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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 a section featuring student writing. 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. The best guide to our policy is of course the content of past issues. Submissions to Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal are peer reviewed by doctorally-prepared academics or other specialists.

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MESSAGES FROM THE EDITORS AND EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE

- The Delta Epsilon Sigma Executive Committee is delighted to present the 2011 undergraduate writing competition winners (1st and 2nd place winners, and honorable mentions) on page 30 of this issue. The policy of the *DES Journal* is to publish the full text of 1st place winning entries and often the full text of 2nd place winning entries as well. This present issue publishes the 1st place entries in nonfiction prose, short fiction, poetry, and scholarly research. The Fall 2012 issue will publish the second place entries in poetry, short fiction, and nonfiction prose.
- The Executive Committee continues to welcome submissions for its two newest awards: The J. Patrick Lee Prize in Ethics, and The Outstanding Chapter Award. Please refer to the full announcements in this issue.
- All published work in the *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal* is peer-reviewed by doctorally-prepared academics or specialists in the pertaining subject matter.
- We continue to seek updated mailing and email addresses of our membership. Please notify the Delta Epsilon Sigma national office of any change of address to help with this database project (DESNational@stthomas.edu).
- The *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal* can be found online at the DES website: <http://www.deltaepsilonsigma.org>.

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“TILL THEN, MY JIMMY, GOODBYE”

LAUREN MILAM*

It's 11:45 p.m., and we sit in the stairwell gazing at nothing, at something, at this curled up figure lying up the steps holding its upper frame erect—unmoving.

“Grandma, it's been three hours. Maybe we could somehow slide him onto one of your sheets and pull him up the staircase. He can't stay here. Or we're just going to have to call the ambulance.” Her soft, feather gray eyes, swelling red from tiredness, look up at me. She says nothing. We sit, three generations of us. My grandmother: a woman who has been mistaken for my mother she appears so young. She took her husband to the doctor the other week and the nurse confused him for her father, a man only seven years her senior. My mother: the one who always has the right words, strength for us all, yet bleeds on the inside, unhealed. And, of course, me: a twenty-five-year-old kid who has no idea what the hell is going on.

I let out a sigh, adding to the ensemble of chorus we three ladies have developed. Why did the old man give up? What in his mind made him feel as though he couldn't go up the stairs? His body is perfect, but his mind...

“Get me out of this cave,” my grandfather calls out.

I look around at the 4x4 landing that we're all huddled on; I even feel a bit claustrophobic. I reposition my butt on the floor, cracking my back as I do so, my hand remaining on my grandfather's strong back, moving like a windshield wiper—back and forth, back and forth. All the while knowing he has no idea where he is or whom he is with. I look at his face, the lines running deep on his high forehead. He looks like he's in hell.

I let out a chuckle of frustration. Two months ago. Only two months ago was the trip. My thirty-something uncle from Chicago and my grandma had decided it was time the boys took a father-and-son trip back down 'home' to Virginia, the place my grandparents had been raised. As it seemed my grandpa was getting just a tad fuzzy in the head, we all agreed that I should drive the old man to meet my uncle at a halfway point, and they could take off from there. I dreaded the trip.

My grandfather was always a crabby old fart. Complaining about the refrigerator door 'slamming,' when all it ever did was close shut by itself. And God forbid if one should not pull in at a perfectly straight line in the driveway, or turn off the light when

* Lauren Milam, a student at Loras College, Dubuque, IA, is the first-prize winner in creative nonfiction (informal essay).

leaving a room one planned on returning to immediately. Or worst yet, ask him to tell a story. When I was seven, and I had just learned he served in Europe while in the army, I asked him what it was like. He replied gruffly, “Just like it is here” and walked away. This had been the last time I asked him to tell me anything about himself.

So we drove to meet my uncle, and what did the man do but strike up a conversation. He asked questions about boys in my life I had no idea he knew anything about. He asked about my future plans. We laughed a bit, but then fell into a comfortable silence. It was a classic late April day, and we drove in and out of the emotional weather—it putting on a show for us. I remember the green, God it was green. That perfect green that one only finds in the spring, all untorn, unweathered, unbeaten.

We arrived at our meeting point, the Shell gas station. I saw my uncle standing outside of his car, messing with the windshield wipers. I look at him and I’m like, “Yo Jimmy, whatcha doin’?”

He looked at me and had the classic frustrated “I’m going to punch my fist through the windshield” look.

“Dammit. We just can’t go to Virginia, Lauren. We just can’t go. I don’t know what the hell is wrong, but my windshield wipers don’t always work and if we go then we might hit a storm and be stuck. We’ll be stuck, Lauren. I just don’t know if they’ll keep working or not. I’m going to have to call Mom.”

“Okay, then. So, did you consider possibly having a mechanic look at it then?” He was instantly annoyed and shot back, “we don’t have the time.” “Fine, whatever. You call Grandma and let her know Gramps and I are headed back, but I’m going in for some coffee.” I came out and it was a downpour. Miraculously, my uncle’s windshield wipers were still working. Whatever.

We said good-bye to my uncle and then Grandpa and I got back into my car, donuts and bitter coffee in tow.

The trip back was silent. At one point, he asked if I knew where I was going. Of course, I didn’t. The rain and the detours and my downright unfamiliarity with the Illinois country roads put our trip off forty-five minutes. Somehow, the man didn’t adhere to his anal tendencies—we were relaxed in one another’s presence.

We arrived home, the women’s generational trio blabbering on like we always do as my grandpa sat quietly in the background. When a moment of silence occurred, my grandpa looked through the doorway into the living room, then looked at my grandma and asked, “Judy. Who is that over there in that chair, is that Jimmy?”

We all instantly looked to the chair,—no one was there. My grandma took the time to explain that their son had gone back to Chicago. He continued to look at the empty chair. None of us said a word. We didn’t need to, for we all knew whatever it was that just happened—it wasn’t good.

I twist my back again and prepare myself to push-tug-shove this 170 lb. man, this strong man, up the staircase.

I can't tell you exactly how we manage it, but somehow, all three of us stagger into the guest room and plop him into bed. His back is still curved; he's still holding his head up. He won't lay it down, for the love of God, why won't he lay down his head? He won't move his legs to go up the staircase, and still, he holds his upper body erect. My grandmother gently tries to push his head down to rest on the pillow. He says to her, "I want to go home."

"Jim. Jim, you are home, you're with your wife. Don't you know me, Jim? I'm your wife, Judy. Don't you know? I'm your honey," her voice cracks.

Honey was always his pet name for her.

She reaches over and lowers the lighting of the brass lamp sitting on the old radio that is now used for a nightstand. I watch her hands, covered with thick, blue veins. The radio.

It was about a month after that rainy little road trip, and it had been a month since my grandfather had slept. He paced and paced and paced, never ever with direction. He might have fallen down the stairs or walked out the door and into the street. My grandma, frantic, had called the doctor, who gave her the reassuring advice that there was absolutely nothing they could do. Sleeping pills might help. They didn't. For years, I was the only grandchild, so obviously, my grandparents had always spoiled me rotten. The ways in which they did so were numerous—ranging from fixing flat tires, loaning me money, giving me a place to stay, feeding me, or being there for me during my pregnancy. I knew it was my turn to give back. My grandma needed sleep. She hadn't slept and she was so tired. I didn't want to lose her, too.

So I came to take a nightly shift. It was four a.m. and he had paced back and forth, back and forth, "Rodney! We have to go; we have to get out of here!" "Grandpa, there is no Rodney here. You're at your house, and your wife is so tired. And Grandpa, I am so tired. Please, just lie down and sleep. You need your sleep so much, Grandpa. Do it for your wife, she needs you and loves you so much. Please sleep." I led him to the bed and he lay down for several minutes. I lay on the floor next to the bed, exhausted, the legs of the wooden radio in front of me.

I've heard the story several times. It was 1964 and my grandma, a blonde petite 20-year-old girl, was working at a factory in the city. It was her wedding anniversary, but her co-workers wanted her to go out, if anything, just for a couple. As it was her wedding anniversary, she knew she should get back home, but why not go out for just a few? A few turned into a few hours, and she finally managed to make it home. Her husband was there with a brand new radio/record player adorned with a large red bow

waiting for his honey. He had carried it thirteen city blocks for her—thirteen city blocks in the cold. And she was late getting home. She never went out again after that, for she knew where she wanted to be.

Now, although the radio still works, the turntable is broken from my uncle Jimmy playing with it, and there's a streak of pink nail polish that my six-year-old mother had gotten on the woodwork. But I know my grandma still finds it beautiful. I know I do.

I hear my grandpa move from the bed. His feet come down right in front of my face. I feel like I'm in a never-ending nightmare. It's 4:30 a.m. God this is so exhausting. I bolt up, not quite sure where I'm getting the energy. He needs to use the bathroom. I follow him into the area set up with a portable toilet—the stairs are just too risky at night. I turn on the light and help him pull his pants down. He no longer stands to pee, he has to sit. The man can pace for hours without sleep but he can't set himself on the toilet. He holds on to my shoulders as I lower him down, but the toilet, the damn toilet. It's too short for him to properly position himself, so I have to help him lift up and sit. Lift up again and sit. Lift up and sit. My back kills me; he uses me too much for support. I'm not that strong. Finally, I sit him down and have to push his penis down into the toilet. I have to touch and push his penis into the toilet. I left. God, just let him retain some of his dignity. I hate this for him. I hate this for myself, this man—unable to piss by himself in the toilet.

Several moments go by and I knock on the door and ask him if he's ready for help. I hear nothing, so I repeat myself. Again, I hear nothing. While knocking, I crack open the door and peek through, trying not to surprise him. I see him sitting there, head bowed. I walk over to him,

“Okay, Grandpa. It's time to get up. Let's get you back to bed.”

While I prepare to help him stand up, I feel warm liquid seeping through my thick woolen socks. I look down—before release, his penis had escaped the toilet and not only soaked his pajamas and his socks—but had sprayed the walls and the floor.

“Grandpa! Seriously!”

I dig right into the sopping mess, peeling off the wet socks that expose his brittle yellow nails, his white veiny feet. I roll down his pajama pants, and with them, soak up the puddles on the floor. I tell him to stay where he is and I come back with a set of new pajamas and more socks. After wiping him down, I start to redress him, all the while not looking him in the face, all the while wondering how he feels—all the while knowing that I hate what I'm doing, but God, I hope someone would do it for me someday.

I hold on to his shoulders, him holding on to mine, and I help him get up. As I reach behind him and start to pull up his pants, he says quietly,

“Lauren.” “Hold on, Grandpa, let me finish getting you dressed.” I pull down his

shirt and stand back and then I see. He's looking straight into my eyes, his liquid midnight blue eyes, and he says this, "Lauren, you are the best granddaughter a man could ever have. I love you so much." I'm stunned. It's like someone is handing me the definition of love, right here in this moment. I stutter something in reply, about how I love him, too, and about how I think he's the greatest grandpa ever, and I know I mean every word.

So my grandmother, my mother, and myself, we're sitting around my grandfather, tired from the stair ordeal and discussing what on earth we're going to do. I look at my grandmother and think of how the longest relationship I'd ever had lasted about two years, only two years, and it broke my heart when we separated. Grandma started dating this man when she was fourteen, fifty years ago. I can't even fathom it, I just can't. To talk of something else other than the possibility of nursing homes, I ask for the hundredth time for her to tell me about when she met Grandpa. I love hearing it, over and over again, because she remembers something different each time.

They had dated for about a year when my great granddad, my grandma's pop, decided to move the family up to Chicago. The economy was poor and the physical effects of coal mining were proving too much for my great-granddad. My grandparents, at the time fifteen and twenty-two, decided to just let the relationship go, knowing the move would prove hard on their young relationship. So my grandma leaves Virginia and what does she do, she cries over her boy from down home. Not too long after my grandmother's move up north, her Jimmy moved to Chicago and swept her away to the courthouse to begin their life together—all full of hope and promise. Apparently, at just that time, there was a song hugely popular on the radio by Kathy Linden, and my grandma would sing along.

"When he has travelled the land and the sea, He'll stop his roamin' and come home to me, Give me a kiss for each tear and each sigh, Till then my Jimmy, Jimmy goodbye."

Now, a little over a year from the pacing and the restlessness, we sit around this sightless, slobbering, diaper wearing lump of what used to be my grandfather. Now, he sits motionless. Whenever I visit him, I always make sure to give him a kiss on the forehead, avoiding the long streams of spit that slide down his chin and the side of his face to his bib. As I sit back and watch, though, I see my grandma, wiping his mouth off as she leans over and talks softly into his ear. Then, with a smile on her face, she kisses the lips of the man she so loves.

THE DOG SITTER

JESSICA RAFALCO *

A boy died out on one of the back roads last night. The official term is “rural road,” which means “unpaved, winding, and dangerous.” He was sixteen, and drunk, and this is what the kids behind the counter at the gas station are talking about when I come up to pay for my coffee.

“I hear he hit a boulder so hard it moved,” says the first kid, with the greasy long hair.

“Jesus,” says the second kid, the one with the winding, vine-like tattoo on his right arm. “How fast do you think he was going?”

I stand at the counter with the Styrofoam cup in my hand, searing my palm. I set it down, and it makes a dull thudding noise.

Greasy looks to Vine Guy, eyebrows raised and lips pursed in a silent reprimand. Vine Guy turns to face me, smiling a customer service smile. “Hi,” he says. “Sorry about that. Just the coffee?”

I nod. “That’s okay. Did either of you know him?”

Greasy says, “No. But get this: I heard he died on his way to get cigarettes.”

“*Jesus.*” Vine Guy holds a hand out to me. “It’s a buck seventy-nine. Do you think he was on his way *here*?”

I set the money on the counter, and Vine Guy reaches for it. Greasy is stocking Camels on one of the shelves, and he holds out a box at us for emphasis. “Who knows?” he says. “I do think that’s one fucked-up thing to die over.”

“But if he was on his way *here*,” Vine Guy says, and shakes his head. “It’s like we were responsible or something, kind of.”

“What do you mean?” Greasy says. “We weren’t working last night.”

I pick up my coffee and take a sip. “Jack Daniels is more responsible than either of you,” I say.

Greasy chuckles. I think he likes me, in a Mrs. Robinson way. He stares at my tits every time I’m in here, but is always deferential. Vine Guy scratches at the shrubbery on his arm. “I know,” he says. “It’s just, like, close to home or whatever. It makes me feel sleazy. I don’t know.”

* Jessica Rafalco, a student at King’s College in Wilkes-Barre, PA, is the first-place winner in the short fiction category.

Oz has a theory about this. He says that in some way we're all murderers. Every one of our actions has zillions of unforeseen consequences, he tells me. He uses the example of picking your nose. Let's say you pick your nose and don't wash your hands, and then you go touching something, someplace. What if you have a cold, and someone with lousy immunity—someone with cancer, someone with AIDS—touches what you touched? He catches your cold, but for him it's something deadly, a current that runs through his veins and short circuits his body. He dies, and you did it. Accidental murder, it's called, and we've all committed it.

Oz is writing a true crime book, and he has a lot of theories. He has been writing this book for three years, but he's never completed a single page.

Sometimes I think about slipping Greasy my phone number and fucking him in the back of his rusty white Cavalier with the death metal bumper stickers. But today I just leave with my coffee and say, "You kids be safe," as if they ever listen.

I work in a small town a few exits down the interstate from where I live, a cloistered community of artificial hominess. Big houses and small businesses and a population composed twenty percent of backwoods hicks and eighty percent of white-collar workers too obsessed with their own privacy to live in the city. It's the kind of town you always see on *20/20* specials, Barbara Walters standing on a dirt path canopied by colossal trees and maybe a horse in the background, and the caption under her impossibly wrinkled face says MURDER IN A SMALL TOWN. This place is the punch line of every breaking news report.

People in small towns always have small dogs, and my job is to watch the dogs when their owners are away. I'm a professional dog sitter, which is somehow more depressing than being an amateur dog sitter. This week the Winters are on vacation, and I'm watching their Jack Russell terrier. I take her for a walk around the Winters' neighborhood, all sidewalks and dead end cul-de-sacs. She doesn't like the leash: she tugs when I want her to stay still; she sits and digs her paws into other peoples' lawns when I want her to move.

Her nails are too long. I'm supposed to clip them, but I never do. When I finally manage to yank her from her place in the grass, she starts pulling me down the bell-shaped end of the street. There are weeds, brownish grass, beer cans crushed into accordions. The dog spots a rock in the dirt, and begins barking at it.

I think about the boulder that the boy hit, the one that moved, and begin to sweat along my hairline. I had meant to pick up a pack of Pall Malls for Oz at the gas station—he smokes them as he writes, fingers vised so hard that their filters crinkle and the smoke escapes at right angles from his body—but something about Greasy's story stopped me. Buying my husband cigarettes is its own type of murder, and he must know this. Like so many other things in our marriage, I wonder if this is a test.

The dog's barking fills my ears dully, like cotton balls. When I get like this, too deep in thought, there is a sound barrier around my brain keeping it free from outside distractions. It's how Oz must feel all the time, I think, as he chain smokes and reads court transcripts and studies crime scene photos. He says that the job of a true crime writer is to inhabit the mind of his subject, to recreate the murder with words.

He's been researching this book for three years, and he hasn't written a single page.

This dog is always barking at rocks. I think I get where she's coming from.

Her barks are rhythmic, like chest compressions, heave-ho-heave-ho, WOOF-woof-WOOF-woof. The rock is unmoved. The dog bucks, and I feel her energy travel the length of the leash, jerking my limp hand up and down. And I let her bark.

This goes on for several minutes, until the dog abruptly stops. Her ears perk up. I follow them, as if they're pointed fingers, and see a man emerging from the leaves and fallen tree limbs in the distance. I scan the man for torn shirt collars, bloody knives, severed heads. He could be a murderer, I think dimly, and Oz's voice in my head says, "We all are."

The dog strains towards the man, and I flex my pinky around my end of the leash. The dog pulls and my pinky stretches, like I'm double-jointed even though I'm not, and I let the pain work its way through my hand.

Oz told me a story once, maybe six years ago—before the book—about his mother. He didn't like to talk about her, or anyone from his family, but we were newlyweds and this was the kind of sinister anecdote you told your spouse, less for sympathy and more for catharsis. More just to tell it. When he was four years old, his mother would take him on errands downtown; he was old enough to walk, but still too easily distracted by bright lights and loud noises—flashes and bangs in his periphery. So she would walk him around the city on a leash. Like a dog. A white harness crisscrossing his chest like a misplaced sacrament, and a nylon lead that hooked onto a loop in the back, and this is Oz's first childhood memory. Of restraint. Of being chained.

When we got married, Oz took my last name and ditched his family's. That's its own kind of murder, too.

The man walks with an odd exuberance, a bounce in his step, but this is at odds with the expression on his face: furrowed brow, pursed lips, squinted eyes. "Your dog is barking," he says as he comes to stand before us. His voice is hoarse, quiet, unthreatening. He has long, stringy hair but a close-trimmed beard.

"It's not my dog," I say. As if to prove this, I slip my pinky free and the dog closes the remaining distance between herself and the man. The dog bounces on her hind legs and places her front paws on his jeans, which are worn but not ripped. He wears a loose-fitting corduroy jacket; his hands are gloved.

“Barking at a dirt clod,” the man says, shaking his head.

“It’s a rock,” I say.

The man doesn’t refute me. He puts a hand on the dog’s head, a hand so big it looks like a novelty hat. I could pile fruit on that hand and the dog would look like the Chiquita Banana girl. The lines in the man’s forehead have loosened, and his lips are now stretched in a noncommittal grimace. He doesn’t make the dog back away.

I cross my arms. “So, like, what?” I ask. “You live in the forest and only come out when dogs misbehave?”

He sighs. “I *work* in the forest and only come out when I need to take a break. I trim the trees so they can build more houses.”

So he’s a worker, not a creepy woods-dwelling ax murderer. This should be a relief—but something is missing. “If you were trimming the trees,” I say, “how could you hear the dog’s barking over the sound of, like, your chainsaw or whatever?”

He shrugs. “I didn’t say I’m *good* at my job. I was sitting back there drinking a beer, because that usually puts me in a mindset where I don’t give as much of a damn about what I’m doing: destroying trees to build more houses for people like you, who think I’m a lousy vagrant or something.”

“You don’t look like a vagrant,” I say. “You look like Charles Manson.”

The man scowls at me. The dog is still pressed against his leg, and he bends down to pick her up. “Charles Manson crossed with Doctor Dolittle,” he says. “And it *is* a dirt clod, not a rock.”

To demonstrate, he lifts his foot and stomps on the rock. It collapses under his boot soundlessly, dust rising from the ground. Something that seemed substantial reduced to something transparent. Oz would call that a metaphor for life. Or death, which he claims is pretty much the same thing.

Sometimes Oz tells me about the women who marry psychopaths and then agree to help them kidnap people, or murder them. Wives-cum-accomplices, he calls them. And in every story of a woman binding and gagging someone at her husband’s request, there seems to be a silent reprimand. He seems to be saying, “You’d never love me enough to do something like that.”

Sometimes I think that Oz is going to murder me in my sleep, but I don’t let this bother me.

The tipsy lumberjack looks at me now, smiling in triumph. “Whose dog is this, if she’s not yours?”

“Did you hear about that kid that died last night?” I ask.

The man nods. “This his dog?”

“Of course not.”

“That’s lucky, I guess.” The man shrugs. “One less person to worry about leaving behind.”

I blink at him. “So you drink on the job?”

“I drink whenever it moves me to do so.”

“Is it moving you right now?”

He cocks an eyebrow at me, smirks. “A little.”

I invite the man—he tells me his name is Lawrence—back to the Winters’ house. I let myself in with the key they give me whenever they’re away, and do not ask Lawrence to take off his dirty shoes before stomping on the immaculate hardwood floors. He lets the dog out of his arms. She runs off to some other part of the house while Lawrence surveys the kitchen.

“You could fit a fucking redwood in here,” he says, looking up at the vaulted ceiling, the skylight over the breakfast island.

“Isn’t that where you come in?” I am in the refrigerator, scanning the shelves. Red wine. A few bottles of some German-sounding beer. It’s like I’m a teenager stealing her parents’ booze.

He hit a boulder so hard it moved.

Beers in hand, I turn to face Lawrence. I wonder if he thinks we’re here to have sex. I don’t know if that’s why.

He takes one of the bottles from me. “Thanks.” He’s talking to the ceiling, not to me. “People like this make me sick.”

“If it’s any consolation,” I say, “people like *you* make *them* sick.”

I met Oz in college, and I knew immediately that he came from money. Who gets stuck with a dopey name like “Oswald” if your parents don’t have a Swiss bank account and several land holdings in the South of France to back it up? We lived on the same floor in the same dorm, and one night he wandered into the common room, sat in the armchair beside me, and said, “You’re very pretty.”

I was reading for my International Studies class, and without looking up at Oz, I said, “You’re very cheesy.”

“You know what I like about the girls at this school?” Back then, Oz had a booming but unaffected voice, loud but a little twangy, an exuberant hillbilly. His speech always sounded pleasantly slurred, devoid of punctuation to get between the flow of words. “They all think I’m an asshole.”

“What you mean, then, is that they’re all very perceptive.”

He leaned over his armrest, so that I could see his profile in my periphery. “You’d never go out with me,” he said.

“That’s not strictly true.” I turned a page in my book. “I probably wouldn’t go out with you—but I’d stay in with you.”

I was nineteen and horny, and Oz was twenty and beautiful. Tall but not gangly, thin but not gawky, muscular but not hulking. His eyes were green, and later on—after I decided I liked him—I would make jokes about the Emerald City. He’d say,

“Ha-ha, Mir, like I’ve never heard that before,” and then he’d kiss me.

Lawrence and I are silently sipping our beers, standing a foot away from each other in the kitchen, and the dog returns with a rubber bone in her mouth. She’s punctured it, so now it doesn’t squeak, but instead makes an asthmatic, choked sound—rubber gasping against rubber. Lawrence takes the bone, throws it down the hallway, and watches the dog scamper after it.

“People who live like such assholes shouldn’t be allowed to have such a nice dog,” he says.

“Or such nice beer.” I wander into the adjoining room, what the Winters family calls the salon, and sit on the couch. Lawrence doesn’t immediately join me, which doesn’t bother me. “So what are you? Like, a contractor? Or some rakish independent lumberjack guy who gets drunk in the woods and then chops down some trees?”

The dog returns, and Lawrence throws the toy again before responding to me. “I work for the city. They send me places, and I take care of what needs to be taken care of.”

“That sounds seedy.”

He shrugs, coming to sit beside me on the couch. He leaves a cushion between us. “I’m an environmental undertaker making an entry-level public servant’s salary. It’s disgustingly on the up-and-up.”

He’s still wearing his gloves, and when he shifts the bottle from hand to hand, bits of leaves and dirt stay stuck to the glass. “Is that such a heavy-duty task?” I ask, tugging on my own fingers.

“You mean the gloves?”

I nod. “Make yourself comfortable,” I say, without quite knowing why I’m saying it.

The dog runs into the room, hopping on the middle cushion without hesitation. She nudges Lawrence’s arm, but he’s still staring at his own gloved hands. After a few seconds of unsuccessful prodding, the dog sighs and settles on the couch. “I usually keep them on because my hand freaks people out,” says Lawrence.

“Like, it tells ghost stories in a Vincent Price voice?”

He doesn’t laugh. Wordlessly, he removes his right glove. I glance at his hand, which seems normal enough, but I don’t say anything. Lawrence then pulls the left glove off, revealing a mutilated mess of flesh and scar tissue attached to a wrist. His palm, big and welcoming, is unmarred, and his thumb and index finger stand erect. Beyond that, though, is a single mass, a ridge of knuckles without fingers.

“Ta da,” he says.

“How did that happen?”

“When I was sixteen, my older brother scored us a case of beer and some illegal

fireworks. You mix the two of them, and three of your fingers wind up on a fiery, one-way bottle rocket trip.”

“Oh,” I say. For some reason, the mundaneness of Lawrence’s story disappoints me. I am used to sensationalized accounts of people being tortured and having fingers sliced off one by one; I am used to harrowing escapes from barbed-wire cages; I am used to cannibals dining on digits.

Which is all just a way of saying, I am used to having Oz for a husband.

The problem is, you never see it coming. One day, your husband is a thoughtful and lively man, excited for his first child to be born. He holds you more tightly in bed each night; he buys Mozart tapes to play to your stomach. And the next day, with his arm still around you and the music playing at low volume in the background, you wake up with blood smearing your thighs and a wrenching pain in your stomach like someone is trying to mold your insides into a new and impossible shape.

Oz has never said it outright, but the miscarriage was my own accidental murder.

Lawrence is staring at his own knuckles in a bemused way; having whipped out the familiar deformity for a new and captive audience, he has to pretend he’s still surprised to only find two fingers on that hand. The dog looks up and sniffs at Lawrence’s hand, bored and unconcerned; I shift my weight, and she hops off the couch. I reach over and put my own fingers to the bumpy scar tissue, soft and warm and almost cottony. Lawrence doesn’t seem bothered by the contact.

I dated a boy in high school who had webbed toes, I want to tell him. But that’s not really the same thing.

The hand I have on Lawrence’s hand is the one with my wedding ring. The golden band looks dull against the stark white scars.

I can feel Lawrence’s breaths, now long and deep, vibrating the small bones in his hand. “That kid,” he says. “The one who died?”

I swallow. “What about him?”

“He didn’t deserve it. The papers say he was drinking, and that was a dipshit move, but he still didn’t deserve it.” He exhales. “No one deserves to be punished forever for one stupid mistake.”

And this is so completely unlike something Oz would tell me that I slide my hand from Lawrence’s wrist, up his arm and shoulder and neck, until I rest on his cheek. His stupid, wonderful beard. Oz never shaves, but his face is almost ridiculously smooth, insultingly unscathed. I feel Lawrence’s breath against my palm; I look him in the eyes. They are blue; they are warm. He sees me. And maybe I don’t quite see him, but I still pull him closer to me until our lips touch.

The house is quiet when I get home—but then again, it always is. I set my keys

down on the kitchen counter, not delicately, but Oz doesn't say anything. He is in the former, never-was nursery, which he commandeered as an office a few weeks after we lost the baby.

I say "baby," and Oz says "daughter." Maybe that's why he's the one who went crazy and I'm not. If that's even true.

The office is upstairs, next to the bedroom where Oz doesn't sleep anymore. There is a couch beside his desk, mostly covered with computer print-outs and brochures from penitentiaries and encyclopedic accounts of murder and mayhem, and this is where my husband sleeps at night instead of with me.

Today, after it was over, Lawrence said, "Would he mind?" and I said, "No."

One night, a few days after we got back from the hospital, I found Oz sleeping on the floor of the nursery, under the crib we had already bought. He looked ridiculous, with his body from the knees down protruding under the frame, but I could not bring myself to wake him. I wanted to squeeze myself in the space between his own body and the bottom of the crib; I wanted to hide under this stupid wooden contraption, this huge mistake, and be suffocated by the smell of Oz's still-unchanged clothes and the heady smell of fresh paint on wood.

But I left him there and went back to our bedroom, and I still wonder if this was the right thing to do.

The next morning, the crib was gone. Any signs that a baby had been meant to live here—the mobile, the toys, the changing table—had been tossed on the curb in front of our house. Everything outside was splintered and broken, and Oz sat in the far corner of the nursery with his back against the wall and his legs spread out before him—limp, like a big stuffed animal. He did not seem to see me in the doorway. He did not speak.

He did not say—has never said—"Let's try again." He took a leave of absence from work—from a job he never needed, trust fund baby that he was—and he bought new furniture and he started watching infomercials and History Channel specials. Somehow this led to Lifetime movies and Court TV. And eventually this led to book after book with some serial killer's face on the cover.

When I walk into the office today, Oz is sitting at his desk, glossy photographs spread all around him. He doesn't realize I'm here at first, and for a moment I let myself imagine that he is gazing so intently at family photos—at pictures of us on our wedding day, on our honeymoon. I let myself have the thought—the thought I haven't had in a while—that he is still a very handsome man. His brown hair is thinning in the back; his flannel shirt fits loosely on his frame; his eyes are duller now than when we met. But does this matter? Maybe he's no longer a man, but he's still a handsome imitation of one.

"Oz," I say, and my own voice sounds strange to me. I smell beer on my breath.

He was sixteen, and drunk.

“Did anything come in the mail for me today?” he asks, not turning to look at me.

“Um,” I say. “I don’t know. I haven’t checked.”

“I was supposed to hear back from some of the prisoners I’ve been in contact with. Death Row inmates. All convicted killers.”

“Are they sending you a Christmas card or something?”

He pauses. “Who celebrates Christmas when they’re in prison?”

We haven’t had a Christmas tree in three years, and have not exchanged presents in two.

“Good point,” I say.

Now he turns around in his chair, and appraises me the way a judge at a county fair might assess the worth of a show dog. “You look funny,” he says.

“Thank you.”

“Have you been getting enough sleep?”

“Have you?”

“Sometimes,” he says, “people get so tired they slip into a kind of hysteria. They go on killing sprees. They kill people they love.”

“I think you’re safe,” I say.

And there’s a flicker in his eyes—a stop light turning green. These moments are rare, sudden breaks from the trance, and he quirks an eyebrow at me. If this were the old Oz, the Oz before the baby, he would say something like, “I ought to be offended.” He would smirk and get up and kiss me full on the mouth, and I’d kiss him back, and his lips would be warm on mine and his hands would be soft on my face. And when he pulled away, he would say something like, “Am I worth killing *now*?”

But it’s just the slightest reprieve, and his eyes dim and his brow drops. He says, “When you go downstairs again, make sure you check the mail”—and then he turns back around.

I close my eyes for a moment and try to conjure the same feeling I had a few hours ago, with Lawrence, the thing that felt almost like courage. I breathe in, and breathe out. When I open my eyes, I fix them on the crisscross pattern of reds and blues on Oz’s shirt. I say, “Did you hear about that boy who died last night?”

The slack bit of fabric between Oz’s shoulder blades tightens. “I did,” he says.

“I just hope...” I swallow. “I just *hope* that his parents make it through all right.”

Oz turns around, just slightly, his chin resting on his shoulder. His eyes meet mine for the first time in who knows how long. He looks so tired. I love him so much.

“They never do,” he says.

GEORGE'S ARTHRITIS

KRISTIN SAUER*

Calloused where they plucked
rhythms of harvested apples,
strumming the flush of feathers
silhouetted against a rosy backdrop,
purple strangers tremble,
mummified knots.

Unchanged and erect,
frets alive with all things past
mock the white-sheet future
of its magician,
the dull strings shaking,
murmuring melancholy solace
of ringed mahogany wisdom.

Locked in the key of A,
shriveled fingers
drop percussive tears onto the neck,
down the sound hole,
reverberating in the wells,
the chord of dawn's coming
and my sweet Lord.

* Kristin Sauer, a student at Thomas More College in Crestview Hills, KY, is the first-place winner in the poetry category.

THE INEVITABLE TRAGIC CONSEQUENCES OF DREAMS AND ILLUSIONS (AS THEY RELATE TO THE NEW WOMAN) IN *JUDE THE OBSCURE*

RACHEL A. JONES *

In *Jude the Obscure*, his final novel, Thomas Hardy explores the themes of marriage, sexuality, and human desire as they both apply and react to the social institutions and beliefs of the Victorian era. The novel is dominated by “the interlinking lives and loves of the four protagonists,” tenuously held together by either the law or mutual affection; neither law nor affection overlaps in the aforementioned relationships and the characters forever remain unsatisfied with their choices (Daleski 181). Constantly yearning for some ideal that is impossibly unattainable, Jude replaces each dream with another once he is forced, even for a brief second, back to the cold reality of his time. Sue’s quest to uphold the morals and ethics of a New Woman is slowly destroyed as the novel progresses, paralleling Jude’s search for an untainted, unbreakable ideal. Neither Sue nor Jude can accept their fates, and they spend their lives struggling against the current dictated by society; by the end of the novel, they drown because of both tragedy and their own decisions. Through his investigation of the most desperate aspects of human nature in his final novel, *Jude the Obscure*, Thomas Hardy exposes the parallel between and subsequent consequences of the fantastical daydreams of men such as Jude and the impossible ideals sought by many New Women of that time.

When Hardy first introduces Jude Fawley, he is a young schoolboy unwilling to say goodbye to his beloved schoolmaster. Although he was not privileged enough to be counted “among the regular day scholars,” he was in fact “one who had attended the night school during the present teacher’s term of office” (Hardy 10). Upon his departure, Phillotson, the schoolteacher, tells Jude, “My scheme, or dream, is to be a university graduate, and then to be ordained” (10). Following this exchange, Jude’s dreams of attaining a higher education are born; however, he is cursed by his humble upbringing and is constantly reminded of the metaphorical and physical distance that isolates him from his beloved dream. Throughout his life, Jude is plagued by the fact that his attempts to live in a self-constructed dream world have “distorted the relationships he maintained with his fellow men and with

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material things” (Hoopes 154). He maintains an unstable relationship with the outside world. Two key factors in Jude’s existence are his ability to craft this dream world and the delusional ways in which he attempts to protect this world, “without which he could not exist,” from shattering beneath his feet (156). These forces drive all of his actions throughout the novel and feed him small traces of hope until he finally awakens to the cruelties of the real world. Nevertheless, as a child, Jude’s “dreams were as gigantic as his surroundings were small” (Hardy 22).

Jude is perpetually driven by a desire to reach Christminster, a “city of light” that calls out to him from his perch atop the Brown House, where he will do anything to catch a glimpse of “the stretch of landscape, [where] points of light like topaz [gleam]” (21-5). In order to take steps towards Christminster, Jude decides to educate himself in the classics and sends a note to his former schoolmaster asking for his old schoolbooks. Phillotson agrees and thus provides Jude with fuel for his dreams as well as posing enormous challenges for the boy. Upon receiving the books, Jude discovers “that every word in both Latin and Greek was to be individually committed to memory at the cost of years of plodding” (30). This is a revelation to Jude, who is forced to reassure himself that the years of labor will be worth it; he continues to operate under the belief that he can acquire an education by himself that will be deemed worthy by the heads of his beloved institutions. Like the New Women, Jude “[has] to fight for [his] liberty to college every inch of the way” due to the fact that his “family and friends [look] upon [him] as a monster of selfishness” for pursuing this dream (Smith 271). He is mocked and constantly reminded of his failures and the impossibility that he will ever be permitted to obtain a higher education.

For several years, Jude attempts to educate himself in the classics of Latin and Greek literature. In one instance, with his mind “so impregnated with [a] poem,” Jude leaps out of his carriage and recites this poem with “the sway of a polytheistic fancy that he would never have thought of humouring in broad daylight” (34). This is evidence of the two sides of Jude’s personality that cause him irrepressible inner turmoil: the hard-working laborer of day and the candlelight scholar of the shadows. Alys Pearsall Smith recounts a similar event in her essay entitled “A Reply from the Daughters” where a woman is forced to rise early in order to perform her studies: “She was...compelled to adopt the plan of secretly rising several hours before the rest of the household that she might secure the necessary time for her work” (Smith 271). In this sense, Jude embodies a New Woman figure; he is struggling against oppression in order to obtain an education. In essence, Jude wishes to live amongst the shadows and drift among the minds of the greats. His “ideal is a recourse from his experienced environment, and so it departs from what he considers the conditions of natural life” (Hassett 433). Although young Jude is “keenly aware of life’s inequities,” he seeks to defy and altogether avoid them by existing in his

dream state (432). However, Jude cannot isolate himself with his books forever; his sexual nature is soon awoken upon meeting Arabella.

Jude entertains the thought that “one of those colleges shall open their doors to [him] – shall welcome whom now it would spurn” (Hardy 37). However, Jude’s thoughts are interrupted by “a fine dark-eyed girl” who throws “a piece of flesh, the characteristic part of a barrow-pig” at him; he is equally appalled and intrigued by the shamelessness of the country girl named Arabella (38-9). After a brief exchange, he agrees to meet with her the next day and abandons his “intentions as to reading, working, and learning” that he had for so long prized above all other duties (41). He dismisses his dreams, declaring that “he was just living for the first time” by courting Arabella (48). Driven by sexual desire and romantic impulse, Jude decides that “it [is] better to love a woman than to be a graduate, or a parson, ay, or a pope!” (48). For the first time, Jude’s dreams are sidetracked by a woman; this proves to be a common theme throughout the novel, for Jude cannot help but entertain his romantic desires at the expense of his long-fostered dreams of a higher education.

As a consequence of his courtship with Arabella, Jude’s “curious and striving intellect is beset by an uncontrolled appetite for liquor and sensuality” (Hyde 159). Thus, Hardy illustrates how a highly sexual woman like Arabella can awaken carnal instincts in the most innocent of men; often, these instincts lay dormant beneath the surface of mankind, desiring to be set free. Arabella is constantly alluded to as a lower creature through examples of “her animal passion, her predatory nature, and her easygoing dishonesty” (McDowell 274). Her world is dominated by “strong feeling and self-indulgence” which wield a powerful influence on the impressionable young Jude (Hyde 158). Arabella appears respectable because she a strong woman; though manipulative, she is quick on her feet, a master of country wisdom, and firmly in control of her sexuality. She is not a New Woman because she is not in pursuit of an independent life, an education, or a pure existence; Arabella is just the opposite, although she is strong-natured enough to have been successful if she chose to follow the path of a New Woman. Operating as “a natural force so strong that she produces strong effects on others and herself,” Arabella moves from one desire to the next (McDowell 276). She is constantly entertaining herself with illusions, such as her dimple-making and false hair piece, and the trick she plays on Jude to convince her to marry him.

As a result of the intimacies in the relationship between Jude and Arabella, Jude “falls into the familiar biological trap of marriage” on the pretext that Arabella has become pregnant (Buitenhuis 85). Although he wishes to depart for Christminster, Jude upholds his honorable duty to Arabella and agrees to marry her. Their marriage symbolizes the first crack in Jude’s dream world; he is soon catapulted into the realization that there is “something wrong in a social ritual which made necessary

a cancelling of well-formed schemes involving years of thought and labour” (Hardy 62). When their marriage eventually dissolves, Arabella leaves Jude alone as she departs for Australia. However, she has stimulated in him both sexual desire and the knowledge that accompanies sexual experience. Jude has matured, and carries this knowledge with him as a mark of his failed marriage and of a past he cannot deny.

Jude’s awakened sense of sexuality permeates the novel. “It is his animal sexuality which leads him to marriage with the wrong woman,” writes Romero-Ruiz of Jude’s relationship with Arabella, “but [he eventually] understands that he needs spiritual affinity with the woman he chooses as his life-long companion” (615). Therefore, Jude is not driven only by animalistic sexuality; he realizes what he is lacking in his relationship with Arabella and eventually searches for this in his relationship with Sue. In this sense, “Jude shows a correct balance between his flesh and his spirit” (616). After the marriage begins to unravel, Jude realizes that “he is [trapped] in a marriage he does not want, and he is prevented from pursuing the academic career he had so much desired” (Buitenhuis 85). His dreams having been pushed aside, Jude is forced to pick up a domestic role that rests unsteadily in his hands at such a young age. Although he works hard enough to provide for his family, he is uneasy with his relationship with Arabella because he is so naïve and inexperienced.

Sexuality plays an important role in the novel and dominates the relationships through both its presence and its absence. Upon the publication of *Jude*, there was much “protest focused most sharply on the sexual theme of the novel, the apparent attack on the institution of marriage, and the intimate knowledge of the protagonists’ sexual affairs” (Cunningham 177). Within the novel, each protagonist struggles to complement their views of marriage and sexuality with his or her partners. Notably, Sue experiences a “struggle between body and soul, physical desire and spiritual companionship” as the novel progresses (Deresiewicz 60). When Hardy first introduces Sue, she is taking steps towards becoming a New Woman. In fact, she appears to be an ideal “model of advanced womanhood” who denies suitors in exchange for an independent lifestyle (Hyde 156). Sue embodies the type of New Woman labeled “the pale bachelor girl,” and she in turn “grafts a new independence and intellectuality onto woman’s traditional dependence and emotionalism” (Langland 17). Like many New Women of the time, Sue “[adopts] a rather naïve, but still refreshingly honest, approach towards matters of sex, marriage, and love (Fernando 19). Lloyd Fernando further explains the stance held by New Women, that by “rejecting conventional marriage, she was rejecting the religious and social forms...to which society attached greater importance than to love” (20). Sue shares this view and struggles against the lawful institution of marriage and its personal implications. She denies her sexuality, instead fostering an “aversion to sex” that is readily apparent in her description of her “unsexual life with a student companion, a manner of life that

she tries...to impose again on both Phillotson and Jude” (161). Throughout the novel, Sue remains a victim of the fact that she is “childishly ignorant of that side of [men’s] natures which wore out women’s hearts and lives” (Hardy 175). This side, of course, is their sexual appetite that Sue refuses to satisfy; instead, she wishes to maintain nonsexual, platonic relationships with the men in her life. She believes that her celibacy provides a measure of equality with the men around her, but this belief is merely a delusion under which she operates. By denying her sexual nature, Sue denies one of her most basic needs, “an inescapable aspect of human life,” and therefore cripples herself (McDowell 276). Nevertheless, she strives towards virginal and ethical ideals in her quest to become an example of the New Woman figure.

As a young model of the New Woman, Sue is “brilliant, intellectually daring, self-consciously unconventional, [and] proudly modern” (Deresiewicz 60). While Jude is rejected by various universities, Sue is offered many opportunities to advance her education and seek independence. When Jude first attempts to catch sight of Sue, she is “designing or illuminating, in characters of Church text, [a] single word” (Hardy 88). Therefore, Sue is a working, independent woman. Jude is fascinated by Sue precisely because she appeals to his intellectual nature as well as his physical desires. Upon meeting Sue, Jude talks to her as if she is an equal; however, Sue also serves to crush one of Jude’s dreams by informing him “how Phillotson’s [failed] in the University scheme” (101). In Jude’s mind, Sue embodies “more or less an ideal character, about whose form he began to weave curious and fantastic day-dreams” (89). This sets Sue up for failure; she can never fully live up to expectations, even though Jude is willing to forgive her. Her nature is inherently contradictory, yet she yearns to connect with others in order to benefit from their circumstances. As a result, Sue becomes “a manipulative woman who fails because of an unchecked desire to please herself” (Knauer 41). Although “her various opinions concerning marriage, employment, and education [are] issues tied closely to the New Woman movement,” Sue “does not effect any positive change on the woman’s cause” (Knauer 43). In fact, Elizabeth Knauer expresses the belief that Sue “uses her ideals as an excuse to act rashly, inconsistently, and always with her own interests at heart” (43).

By trying to “free herself from the worst of a woman’s fate,” Sue is trying to avoid marriage and all of the entanglements, such as childbirth, that follow it (Blake 706). Concerning marriage, Sue believes that it is “a barbaric institution that reduces women to property and love to contract” (Deresiewicz 60). She believes that her willpower is strong enough to dictate her role in her relationships with men. However, Sue’s strength is constantly checked by her insecurities and her inconsistencies. When she is provided a chance to further her education at the Training-School at Melchester, Sue is forced into solitary confinement after she is late returning to the school one night; that day, she had been out pursuing “any adventure that would intensify the sense of

her day's freedom" with Jude (Hardy 137). In a key passage in the book after Sue escapes to stay with Jude, he offers his clothes to Sue, who accepts them so that her soaking dress can hang to dry. This exchange is symbolic of Sue's attempts to enter the world of men, both intellectually and physically; she desires to "live like a man, think like a man, [and] be free like a man" (Deresiewicz 60). In fact, through her desires, Sue "wishes to transcend gender by developing relationships with men that transcend sexuality" (60). This pursuit is impossible and represents a dream that, for someone as weak and inconsistent as Sue, can never come true. In fact, Deresiewicz notes that Hardy intended to "trace the consequences of trying to live by emancipated ideals for ordinary provincial people devoid of educational and financial advantages" (60). These ideals end up destroying Sue, for she can never reconcile her beliefs with her existence. She is an inconsistency, a conundrum, and a problem that can never be solved. Sue's nature frustrates the men that pursue her and defines the relationships that she chooses to experience with them. Although Sue has promised herself to Phillotson by this point, she still calls upon Jude and fuels his desire for her through her tender and delicate nature. Men cannot help but try to care for poor, fragile Sue. Sue's stifled sexuality serves to cripple her and fracture her relationships with men. She is forever a tease, a flirt, and a heartbreaker. Sue's lifestyle "is defined by her desire for excess, jumping from man to man, philosophy to philosophy, and mood to mood as each strikes her fancy" (Knauer 43).

Throughout the novel, Sue's role as a New Woman slowly unravels as she breaks under the pressure of her conflicted desires. In his analysis of Sue Bridehead in relation to the beliefs expounded by Lady Jeune, William A Davis Jr. states that, "there is nothing wrong with Sue except that her instincts are weak" and she is "the one of the most reluctant biological mothers in New Woman literature" (57). In her article entitled "The Revolt of the Daughters," Lady Jeune asserts, "The nervous and hysterical young woman has, and will, always exist" (277). Sue Bridehead is prime example of this young woman, for she appears to be mad as a result of her ever-changing mind and mood swings. She sends constant letters to Jude, reversing her previous statements and allowing or denying him entry into her life, depending on the day. Further exploring the failure of Sue as a New Woman, Davis affirms that, "much of her uncertainty, her guilt, and her inconsistency can be traced to her knowledge that she does not know what is expected of her" (58). Sue is driven by what she wants, which changes on a daily basis.

Following her marriage to Phillotson, Sue experiences extreme regrets and is plagued by an unshakeable uncertainty of what to do with herself. Driven to desperation and disgust towards her aged husband, Sue tells Jude, "Before I married him I had never even thought out fully what marriage meant, even though I knew" (Hardy 215). Here, Sue is alluding to the sexuality inherent in all men; in Phillotson, Sue wishes that this sexuality would lay dormant and she would not be asked to satisfy

these needs. However, Phillotson never pressures Sue; he merely expects that, as his wife, she would not deny him as if his very presence sickens her. She constantly recalls his undeniable kindness, and with “his sense of compassion aroused, he gives in to his natural inclination to let his wife go” (Hyde 157). In a discussion with his friend Gillingham about Sue and Jude, Phillotson declares, “Their supreme desire is to be together – to share each other’s emotions, and fancies, and dreams” (Hardy 231). These dreams are exactly what destroys the relationship between Sue and Jude; following tragedy, they cannot reconcile their dreams with one another. Nevertheless, when they initially embark on a romantic relationship, their innocence provides them with a brief sense of happiness. Their naiveté shelters them from the harsh realities of the world around them, if only for a little while.

After she parts with Phillotson, Sue immediately joins Jude and they depart for another town. However, her departure from her husband has led Jude to believe that she wishes to be with him; after hearing that Jude has requested only one room for the two of them, Sue wails, “I thought you might do it; and that I was deceiving you. But I didn’t mean that!” (238). What for Jude seems to be a natural instinct, to obtain one room for two lovers, is a horrible offense to Sue. In keeping with her inconsistent manner, “Sue attempts a daring and courageous combination of gravitation and rejection” (Blake 709). Jude’s love for Sue is many-layered, but she, like Arabella, relies on tricks and manipulation in order to secure her place in his heart. However, while “Sue’s sexuality all but destroys her, Arabella’s is the very guarantee of her survival” (Boumelha 151). This distinguishes these two women from one another in particular and proves that Sue and Jude cannot last; their destiny is to suffer and to be destroyed.

Jude and Sue are “happy together at first, even though the relationship is sexless” (Buitenhuis 86). Although Sue maintains control in the relationship, she is forced into the role of a mother when Jude’s child from his marriage with Arabella comes into the picture. Jude and Sue are forced to adapt to the role of a family, lying about their relationship and continuously failing in their attempts to acquire a lawful marriage. *Jude the Obscure* represents two very different forms of marriage: one being a “civil marriage sanctioned by society” and the other “a more natural form of marriage, one that does not depend on social conventions to validate it” (Goetz 190). Jude and Sue wish to operate within the realm of the latter, convincing themselves that they are doing the right thing by defying the very institution that had caused them so much bitterness in the past. However, the two lovers are forced to “stifle rumor and scandal about their unmarried state” (Buitenhuis 86). “Chance encounters with former marriage partners, illnesses, and anxieties plague this couple,” writes Buitenhuis of the two lovers, “who have dared to question society’s arrangements and have tried to live as independent, loving human beings” (86). Because Jude has crafted “a dream fantasy in which no real men could exist,” he is forced to come to terms with society

and its disgust at his unlawful relationship with Sue (Hoopes 155). Their neighbors “generally did not understand, and probably could not have been made to understand, Sue and Jude’s private minds, emotions, positions, and fears” (Hardy 298).

Upon the arrival of Little Father Time, the neighbors begin to question where this child came from and why he was calling Jude “father” and Sue “mother.” Following the addition of Little Father Time to their lives, “the relationship [between Sue and Jude] is forced to adapt, economically and in appearance, to the conventional marital couple” (Boumelha 151). Although the two lovers are forced to pretend to be married and begin to struggle under the weight of this illusion, they experience a sense of happiness as they build their family. At the Agricultural Show, Arabella cannot help but notice how the two lovers appear to be “almost the two parts of a single whole”; however, there is a shade cast over their gaiety by Little Father Time’s inability to be pleased by any of the spectacles (292). In desperation, he notes, “I can’t help it. I should like the flowers very very much, if I didn’t keep on thinking they’d all be withered in a few days!” (297).

This young child, characterized as “Age masquerading as Juvenility,” embodies the pressures of time as they apply to the relationship between Jude and Sue. They are forever delaying in their pursuit of a proper, lawful marriage license, which in turn prohibits them from staying in one place for very long. Following Jude’s request that the family move back to Christminster, a “fixed vision” that “he’ll never be cured of believing in,” they pack up and attempt to find lodgings in Jude’s dream world (313). However, they are unable to secure lodging and the family is separated. On the eve of great tragedy, Sue admits to Little Father Time that she is pregnant with another child. Having grown aware of the hardships endured by his ever-growing family, Little Father Time becomes filled with rage. Both Sue and Jude exist in a “fool’s paradise of supposed unrecognition,” but their paradise is destroyed by Little Father Time’s desperation (306).

After Sue admits to a landlady with whom she wishes to seek lodging that she and Jude are not lawfully married, she is asked to take her family and leave the premises on the following day. During her attempts to find a solution with the help of Jude, Sue leaves her children alone; this is her greatest mistake, providing the stage for the greatest tragedy of both her existence and Jude’s as well. In his attempts to lessen the hardships of his family, and also in response to his conversation with Sue, Little Father Time murders the two youngest children and then hangs himself as well. Sue finds the children, and her true descent into obscurity begins. Sue grows strangely distant from Jude, who realizes that both he and Sue “had mentally travelled in opposite directions since the tragedy” (344). “Even in their last terrible weeks together,” writes Hassett of the dying relationship between Sue and Jude, “and nearly to the end of Jude’s life, the couple depends on fantasies to avoid fully recognizing some inexorable law of ‘moral butchery’” (442). These fantasies vanish, and the couple has no collective dream to

cling to. They are soon forced to go their separate ways, albeit painfully and regretfully.

Previously, Sue had been haunted by “quaint imaginings” in the days when “her intellect scintillated like a star”; following the deaths of her children, including a heartbreaking miscarriage, Sue is haunted by the constant remembrance of their dead bodies and is plagued by an onslaught of religious guilt (342). Formerly fueled by strong religious doubts, Sue grows to believe that God is punishing her and Jude for their unorthodox lifestyle. Both Jude and Sue have a hand in causing their tragedy, and each individual suffers the consequences of his or her brief abandonment of their children. Because Jude and Sue constantly pursue dreams, whims, and fantasies, they forget to build a stable basis for their family that can withstand societal pressures. Their relationship unravels until Jude is left grasping for threads, trying to piece their love together once again.

At the end of the novel, Sue returns to “old fashioned tradition and marriage” (Davis 62). In no way, shape, or form is Sue still a New Woman; she desperately seeks the comfort of her former husband Phillotson and rejects her true love, Jude, leaving him heartbroken. Sue “looks for redemption without ever sincerely asking forgiveness and without assuming responsibility” (Knauer 45). “Her last imaginative creation is a morally ordered world,” writes Hassett of Sue’s final mental collapse, “and to the God that governs it she sacrifices her free will” (442). Phillotson tentatively takes the broken Sue back, but expresses his deep concern and care for his former wife, his love never having been extinguished. Following her descent into religious guilt, Sue “becomes mentally ill because she lives in a sick pattern of self-indulgence” (Knauer 45). After a last encounter with Jude, during which the two cousins kiss each other passionately, Sue pleads with Phillotson to permit her entrance to his bedroom. As she declares, “It is my duty,” a look of disgust and fear washes over her face (Hardy 397). Sue can never return to the arms of her former lover, and resigns herself to a life without love, passion, or any shred of happiness. She has withered, relinquishing her role as a New Woman, and falls apart.

Earlier in the novel, before embarking on a more concrete relationship with Sue, Jude realizes that “his first aspiration – towards academical proficiency – had been checked by a woman, and that his second aspiration – towards apostleship – had also been checked by a woman” (Hardy 217). Throughout Jude’s life, “he was sustained by the most inspiring of all his ghosts – the elusive and unattainable Sue Bridehead, and the beatific vision of Christminster” (Hoopes 155). After his relationship with Sue is shattered and he grows disillusioned with Christminster, he “[destroys] the structure of his dream world and [banishes] the phantasms which he had spent his life in creating and pursuing” (157). At the end of the novel, Jude entertains the idea that the ghosts he once envisioned at Christminster are floating around him and Arabella as they walk. Arabella laughs at her husband, and notes how strange his visions are. His view of the

world is bleak; stripped of Sue's love and forced into wedlock with a woman he never loved, Jude wastes away to nothing. He dies alone, a ghost drifting among the celebrations of Remembrance Day, too isolated to reconnect to any sort of human life. Like Sue, he embodies the failed New Woman as he withers away; society and tragedy have collectively destroyed any shred of strength in Jude Fawley.

Throughout the novel, Hardy seeks to examine how "marriage is doomed to failure, because it promises to deliver something it cannot" (Goetz 194). However, he also illustrates how a non-lawful partnership can also be doomed to fail. Jude and Sue appear to be soul mates, two halves to a very passionate soul; nevertheless, they cannot escape the tragedy inflicted upon them as a result of their choices and the illusions they craft in order to protect themselves from the harsh realities of the world. Eventually, the dream world turns to a gruesome nightmare, and the two lovers are driven apart. Though they long for each other, the world they crafted was one "in which no men could reside" forever (Hoopes 155). Reality comes crashing down upon the two lovers and any sort of hope fostered by their dreams is extinguished, never to be restored.

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WINNER OF THE NATIONAL 2012 UNDERGRADUATE STUDENT AWARD

The Delta Epsilon Sigma National Student Award has been granted to Tyler J. Willman (Loras College). Our congratulations go to this distinguished student.



WINNERS OF THE 2011 DELTA EPSILON SIGMA UNDERGRADUATE WRITING COMPETITION

At the February meeting of the Executive Committee of Delta Epsilon Sigma National Scholastic Honor Society, the following winners of the 2011 Undergraduate Writing Competition were selected.

Poetry:

- First Place: “George’s Arthritis” –Kristin Sauer, Thomas More College
- Second Place: “By An Abandoned Train Track” –Michaela Gray, Loras College
- Honorable Mention: “Advice” –Sarah Scinto, King’s College
- Honorable Mention: “Revelations” –Rachel Jones, Notre Dame University (Maryland)
- Honorable Mention: “Blackberry Fingers” –Kristin Sauer, Thomas More College

Essay/Non-fiction Prose:

- First Place: “Till then, My Jimmy, Goodbye” –Lauren Milam, Loras College
- Second Place: “Hell’s Half-Acre” –John-Paul Heil, Mount St. Mary University
- Honorable Mention: “Burial Writes” –Janine Mercer, Cardinal Stritch University

Short Fiction:

- First Place: “The Dog Sitter” –Jessica Rafalko, King’s College
- Second Place: “Back on that Spring Day” –Eric Horell, St. Francis University
- Honorable Mention: “Daughters” –Alexandra Post, University of St. Thomas (Minnesota)

Scholarly Research:

- First Place: “The Inevitable Tragic Consequences of Dreams & Illusions” -Rachel Jones, Notre Dame University (Maryland)
- Honorable Mention: “Hold Me Tight & Fear Not” –Allison Ann Trautmann, Marywood University
- Honorable Mention: “Pack Cell Volume & Accumulation of Atrazine in Liver Tissue of Pheasants to Environmental Concentrations of Atrazine” –Adam Lindsay, St. Mary’s University (Minnesota)

THE J. PATRICK LEE PRIZE IN ETHICS

This annual undergraduate essay competition honors Dr. J. 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, this competition encourages students to reflect on ethical issues in ways that engage the challenges of our contemporary world. Essays should evidence research and well-reasoned reflection on a specific ethical issue emerging from an academic, professional, political, ecological or social-justice context. Topics should explore ethical issues engaging the Catholic intellectual tradition.

Essays of 1500 to 5000 words must be submitted as MS Word Documents, in double-spaced format, with pages numbered. Please include an abstract with the paper. Proper citation is expected, following the norm in the discipline from which the topic area derives (e.g., APA, MLA, Chicago Manual of Style, Turabian, etc.). Include a cover page with title, name, university, and home address. The page following should begin the actual text and should contain only the title and no other heading.

A prize of \$1,500.00, along with publication of the essay in the *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal*, will be awarded to an outstanding student submission. No award may be made if the committee does not judge any submission to be of sufficient merit. Senior projects from the calendar year will be accepted. Although no limit to the number of essays from each campus has been set, the committee requests that students submit their work first to their chapter moderators who will review the submissions for quality and formatting, and then forward them electronically to the national office at St. Thomas University. Deadline: December 1st.



THE DELTA EPSILON SIGMA DISTINGUISHED LECTURERS PROGRAM

Delta Epsilon Sigma offers each year 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. Application for this award must be filed with the National Secretary-Treasurer one year in advance. 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 National Secretary-Treasurer thirty days in advance; the maximum award will be two hundred dollars.

THE UNDERGRADUATE COMPETITION IN CREATIVE AND SCHOLARLY WRITING

Delta Epsilon Sigma sponsors an annual writing contest open to any undergraduate (member or non-member) in an institution which has a chapter of the society. Manuscripts may be submitted in any of four categories: (a) poetry, (b) short fiction, (c) non-fiction prose (includes either essay or creative non-fiction), and (d) scholarly research. There will be a first prize of five hundred dollars and a second prize of two hundred fifty dollars in each of the four categories. No award may be made in a given category if the committee does not judge any submission to be of sufficient merit.

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. Editorial comment and advice by a faculty mentor is appropriate as an aid preparatory to student revision, so long as all writing is done by the student.

Prose manuscripts of 1,500 to 5,000 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 page following the cover (the beginning of the actual text) should contain only the title and no other heading. The pages must be numbered, the lines double-spaced, and the text presented in Word format. Scholarly papers must attach an abstract, include primary research, and present some original insight. Documentation should follow one of the established scholarly methods such as MLA (old or new) or APA. A long poem should be submitted singly; shorter lyrics may be submitted singly or in groups of two or three. Moderators as well as faculty mentors are expected to take an active role in providing additional comments to students; they should approve and send all entries to the National Secretary-Treasurer by December 1.

Final judging and the announcement of the result will take place not later than May 1st of the following year. Winners will be notified through the office of the local chapter moderator.



THE DELTA EPSILON SIGMA WEB PAGE

The Delta Epsilon Sigma Web page is available at <http://www.deltaepsilonsigma.org>. The *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal* is available online there, in addition to DES application forms, programs, and announcements.

Delta Epsilon Sigma Chapter Recognition Award

General Description

Each year, DES may recognize successful student chapters that exemplify the ideals of the Society and conduct exceptional programs and activities during the academic year. Recognition comes with a letter from the Executive Board, a plaque for Chapter and a feature on the DES website. Chapters that successfully earn recognition will engage in valuable programs that impact its members, the chapter, the public, and the greater Catholic community. Nominations are based on the activities, programs, and initiatives described in chapter reports. The Executive Committee conducts the review process, weighing chapter reports along with the institution's location, available resources, size of the institution, and other considerations.

Chapter Report Criteria and Considerations

Report Presentation. Typically, the chapter report is prepared by the chapter advisor and/or chapter president. Additional assistance may be provided from current students who are also DES members. (Please include who prepared the chapter report in your submission.) The following points are provided as a guideline for the report. Additional comments are welcome.

- **Community Service.** Did the chapter participate in community service activities on a regular basis? How many community outreach events did the chapter plan? What was the involvement of chapter members (including planning and attendance)?
- **Speakers.** Did the chapter sponsor or co-sponsor speakers on a regular basis? How many speakers did the chapter plan? Did the speakers help chapter members make faith-life connections? What was the involvement of chapter members (including planning and attendance)?
- **Communication.** Did the chapter communicate with its members in an effective manner? Did the chapter use different forms of communication to inform chapter members and the general public about activities?
- **College/University Service.** Did the chapter plan college/university-wide activities that helped to foster scholarly activities or encourage a sense of intellectual community? Did the chapter participate in college/university-wide service activities?
- **Chapter Business Meetings.** Did the chapter meet often enough to plan successful activities and sustain its membership? Did the officers of the chapter meet outside of the general chapter meeting to discuss chapter activities? Did the chapter advisor attend some of the business meetings?
- **Social Functions.** Did the chapter provide an outlet for chapter members to relax and bond with students and faculty? Did the chapter host diverse social functions (e.g.,

end-of-year celebrations, monthly gatherings, bowling, etc.)? Did the chapter plan or participate in social activities on a regular basis?

- **Funding.** Did the chapter need funding to successfully carry out its activities? Did the chapter apply for grants or ask for financial support from its institution? Did the chapter members meet to discuss, organize, and participate in fundraisers?
- **Involvement with the DES national organization.** Did the chapter's members regularly submit applications for scholarships, fellowships, and outstanding student awards; writing contest entries; *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal* submissions?
- **Overall Chapter Assessment.** Did the chapter have reasonable goals? Did the chapter meet to discuss the goals and objectives and how to meet them? Did the chapter succeed at meeting its objectives for the year? Did the chapter plan and participate in activities that benefited its members? Did both the chapter members and chapter advisor provide a chapter assessment?

*For consideration of recognition, reports should be submitted to
desnational@stthomas.edu by April 01.*



AN INVITATION TO POTENTIAL CONTRIBUTORS

The editors of the *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal* invite contributions to the journal from our readership. Send manuscripts (email attachments preferred) to the co-editors. 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:

- What is the impact of new technology such as the Web or distance learning on higher education, and how can we best manage its advantages and risks?
- What strategies are most useful in encouraging the development of student leadership and the integration of academic work and campus social life?
- What are the most promising directions for service learning and for the development of the campus as community?
- What is the identity and mission of the American Catholic liberal arts college in the era inaugurated by *Ex Corde Ecclesiae*?
- What are the implications of globalization in relation to Catholic social and economic thought?

DELTA EPSILON SIGMA SCHOLARSHIPS AND FELLOWSHIPS

Delta Epsilon Sigma sponsors an annual scholarship and fellowship competition for its members. Junior-year members may apply for ten Fitzgerald Scholarships at \$1,200 each, to be applied toward tuition costs for their senior year. Senior-year members may apply for 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 or from the Office of the National Secretary-Treasurer.



THE DELTA EPSILON SIGMA NATIONAL UNDERGRADUATE STUDENT AWARD

Delta Epsilon Sigma has a national award to be presented to outstanding students who are members of the society and are completing their undergraduate program. It is a means by which a chapter can 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. Names of recipients will be published in the *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal*. Qualifications for the award include the following:

1. Membership in Delta Epsilon Sigma.
2. An overall Grade Point Average of 3.9–4.00 on all work completed as an undergraduate.
3. Further evidence of high scholarship:
 - a) a grade of "A" or with the highest level of distinction on an approved undergraduate thesis or its equivalent in the major field, or
 - b) scores at the 90th percentile or better on a nationally recognized test (e.g., GRE, LSAT, GMAT, MCAT).
4. Endorsements by the chapter advisor, the department chair or mentor, and the chief academic officer.
5. Nominations must be made no later than six (6) months after the granting of the undergraduate degree.

SYNOPSIS OF THE 2012 EXECUTIVE COMMITTEE ANNUAL MEETING

The Executive Committee of Delta Epsilon Sigma met in St. Petersburg, Florida, Feb. 10-11, 2012. Present were Dr. Gertrude Conway, President; Dr. Christopher Lorentz, Vice President; Rev. Dr. Anthony Grasso, C.S.C., Chaplain; Members, Sr. Linda Marie Bos, Dr. Rosemary Bertocci, and Dr. John Palasota; *DES Journal* Co-Editors Dr. Claudia Kovach and Dr. Robert Magliola; Secretary-Treasurer Dr. Thomas Connery; and newly-elected member, Prof. Abby Gambrel.

Dr. Conway called the meeting to order and the 2010 meeting minutes were approved.

Dr. Connery reviewed the financial audit, which is required by the By-Laws, and covers the Fiscal Year, April 1, 2010 to March 31, 2011, and the period ending June 30, 2011, the closing date of the organization's new fiscal calendar, which now runs from July 1 through June 30 rather than April 1 through March 31. The audit was conducted by the accounting firm of Lethert, Skwira, Achultz & Co., LLP of St. Paul, MN. The auditors concluded that the organization's financial records are in good shape. The auditors had recommended previously that DES formalize processes and procedures for overseeing the organization's finances. To that end, at its 2011 meeting the Executive Committee had endorsed Dr. Connery's recommendation that each month's record of revenues and costs be shared with the committee's president and vice president. That was part of "Guidelines for Handling DES Funds" that was given to the auditors and presented to the Executive Committee and approved by the Executive Committee this year. Here are the guidelines as approved by the committee:

Guidelines for Handling DES Funds

1. As stated in the By-Laws, the Secretary-Treasurer is the custodian of all monies of the Society, and as such the Secretary-Treasurer may delegate the payment of bills and the depositing of revenue to the National DES Administrative Assistant.
2. The Secretary-Treasurer shall open all bank statements and sign and date after review.
3. The Secretary-Treasurer shall sign and date the monthly statement of spending and revenue, provided by the Administrative Assistant, and approve any reconciliation with the bank statement.
4. The Secretary-Treasurer will forward the monthly financial statement to the DES President and Vice President for their review.
5. Any spending of more than \$25,000 that has not been pre-approved by the Executive Committee must receive approval of the DES President and Vice President.
6. Any withdrawal of funds from DES savings accounts must be approved by the Executive Committee.
7. Any modification of investments or investment strategy must be approved by the Executive Committee.

Dr. Connery noted that total assets at the close of the last fiscal year, June 30, 2011, were \$456,469, an increase of \$19,138 from 2010, and a reversal of declining assets over the past three years. He indicated that budget projections for the current fiscal year should be met, and this will be the first fiscal year in three years in which it will not be necessary

to draw on savings to pay bills. All of this, Dr. Connery said, indicates that DES is regaining financial stability. The Executive Committee accepted Dr. Connery's report.

Dr. Magliola and Dr. Kovach, co-editors of *Delta Epsilon Sigma Journal*, were pleased to report that the number of essays submitted for consideration is on the increase. They suggested that the journal initiate a point-counterpoint feature; the Executive Committee encouraged this idea. The editors intend to produce an issue that recognizes the 75th anniversary of DES in 2013.

The Executive Committee judged the annual Writing Competition and selected the following winners:

Poetry:

First Place: "George's Arthritis" –Kristin Sauer, Thomas More College

Second Place: "By An Abandoned Train Track" –Michaela Gray, Loras College

Honorable Mention: "Advice" –Sarah Scinto, King's College

Honorable Mention: "Revelations" –Rachel Jones, Notre Dame University (Maryland)

Honorable Mention: "Blackberry Fingers" –Kristin Sauer, Thomas More College

Essay/Non-fiction Prose:

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Second Place: "Hell's Half-Acre" –John-Paul Heil, Mount St. Mary University

Honorable Mention: "Burial Writes" –Janine Mercer, Cardinal Stritch University

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Second Place: "Back on that Spring Day" –Eric Horell, St. Francis University

Honorable Mention: "Daughters" –Alexandra Post, University of St. Thomas (Minnesota)

Scholarly Research:

First Place: "The Inevitable Tragic Consequences of Dreams & Illusions" -

Rachel Jones, Notre Dame University (Maryland)

Honorable Mention: "Hold Me Tight & Fear Not" –Allison Ann Trautmann, Marywood University

Honorable Mention: "Pack Cell Volume & Accumulation of Atrazine in Liver

Tissue of Pheasants to Environmental Concentrations of Atrazine" –Adam Lindsay, St. Mary's University (Minnesota)

The J. Patrick Lee Prize in Ethics

None

The Committee determined that further emphasis should be placed on the requirement that each entry in the J. Patrick Lee Prize in Ethics have a clear, strong connection to the Catholic intellectual tradition. The committee also agreed that DES should make a stronger effort in promoting the prize.

Dr. Conway passed the gavel to the incoming president, Dr. Lorentz, who then officially installed the committee's new member, Prof. Abby Gambrel of Cardinal Stritch University, who replaces Dr. Conway on the committee. The committee then selected Sr. Linda Bos, SSND, as the new vice president, and established the 2012 Fellowship and Scholarship review committees.

Delta Epsilon Sigma Official Jewelry

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Sterling Silver		\$32.00	
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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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