards, but I kick. I fight. I breathe in all the blues of the world around me, and I swing my arms, splashing droplets of river water in my eyes. They blur my vision, looking like wispy clouds, tasting like salt, sounding like the thick pattering of rain, and for a moment, I forget what I was crying about.

"Good job, Brookie!" I hear Momma say, then feel her hands around my waist. She can't scoop me up like she used to, but she takes my hand, and we swim back to the river's shore.

"Can I do it again?" I plead once I feel the squishing of sand in between my toes.

Momma laughs and wraps a towel around my waist. "No, darling, it's getting late. The sun's about to set."

And when I look up, it's like there's a whole different world. I see pieces of the sky through tree branches, periwinkle turning dark, and as my gaze trails down to where the horizon parallels the river, a golden glow trims along the edge of the sky. I watch as nightfall slowly but surely takes over, fading out each color one by one.

"Did you get a letter from Daddy today?" I ask, breaking the silence.

Momma looks down, and I feel a twist in my stomach, a pang of regret for mentioning him. But she looks back up with a smile on her face, the kind that doesn't reach her eyes. "No. Maybe tomorrow."

I nod.

I look at the sky.

I look back down and meet Momma's blue-eyed gaze.

Momma reads my face and finds a rock on the shore, one big enough for both of us. In harmonious silence, we sit and dry off and watch the tide ebb and flow. Then we pray. Today it is my turn, and I say a prayer for Daddy, keeping my stare locked on the horizon, because I know if I close my eyes, the tears will threaten to spill once again.

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* Clair R. Doll, a student at Mount Saint Mary's University, tied for first place in the Short Fiction Category of the 2021 Father Edward Fitzgerald Undergraduate Competition in Creative and Scholarly Writing.

Momma has been giving me swimming lessons since just after Daddy left. The lessons started when we were walking in the forest one late afternoon, and we stumbled across this beautiful river that coiled around the trees and sparkled in the sunlight, revealing a clear, crystalline surface. Momma said the tide was perfect for me to learn how to swim, something I've always been afraid to do. She also said that swimming everyday would make us stronger, both physically and mentally. Something about the water made her feel connected to Daddy. I imagined him on a large boat with other men in their white uniforms, doing what Navy sailors did. But I never really knew *what* they did, so I pictured Daddy staring at the royal blue surface of the ocean, watching the water form peaks, hopefully thinking of Momma and me.

I missed him to the point that I grew to hate waking up in the mornings. I'd open my eyes and adjust to the bright morning light seeping through my curtains, and for a moment, all that exists is that single golden ray entering my room, and a feeling of peace surrounds my heart. But then I'd really open my eyes and turn over and stare into the photograph of Daddy that sat right next to my bed, his handsome smile and the American flag in the background taunting me. He watched me cry myself to sleep and wake up with such heavy sadness, and he didn't even know.

So we swam. Really every day I had swimming lessons with Momma. Mostly they took place in the afternoon, but sometimes if the day was warm enough, we'd go in the morning. I felt myself getting stronger, my legs able to kick through the water's current and my lungs holding breath in longer. I hope Momma felt the same way. She loved swimming too, loved teaching me how to enjoy being in the water and how to let the waves shape my movements. We spent the rest of late summer at the river, picnicking on the shore and swimming as much as we could.

It is a warm day in early September when I look out the window and see the sky as a stretch of blue, lighting up the rest of the backyard. I smile and run downstairs. "Momma," I exclaim, not knowing where she is. "Can we go swim?"

The living room is empty. The kitchen is empty. Outside on our porch, I see Momma's thin figure standing, frozen. I open the door.

"Momma?"

She turns around, a blank expression on her face. I hear the revving of the mail truck in the distance pulling away from our court, and when I look down at Momma's hands, they are empty. A little piece of me breaks away.

"Yes, Brooke?'

"Can-can we go swim?"

She stares for a little, and I can't tell if she is sad or angry or just numb, but her lips part into a fake smile. "Yes, dear. Get your bathing suit on."

The river is beautiful today, as expected. It is always beautiful. The surface reflects the bright blue of the sky, and the current flows calmly, ebbing and flowing back and forth, reaching no apparent destination. Around us, the wind blows in rhythmic breaths. I notice how some trees are speckled with leaves of red, while most remain evergreen. That and a tinge of coldness tucked in the late summer air remind me that autumn is nearly here, which is one season away from winter, when Daddy will be home.

"The water's probably cold today," Momma tells me.

I take a step and let the icy shore kiss my toes. Then I turn to face Momma. "It's okay. Can I still swim?"

Momma fixes her eyes ahead at the river and says nothing.

"Momma?"

Nothing, again. Her silence echoes louder than the current, louder than the wind and the chirping of birds.

"Did Daddy write today?"

Looking into her eyes, like pools of deep blue, I see tears welling, about to break and spill over her cheeks with just one blink. Her face is pale, but her cheeks are rosy, and her lips quiver with each breath she draws.

"No," she finally says, but her voice is softened to a whisper. I suddenly realize that I have never seen Momma cry. Even when Daddy left to go overseas, she summoned enough strength to simply smile through the goodbye. But I also cannot remember the last time I heard her sing or laugh or speak with even a hint of real joy. "Daddy hasn't written in a month, Brookie," she tells me.

I love and hate it when she calls me Brookie. My earliest memory is Christmas Eve when I had trouble going to bed, and Daddy scooped me in his arms and sang a lullaby. "Goodnight, Brookie," he'd sing, and the love in his voice sank deep into my heart, etching itself in my mind, as if he knew it was a memory I'd keep. Momma stood next to him happily, and I remember her smile. It reached her eyes. It made those blue irises glow even in the darkness of my bedroom, like two stars that found each other in the night sky.

"I'm sorry," I say, because I don't know what else to do. A feeling of worry stabs at my heart, thinking of my father stationed overseas, lonely or hurting or even dead. It's the kind of feeling that spreads ice through your veins, that pauses every other system of thought. I try to meet Momma's eyes, but my stare falls to the river in front of me. I wonder about this water, if it has stayed coursing back and forth in this river, or if it has joined lakes or bays or oceans. I wonder where it's been, because right now, focusing on this hurt less than thinking about Daddy.

"It's okay, love," says Momma.

"We don't have to go swimming," I offer.

She takes a little to think, but then shakes her head. "No, that's okay dear. We should get stronger. For Daddy."

I ignore the river's shore kissing my toes. "He hasn't written at all?"

Momma shakes her head. "No."

"What do you think that means?"

Momma sighs. She's thought about this before – I can tell. Her eyes glimmer in the sunlight. "Remember what he said to you before he left, honey?"

Returning to the day Daddy left sends a wave of hurt rippling through my body. Three images float into my mind: Daddy walking into the airport with nothing but a backpack slung over his shoulders; Momma hugging him tightly, her eyes squeezed shut; the sky coated in clouds, rain spitting down on us like a sprinkler. But before Daddy walked to his flight, he leaned in and whispered to me.

"I will never forget you," I say, repeating my father's words. They sounded so morbid when spoken, but months into not seeing him, I finally know now why he reminded me of this.

"I don't know where he is," Momma says, her voice steady and soft, "but you are always in his heart. He is always thinking of you."

I feel the familiar pull of tears, the lump form in my throat. "Momma," I say, the same way I said it as a child. "I want him back."

It is a selfish feeling, rather – the kind of feeling where all I can picture is Daddy leaving the Navy, walking through our front door, and hugging me tightly, where I can go downstairs in the morning and see my mother and father making pancakes in a bundle of laughter, smelling the batter swirl through the kitchen.

"Me too," Momma says. That's all she says. Then she takes my hand. "Let's swim."

So we spend that afternoon under the changing fall leaves swimming in icy water. Today I learn to hold my breath while swimming underwater, submerging myself in the

cold sharpness of the river and then breaking the surface to be warmed by sunlight. Time passes, and I can tell by the sky, how periwinkle exists for just a moment before fading to navy blue.

We get back home and the sun is now gone, a forgotten memory leaving glimpses of light reaching from the horizon. And although it is evening, Momma reaches into our mailbox and pulls out a single envelope. It is manilla-colored, with inky-black print on the front and an American flag stamp. It is unlike any of the letters Daddy has written before, but a gut feeling tells me that Daddy didn't write this – it's about him.

"Read it," I say, my voice louder than usual.

Momma's hands are shaking. "L-let's go inside."

Our house is colder than normal. Perhaps it is the fall air settling in, or perhaps the river water still sticks to my skin, or maybe it's this feeling of intense, choking panic that numbs all other sensations.

Momma carefully slides a letter-opener through crease of the envelope, and then she pulls the letter out. The paper sounds thick as it bends in the air and is held in Momma's hands. As my heart races, beats loudly through my chest, I look in my mother's eyes rather than at the words on the page. I watch her stare flicker back and forth, watch her eyes widen, then squeeze shut, then open back up with tears.

The next few moments pass by through waves of haze and blurred time. Momma's eyes are a different kind of red, the kind you see in fire when the blazing flame flickers against the black of night, the kind that makes her blue irises stick out sharply, almost too sharp. I notice the way her hands shake, notice how her face shrivels, notice how it adds layers of pain to what I'm already feeling.

Daddy's image appears in my head, and I think of an exact memory: I am seven, it's summer, the sky is bright and clear. We're at a lake, one of those lakes that pretends it's a beach, with dark teal water and a sandy shore and tall mountains surrounding us, like each one is competing against the other to touch the sky. As Momma sits on her towel and folds her legs, Daddy scoops me in his arms and runs towards the water. I remember laughing, holding onto his muscles, watching Momma smile from behind. I remember the chill of the water sprinkled on my skin and the summer sun feeling like gold. I remember Daddy plopping me into the lake, and even though it was a couple of feet deep, I couldn't kick, tread, or swim. I was scared. I remember Daddy laughing, remember his crescent-moon-shaped smile, remember the Navy anchor tattoo seared into his bicep, remember hugging Momma as soon as I made it back to shore.

The memory is a broken record. While Momma sits in front of me, a mess of screams and cries and sobs, all I can think of is how cold that water was on that crystalline summer day, of how it felt like ice trailing through my veins.

He's dead. I think of my father, of his head being blown off by a gun. Or maybe he drowned in the deep ocean, struggling to breathe air. We haven't been told the details yet. But there was once a time that he was alive, loving Momma and holding me. And all I can do in this moment is watch. I watch Momma, the strongest person I know, collapse onto her knees, her eyes a fountain of tears, her breaths rapid and quick like wind in a storm. I watch the envelope fall to the ground, and I know full well that it holds heart-dropping words, that it states my father was killed. I watch time slow down, and I wonder if this is what grief feels like: heaviness sinking into my chest, images moving in a blur, the feeling of helplessness and pure disbelief shoved down my throat.

Momma pulls me close, and we cry for what feels like hours. I think about the river, how it still flows during all of this, and I can feel the autumn-chilled water pressed against my skin like I'm still swimming through it somehow.

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The next time we go to the river, it is winter.

The amazing thing about December is that it uses just a couple of colors to paint a beautiful scene. The trees, save the evergreens, are bare, coated with a thin layer of ice, and when hit by sunlight, the branches twinkle in an illuminating harmony. Snow is everywhere, packed against the ground, sprinkling from the sky. Momma says December snow is fresh and the best kind to go out in, because the first snowfall always brings a sort of excitement. As we walk closer and closer to shore, I notice the river is frozen over; a slick sheet of ice blankets what was once a streaming, flowing body of water, where I learned to swim and kick and tread. Patterns of frost are etched on the surface, and I can see exactly how the river froze, hardened just in the middle of the tide ebbing and flowing. It is beautiful. I stand and see my reflection in the ice, feeling the contrast of harsh warmth from sunlight and cold air stinging my skin.

"Can we swim?" I ask, a half-smile teasing my lips.

Momma laughs and pulls her scarf around her neck. "You're funny." Her breath is crystallized in the air.

Without speaking, we both have the same idea in mind, heading towards the snow-coated rock we always sit on. The oil-painted evening sky, alive with blazing gold, cherry pink, and a small streak of blue, stretches before us, a collage of colors blended with the fading light of day. From here the river is a mirror, a sheet of ice reflecting everything it takes in.

Today is the day Daddy would have come home, but we don't talk about that. We don't talk about the fact that we have spent the last couple of months in some kind of hallucination, from seeing Daddy's casket carried down the church aisle to cleaning out the house and keeping his uniform tucked in the basement closet. We don't talk about the hurt – we live it every day, see it painted in the sky, frozen over with the river.

"Mommy!" I hear someone say. It is a young boy's voice, small and high-pitched. Then the silhouette of a woman appears far out in the woods, approaching closer and closer with her son. He's short, with electric blonde hair, holding a pair of ice skates in his hand. Running up to the frozen water, he smiles, throws on his skates, and begins to glide like he always knew how to sail along the surface.

His mother settles down on a rock across the river, and she gives us a wave. She wears a smile too, one reserved for the kind of people you meet at a random river in the woods. "This is a beautiful river," she calls across the river.

Momma nods. "It certainly is."

"We just found it, yesterday. Peter wanted to go ice skating on it today," she says.

"It's gorgeous in the summer," says Momma. "Perfect for learning how to swim."

"That's a really good idea! Peter has a fear of water. He loves ice, though," she says, laughing.

I fix my gaze on the little boy, Peter, how his skates leave a thin trail of swirls and loops etched into the ice. He is a bundle of laughter, wearing a thick winter coat and scarf, waving at his mother with each turn and glide he takes. And for a second, it makes me smile, makes my heart feel a little bit lighter than it had just a moment ago.

"Look at the sky, Brookie," says Momma.

Periwinkle, in all its magical lavender and cerulean beauty, glows brightly above me. I notice all the wintry blues surrounding me, notice the blue in Momma's eyes, still sad, but healing and light. In the sky, the white crescent moon fades into existence, and it reminds me of Daddy, reminds me of his smile.

I blink back the tears that press against my eyes. "Next summer, I'm gonna be the best swimmer," I tell Momma.

When she smiles, it reaches her eyes. "I guess that means plenty more river days."

TWO POEMS BY EDWARD J. RIELLY*

BEFORE THE ALTAR
For Father Tom Murphy

He lies in state, this gentle, loving man
before the altar in a church too large,
it seems, for his humility, a charge
I silently make as I turn and scan
the mourners, whose sorrow outran
this good man's life, regretting the discharge
from his friends, his congregants, like a barge
turned loose from its moorings without a plan.
No plan, though, surely bypasses the point
that whatever happens is known to God
who invites us in to his lasting love;
so let us use our sorrow to anoint
gratefully this faithful servant, not prod
with tears God or friend now living above.

DEATH INTO LIFE

Alone on the cross, but what cross?
A table from which love is passed,
spread, shared with the hungry,
those who reach for the sustenance
that turns death into life. So, Tom,
when you fell ill, passed into
another world, your cross you left behind,
a cross made of love, of hope, of joy
and friendship, that fed those who took
from you that spirit which said, as we
ate and drank of it, be joyful in
the knowledge that death is not an end,
that love, divine, is eternal life.

* Dr. Edward J. Rielly, professor emeritus and former director of the Writing and Publishing program at St. Joseph's College of Maine, is the author or editor of approximately thirty books, most recently the memoir *Bread Pudding and Other Memories*, the children's picture books *Spring Rain Winter Snow* and *Jugo Meets a Poet*, and *Answers Instead: A Life in Haiku.*

TWO POEMS BY ANTHONY VASSALOTTI*

ANGEL OF FIVE

I hold your hand tight
And smile down at you.
You look so angelic
Lying there in white.
I wish we could go back
Five years
When you were only a baby in my arms.
I thought the crying would never end.
I kept wishing you'd just grow up a little faster
So I could get more sleep.
The weird smelling baby food,
The bottle,
The binkie,
The vomit-covered bright pink blanket that you refused to let go of.
Three years
When you were playing princess
And with your ever-growing vocabulary
You spoke a world into being
And danced and sung inside.
I was right there with you
As your dress shined bright.
One year
As I lead you by the hand
To Ms. Morgan's room.
You didn't want me to leave
So I stayed a little longer
And played with the toys in the baskets
Until your tears of fear were tears of joy
And laughter filled the room.

* Anthony Vassalotti, a student at Saint Francis University (PA), tied for second place in the Poetry Category of the 2021 Father Edward Fitzgerald Undergraduate Competition in Creative and Scholarly Writing.

Five months
When we were in the waiting room
And you were so tired
You fell asleep in my arms.
As we waited,
I silently clasped my hands together behind you
And prayed
Just like I did when your mother gave birth to you
And just like I did when she was dying in childbirth.
Three weeks
When we were playing here in your hospital room
And you were roaring loudly
The IV tubes your tentacles
And I your human victim
Viciously assaulted by your monstrous power.
You were so full of life
For having so little time left in this world.
Ten minutes
When you were still smiling
And holding my hand.
I wish I'd held myself together better
But the tears just wouldn't stop,
Even as I read your favorite bedtime story once again.
Your eyelids flutter now,
And my smile starts to falter
But I hold it up as strong as I can.
The machine beeps start to slow.
I wish I could go back
And hear your cries from down the hall again
Play princess with you again
Drown in your laughter in Ms. Morgan's room again
Hold you tight as you sleep peacefully again
Listen to your roars of glee again.
The monitor flatlines.

DO YOU REMEMBER?

Do you remember the day we bought the apartment?
It was so cold
You wrapped yourself tight in your coat and leaned on me
As we walked in.
Your first thought was to adjust the thermostat
And sit by the vent with me.
I pull your seat out slightly for you to sit in.
Do you remember that winter?
It was such a cold one that year.
And when we finally settled in
We started talking about things we wanted for the apartment.
A welcome mat outside,
A decorated front door,
And maybe a cute little dog.
I place our dishes down atop the red tablecloth.
Do you remember our first car problem?
We went outside one Saturday to drive to the store,
But the battery was dead.
We were so agitated
As we knocked on our neighbor's door.
Gosh, he was so pissed to be woken up that early!
I pull the grilled chicken off the stove, made just the way you love it.
Do you remember when we went to the rescue shelter?
We weren't sure exactly what dog we wanted,
But we definitely wanted one with a big heart.
And ten seconds later,
You had a gigantic fluffer of a dog in your arms.
He was bigger than you,
But we just had to bring him home with us.
I pull the ring box from the sock drawer and slide it into my pocket.
Do you remember when we got pulled over?
It was so late in the evening, but I had work until then.
And on our drive home, the police lights blared.
We were so nervous.
But the cop just walked up,
Smiled,
And informed us that the left tail light was out.
The relief broke on your face like a beautiful sunrise.

I hear you knocking on the door as I put the food on the plates.
Do you remember when we got drunk one weekend?
It was such a crappy week,
And the only thing we wanted that night was to drink our problems away.
We ended up putting on Disney music
And singing off key until the neighbors nearly broke down our door.
They weren't too pleased with our rendition of *Let It Go*, I guess.
I open the door, with our puppy at my heels.
Do you remember when you accidentally found the ring box this morning?
You were trying to get dressed for work,
And we were in some stupid argument.
You ripped the sock drawer out,
And it ended up falling out onto the floor.
Among the socks was a box,
And your anger melted away into tears of joy.
I told you I had a big surprise tonight,
And you practically bounced into my arms.
The man slowly introduces himself as Officer Estrada.
Do you remember the day you never came home?
I do.

ELEGY FOR MY GRANDFATHER

MATTHEW WILLIAMS*

I think I remember best those
summer days we spent in North
Dakota, the drive to town in Papa's
beat-down van, with its blemished maroon
and silver highlights and cracked
windshield, its smell like an
antique shop. From the passenger's
seat, I would peer over the dashboard
to see the fields of oats, wheat and sunflowers
that littered the infinite plains.
The tiny windmills
waved at me from the horizon.

Papa's house was the one
at the end of the street, shaded by
the elm trees which pointed us earnestly
to the church across the sidewalk, where
Papa worked. He looked so funny in those
robes. I was used to seeing him lounging in
plaid pajama bottoms and oversized t-shirts
or carrying me and my brother to our bunkbeds.
His goodnight kisses tickled us. If I closed
my eyes, his gray mustache felt like paint brush bristles
against my cheek.

I once snuck out to
the raspberry patch in the backyard under cover of
broad daylight to see if the raspberries were ripe, giggling
as the grass brushed against my bare feet. I'd been
told to wait to pick them

* Matthew Williams, a student at Cardinal Stritch University, tied for second place in the Poetry Category of the 2021 Father Edward Fitzgerald Undergraduate Competition in Creative and Scholarly Writing.

but their blushing was an invitation to pop one,
two,
maybe three
or four into my mouth. They made
my lips pucker in retaliation
as their juices spilled onto my tongue.
Afterwards I crawled back into the house
to find sanctuary, but only got as far as
Papa standing inside the door, who had
been watching the whole time from the
kitchen window. Like a judge
he looked down at me, a criminal, fingertips
stained with the blood of my victims. He said
nothing until a soft smile crept across his face
and he pulled a step stool in front of
the sink to wash me of my sin.

I can still taste the bitter-sweetness
of those raspberries even now.
I remember that the most.

THE ORIGINS OF THE AESTHETIC, IN THREE ACTS. WITH APOLOGIES TO JOHN ASHBERY AND EMILY DICKINSON

DOUGLAS BERMAN*

I

To order the universe with a string?
Where does that get you?
When artilleries each day mow down the innocent.
With their fusillades.
It's not a pretty business.

II.

The word was immobilized.

The world was expanded.

By art.

III.

Bee suffered an abrasion the other day.
Landed on a tree and scraped her limb.
The Doctor was on the scene and made it right:
"I'll apply a plaster to the limb – and a brace.
It should suffice."

The brace the Doc applied made Bee too slow.
A passing spider saw and ate her while she sat.
In the belly of a passing spider, brace and all. She now sits.

Was it the application or the harm that did Bee in?

And what to do?

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RUST

SCOTT RINER*

The car I drive is beginning to rust.

I noticed it just the other day. I had climbed beneath the car to change its oil only to discover that the orangish-brown of corruption had begun eating away bits of the frame.

I blame the rust on the road salt which the state transportation department deems fit to spread so liberally during the winter months. The man I had bought my car from (a little more than a year ago now) had never taken it out after November; as such, it had been completely devoid of rust when I purchased it, save a small spot about the size of a nickel located near the gas cap, where drippings of fuel had slowly eroded away the metal's integrity.

Seeing the rust spiderwebbing the underside of my car horrified me. I do not like rust. I do not like how it smells: metallic, diseased.

I am not alone in my aversion to rust. It is, I should think, the bane of proud vehicle owners everywhere, my father included.

"You have to watch out for rust," he explained to me once, back when I was a newly-licensed driver in search of a car. I had been seventeen, and had questioned him about why he insisted on crawling underneath every vehicle we looked at before checking any of the important things, like the radio or the seats. "You have to watch out for rust. It doesn't take long for a little speck of rust to spread all over and infect the rest of the car."

That's what he said: Infect. I remember that because I thought it was an odd choice of words. Now I understand it was anything but: What is rust if not an infection?

The car I drive is beginning to rust. It won't be long now until the whole thing has withered away into a heap of iron oxide.

I hope this will not be the fate of my mother. She's beginning to rust, too, you see.

She told my brother and my sisters and me a few months back, after spending a few days in the hospital. She hadn't been feeling well—some intestinal discomfort—and went to the emergency room in the early hours of the night.

"We'll be home in the morning," Mom told me. She looked pale and pained. I do not remember what I said, only vaguely aware something was not quite right, though Mom assured me it was really nothing serious, not really. And with that she and my father left.

They were not home the following morning. A text message explained that the doctors had run some tests during the night in an effort to pinpoint the source of her discomfort. What they found was rust.

Of course the doctors didn't call it that. They had a different name, a more medically appropriate term, but it was essentially rust.

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I cried when I read the message. I wondered how such a thing could possibly happen. Our family had no history of rust. Certainly it was a mistake, some mix-up on the hospital's part. Mom couldn't possibly have rust.

The next two days were spent in the company of my siblings. None of us went to work—how could we?—but instead passed the time by convincing one another that the doctors had misread her scan.

Our denial was put to rest the evening my mom came home from the hospital. She sat us all down, like we were children again, and, after taking a deep breath, said:

"I don't know how to tell you kids this. I don't want to tell any of you this, but I need to. I need to." Her voice hitched as she spoke. I saw that she was fighting off tears. Dad, too. "They found rust all through me. All through me. In my colon, my liver, my lungs."

I felt nothing as she told us this. That was the worst part, I think: the numbness, the desperation to feel something, anything—sympathy, fear, guilt—but coming up emptyhanded.

"Rust? In your lungs?" Adam, my brother, asked. I suspect it was a question we were all thinking. Mom didn't smoke, not even the single puff of a celebratory cigar. How could there be rust in her lungs?

"It started in my colon," Mom said. There were tears coming now. From her, from my dad—all of us. "There was a small speck of rust—no bigger than a nickel—and it spread all over."

"The father of one of the women I work with had rust in his colon, too," said Megan, my eldest sister. "He ended up rusting out completely. When you told us they found some rust in your colon, I asked her—"

But I didn't want to hear what Megan had to say. It was all moving so fast. Too fast.

"Shut up, Megan!" I snapped, cutting her off before she could utter another blasphemous syllable. Where was her hope? Her optimism? Mom was not like her co-worker's dad; Mom would get through this. She wouldn't rust out.

"No," Mom said calmly, as though she was speaking about matters far more trivial. "I want to hear what she has to say. I want to know what to expect."

But I didn't—I couldn't. So I left.

I heard my dad call out for me. He wanted me to sit down, wanted all of us to be together. I wanted that, too, but I also wanted to be alone. I needed to be alone. I needed some space to digest everything I had been told: My mom—the kindest person I had ever known—was rusting away.

No, I told myself firmly. She was not rusting away; there were just some spots of rust throughout her body. Rust could be sanded off, painted over, if not completely fixed. There was no need to be scared.

But I was scared. No amount of logic or reasoning could prevent the fear which gripped me, could prevent the fears from flowing down my face. Is there anyone in the world who can hear that word—the dreaded word that I can't even write—and be unmoved?

From the hallway entered Adam. He too was crying. He pulled me into an embrace and told me gently that everything was going to be okay, that everything was going to be just fine. He said this over and over and over, as though he were trying to convince himself. "Mom is strong," he said. "Strongest person in the whole world."

"She is," I agreed. My eyes were closed, and when I opened them again I saw through my blurred vision that Dad was with us now.

"We're gonna get through this," he said, joining our embrace. "We're gonna get through this. We just gotta be strong for Mom."

We stayed like that—the three of us, holding desperately onto one another—for some time. Perhaps it was only a moment, perhaps an hour. All that mattered was that we were together, and that we could get through this if we stayed like that.

Eventually we made our way back to the rest of the family. Mom was talking with Megan, about her options; how her nurse had put her in touch with one of the best specialists around; how the doctor already had a plan in place for her.

"There is one more thing," Mom said, and I felt in that moment I could not bear to hear anything else. I just simply wasn't strong enough. "There is a chance that you all might end up with rust someday, too, now that there's a history of it."

And there it was: One day I might rust. Like the car I drive. Like my mother.

What frightens me the most is the knowing, the awareness that one day I might wake up and go to the doctors only for them to discover spots of rust forming on my insides. With the knowing comes fear: Fear of the rust in my mother; and the future, both hers and mine. I fear that her rust will grow like that which permeates the frame of my car. And above all, I fear that the digestion problems I endure from time to time are precursors of a larger issue.

I live in fear.

But I also live in hope. I live in hope because my car, though rusting, is drivable; it gets me from school to home without so much as a hesitation. I live in hope because my mother, though rusting, is still alive. I live in hope because a diagnosis is not a death sentence; rather a statement that life will be different for a while. I live in hope because, though there's a chance I will develop rust, there's also a chance I won't. I live in hope because that's the way my mother and father taught me how to live.

So maybe my car's beginning to rust. And maybe my mother is, too. And maybe I might even rust one day—who knows? But I have millions of miles left to travel before that happens.

I think we all do.

THE INTERSUBJECTIVE SELF: BIOLOGICAL DETERMINISM & IDENTITY IN VIRGINIA WOOLF'S *MRS. DALLOWAY*

SARAH LANDERHOLM*

Virginia Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway* discusses at length the intersubjective nature of identity, focusing particularly on the identities of Clarissa Dalloway and Septimus Warren Smith and how these two characters, intentional counterpoints to one another, navigate their sense of self amid a biologically deterministic British society. Woolf's examination of identity and the forces that act upon it is framed against the backdrop of preeminent English values, most specifically, the gendered roles and rigid social hierarchy that motivate the wheel of English life from cradle to coffin. The stream of consciousness narration that Woolf implements throughout the novel captures the intimate and unfiltered internal monologues of Clarissa Dalloway and Septimus Smith, keying in on how the constrained roles attributed to each by their respective genders affect their senses of self. Ultimately, *Mrs. Dalloway* depicts identity formation as being rooted in biologically deterministic British ideals and the colonial ideology embodied therein, a way of being that is suffused with social control and separatism. Via Woolf's stream of consciousness narration, the interior unrest that burdens Clarissa Dalloway and Septimus Smith—two characters who deviate in some regard from their expected gender roles—is drawn out; thereby, their interior monologues, lacking the filters demanded of outwardly projected opinion, cue in on the debilitating effects that biological determinism has on the identity of those whose lives diverge from the prescribed standards of gender and sex.

In his essay, "*Mrs. Dalloway* and the Social System," critic Alex Zwerdling examines the intersubjective nature of identity formation in light of the myriad forces of British society that shape individuals. He notes that *Mrs. Dalloway* is similarly "engaged by the question of how the individual is shaped (or deformed) by his social environment . . . by how class, wealth, and sex help to determine fate" (Zwerdling 69). The scholar suggests that Woolf's investigation of identity in the novel stems from her critical view of the rigidly dictatorial and fast- becoming-petrified social landscape of the upper classes to which Clarissa Dalloway belongs: the "British Empire, tariff-reform, governing-class spirit" of the Richard Dalloways and Lady Brutons (Woolf 76). However, as Zwerdling notes, the social "indictment" that occurs in Woolf's *Mrs. Dalloway* is not so much an overt arraignment of the upper echelons of British society as it is an effort towards "sympathy" and understanding (Zwerdling 70). The author's negative opinion of the upper classes does not exhibit itself outright in the novel; Woolf's malcontent with the English social system, "with its hierarchies of class and sex, its complacency, its moral obtuseness," is nowhere explicitly stated in *Mrs. Dalloway*. Much the opposite, the novel is championed for the careful sympathy it shows to those who belong to the governing class, those who suffer at the hands of the systems they've created and perpetuated. The function of Woolf's depictions of characters like Clarissa Dalloway are two-fold, in that she zeros in on the restrained, disaffected, and largely vapid lives of upper-class men and women, and through these illustrates her criticism through a vehicle natural to the reader: sympathy.

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Like E.M. Forster and Giles Lytton Strachey, fellow members of the Bloomsbury Group, Woolf's interest in writing about the upper classes was not vitriolic but genuine and curious, desirous of understanding them. Thus, Woolf's criticism of the Richard Dalloways and Lady Brutons who inflexibly epitomize the governing class is couched in subtlety, in the language of the interiors of Clarissa Dalloway's reflection on them. Zwerdling writes that Woolf's critical style is emotionally removed from its censure; he articulates her mode of delivery as one that "observes, describes, connects, provides the materials for a judgement about society and social issues" rather than one that makes connections and judgements for her readers (69). In other words, Woolf's criticism is secondary, made tangible via her readers' ability to articulate an opinion based on the information provided by Woolf. This latent criticism occurs through Woolf's didactic use of stream of consciousness narration, which teaches by force a new kind of reading style: one that is adapted to the internal consciousness of the novel's characters. It is through Woolf's use of stream of consciousness narration that readers gain access to not only her criticism of British social systems and the rigid identities they prescribe, but also to the biologically deterministic catalysts that set such social systems into motion.

As described by sociologists Eleanor Miller and Carrie Yang Costello in their article "The Limits of Biological Determinism," biological determinism is a principle that seeks to "anchor patterns of gendered behavior to immutable biological roots" (Miller & Costello 592). In essence, the theory defines that the respective roles that men and women are suited for are specific, separate, and determined by biology. This idea was strongly advanced in 1903, not long before *Mrs. Dalloway* was written, when Dr. Walter Heape posited that "men and women had different 'physiological organizations' that destined women for childrearing, emotionality, and domesticity, and men for competition, politics, and commerce" (592). The gendered mindset represented in Heape's assertions is magnified in Woolf's novel and the gendered expectations thrust upon Clarissa Dalloway and Septimus Smith by British society.

Septimus Warren Smith, a veteran who fought in World War I, is a character who battles with post-traumatic stress, a malady that, during the era of *Mrs. Dalloway* would have been referred to as "battle fatigue." This is the case for Septimus who is traumatized by the brutality of war, the transiency of life, and the death of his comrade, Evans, who was killed shortly before the war ended. The war has significantly changed Septimus' understanding of the world; he is one of the few characters in the novel who is affected by the death, gross inhumanity, and moral implications of what he has seen. Many of the other characters throughout *Mrs. Dalloway*, Clarissa included, do not register the severity of the war or the extent of its cost. Lucrezia (Rezia), Septimus' wife, is chief among the disaffected; she states in reference to the loss of Evans that "such things [death] happen to everyone. Everyone has friends who were killed in the War" (66). Lucrezia does not comprehend what Septimus has endured and she expects him to be the typical man—unaffected by gore and loss—and go about his life as if nothing has changed. But for Septimus, everything has changed. Septimus is not unaffected; having experienced war first hand, he is sensitive to what he has witnessed and irrevocably changed by it. This vulnerability makes his internal identity dissonant with the overarching sense of British masculinity which preaches a stoic and unmoved male disposition in consort with biological determinism.

The doctors who treat Septimus—Dr. Holmes and Dr. Bradshaw—do not consider Septimus' PTSD a serious issue, and simply advise him to get his mind off the war and off himself while giving him medications that sedate him. Holmes and Bradshaw consider Septimus' predicament the result of him becoming too consumed with his own life, too

self-aware. In her own personal reflection, Lucrezia attests to the doctors' lack of concern, commenting that "Dr. Holmes had told her to make her husband (who had nothing whatever seriously the matter with him but was a little out of sorts) take in interest in things outside himself" (21). Whereas Septimus is suffering from flashbacks, hallucinations, panic attacks, and disorientation, Holmes and Bradshaw do not associate the war with causing debilitating trauma in men; thus they prescribe a treatment of sedatives that increase Septimus' hallucinations and add to his internal unrest. They make light of Septimus' debilitation, dubbing his condition as being merely "a little out of sorts." Like Lucrezia, the doctors view Septimus as a man who should be hardened against emotion and internal angst.

In her reflection on Septimus' first attempt to commit suicide, Lucrezia comments that "it was cowardly for a man to say he would kill himself," furthering the biologically determined stereotype of masculinity that enforces unwavering strength and forbearance (23). When Septimus successfully kills himself, flinging himself "vigorously, violently down onto Mrs. Filmer's area railings," Dr. Holmes cries out "The Coward!," immediately associating Septimus' anguish with cheap cowardice and not deep mental struggle (149). Ultimately, it is the lack of accurate treatment at the hands of Holmes and Bradshaw that exasperates Septimus' inner turmoil, perpetuates his unhappiness, and prompts his suicide. The inability of Holmes and Bradshaw to see beyond the narrow purview of British gender roles and understand that Septimus' sensitivity as not cowardice stems from the biologically deterministic society in which they live, a society that resists divergence from standard masculine and feminine traits. Had they embraced Septimus' struggle and sensitivity—a sensitivity that Septimus bore mostly inwardly, as outward projections would further identify him with weakness—rather than castigated his vulnerability as cowardice, his outcome in the novel likely would have been different.

Similar to Septimus Smith, Clarissa also struggles with reconciling an internal identity that is dissonant from her expected role. Clarissa is referred to throughout the novel by various terms: 'Clarissa,' 'Mrs. Dalloway,' and 'Mrs. Richard Dalloway.' Each term is used in a different situation to indicate Clarissa's biological relationship to certain people. 'Clarissa' is used to describe her youth and unmarried years as a femme sole, an unmarried woman residing under the protection of her father; 'Mrs. Dalloway' broadly articulates her years of marriage, wifedom, and motherhood; and the term 'Mrs. Richard Dalloway' attests most strongly to Clarissa's biological status in relation to her powerful, upper-class husband, Richard Dalloway. She is not merely wife, but wife *to* Richard Dalloway, not merely mother, but mother *to* Elizabeth Dalloway, daughter of Richard Dalloway; each term exemplifies Clarissa's identity as one that exists in relation to her female biological status. Her existence is strictly determined by female biological functions and roles, those which allow her to be a wife and mother. These functions comprise her identities: she is daughter, wife, mother. However, when *Mrs. Dalloway* begins, Clarissa is not young but middle- aged. The biological functions for which she is valued have diminished if not completely vanished, and the novel writes that Clarissa feels her identity and sense of self shifting, noting that she had "the oddest sense of herself being invisible, unseen" within society now that she is no longer capable of marrying or bearing children (Woolf 11). Having been made a wife and mother, Clarissa's functions have been achieved, first by way of marriage and then by way of the birth of her daughter. She no longer feels a sense of purpose as a result of having fulfilled the two main requirements expected of post-Victorian-era women.

Clarissa has fulfilled her gender-determined role in British society by marrying a dignified man and raising a well-behaved child. Now that she is no longer capable of bearing any more children and is already married, she becomes unremarkable--in her

words, "invisible" (11). She becomes, simply, Mrs. Dalloway. Clarissa is conscious of this transition from being desired for her physical attributes to being overlooked and unseen now that her attributes have waned; the novel writes that, "there being no more marrying, nor more having of children now": Clarissa is just an invisible, indistinguishable entity in society, moving in "solemn progress with the rest of them, up Bond Street" (11). Having internalized the biological determinism that dictates her sense of value and worth, middle-aged Clarissa's identity is rocked by the loss of these defining qualities. Now, she is simply "Mrs. Dalloway; not even Clarissa anymore…Mrs. Richard Dalloway" (11). Clarissa's role, although diminished by loss of fertility and youth, is now, in middle age, solely determined by her relationship to Richard Dalloway; her status is dictated by being wife to Mr. Richard Dalloway, member of Parliament.

However, even Clarissa's relationship to Richard is marred, as she feels overwhelmingly that she has "failed him" (31). Clarissa's private thoughts display her lack of attraction to Richard. "It was not beauty; it was not mind" that she lacks, the novel writes, "it was something central…something warm which broke up surfaces and rippled the cold contact of man and woman, or of women together" (31). Clarissa later reveals that she has experienced such feelings with Sally Seton, a friend from youth. Woolf writes: "Take Sally Seton; her relation in the old days . . . had not that, after all, been love?" (32). Per the societal view of the time, the passion and excitement that Clarissa feels and expresses towards Sally Seton are not the normative feelings that a woman should have for another woman. In accordance with the demands of her class and the prerogatives of her role as a woman, Clarissa must marry Richard; however, as Clarissa's internal thoughts ultimately show, Clarissa never felt a genuinely passionate attraction to Richard, yet she maintains in memory the titillating excitement of Sally Seton. Because of the strict, inflexible, and heteronormative nature of British society, Clarissa is not able to express a homosexual identity, and we see that this suppression of feelings for Sally has residual implications, particularly in Clarissa's inability to meaningfully connect with Richard and likewise, in Richard's comically pathetic and awkward attempts to communicate with Clarissa.

During the dinner party that occurs at the end of *Mrs. Dalloway*, the lives of the novel's two misfit counterpoint characters, Clarissa and Septimus, are interwoven. Throughout the night Clarissa's internal monologue notes the apathetic and rote nature of her existence, subconsciously thinking that, "a thing there was that mattered; a thing, wreathed about with chatter, defaced, obscured in her own life, let drop every day in corruption, lies, chatter" (184). This "thing" that is hidden in her own life and obliterated by "corruption, lies, chatter" is one's ability to show outwardly what they inwardly feel, one's ability to grab hold of their true identity; it is the capacity to overcome the wall of society-induced outward artifice that separates the shrouded internal truth, struggle, and sense of identity from public exposure. In his suicide, Clarissa identifies Septimus as one of the happy few who, in taking his life, is actually living. In Clarissa's internal thoughts she considers Septimus' suicide—an outward expression of internal struggle—as a powerful, albeit tragic, eventuation of his interior life becoming external. Clarissa muses that there is an "embrace in death," in that in death there is a final, gasping effort to act upon life (184). To Clarissa, Septimus has gained life by relinquishing it and she realizes that the veteran has reconciled, in the most brutal of ways, his internal sense of identity—one that is divergent from normative society and therefore not understood. In death, Clarissa concludes, the tension that exists between the demands of society and the demands of the self dissolves.

Septimus Smith and Clarissa Dalloway both have an internal identity that diverges from the normative roles established by the prevailing social mores of British society. Woolf's

examination of their internal consciousness makes explicit the dissonance between the genuine internal identity and that which is external: that which is expected to outwardly uphold the requirements of gender, class, and race. Clarissa's desire for Sally Seton and Septimus' emotional vulnerability link the two as counterpoints to one another: both characters diverge from the standards of their sex, Clarissa in her sexual attraction to a woman and Septimus in his vulnerability, yet they are both trapped within social systems that make embracing their dissonant behaviors damaging. Septimus ultimately gains freedom from the bonds of society, but his freedom tragically lies in taking control of his life through the initiation of death. Subsequently, the biologically deterministic worldview that underpins the rigidity of the British social system also enforces the narrow gender roles to which Clarissa and Septimus are relegated. In the lives of both Septimus and Clarissa, such rigidity is catalytic, enacting both internal unrest in terms, in the case of Clarissa's sexuality, as well as external, in the example set by both Clarissa and Septimus' struggle to connect with their spouses, who both toe the line in regards to the requisite gender ideals. Thus, the lives of Clarissa Dalloway and Septimus Smith, marred by the limited confines of early 20th-century gender roles infused with biological determinism, are tormented by the inability to embrace externally the intimate desires and characteristics that permeate their interior sense of identity.

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[EXIT DIRECTOR, PURSUED BY PLAYWRIGHT]:

AN ANALYSIS OF COMPETING AUTHORIAL INTENT AND ARTISTIC INTERPRETATION IN THE MODERN DRAMA

MICHAEL ECKER*

Once upon a time, there was a king. This king—King Leontes by name—unjustifiably assumed that his wife and his childhood friend, Polixenes, were engaging in an extra-marital affair. On the basis of this assumption, the king imprisoned the queen and ordered his old friend to be poisoned. Tasked with this far from mundane request, court cupbearer and humanitarian extraordinaire Camillo took pity on the innocent Polixenes and warned him of the king's dastardly plan, encouraging him to flee. Queen Hermione, still captive to her husband's suspicion, gave birth to a child in the palace jail. Members of the monarchical household tried to quell the king's evidently volatile temperament by introducing him to his newest heir, but the king only grew angrier at this action, and true to the form of disproportionate-response, ordered the newborn to be abandoned along the Bohemian coast. Antigonus, the short-term babysitter, must abandon the baby in Act III, scene III—a big moment for the otherwise fifteen-line-wielding actor. Concluding a speech with a delivery of, "This is the chase: I am gone forever," the script of *The Winter's Tale* by William Shakespeare continues most notoriously with the following specification for the Antigonus actor's departure: "*[Exit, pursued by a bear]*" ("*Winter's*" 57). This five-word phrase has captivated scholars since its inception and continues to pervade academic drama studies even today. Productions of drama on the contemporary stage, from Shakespeare to Wilson, to Albee, have called into question a playwright/director debate about decisions made when putting on a play.

While comical in nature, the grizzly inclusion by the Bard makes for quite the practical quandary: how can this moment be staged? Scholarly research on the subject holds that while spectacle practices of "bear-baiting" were actually quite common for Londoners to take part in during the Elizabethan era, this moment in the first production of *The Winter's Tale*--staged at the Global in 1611--most likely featured an ancillary member of the troupe draped in a fearsome fur ("Shakespeare's"). This derivative information, however,comes from additional historical research and added sources, not always available in similar scenarios. Nowhere does such relief for an actor playing the part of Antigonus (that he will actually be chased offstage by a castmate in costume and not a carnivorous forest mammal) appear in the stage directions, "*[Exit, pursued by a bear]*." This unique instance thus stands as the eternal paradox of stage direction.

Stage directions—those instructions found within the text of a play, most commonly denoted by italics—remain the mouthpiece of a playwright. Playwrights use this platform to communicate those intentions they find imperative to the physical mounting of the piece for "materializing" their artistic vision. The presence of stage directions further separates drama from the other major genres of literature. Novelists and poets can take on speaking roles of personal narration, but nowhere else do authors speak so

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directly and so detachedly to their audience. Stage directions, for this reason, remain powerful components of a script. Despite their importance, stage directions can often be overlooked, sometimes only acknowledged when read aloud accidentally by a novice thespian. These italicized words on the page of every script, serve only one function—albeit the most prevalent—of a much larger discussion: textually noted authorial intent. The same guiding provisions can be imparted via forewords, author notes, casting notices; even in such variance, this feature serves as a unifying one among all works of drama. When an author completes a piece from any other literary genre, the work is published, existing from there on intact and unedited. In the theatre, however, a transfer of power occurs between author and production company, necessitated by the very nature of the medium. Works of drama must exist both as written and performed pieces, and this transformation from literature to production often brings about competing visions and *competing visionaries*, making the study of theatre in this context an intriguingly dynamic one.

Most frequently, stage directions deal in movement. The industry standard way to convey visual components of live performance, stage directions allow playwrights to indicate the necessity and placement of certain specifications that work alongside the unfurling plot to produce a complete piece of theatre. The most direct usage of stage directions concerns the mandated entrances and exits of characters—whether or not trailed by a bear. But stage direction movement can also take shape in the context of "prop business," dictating how actors interact with their onstage properties, or even specifying setting. Take August Wilson's *Fences*, for example.

Wilson's descriptive primary directions make known some imperative requisites of setting. If not heeded by a production company, these stage directions would leave audience members flipping to the front of their programs with mutters of, "What's the name of this play again?" collectively echoing throughout the theater. *Fences*, among many discussions, speaks extensively to race relations in mid-twentieth-century America, emphasizing the divide of disparity and inequity that too often accompanies pursuers of the "American Dream." The symbolism of the "fence" already may begin to make itself evident knowing this much, but such information does not appear to a reader of *Fences* so straightforwardly. Communicating those more "meta-concepts" falls to the work of the production company. Before such notions can be communicated to an audience member, they must first be communicated to those tasked with staging the piece. Thus, the "Introduction" of *Fences* provides the specifications to frame the single most revealing symbolic presence in the entire play.

Technically, the need for the fence comes not as a stage direction, but in a foreword. In fact, of the twenty-three times the word "fence/fences/fenced" appears in the script, never does it appear in a stage direction. Each use emerges in a character's dialogue, barring just those three occurrences contained in the setting section of the "Introduction": "The yard is a small dirt yard, partially *fenced*, *except for the last scene*, with a wooden sawhorse, a pile of lumber, and other fence building equipment set off to the side" (emphasis added) (Wilson 1). Any director who disregards this arrangement in turn disregards Wilson's intentions.

Much is said—without being spoken—via this noted organization of the stage. To feature a completed fence only after Troy Maxon, the tragically flawed protagonist, has died denotes a certain metaphorical burden lifted from the other characters of the play. It also implies that loss often stimulates rebuilding of relationships and an opportunity for growth. The specified setting also harkens to themes of incompleteness and desertion within the work: Troy characteristically leaves many aspirations unful-

filled. Accordingly, a hallmark of the portrayal is to convey a pattern of a lack of follow-through. This design remains critically enhanced by the visual of the fence's status throughout the play. The tangible manner in which the author reveals the symbolic titling of his piece, if not made a requirement by Wilson's "Introduction," would go uncommunicated. Notably, to refer to this part of the play as "Wilson's 'Introduction'" remains, in part, a mistruth. This "Introduction," actually penned by Lloyd Richards, shows the relationship between Wilson and Richards.

Lloyd Richards, in fact, served as the director of the original production of *Fences*. Historically in the theatre, many great original productions have been lucky enough to have the playwright and director work closely alongside each other in crafting the original production. This type of arrangement in practice has been paved by immortal dramatic pairings like Chekhov and Stanislavski and Tennessee Williams and Eliza Kazan, creating not only iconic partnerships, but also the precedent-setting staging of the theatre born to their coupled geniuses. Moreover, a slew of the most celebrated canonical playwrights—an equally impressive list that would include figures like Edward Albee, Harold Pinter, David Mamet, and even William Shakespeare—often directed their own pieces themselves, also making for no playwright-director visionary conflict at all (Gassner 223). While creating for harmonious and non-contentious working environments, these uniform arrangements do not produce scenarios advancing discussions of intent pinned against interpretation. These more stimulating configurations, therefore, come in instances of transferal, where directors tackle existing pieces of theatre while not directly affiliated or bound to communication with the playwright in the process. This notion of the director who independently picks up a script, however, remains a modern one, not becoming commonplace in the industry until the late nineteenth century, following a series of lateral shifts in the manufacturing of performed drama.

In its earliest years, theatre was crafted solely for performance, not publication. Prior to the prospect of mass distribution, no communal investment in the visual posterity of a piece of theatre existed since only the players who would come into contact with the piece initially were those who would ever get to stage it. In addition, theatre prior to the nineteenth century happened almost entirely as a repertory production; theaters became companies charged with mounting new productions quickly and routinely. Even playwrights like Shakespeare did not pen worlds that they necessarily wanted to create for their stage. Instead, they wrote ones that could use as many of the same costumes, backdrops, and actors featured in the prior production. Repertory writers stay economical in this sense: what they do not note as a necessity for staging, they work into their characters' dialogues. When the characteristically uniform and bare Globe stage became a new location in the plot, with no accompanying physical alteration, a facilitating character would simply make his way downstage, look about at the nothingness, and describe in great detail (and length) the tremendous sights he saw before him (Goldstein). The suspension of disbelief capable of Renaissance England audiences continues irrefutably unmatched.

When the advent of accessible publication furthered the production of more "reader-friendly" scripts, fashioned with the descriptions previously lacked, drama simultaneously accepted a new identity in the scholarly realm as a genre of literary work. This inclusion gave rise to the agency and autonomy of the playwright in the way they function as player in the dramatic process, as someone whose duties and involvement now could cease with the completion of a script. This "double life" of dramatic works, as they were both performed and written, causes their occasionally problematic nature today. This *modern* dramatic process paves the way for independent and strong pieces

of created theatre by virtue of contemporary playwrights' tendencies towards descriptiveness and attention to detail (Cohen et al. 8). These pieces also number among those most subject to contention and quarrel between playwright and production.

The famed Irish writer Samuel Beckett, known today as one of the most "protectionist" playwrights the twentieth century theatre community has ever known, displays a career showered with more generally positive accomplishments (like penning classics such as *Waiting for Godot* and receiving the Nobel Prize in Literature in 1969). *Waiting for Godot*, albeit a time-honored masterpiece, carries with it comical accompanying conversations brought about by its specifications for staging. The pages of *Waiting for Godot,* visually dominated by parenthetical text, all relate to Beckett's desired imagery. An example of a humorously precise stage direction can be found within the first few lines of exchanged dialogue, as the character Vladimir is directed to, "*[advanc(e) with short, stiff strides, legs wide apart]*" ("*Waiting*" 2). Production teams take amusement in such a direction, as this would usually be a choice made only once the production was "on its feet," either experimentally by an actor or directed by the director. In Beckett's worlds, however, no room for error crafted from such organic processes can exist; the physical manifestations of dramatic moments become just as importantly predetermined as the dialogue that accompanies them. The ill-famed Beckett construction in an example like this one from *Waiting for Godot* remains "delivery-based," describing at fullest extent the way in which a specific moment must be played by the actor. But Beckett also leaves concise and stringent particulars for set designers, much like that of the example drawn from *Fences*. Only this time, however, its relevance to the message of the production stays questionable.

Indeed, the 1984 season became an exciting one for the American Repertory Theatre (ART), for it included heavily anticipated productions of a Thomas Derrah driven *Love's Labour's Lost*, Sam Shepard's *Angel City*, and a musical theatre selection of *Big River*. Joining their ambitious ranks was also Samuel Beckett's *Endgame* ("American"), the setting for which Beckett describes as follows: "[*Bare interior. Grey Light. Left and right back, high up, two small windows, curtains drawn. Front right, a door. Hanging near door, its face to wall, a picture. Front left, touching each other, covered with an old sheet, two ashbins.*]" ("*Endgame*" 1). JoAnne Akalaitis, director of the 1984 ART Production, drew from this description a reimagined interpretation. Armed with set designer Douglas Stein, she set their production of *Endgame* in an abandoned subway car (Freedman). While stretching the given directions to intentions beyond those stated, the Akalaitis production did not entirely disregard Beckett's instructions. In fact, the case could be made that this production did meet all conditions provided in the stage instructions of the script. Indeed the case *was* made in a formal capacity by ardently opposed legal counsels when Beckett became aware of the American Repertory Theatre's intentions for *Endgame*. The discrepancies were ultimately settled out of court on December 12, five days into the production's run. The performances were not terminated, as originally sought by Beckett's team, but instead, both parties made concessions, agreeing to run a statement from Beckett himself in all future performance programs and promotional materials. The statement spared no niceties: "unacceptable," "…disgusted by this," "complete parody of the play as conceived by me" were all among the enraged playwright's inserted vocabulary ("Stage").

The complex legalities of Beckett versus the ART established a precedent of modernity in such theatre production dialogues, greatly advancing conversations of authorial intent and artistic interpretation. Many fought in the trenches alongside JoAnne Akalaitis and the ART in this battle, denouncing the micro-managerial efforts

of Beckett and his team all while citing the dangers of such a creative suppressive approach to theatre. Others found themselves to be Beckett sympathizers, reminding all that the only responsibility creators carry with them remains what rests on the page. In any attempt to find a solution to this dispute, the simplest answer may be that directors inclined toward a free-spirit approach to staging a play should simply evade entirely the titles and playwrights known for "signature specificity." In other words, they should sidestep the controversy altogether and trade in the "subway car" Beckett for some "psychedelic" Shakespeare. This seemingly mass-appeasing middle ground is the centrist director's dream but the ethically-minded director's incubus. By subscribing to such ideology, the conversation might as well never have been brought to light, for what should be produced remains not a list of titles inaccessible to the innovative director, but an assurance of the validity and certainty of continual collaboration on the stage. A gatekeeper playwright like Beckett certainly has his place in the greater theatrical community—a place all too well-acquainted with disputation—but nonetheless a place. Such playwrights undeniably leave behind anguish for production teams but also incredibly intact pieces of art; in fact, merit should be granted for the inimitable and unwavering legacy they secure in their efforts. Their antithetical counterparts—those who leave the door wide open for director variation— equally have a place in the same community. Irrefutably preferable to directors and production companies, such writers acknowledge more liberally the dramatic process. They "buy in" wholeheartedly to the pervading and differentiating notion that theatre is bilateral, in that where one artist's work ends, another begins. Imprecision and ambiguity within a script's bracketing remains the cleanest way a playwright can provide an all-encompassing "go-ahead" for any of a director's artistic extrapolations (Cohen et al. 27). Examples of these vague stage directions stay as identifiable as those of Beckett's, for they boldly illustrate the effect that "option for choice" can have on a production.

The canon of Shakespeare remains strongly known for representing infinite possibilities of re-visioning in this sense. For reasons discussed above, the stage directions of the Shakespearean stage are brief, broad, and bare, making for the idyllic blank canvas upon which directors splatter their shades and hues of applied interpretation ("Shakespeare's"). Such consistent structure has given way to a prison-set trilogy of *Julius Caesar*, *Henry IV*, and *The Tempest*[2]; a "modern-American-politics" version of *Much Ado About Nothing*[3]; and even a production of a female-driven *Hamlet*[4]. As Shakespeare's plays are famously susceptible to variant interpretations, discussions of these examples of modern "director-friendly" playwriting serve better in providing this illumination. The artistic communities of today have boldly embraced projections of inclusivity in their work. Like never before, society sees minority representation in the tangible, visual facets of day-to-day life (i.e., ad campaigns, movies and television, the music industry, and upon the stage). A certain momentum of such focus ensures the narratives of those other than the perceptible majority will be highlighted. In the creation of new art, this transition remains a simplistic one and one that will positively mark the generation of artists responsible for years to come. Establishing this representation in existing works, however, is as complicated a task as it sounds, one whose complexities not fully known in mediums beyond that of staged theatre. While directors seek to revitalize established works to meet modern ideals of artistic expression, conflict brews in the management of authorial intent.

Well before a scene can be blocked or a set can be built, a production needs to be cast. Playwrights and directors are certainly critical players, but ultimately, the cast remains entrusted with all of their materials when it actually counts. The cast directs

the stage for the playwright and the director night after night, performance after performance. This significance, bolstered by a long-standing playwright tradition, makes known casting requirements. Character descriptions are often found within the front matter of scripts, providing in brief those qualities and attributes the author feels noteworthy. Now, the communal call to act against such published authorial intent becomes even more blatant and deliberate when setting or blocking a play differently than written in retribution for past injustices and misrepresentations. Current conversations of progression suggest the only ways for the theatre to make up for its white-washed, patriarchal history include fully embracing gender- and color-blind casting (Newman). To cast a play while "blind" to gender and color, allow creative directors to throw out the rulebooks of precedent, context, and dramatis personae to cast their production's characters regardless of those physical distinctions, focusing only on the quality of talent offered. Modern audiences may thus not only see an actor of color finally step into Willy Lowman, but even originate a take on a founding father too. Equity, the actor's union, has come out in support of like movements, including in their mission statement that Actors' Equity is committed to, "promoting values of equal opportunity, diversity, and inclusion by leading the industry in… foster[ing] a deep sense of belonging in Equity members, audiences, and all people who engage with the American theatre. In short, we're here to #ChangeTheStage" ("Diversity"). Therein, creative voices in the theatre cease to have merely personal moral tethers to the cause, but now professional obligations. The path forward, then, should be a clear and uncontestable one.

[Enter: playwright].

Many playwrights have been closely guarding their casting authority since even before contemporary notions of "gender-blind" and "color-blind" were forged. Playwrights do not underestimate the weight of casting, and for many, betrayal against the given character descriptions is seen as directly affecting the reception of the piece (Newman). Who is afraid of Edward Albee? The color-blind-apt director should be, as in 2017, a certain Albee play concerning a one "Virginia Woolf" was forced to halt rehearsals when the Albee team learned of the director's *nontraditional* casting choice. Albee himself did not pose a threat to the production, having passed way a year prior in September of 2016, but the managers of his estate remain fervently staunch in the preservation of his intentions. Such zeal found the Albee estate in the position of revoking performance licensing from a regional theatre in Oregon. The Albee decision was not a popular one once it broke into the online chatrooms, but the estate representatives made it clear that they would not be budging, explaining that the fixed race and ethnicity of the Portland production's "switched" character, Nick, are vital to the plot (Paulson).

Supposedly written for a Caucasian actor, Nick's character in the script includes the following specification for the actor cast as Nick: "*[…**Blond**, well put-together, good looking.]*" (emphasis added) (Albee). The estate acted on behalf of Albee's perceived interest, and the decision remained conclusive: the black actor never made an entrance as Nick, and the production itself was not mounted. Of greater interest than Albee's posthumous nitpicking is the precedent it sets. In exactly what scenarios does authorial intent reign supreme? Or perhaps a better question, when does it *not*? Will future precedents also confirm the Portland/Albee decision, and in doing so, how is the playwright not to be perceived as the most powerful pawn on the game board of staged theatre ("Nontraditional")? These questions stay, in essence, unanswerable—part of an ongoing debate unlikely to be mediated, but nonetheless of vital significance. Academic specialists insist,

> Questions like these are the lifeblood of the theatre's future. While endeavored answers may prove hazy, indecipherable, and bleak, their asking implies something of optimism and firm resolution: dramatic intrigue is alive and well. The essences of coexistence and collaboration are intrinsically tied to the staging of live theatre. Albeit, demarking that line which separates where intent stops and interpretation begins continually proves to be ambiguous in practice, the debate has been circulating since the evolutions responsible for modern theatre as recognized today and will still be around for many years to come. Robert Cohen and John Harrop's 1974 *Creative Play Direction* sheds sage wisdom on the matter, expressing disfavor both with the archetypal protectionist playwright and the all-original-intent-devoted director, by identifying the hindrance such radicalism poses to the theatrical process: Directors or critics who assume they can ["see" a play exactly as the author intended] are guilty of an arrogant lack of perspective. The exactly "correct" production never existed: our perception is limited by restrictions on our imagination and ability to determine the author's intent, and altered by the ideas and imaginative leaps of our sensory apparatus and intelligence. (Cohen et al. 26)

"The exactly correct production never existed." This sentiment reveals a profundity of irony missed by *both* aisles of debates like the *Endgame* dispute or the Albee conflict: the theatre cannot naturally, in its most fundamental state, allow for mutual exclusivity on this topic. As the genre of drama, the one does not exist without the other; hence, any attempts of claiming as much are amorphous—lacking reality—and are consequently fruitless in discussion. To have modern theatre, there must be playwrights, and there must be directors. So long as playwrights exist, however, textual specifications as to how the moment should live off the page will be embedded. By performing their roles equally, so long as directors also exist, such specifications will become subject to interpretation. As literature, the playwright's production remains the right one; he will always win his case here. As visual art, the director—in all her choices—similarly reigns supreme. But by definition, *theatre* can neither exist with just one nor ever find itself absent from the other. Unwavering—even in those instances where they exist in discrepancy—a victor emerges only as a collective, each one equivocal and together inseparable. Deeply complex, an analysis of modern drama secures in certainty the posterity and relevance of the ongoing playwright/director dialogue in how decisions made on the subject continue to deeply affect the performance of live theatre. This discussion is largely fueled by the study of stage direction—the forum through which directors and playwrights engage assuredly and routinely. While a hotbed for several theatrical debates, stage directions truly can be a peaceful channel for the most transformative dramatic communication and artistic sharing. In these instances—where the processes of drama feel respected and upheld—the theatre shines, making sure the most frightening pursuer in any theater becomes not a fastidiously distraught playwright, but merely an actor in a bear costume.

END NOTES

[1] While stage direction notation and formatting lack uniformity from script to script, for the sake of this research, all author addresses will be denoted by a use of box brackets and italics

[2] Stigler, Britt. "Phyllida Lloyd Set 'Julius Caesar' In a Prison. Here's Why It Worked." *All Arts*, 24 July 2019, allarts.org/2019/03/phyllida-lloyd-set-julius-caesar-in-a-prison-heres-why-it-worked/.

[3] "Much Ado About Nothing." The Public, The Public Theater, 2019, publictheater.org/news- items/buckets/Features/muchado/.

[4] "Maxine Peake's Manchester Hamlet? ." *Shakespeare Magazine*, 2012, www.shakespearemagazine.com/2014/12/what-did-the-uk-media-make-of-maxine-peakes-manchester-hamlshakespeare-magazine-reviews-the-reviews/.

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ANNOUNCEMENTS

CANDIDATES FOR ELECTION TO THE EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

--Jonnie Guerra is senior advisor for the Council of Independent Colleges (CIC). In this role, she assists with planning for the annual Chief Academic Officers Institute and the Department and Division Chair Workshops and serves as the CIC liaison to the Ohio Consortium for Transfer Pathways to the Liberal Arts project. Guerra joined CIC in 2010 after serving for ten years as provost and vice president for academic affairs at Cabrini University in Pennsylvania (where she established the Delta Xi chapter of Delta Epsilon Sigma). Earlier in her administrative career, she was chief academic officer at Randolph-Macon Woman's College (now Randolph College) in Virginia and dean for undergraduate studies at Walsh University in Ohio. Guerra is past president and board member of the Emily Dickinson International Society (EDIS) and has published articles and book chapters on Emily Dickinson as well as contemporary American drama. She was named a distinguished alumna of Purdue University's College of Liberal Arts in 2007 and of Seton Hill University in 2008. In 2019, Guerra was honored with a distinguished service award by EDIS.

--**Mary Ann Buddenberg Miller** is professor of English at Caldwell University in Caldwell, New Jersey, and founding editor-in-chief of *Presence: A Journal of Catholic Poetry*, an annual professional print poetry journal that publishes new poems and translations, interviews, book reviews and essays on poetry informed by the Catholic faith. She is editor of *St. Peter's B-list: Contemporary Poems Inspired by the Saints* (Ave Maria Press, 2014), the Fall 2019 selection by *America Magazine's* The Catholic Book Club, and guest-editor of the Fall 2015 issue of the women's literary journal, *Adanna*, a specially-themed issue devoted to "women and spirituality." She frequently teaches an Introduction to Poetry course, in which she offers her students the opportunity to host public readings for local, published poets. She also teaches freshman writing, English Literature, Literature of the Victorian Age, Modern Poetry, Contemporary Poetry, a Catholic Writers of Literature course and a Journal Editing class that engages interested students in the process of reading submissions to *Presence*. She has served faithfully and well as advisor to Caldwell's Beta Delta chapter of Delta Epsilon Sigma

VOTING FOR EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE MEMBERSHIP

Vote for ONE of the candidates, either by your official DES email or by your signed photocopied ballot. You may send your signed ballot by USPS to Ronald L. Smorada, Ph.D., Assistant to Executive Director, Delta Epsilon Sigma National Office, Neumann University, Arts and Sciences, BACH 305, Aston, PA 19014-1298. Please return your selection by December 23, 2022.

- ❒ Dr. Jonnie Guerra
- ❒ Dr. Mary Ann Buddenberg Miller
- ❒ _____Other (Write-In Choice)

ADVANCEMENT OF THE SOCIETY

November 2022

Dear Members:

As we move through the COVID-19 pandemic with hope of emerging whole to the other side, I send you my continued prayers that you and yours remain safe and healthy. The Executive Committee plans to meet once again in person this winter; virtual meetings have sufficed over the last couple of years, but somehow seeing one another face-to-face makes more creative ideas flow as we work to advance the ideals of Delta Epsilon Sigma.

This year we have two outstanding candidates for the position of board members, Jonnie Guerra, Ph.D. and Mary Ann Buddenberg Miller, Ph.D. Please vote for ONE candidate. You may either photocopy the printed ballot provided here or send an email using your email account that the society has on record. A third choice may come from your own acquaintance with exceptional potential members. If you wish to discuss your thoughts about a faculty or administrative member of Delta Epsilon Sigma who you believe would advance the mission of the society, please call me or email me so that we might discuss the possibilities. Your own suggestions remain welcome; in future we the board may consider proposed names provided in the third position. Above you will find brief biographies of the two superior candidates with whom I have had lengthy conversations in regard to the needs of Delta Epsilon Sigma.

As Delta Epsilon Sigma, the National Catholic Scholastic Honor Society, has focused its efforts for more than 80 years, it continues to work assiduously to bolster student leadership, scholarship, and service activities. At this time, I also wish to reach out to you to assist in furthering the society's goals. As an association of colleges and universities rooted in Catholic teaching and identity, Delta Epsilon Sigma aims to support and foster the work of fine Catholic institutions of higher learning. Each year at the meeting of the Executive Committee, a Mass is offered during which all the members, past and present, are remembered. Please join me in sponsoring the society through both prayer and treasure so that together we can continue to enhance our efforts to promote Catholic identity as well as student achievement and opportunities.

To learn about ongoing efforts of Delta Epsilon Sigma, and to read scholarly and creative work from students and other contributors, I urge you to spend some time perusing the *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal*, the official organ of the society. You will also find an electronic version of the *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal* on the society's website deltaepsilonsigma.org in addition to other current chapter and society news. In it, for example, you will find interviews with students who have won the J. Patrick Lee Prize for Service, an award created to honor the remarkable service of Pat Lee, Barry University, who led DES for 20 years with vision and matchless dedication, and to recognize student engagement that best embodies "the ideals of Catholic social teaching."

In addition to highlighting the service of student members in the *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal*, Delta Epsilon Sigma presents each winner with a $1,000 prize. But in order to continue the Lee prize at that appropriate level, and to fully carry on the work of the society, we need the continued support of our members. The one-time membership fee for new inductees certainly provides us with most of our revenue. But we would be unable to maintain the financial viability of Delta Epsilon Sigma, meet our very low administrative costs, properly support our chapters, and recognize student excellence without contributions from you.

Another prize, named in honor of Sister Brigid Brady, OP, Ph.D., the DES Graduate Student Award grants monetary aid to three graduate student members of DES per year who have shown a strong commitment to graduate study and maintain the Society's ideal of service to others. Furthermore, through the generosity of the Knight family and named for a professor and long-time member of Delta Epsilon Sigma, the Harry R. Knight Award supports by assisting with travel costs a student who wishes to offer service to others outside of the United States. These three awards consist of the newest ways we foster our student member's scholarship, leadership, and service.

In addition to the J. Patrick Lee Prize, the Sister Brigid Brady Award, and the Harry R. Knight Award, your donations go toward these academic prizes and scholarly opportunities:

- Twenty-four annual undergraduate scholarships and graduate fellowships that financially assist our outstanding juniors and seniors. The challenge for us remains to provide enough of an award to make a real difference.
- The National Lecturers Program that brings eminent scholars to campuses, scholars practicing within or contributing to the Catholic intellectual tradition.
- The *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal* that publishes significant creative and critical writing, including the winning entries in our undergraduate writing competition.
- The Father Edward Fitzgerald Undergraduate Competition in Creative and Scholarly Writing that recognizes outstanding undergraduate creative writing and research and provides a financial incentive.
- The National Student Award that celebrates outstanding graduating undergraduate student scholars in the Catholic tradition as nominated by their faculty. Our goal remains to fund this award to match what the society has been able to provide for all the other awards noted herein. Your support can make this goal a reality.

Please consider becoming a Sustaining Member of Delta Epsilon Sigma with a minimum $25 annual donation to help us sustain these important Delta Epsilon Sigma activities.

You may mail your check, made out to DELTA EPSILON SIGMA to the National Headquarters. Or just go to the Delta Epsilon Sigma website – deltaepsilonsigma.org – and click on "Donate" in the menu on the left side of the page and simply follow directions to donate by credit card or PayPal (you do **not** need a PayPal account). Of course, your donation is 100% tax deductible.

We are deeply grateful for whatever support you are able to provide, including your prayers, and wish you the very best. Remember to let us know if you wish to receive a printed copy of the *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal*. The DES Website will continue to house current and archived copies of this publication. We welcome your monetary contributions and any suggestions to make the society more successful in supporting Catholic identity into the next 80 years and beyond!

With warm regards,

Claudia Marie Kovach, Ph.D.
Executive Director
Delta Epsilon Sigma
Headquartered at Neumann University
Aston, PA 19014

AN INVITATION TO POTENTIAL CONTRIBUTORS

- The editors of the *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal* invite contributions to the journal from the readership. Submit manuscripts via email attachment to the editor, Robert Magliola (magliola.robert@gmail.com), with copy to the interim co-editor, Claudia Kovach (ckovach@neumann.edu).
- All attachments should be sent as Microsoft Word documents; no PDFs please. Submissions should be limited to 5000 words at maximum. Submissions to *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal* are peer reviewed by doctorally-prepared academics or specialists in the pertaining subject matter.
- The journal is open to a wide variety of topics and genres. Particularly welcome are submissions addressing issues of concern to Catholic colleges and universities. The *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal* editors encourage contributions from all readers, both DES members and non-members.

THE DELTA EPSILON SIGMA NATIONAL UNDERGRADUATE STUDENT AWARD

Delta Epsilon Sigma has a national award to be presented to outstanding student members of the society who are completing their undergraduate program. It provides a means by which a chapter may bring national attention to its most distinguished graduates.

The National Office has a distinctive gold and bronze medallion that it will provide without cost to the recipient's chapter for appropriate presentation. A photo and brief profile of recipients will be published in the *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal.* Qualifications for the award include the following:

- Membership in Delta Epsilon Sigma.
  An overall Grade Point Average of 3.9-4.00 on all work completed as an undergraduate. Further evidence of high scholarship:
    - a grade of "A" or with the highest level of distinction on an approved undergraduate thesis or its equivalent in the major field, or
    - scores at the 90th percentile or better on a nationally recognized test (e.g., GRE, LSAT, GMAT, MCAT).
- Endorsements by the chapter advisor, the department chair or mentor, and the chief academic officer.
- Nominations must be made no later than six (6) months after the granting of the undergraduate degree. Include with the nomination a 300-dpi photo and a three-sentence abstract of the student's accomplishments, including the ways the qualifications for the award have been met.
- **The calendar deadline for the submission of names of proposed recipients of this award is February 15th. Please send nominations to the Office of the Executive Director: DESNational@neumann.edu.**

THE HARRY R. KNIGHT UNDERGRADUATE/GRADUATE PRIZE FOR INTERNATIONAL SERVICE

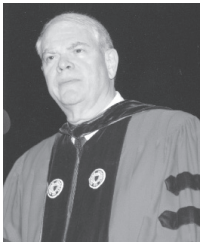
Harry R. Knight

Through the generosity of the Knight family and named for a professor and long-time member of Delta Epsilon Sigma, this award supports a student who wishes to offer service to others outside of the United States by assisting with travel costs up to $2500.00. The transformative nature of such efforts provides benefits to the student as well as to those served. New skills related to work, language, and culture can enhance resumes and refocus existing career plans. A required reflective report, submitted after the student returns, will be published with photos in the *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal*.

Requirements: Applicants will submit the following items:

- a three-page proposal, which includes a statement of specific details of potential destination, travel costs, length of stay, assistance goals, and how the applicant's goals correspond with the mission of DES.
- a brief CV with biography including career goals, other completed service, and academic accomplishments.
- an official transcript of coursework.
- a letter of recommendation which addresses the candidate's character, academic work, and potential to contribute to society.
- **All documents must be sent electronically to the National Office. (DESNational@Neumann.edu) by March 15th.**

THE J. PATRICK LEE UNDERGRADUATE AWARD FOR SERVICE



J. Patrick Lee

Delta Epsilon Sigma offers the J. Patrick Lee Award for Service. This annual undergraduate competition was established to honor Patrick Lee, who served as National Secretary-Treasurer of Delta Epsilon Sigma with dedication and commitment for over 20 years, and whose leadership transformed the Society. As a tribute to Dr. Lee's praiseworthy ethical character and judgment, awards of $1000 will be given to student members of Delta Epsilon Sigma who best embody the ideals of Catholic social teaching through their engagement in service. Student winners of the award will also be profiled in the *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal.*

Guidelines for The J. Patrick Lee Undergraduate Prize for Service:

- In order to participate in the contest, the student should submit a 300-dpi photo (preferably highlighting the candidate's service) and a personal statement of 500-1000 words to his/her chapter advisor. Personal statements should reflect on the service experiences by responding to the following questions: How does your current and past engagement in service reflect the tenets of Catholic social teaching and enrich the local, national, or global community? How will you continue or expand your service in the future**? Students are encouraged to be as specific and thorough as possible within the word limit. Please do not simply repeat information listed on the entry form. Make every effort to explain service involvement instead of just listing service activities.**
- The student should also submit one letter of recommendation written by someone in a professional position who can attest to the type and extent of the service in which the student has been engaged.
- Chapter advisors should select one student from their chapters to nominate for the prize.
- Nominated students must be undergraduates at the time of nomination.
- Nominated students must be members of Delta Epsilon Sigma.
- **Applications must contain a complete official entry form to be considered**. Please visit the DES website, www.deltaepsilonsigma.org, for this form.
- Advisors should submit all entries electronically as MS Word Documents (no PDFs, please) to the National Office at Neumann University, Executive Director: Dr. Claudia Kovach, Neumann University, Division of Arts and Sciences, Aston, PA 19014-1298, (610) 558-5573, FAX (610) 361-5314, Email: DESNational@neumann.edu.
- **The deadline for nominations from advisors is December 1.**

THE FATHER EDWARD FITZGERALD UNDERGRADUATE COMPETITION IN CREATIVE AND SCHOLARLY WRITING

Fr. Fitzgerald

The DES Board is proud to honor Fr. Edward A. Fitzgerald, the founder of Delta Epsilon Sigma. Fr. Fitzgerald conceived the notion of a national association of Catholic scholastic honor societies in 1938 and chaired the Committee of Founders that wrote up DES's Constitution in 1939, thus initiating the national association.

This contest remains open to undergraduates (members or non-members) in an institution that has a chapter of the society. Manuscripts may be submitted in any of six categories:

- Poetry
- Short fiction
- Creative nonfiction/personal essay
- Critical/analytical essay
- Scholarly research in the non-empirical humanities
- Scholarly research in the empirical sciences and in the social sciences

A first prize of five hundred dollars and a second prize of two hundred and fifty dollars in each of the six categories will be awarded. No award may be made in a given category if the committee does not judge any submission to be of sufficient merit. **Winners must submit a 300-dpi photo of themselves to accompany the publication of their essays in the *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal*.**

General Guidelines: Either MLA or APA documentary styles are acceptable (except where they may deviate from the instructions contained here in the *Journal's* "Guidelines"). Publishing restrictions do not permit the Chicago Manual of Style. All prose should show double-spacing, appear in Word format (no PDFs), use 12-point font, and include just one space between words and sentences. Number all pages. Citations should use the "in-text plus Works Cited" format. Relegate all explanatory notes to the submission's back matter as Endnotes (no footnotes!). Do not include headers or footers. The author's name should not appear after the cover page to assure anonymity during judging.

The first phase of the competition is to be conducted by local chapters, each of which is encouraged to sponsor its own contest. A chapter may forward to the national competition only one entry in each category. Preparatory to student revision, editorial comment and advice by a faculty mentor is expected and appropriate, as is correction of grammatical and mechanical (spelling, punctuation) errors, as long as it is the student who--in the final analysis--implements them.

Proofread carefully to reflect the standards of your college or university. Adhere to all guidelines, including conventions of grammar and punctuation. Also follow formal academic requirements of language and style (such as avoiding excessive wordiness and redundancies). The *DES Journal* reflects Catholic values. *Gratuitous use of profanity or vulgarity will not impress the judges and will not merit publication.*

Poetry: Writing in this category should be original poetry, either in verse or prose form. A long poem should be submitted singly; shorter lyrics may be submitted in groups of two or three.

Short Fiction: Writing in this category should be original fiction, such as short stories or stand-alone sections of longer pieces. Fiction should total 1500-5000 words, either in a single work or, in cases of very short pieces, in groups of two or three.

Creative Nonfiction/Personal Essay: Writing in this category should communicate some dimension of the worldview or feelings of the writer. Writing should be true—as affirmed

by the writer—but may be creative in structure or form and may make use of character development, dialogue, or other techniques of creative writing. Creative nonfiction pieces or personal essays should total 1500-5000 words, either in a single work or, in cases of very brief pieces, in groups of two or three.

Critical/Analytical Essay: Writing in this category should investigate a text, or a social or scholarly issue, through a critical lens. Examples of this type of writing may include textual interpretation or expository or argumentative essays in which original research is not the primary aim. Essays in this category should total 1500-5000 words. Provide appropriate in-text citations for all direct or indirect (paraphrased) quotations. Integrate brief quotations properly with correct punctuation.

Scholarly Research in the Non-Empirical Humanities: Writing in this category should present primary or secondary research that provides and elucidates some original insight on a social, ethical, cultural, or humanistic question. Emphasis will be paid to the quality, depth, and presentation of the piece, and proper adherence to conventional documentation format (MLA or APA). Such scholarly research should include an abstract (situated at the beginning of the paper). Provide appropriate in-text citations for all direct or indirect (paraphrased) quotations. Avoid block quotations and integrate brief quotations properly with correct punctuation. Follow all requirements for formal academic writing by avoiding casual or conversational language such as contractions or informal vocabulary. Avoid using the first person, overusing verbs of being, and including other examples of wordiness. Papers in this category should total 1500-5000 words.

Scholarly Research in the Empirical Sciences and in the Social Sciences: Scientific writing does not just include writing about science; it shows the technical writing scientists use to communicate their research to others. Predicated on the rigors of scientific inquiry, scientific writing must reflect the same precision as that demanded in the research process. Writing in this category thus demands precision (the precise use of words and phrases), clarity, and economy because the writer is communicating highly technical information to others who might, or might not, be as knowledgeable; they may be from a different discipline; they may, or may not, be a native speaker of the language used. Many journals have international audiences, so precise communication helps prevent misunderstandings and mistranslations in other contexts. Communicating facts, figures, and methods used in research—as well as the description of the results—has to be precise and exact. The research question, hypotheses, methods, analysis, and conclusions must be stated clearly and simply.

This category should present primary research elucidating original results of scientific research. Emphasis will be paid to the writing quality, depth, and presentation of the piece, and proper adherence to the appropriate disciplinary documentation format such as that of the American Psychological Association (APA); American Chemical Society (ACS), used in chemistry and some of the physical sciences; American Institute of Physics (AIP); the American Mathematical Society (AMS); the American Society of Mechanical Engineers (ASME); and the Institute of Electrical and Electronics Engineers (IEEE). Scientific

scholarly research should include an abstract (situate it at the beginning of your paper).

Incorporating the stages of the scientific method, the scientific research paper begins with an abstract followed by the introduction, methods, results, conclusions, and acknowledgments. The introduction discusses the issue studied and discloses the hypothesis tested in the experiment. The step-by-step procedure, notable observations, and relevant data collected are all included in methods and results. The discussion section consists of the author's analysis and interpretations of the data. Additionally, the author may choose to discuss any discrepancies with the experiment that could have altered the results. The conclusion summarizes the experiment and will make inferences about the outcomes. The paper will typically end with an acknowledgments section, giving proper attribution to any other contributors besides the main author(s). Keep all graphs, tables, and figures at a minimum, and never include visual materials as a substitute for verbal description and explication. Papers in this category should total 1500-5000 words.

Specific Guidelines for Preparation of All Submissions:

- Prose manuscripts of 1500-5000 words should be typed and sent electronically in 12 point Times New Roman font.
- One space is permitted between words and sentences.
- Include a cover page with title, name, university, and home address.
- The first page after the cover page should contain only the title and no other heading.
- The pages must be numbered, the lines double-spaced, and in Word format (**no PDFs, please**).
- Scholarly papers should attach an abstract, include primary and/or secondary research, and present some original insight.
- Documentation should follow one of the established scholarly methods.
- Advisors as well as faculty mentors are expected to take an active role in providing additional comments to students.
- **Advisors and faculty mentors should approve and send all entries to the Executive Director of Delta Epsilon Sigma (DESNational@neumann.edu) by December 1.**

Final judging and the announcement of the result will take place no later than May 1st of the following year. Winners will be notified through the office of the local chapter advisor.

THE SISTER BRIGID BRADY, O.P., DELTA EPSILON SIGMA GRADUATE STUDENT AWARD

Sister Brigid Brady, OP, Ph.D.

Named in honor of Sister Brigid Brady, OP, Ph.D., The DES Graduate Student Award will grant $1000 to each of up to three (3) graduate student members of DES per year who have shown a strong commitment to graduate study and maintain the Society's ideal of service to others. The award is renewable for an additional year for one awardee during a given year. Sister Brigid served as a National Executive Board Member, Vice President, and past President of the Society, and was a remarkable Religious, educator, and woman. She spent sixty years as a Dominican Sister, forty-three of which she dedicated to teaching at Caldwell University. Sister Brigid challenged and aided her students to excel. A scholar of Medieval Literature, Shakespeare Studies, and the History of the English Language, Sister Brigid was among the first professors at Caldwell to introduce classroom technology as a way to broaden student learning. A Renaissance woman, Sister Brigid also handmade her own harp and was deeply committed to the Arts. In addition to her service to DES and other societies, Sister Brigid frequently presented and published papers at the Conference on Christianity and Literature, an international society of scholars dedicated to the study of Christian themes in literature.

Requirements: Applicants will submit the following materials:

- a three-page essay, which includes a statement of (a) career goals, (b) academic accomplishments, (c) scholarly activity, and (d) how the applicant's goals correspond with the mission of DES.
- a brief CV with biography (no more than three pages).
- an official transcript of graduate coursework.
- a 1,500-word sample course paper.
- a letter of recommendation which addresses the candidate's academic work and potential.
- **All documents must be sent electronically to the National Office (DESNational@Neumann.edu) by March 15th.**

THE DELTA EPSILON SIGMA FATHER EDWARD FITZGERALD SCHOLARSHIPS AND FELLOWSHIPS

Delta Epsilon Sigma sponsors an annual scholarship and fellowship competition for its members. Junior- year members may apply for one of ten Fitzgerald Scholarships at $1,200 each, to be applied toward tuition costs for their senior year. Senior-year members may apply for one of ten Fitzgerald Fellowships at $1,200 each, to be applied toward tuition costs for first-year graduate work. These scholarships and fellowships are named after the founder and first Secretary-Treasurer of DES, Most Rev. Edward A. Fitzgerald of Loras College, Dubuque, Iowa. The awards will be made available on a competitive basis to students who have been initiated into the Society and who have also been nominated by their chapters for these competitions. Applications may be obtained from the website (deltaepsilonsigma.org) or from the Office of the Executive Director (DESNational@neumann.edu). **The deadline for submitting applications for the DES scholarships and fellowships is March 15.**

THE DELTA EPSILON SIGMA DISTINGUISHED LECTURERS PROGRAM

Each year, Delta Epsilon Sigma offers an award of one thousand dollars for a speaker at a major meeting sponsored or co-sponsored by a chapter of Delta Epsilon Sigma or by a Catholic professional society.

The society also offers awards to help subsidize lectures sponsored by local DES chapters. An application for one of these must be filed with the Office of the Executive Director thirty days in advance; the maximum award will be two hundred dollars. The award requires a follow-up report with photos and promotion on the DES Website and in the *DES Journal.*

All applications should be directed to the Executive Director: Dr. Claudia M. Kovach, Neumann University, School of Arts and Sciences, Aston, PA 19014-1298, (608) 558-5573, FAX (610) 361-5314, email: DESNational@neumann.edu.

The Delta Epsilon Sigma Store

Item Description	Price
NEW Grey DES Chapter Polo Shirt*– unisex	$39.00
NEW Men's Fitted DES Red Chapter T-shirt*	$17.00
NEW Ladies Fitted DES Red Chapter T-shirt*	$17.00
NEW Horizontal Certificate Frame with Medallion	$65.00
DES Gold and Maroon Double Honor Cords	$11.00
#502 Key - gold kase	$30.00
#502 Key - 10K yellow gold	$284.75
#503 Keypin - gold kase	$31.00
#503 Keypin - 10K yellow gold	$274.75
#502D Key with 2pt. diamond - 10K yellow gold	$324.75
#503D Keypin with 2pt. diamond - 10K yellow gold	$314.75
ML/02S Staggered Lavaliere - sterling silver	$29.00
7.25" Rope Bracelet w/ lavaliere - sterling silver	$66.00
18" Rope Necklace w/ lavaliere - sterling silver	$81.00

* *12 Shirt Minimum*

Pricing Expires 12/31/22

To Place Your Order :

Order on-line at: **www.acgreek.com/deltaepsilonsigma**

or call: **800-659-7801**

Award CONCEPTS THE BEST

The DES National Catholic Scholastic Honor Society Emblem

The emblem of DES contains the motto, the name, the symbols, and the founding date of the society. Delta Epsilon Sigma is an abbreviation constructed from the initial Greek letters of the words in the motto, *Dei Epitattein Sophon*. Drawn from Aristotle and much used by medieval Catholic philosophers, the phrase is taken to mean: "It is the mission of a wise person to put order" into knowledge.

The Society's Ritual for Induction explains that a wise person is one "who discriminates between the true and the false, who appraises things at their proper worth, and who then can use this knowledge, along with the humility born of it, to go forward to accept the responsibilities and obligations which this ability imposes."

Thus the three words on the *Journal*'s cover, Wisdom · Leadership · Service, point to the challenges as well as the responsibilities associated with the DES motto. The emblem prominently figures the *Chi Rho* symbol (the first two Greek letters of the word Christ), and the flaming lamp of wisdom shining forth the light of Truth.

Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal
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