

Scribe

DeVry Faculty Literary Magazine
Fall/Winter 2013 Issue



Hanging Rock State Park waterfall
Image by Colleen Mallory
College of Liberal Arts & Sciences

Look deep into nature, and then you will understand everything better.
~Albert Einstein

Scribe
DeVry Faculty Literary Magazine

Scribe publishes essays, stories, poems, memoirs, and digital artwork created by professors teaching for DeVry University. The magazine invites professors teaching in all modalities to submit their work. Editorial decisions are based on independent reviews and only the highest-quality work is selected for publication.

All submissions are reviewed by the magazine's review committee. The committee is comprised of faculty and peers (as possible). Committee recommendations are generally followed; however, the managing editors make the final decision and reserve the right to revise all submissions for content, format, and correctness.

Submissions should be submitted online via the magazine's eCollege shell. Submissions must be accompanied by a signed release form, available from the eCollege shell or by email request to one of the managing editors.

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From the Editor

It Started with an Idea Barbara Stevens

Have you ever watched the movie, *Working Girl* starring Melanie Griffith, Harrison Ford, and Sigourney Weaver? Melanie Griffith plays a secretary desiring to make it in the corporate business world. She poses as an executive after learning her boss stole her idea. There's a scene in the movie in which Melanie Griffith's character is in an elevator with Harrison Ford and the businessman she's trying to woo with her merger idea. She explains to the businessman how she came up with the idea. Reading an article about his daughter's wedding and another article about a radio company formed the idea. When I first watched the movie, I was dumbfounded by the notion that a business venture could be formed from a mundane task like reading the newspaper.

Scribe is here today because I had a similar type epiphany. One cold, snowy afternoon in January I decided to watch a movie. I found a movie on Amazon.com called *Struck by Lightning*. The movie was about a high school senior, who dreamed of going to Northwestern. His guidance counselor told him in order to get accepted he needed to do something different to be noticed by Northwestern. She suggested he create a literary magazine. Get a bunch

of students to write something personal or creative and publish the works collectively in a literary magazine. When I saw the movie, I immediately thought to myself that a literary magazine for professors might be a good idea.

I mulled over the idea for a couple weeks then drafted an email to Dr. Rekau, who was the National Dean for the College of Liberal Arts & Sciences at the time, requesting permission to pursue the project. It took me a few weeks more to build the courage to send the email. Dr. Rekau was receptive to the idea, offered a few caveats to consider, and suggested I reach out to Colleen Mallory and Dr. Judy McCarthy, who worked together previously on a student journal. Colleen and Judy were equally enthused about the idea and we've been working together ever since to put this magazine together. Along the way, several more DeVry professors joined us with equal enthusiasm and dedication.

We have enjoyed working together to create this first issue. We hope you enjoy it as well. If something here entertains or inspires you, please share your comments using the "Letter to the Editor" dropbox in Scribe's eCollege shell. We'd love to hear from you.

Welcome to Scribe.

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Short Stories

THE GRIEF AND PAIN

**Abdus Sattar
Dallas Campus**

In the catalog of divine punishments, none were as cruel as those inflicted on men and women who threatened the ascendancy of the justice. One such offender was the Tennessee Citizen, Eric Hill, who wounded the law and incurred the bitterest punishment by his own moral injury. Now, Eric had much to be proud of: His name was sung by people everywhere in the village for his good deeds. Yet what most anguished Eric's heart when he reflected on his life was his crime. Eric once proclaimed it for all to hear. It happened so:

Eric lived a sheltered life with his parents in a two-room cabin on the banks of the Pigeon River in the Smoky Mountains of Tennessee. His father, John Hill, was a sharecropper. John tilled the land for somebody else in return for a share of the crop, which didn't come to a whole lot. Eric's mother was a homemaker. She had a big sewing machine in her living room, and most of the time she was quite taken with it. Eric used to sit and watch her sewing for hours. His mother was a dear, sweet soul. Occasionally, she would make chocolate cookies, and she would always share an extra piece or two with Eric while baking. Those extra bits seemed like the riches of the ancient king. The joy he knew in chocolate cookies could not compare to the bright and shining pleasure he felt in nature. He simply had a passionate love for God's plants and creatures. He once told me, "As a child, I was always fascinated by birds. I envied the freedom they had. To me, a bird seemed to have the power to fly anywhere, even to New York! My spirit often soared far from home, without my really paying attention, on the wings of a migrating bird."

In the wilderness of the Smoky Mountains people lived divided from their neighbors by mountains and springs. Once, the entire village learned a hard lesson through the sufferings of our family. My elder brother, Jacob, somehow survived from a street gang shooting. From that time

on, regular folk kept to themselves, confined in their own circle, knowing it was best not to put too much trust in appearance. After the incident, I dwelled placidly inside the thicket of rules and restrictions: certain areas were out of bounds, certain times were forbidden to go out. One day my parents announced that they would be late from town. My father forbade me to go anywhere far in his absence. But this time I rebelled. Once home, my father found that I had gone out to mix with friends after dark. He made my ears ring with a severe scolding. I did not talk back, when he administered a few extra rules for my behavior. In truth, I deserved them.

In Gatlinburg, Tennessee, a tourist spot, my job as a clerk did not work out. Without a job, for a while, I sprinted through the streets of Gatlinburg. I walked through intense summer heat, until finally I reached the nearest town, Pigeon Forge, feeling sweaty, dirty, and not a little ill. I called my friend in Los Angeles and asked his help to see if I could spend few days with him and gain employment somewhere out there. My friend discouraged me and refused my request. Eventually, having no choices, I arrived at my friend's door anyway. "You really are a strange one. Aren't you?" It worried my friend to see my face contort in agony. I asked for temporary shelter, promising to be a great help in the kitchen. At my friend's request, Phantom, his boss, listened intently as I gasped out the story of my journey and the little savings I had brought with me. Casting a worried glance at his gang, Phantom hesitated, but ultimately let me stay. He reassured me that both I and my money were safe with him. In a cage, I noticed a Mynah bird, which Phantom pointed out, I would be caring for.

There was a hierarchy inside the gang wherein every person, animal, or thing knew its place and obligations. To protect their world, the gang constructed a bulwark of laws governing every aspect of their existence. For the disobedient, however, penalties were harsh, ranging from public humiliation to agonizing assault. All that I was able to understand was that I had

entered a realm completely alien to the “normal” world. I had joined a gang of robbers. They were ruthless, shrewd, but fiercely loyal to those who befriended them within their own circle. One day, I asked for my money. I wanted to leave. “It is our community in the world that we are set to defend. I can’t let you leave the community,” Phantom replied. Then, after a moment, he added, “Well, you can own the mynah bird, but you cannot leave nor have the money.” In reality my face turned tearful and I lapsed into silence. After that, I waited for the opportunity to leave. I was, in sum, no more than a loser, a coward. I lacked the power to stand up and fight for what I believed in. I could not fight. I couldn’t even argue.

Indeed, inside the gang, my only sworn enemy was Phantom, our leader, who initiated many long-lasting blood feuds and street shootings. Under these rules and regulations, a cankerworm of frustration gnawed at my vitals. The hate-light flickered in my eyes. One night, Phantom fell into a fever. I confronted him, accusing him of building his fortune on the coins I had brought, and declared before him that I would be revenged.

Eventually, there was a violent quarrel between us that ended with the flash of my knife and a geyser of Phantom’s blood. He was such a formidable enemy, I feared at any moment he would jump me in murderous rage. As he lay delirious and paralyzed upon his sleeping mat, I escaped into the dark of the night, while the remaining members was busy with dark assignments Phantom had given earlier.

I ran, and I grabbed the Mynah bird in his cage. I had the bird, and my Bible, as I dove into my old car, and that was it. That night, possibly, while the rest of the gang gnawed on the bones of stolen sheep and sang bawdy ballads in an off key chorus, I, far away, huddled by the campfire, was reading accounts of ancient battles and history. My attention never wandered, even when the text moved from chronicles of wonders to discourses on good and evil. The very act of reading changed my

attitude. But I could gain neither real profit nor pleasure from it unless I changed my life. I had long been dreaming of the day when I might strike out against the complacent. After wandering far and enduring many days’ hardships, I found a hideout.

In the courtyard of my hideout, a stray dog rummaged through the garbage. When I returned from a meager supper I scratched out of this inhospitable place, his eyes flashed, but he did not bark. Inside the tin house it was dark. In a space in the east corner of the main floor—it could scarcely be called a room—mosquitos buzzed, as I bathed with a rag and water collected in a makeshift bucket and laid down to rest. Lying on the bed in my dimly lit room, I kept my eyes open wide and stared at the ceiling, asking myself: what do I really want? I ended up spending not just few months but almost a year in this quiet and lonely place. Each evening, I poured out my agony, regrets, and fears to the bird. I kept my outside activities minimal in case Phantom attempted to follow me.

The sun cast its thin light down on the tree and hedgerow and the morning was chilly. Suddenly in the cage the Mynah began to chirp, “Good days ahead! Good days ahead!” Along the route to the forest, the paved road was cracked, and it shook my car violently. At each tremor I had to grab the birdcage beside me. The Mynah fretted at each bump. When the road finally settled down, the bird was poised with both feet on its perch. The palm trees walled both sides of the road. Fan-shaped coconut and banyan trees grew in profusion. I followed the sign and approached the wild life sanctuary and turned my car on to a dirt road where once again it shimmied wildly, and inside its cage the mynah bird, with fear in its eyes, flapped its wings. I drove ahead a short distance and finally stopped. The forest land had been prepared with great care, the trees had been meticulously thinned, and ponds had been dug in various spots to provide drinking water for the birds. I sat down beside one of the ponds and placed the bird cage on the ground.

“Do you remember those nights we spent together?” I asked the Mynah. As I spoke, memories of those late nights came back to me with a painful stab to my chest. In my exhaustion the only one to whom I could open my heart was that Mynah bird. Late at night, after everyone else had gone to sleep, I would turn on the small light at my bed table and mutter to the bird, as though to myself, a confession of my anxiety and loneliness. At times its voice sounded as though it were mocking my lack of nerve and cowardice, while at other times it seemed to be offering consolation. Am I going to die? “Better days ahead!” Is Phantom coming to kill me? “Better days ahead!”

I slid out the stick of wood that kept the door to the birdcage shut. “All right, come on out.” I tapped the outside of the cage lightly with my fingers. The Mynah hopped out, then raced across the ground again. I felt as though I had been able to make a faint gesture of gratitude for my company as well as for his freedom from Phantom. I stepped beneath the shade of a large palm tree, and I was able to hear the songs of the many birds echoing back and forth, from close at hand to far off in the forest. The Mynah rose into the air, wheeled, and vanished into the mountain.

As fall advances down the forest, the mountain slopes are transformed from varying shades of green to a brilliant tapestry of brown, purple, gold and crimson. Dressed in autumnal splendor and basked in October sunshine, the life flowed back and forth between the trees and the chirping of the birds and the wind that slowly set the leaves fluttering. At last I began to search my friend, alone and on foot. Weeks passed, but I could not find him.

The smell of death is always thick in the forest. Yet, somewhere on the mountain, I know the Mynah sings.

Mr. Farniker's Class
Louis Freese
Westminster Campus

He sat in the third row, aisle seat, on the right hand side of the classroom. He had been assigned this seat on the first day of school and had sat in it every day since. Every time he stood up he imagined he could see the imprint of his butt worn into the seat from so many hours of uninterrupted sitting. It was June, and finally, it was the last day of school. Just as he was on the first day, Nathaniel Jason Williams, was irretrievably bored.

He knew this would be the case when the room assignments were sent home last August. His mother's fondest wish and his worst nightmare had come to pass. He had been assigned to Mr. Farniker's classroom for his sixth grade year. Every kid in school knew that Mr. Farniker was the single most boring teacher in the whole school. Each year the departing sixth grade class would tell horror stories about doing time in the "fartlicker's" room. Nate had heard stories about Mr. Farniker from the moment he arrived at Monroe Elementary as a kindergartner. Of course, then he had no understanding of them or reason to care. Back then, school was still new and an adventure. However, as he neared the end of fifth grade, those stories became more and more prominent in his thoughts. They suggested that Mr. Farniker was a mean man with a very pointy nose, who wore a perpetual frown. To be in Mr. Farniker's class was to be trapped in your seat for hours, listening to him drone on about nothing. If there was one thing he was sure of it was that he did not want to be sentenced to a year in "fartlicker prison."

Too bad his mom hadn't seen it that way. For reasons totally unfathomable to all students everywhere, parents just loved Mr. Farniker. Nate's mom was no exception. He could still see his mom salivating with a look bordering on intense desire at thought of having her only beloved son spending a year in the embrace of the god of knowledge. Mr. Farniker was one of those

teachers by whom parents desperately wanted their child taught. Somehow, he had created the impression that he was a brilliant teacher. Every year, the school would receive requests from virtually every fifth grade parent asking, if not outright begging, that their precious darling be placed in Mr. Farniker's classroom. It was as if the three other sixth grade teachers were a lesser species and not worthy of educating anybody's child.

Nate could still see his mother bubbling with excitement over the prospect of being the parent of a Farniker student. When fifth grade ended, Nate's mom immediately went to work. She wrote a letter and baked a batch of her world famous coconut-cashew sugar cookies. Both of which were hand delivered to the principal on the last day of school. When Nate found out, he wanted to vomit. He begged his mom to rescind the letter—and the cookies. He would do anything if only she would not get him put in Mr. Farniker's class. His planned to lock himself in his room and not come out until sixth grade was over.

He was prepared. He had secret stashes of snack food hidden. He had his TV, stereo, and computer. He even had the newest Harry Potter book, and he had not read even one of its seven hundred plus pages yet. He could easily live in his room for a year, emerging only late at night when his parents were asleep, and this only to use the bathroom and restock his soda supply. Nate was ready for a long siege. He would only come out when his mom relented and said he could choose the teacher he really wanted.

However, despite all of Nate's pleadings and threats of self-confinement, the worst had come to pass. In early August the letter arrived. It was very official, embossed with school's name and address in the upper left corner and his parent's names and address typed neatly in the exact center of the envelope. Nate found it first. He had taken to checking the mail daily. He had timed to the exact second when the mail would arrive so he could be sure to get to it first. When he saw the letter, he wanted to burn it

or hide it—eat it perhaps, anything so long as his mom could not read it. He groaned inwardly. It was hopeless. His mom was anxiously awaiting the letter, and if it never came, she would only call the school and find out directly from them. So, Nate tried to glower it into nonexistence, feeling sick to his stomach and hoping for a miracle. Eventually, his mother noticed him hovering over the mail and saw the letter. She immediately tore open the envelope and read the letter as if it were a matter of life and death. Her voice was tinged with excitement and satisfaction when she glowingly announced that Nate had been placed in Mr. Farniker's class. Never had any utterance sounded so cruel to Nate.

A year crept by. He was a survivor. He was just minutes away from finishing his term in fartlicker prison. He took a last look at the man who had been his warden for the last year. Mr. Farniker was very tall and very skinny. His nose was not pointy. Instead it was small and bulbous. It didn't seem to fit with the rest of his body. Glasses with thick lenses and thin silver frames sat barely perched on it. His head was covered in a thin sheath of pale brown hair. His eyes were blue and never seemed to be fully open. He was dressed in a coat and tie. His mouth was turned down in a grimace that left one with the impression that its wearer was very fond of eating lemons. Mr. Farniker stood in his accustomed spot just to the left of his desk and just to the right of the chalkboard. He was once again lecturing. Nate had absolutely no idea what he was saying nor did he care. He only knew that he wanted out.

Nate watched, from the window next to his desk, seemingly the whole school but his class, playing on the playground. He spotted his best friend Ben. He and Ben had grown up next door to each other and had been friends forever. Ben was all blonde hair, blue eyes, and freckles. He was also ebullient. Everyday walking home from school, Nate got a full rundown of the events that had transpired in Ben's class.

"Today we built houses, using all kinds of geometric shapes. Today we created our own countries and made salt maps of them. Today we created our own Harry Potter skits. Today we made ice cream when we talked about liquids, solids, and gasses." The joy of recounting what he was learning went on relentlessly. Ben was always filled to overflowing with excitement about all that he got to do in class. How Nate wanted to be doing all those things that Ben was doing

Instead he sat and listened as Mr. Farniker bleated, "Please take out your social studies text and open to page 89. Today we will be talking about George Washington." Then Mr. Farniker would proceed to speak for thirty unabated minutes on whatever topic was up. Then the whole thing would repeat for each of the other subjects broken up by the periodic worksheet or test. This process went on until the last second of each day. Mr. Farniker believed that no second of learning should go unused. Nate's class didn't get recess. Mr. Farniker did not believe in recess for sixth graders. They were too old for it. Mr. Farniker had made that perfectly clear from the first day of school. Instead, Mr. Farniker would stand day after day in his usual spot and drone on and on about topic after topic in unrelenting monotony. Nate, like most of his classmates, lived for lunch, phys ed, and electives classes. They hungered for any relief from Mr. Farniker.

However, Nate had endured. His year in hell was almost over. It was almost summer break. It was going to be the most important summer of his life. He was turning thirteen. He was crossing the divide between childhood and adulthood. He was going to be a teenager at last. Nate was ready to grow up. He wanted to become someone his parents would listen to instead of ignore. He wanted to be in control of his life. He was tired of having his parent's decisions rammed down his throat without any input from him.

It was just like this whole deal with Mr. Farniker. Nate had known absolutely which teacher he wanted. He knew which class he would be happiest in. He had tried over

and over again to make his case to both his parents. They never listened. From his Dad he would get, "Your Mother is dealing with all of your schooling, Nate. I am just too busy at work. Now, if you want some other teacher, just take it up with her."

From his mother he would get, "Now Nate we both know that Mr. Farniker is the best teacher in your school. I want only the best for you and if I can get you in his class I am going to do it." Neither one ever listened to him or considered that Nate might be capable of knowing what was right for him.

Nate thought back over the school year. He felt as though he'd learned absolutely nothing. He certainly could not recall any moment when he had had an "aha!" A moment when he could say I now know something I didn't know before.

All Nate could remember was endless boredom and wishing passionately for each day to be done, for the bell to ring and release him to the outside world. Now the bell was about to ring for the last time in sixth grade, and Nate would leave fartlicker prison forever. His body was tingling with anticipation, every muscle ready to burst from the room, ready to race into summer, to become thirteen, to become a man.

Why couldn't the clock move any faster? There were so many things Nate wanted to do, to run barefoot through the grass, to jump into a cold pool, to shout for joy at the simple truth of being young, alive, and free as you soak up all the sensations of summer, those were the urges that were controlling him now. Each moment he remained stuck in this room was more excruciating than the last. His mind and body were about to explode they were so full of barely contained and unused energy. If the bell didn't sound soon, Nate knew he would explode all over the classroom.

"Nathaniel Williams," hissed Mr. Farniker. Nate jumped. "What!"

"Your report card," said Mr. Farniker through pursed lips.

Nate grabbed the envelope and shoved it into his backpack. His grades would be good he knew. He never had any trouble passing any of the tests or completing any

of the work Mr. Farniker assigned. He had gotten one paper back with only the word "exceptional" written on it and below that an "A" all in green ink, Mr. Farniker's favorite color.

Nate was just returning to a fully seated position when the miracle happened. The bell rang. He fairly leapt from his chair. He grabbed his backpack, empty now except for the report card and some lint and slung it over his shoulder. Nate raced for the door, escaping to freedom at last. He, like all the other students, left with no good-bye or words of thanks for Mr. Farniker. All that he left was an empty classroom and the echo of a shout released in exultation at being set free at last.

Christmas and Toys Are Us
Jerry Durbeej
Miramar Campus

The only time I was presented with a manufactured toy was on Christmas day. There was no stocking, ceremony, fancy gift wrapping, blinking lights, televised parade, or even a tree, plastic or freshly cut. Even if we did have a tree, it would have been dark, abject, and lonely; the electric company had not yet reached our village. As for anticipating some annually televised Yuletide parade, this too would have been inconceivable due to the lack of power and the fact that the electronic box transmitting transient images had not yet graced the shores of our beloved, colonial, and innocent British Guiana. But on Christmas morning, our landscape though void of stocking and gilded wrapping, was vibrant with anticipation; after all, we were children and Christmas meant toys.

I remember, as a young boy, the Christmas cards depicting rural landscapes blanketed in snow with pictures of solitary farmhouses snuggled among rolling hills of white with smoke puffing lazily from the chimneys. This scene of quiet, undisturbed, cotton whiteness which contrasted starkly with our flat, below-sea-level, equatorial terrain, encouraged my imagination to leap continents; even in that tender age I recognized poetry in the gentle roll of hills, the meandering of that quiet stream, and the mothering of hearth and warmth inside those lonely farmhouses.

It was amazing how one culture had totally subdued another. Fifty years ago, I, the last of ten children, was born in the village of Airy Hall in British Guiana. My grandparents, indentured laborers from India, and leashed under the firm hand of Empire builders, had crossed the forbidding Ganga Mai, that great, dark water. India did not let go easily, but colonial masters bent on indoctrination, insisted on marking my consciousness with the likes of "Mary Had a Little Lamb." Like divorced parents, cultures clashed for my attention; India reminded me of my Karma and England insisted that man

controlled his own destiny. And later, America, for twenty-five years, insisted on further fracturing my psyche.

But enough of Empire builders and fractured psyche; let us return to the time of my innocent youth not yet affected with marriage and mortgage. I recall the annual cleansing and redecorating for the Christmas holidays: floors, walls and windows scrubbed and washed, curtains of Christmas colors hauled out of boxes and hung with care and love. The worn linoleum would be replaced bringing with it that unique Christmas smell of linseed oil and gum solidified in the shiny new floor covering. Laying that linoleum was a ritual all by itself; it was as though the spirit of Christmas was offering the opportunity to recover, clean, wash, and renew souls with a fresh linoleum start.

This was a time of safety, of peace, and contentment when in British Guiana, six races of people lived as one under English imperialism. There is the fond memory of the queen of England visiting her colony; schools would be closed and children in brand new and pressed school uniforms, were bussed to the capital, and with Union Jacks in obedient hands, wave their loyalty: Long live the Queen! These were the times of plenty in a scarce land; the mothering monarch ensured that her empire children had enough and a little more, especially during the Christmas holidays. Christians, Hindus, and Muslims always lived side by side, but Christmas was the good-will blanket that covered them all evenly. "O Come All Yea Faithful" was a Yuletide carol we children knew by heart and we were not even Christians; the transcendence of Christmas must have encouraged this peaceful, gentle, and giving season.

I can easily evoke my agony waiting for Christmas day. The week before Christmas was dedicated for this auspicious day. My mother and sisters would prepare and mix the fruit cake and in aluminum buckets we would take the batter to the local bakery. My mother would purchase, only for this annual event, apples, grapes, (these fruits were available only during the Christmas

season), walnut, and a twenty-four case of bottled Pepsi, Coke, I-Cee, and Red Spot soda. In the early hours before this grand day, carolers, working through the night, would wake us with mournful renditions of "Silent Night, Holy Night." My father was generous with his rum. And so on this day that marked the birth of Jesus, our Hindu home found occasion to celebrate this wondrous event with the rest of the world.

I remember my mother and sisters would start the Christmas cooking early and soon the smell of curry lamb would blend with the odor of linseed linoleum. The heavy fruit cake would be cut up and parceled to be sent over to neighbors who would also grace our home to partake in our cake, food and a warm soda. Our mother would then demand order (our father, the forever farmer, had gone to work as usual,) as she sat us around the ancient coffee table. She would then haul out the old carton box from which she would give us each our single Christmas present. I don't know why but we did not hug or kiss our mother on this moment of giving. Anyway, the rules of our Christmas behavior were firmly laid down: we would be punished if we broke a toy, Christmas or no Christmas. No explanation. No excuse.

So it was only on this special day was I allowed a ready-made toy. After Christmas day was over, this plaything would be repacked in its original box for a second opening next season; same day open same day closed. The toy was not even allowed to lose its aroma of newness. Ah! The smell of pure rubber wheels on a Bedford or Leyland toy truck. Made in England. It was not mere poverty that dictated this annual treat; there was no television to bombard us with an array of toys or was there any commercial store within miles to hawk these playthings. Also, parents did not at all see it necessary to buy toys except at Christmas time because children of my childhood made their own toys. All year round.

I easily remember the playthings we managed to put together. I say managed because our vocabulary did not include "hardware store" with its offerings of electric

saws, drills, different hammers and the assortment of screws, nuts, bolts, and nails. In my house there was one hammer, a pair of pliers, and a large Ovaltine container of various hardware items, mostly used. I borrowed the handsaw, much to the disapproval of my parents. Of course there were many simple toys that did not necessitate any fancy tool, for example, the singing top. The mainstay of the singing top was an awara seed the size of a Ping-Pong ball. The kernel of the seed was patiently dug out through four small holes and then a cylindrical piece of wood, like a number three lead pencil, three to four inches long, would fit snugly through the bottom hole to the top hole of the awara seed. Waxed twine would then be threaded around the cylindrical stem and with a firm pull the top was supposed to land on the ground on its stem spinning and singing. It took days to perfect this top and a kid knew he had a winner when other kids would come by asking for advice on how to make a top really whistle.

Other popular homemade toys included the sardine-tin boat, the spinner, the caterpillar tractor, the bead gun, the slingshot, and the all-time favorite: the roller. The basic concept of the roller is the idea of motion via wheels and the ability to drive this contraption with the option of making right or left turns via a steering mechanism. A kid held on to a four feet long strip of wood about one inch wide and half-inch thick with the lower end connected to the center of an axle with two wheels. The axle would be a piece of wood roughly one foot long, one inch wide and about half-inch thick. The wheels, normally cut out from some old lumber, would be the size of the cover of a thirty-six ounce Skippy Peanut butter jar. This arrangement allowed the axle the freedom of being turned left or right, not dissimilar to the front axle of a horse drawn buggy. A rudimentary steering mechanism, attached almost to the upper end of the four-foot strip, controlled two lengths of steering twine directly connected to both sides of the axle; a right or left twist of the steering commanded the desired turn.

I remember hours of delight as other kids and I would drive our rollers in formation under our pillared house and around our spacious yard. A wheel would run loose or steering twine would be severed and the formation would halt. Repairs had to be done. The roller would be jacked up, twine borrowed and a nail extracted from the nearest fence or wall. I remember going back to the drawing board for a better roller; I was a perfectionist obsessed with modifications. I would remain awake late at nights, thinking: could I build a cart to attach to my roller? What about a dumping mechanism and springs that would allow the wheels to take the shock instead of the cart? How about using the old Berc flashlight batteries for the headlamps I would design? During these periods of intense calculations, my school work and chores would take a backseat but my mother, not one to spare the rod, quickly rerouted my consciousness to arithmetic and hauling artesian water. I suffered as I helplessly watched as my parent dismantled lofty engineering plans for a better roller.

I have long since moved away from my childhood and from that small village of Airy Hall where day was day and night was night, neither infringing upon the other. I have now settled, or unsettled in New York City, dimensions away from that now surreal landscape of outhouses, kerosene lamps and wood stoves. My two children are urbanites who have no need, desire or

cause to make their own toys. Toys are acquired simply through an exchange at the cash register and any given day can be selected to ask, plead, beg, or scream for that toy. Also, there are many occasions that demand the presentation of toys: birthdays, good-behavior days, kindergarten graduation, relatives or friends visiting, and of course the biggest still is on Christmas day. The list is long and often there is no need for an occasion for a child to want a toy. Television makes sure that my children are fully aware that there are not enough toys out there so they better run quickly and get some ... limited time offer only ... Barbie walks, Barbie talks ... Barbie can be yours for only nineteen ninety-five ... batteries not included.

There is an overabundance of toys in my house and I suspect a similar situation exists in many other homes. I have often witnessed the delight of a child receiving a brand new, fancy plaything and in that same day noted the disappearance of that delight. I have also observed at birthday parties where children proudly show off what they have been given; during my time we showed off what we made, not what we were given. And so neither of my children can understand why I was repeatedly scolded when I insisted that my roller, grease, dirt and all should be next to me when I went to sleep.

You see, I had made that roller!

~ 15 ~

Poetry

See World
Anthony Baker
College of Liberal Arts & Sciences

My reflection serves as reminder that
our time together is limited,
 that I am merely a voyeur sharing with you
 a single breath in time.

I envy your fluid movements
from my appointed station and
 wonder of our differences
 both great and small.

You greet me with a gentle glide
past the translucent barrier that divides us,
 and I am mindful that your ancestors
 once swam the oceans, free.

I catch sight of your eyes, or maybe you, of mine.
And for a gentle moment,
 a transcendent kinship evades
 the reality of our contrary spheres.

I sense your sadness and
hope you know my own,
 each of us trapped by
 irreparable circumstance.

I press my hand to the glass
as you drift away
 into the obscure bareness
 of your kingdom.

And I remember that I too
once lived in a watery planet
 but escaped its bondage
 only to suffer upon the land.

Beach Bar, Saint Somewhere
Anthony Baker
College of Liberal Arts & Sciences

in the isolation of a north shore bar,
sand in an old tin can serves as an ashtray,
where I've spent the better part of the day
planting a grove of plastic palm tree stirrers.
this morning my little garden was shaded
by a frond-thatched roof and some driftwood walls,
but the afternoon sun has found its way through the
unshuttered windows and electrified my tiny
refuse jungle like a neon-green brush fire.

midday heat lingers and
a rusty wall fan diffuses the breeze,
swirling worn shadows to the floor.

the foreign chatter of ragtag locals
mingles with the earthy toll of bamboo wind chimes,
breaching the sameness of the afternoon surf.

cool waters stream from a
frosty mason jar topped with
bathtub remedy from a worn, plastic milk jug.

two Spanish girls sip sangria at a table by the door.
one has a solitary bead of perspiration
creeping from her hairline
down the back of her auburn neck.
her bare feet perch on a weathered, wooden chair and
a faded sundress clings to her thighs.

there's a notebook and a pencil I sharpened with a pocketknife
in the canvass bag by my feet.
I have six cigarettes and five dry matches.

the postcards in my pocket nag.

I've been back three times in the last year,
and I should have left two days ago,
but each time it gets harder
and I'm not so sure this time.

Random Afternoon, 1984
Anthony Baker
College of Liberal Arts & Sciences

There's a knocking at my door and when I peel it open

I find ethereal images of you and me together,
young and vibrant, that day at the lake when I professed
my love for you and carved our initials
in that tree by the shore, the crooked one, half split away by rot.

Then we stole away behind a hedgerow and practiced on each other
until the mosquitoes told us it was time to go.

I left on my bicycle one way; you, the other.
And the whole way home,
I could smell you on my face,
the wind pushing your thick fragrance through my nose,
my mouth, so I could taste you one more time.

I couldn't wait to call.

Your mom said you were out,
which was strange because you said
you had homework and laundry.

I called later that night,
And your sister answered. She confused me with some
other young suitor.

I laughed through the sadness,

wondering where he was kissing you

and which of us he was tasting.

I locked the door.

As I Know...
Anthony Baker
College of Liberal Arts & Sciences

as I know it right now,

I need to see you,
but I dare not pierce the
mantle of sadness that surrounds you,
the echo of tender fingers picking
an acoustic guitar from somewhere
inside a darkened room.

the illusion is lost,
like old photos veiled by tissue paper,
their borders chipped by time,
flaking to obscurity.

as I know it right now,

memories hang like picture wire
pulled from the images of our past,
left naked and tangled,
unmasked by circumstance.

the hushed score of maracas
scratch rhythmically in a
memory filled by alibis and sacrifice,
questions and regrets.

fighting for you is so cliché.

as I know it right now,

the crescendo has passed,
leaving us with a melancholic interlude
that continues to soften
but refuses to fade.

Ascension and Lament
Justin Rousse
College of Health Sciences

We had talked the whole night through,
but when the rain took reign at 4:15
we were troubled into silence, and we sat,
slick converts to the dark and drifting hours.
Was it only time we barricaded that
left us soaking in caution, shaking off
new words, our silence pared into soft
breathing – a palpable lament that found
us waiting – and waiting? You leaned toward
the window, trying to spotquote the world
into awareness, singing to the rain in a tone
so tissue thin that, with the lifting light,
I dreamed of the contours of your flesh,
lapping against the silver vessel of the sky.

Reunion
Justin Rousse
College of Health Sciences

Two friends on a white southern beach
want to discover new patterns
as years tilt and sails
break at their feet.
Unseasonably drunk on recollection,
their memories multiply
like loaves and fishes.
They exchange old griefs,
the waves erasing any chance
for censorship, and before
it is too late, they remember
what they cannot forget,
fragile weapons an arm's length apart.
Cups of politeness shatter,
and their conversation becomes
a meal of arrows. They imagine
too much. They become their imaginings,
small shore fires beneath the half moon.
He strolls on the beach alone.
She burns his letters, the ribbons
dancing against the dark summer wind.

Cool Green Light
Justin Rousse
College of Health Sciences

You were born in a house of cool green light,
lemonade served in punch bowls on
your grandmother's veranda
at the edge of Jasmine Hill Road.
A small storm sucked up honeysuckle
and leafy garden sheds, an aftermath
of wind fluttered like a haiku
through the open screen doors.
Larkspur fell in late purple showers.
Kudzu kissed the hot boiled peanuts sign
all before you took your first breath.

When you were seventeen your grandmother
painted a quiet esplanade of brushstrokes,
your green hair in the portrait more than strands,
more than family secrets, more a notion of how
you would afford that same light as cover
in the hammock of your neighbor's yard
when you were told in the blighted confusion
of youth: Go study the stars! And when you
felt the timelessness of the stars you knew
there was time for you. How they watered
your understanding, how you came to know
at twenty the constellations of materfamilias,
woven into the fabric of the living room walls,
a place you would go to (a cool quiet green)
when warships of worry passed through your days.

You found another house in another city far away,
not far enough away. One cold Boston night
your patrons flirted with the New Year
as you sweet talked their children to sleep,
stories of ruminating cows, nothing to do
but munch on Auld Lang Syne. The air froze
in Hampstead Heath, and the same quiet green
that greeted your birth mounted the stairs
to the third floor. And you beheld your lover's eyes.

Glances
Roger Adair
Phoenix-Mesa Campus

Quick glances bounce away, avoiding strangers along the street.
Our eyes meet for only a second,
a tiny moment
and I wonder as I look into your startled eyes,
your expressive heart,
your disquiet soul
- who are you?
Where are you from?
Where are you going?
Such a simple, natural beauty.
I steal another quick look.
Too short for memory - though long enough for imagination.
In that instant our eyes meet and dart away.

The world stands aside as romantic static dances between our lonely souls.
You giggle at my jokes.
I warm your chilly hands.
You caress my tired shoulders.
I hold you tight
as you wet my shirt with tears.
The years grow together.
We relax, become comfortable
taking for granted the love that glues our souls as one.
Disappointments, confusion, anger and pain splinter once innocent humor.
Caresses become less frequent,
giggles turn to growls
and tender hands warm themselves.

We glance again,
eyes meeting.
I look into your imagination, you've been there as well.
As you look away I see your heart sigh,
yearning for romance but afraid of pain.
We press on to not cause each other grief.
A quiet parting and we never glance into each other's eyes again.
For a moment our souls flit together.
And, for a tiny speck in eternity we fall in love.
We pass.
Do you look back to watch me walk away?
I'm afraid to see.
I miss you already, though we've given up before love can be.

A Dog Zips Across the Road
David Layton
Pomona Campus

A dog zips across the road.
It sniffs at a turtle that had wandered from the woods on its afternoon business:
Not shoe, or flower, or friend.
The turtle does not cut and run, curl, leave, or slip away.
With mind working a dance, the dog sniffs again:
Not grass, or wind, or friend.
The dog tears up the road, pulls up, and turns back down the road to the turtle.
It opens its mouth and sniffs again:
Not snow, or tree, or friend.
The turtle elbows the dog aside.
The dog shakes, closes in, snarls, and sniffs again:
Not dirt, or shirt, or friend.
The dog surveys the turtle, turns, and leaves;
A turtle will not play.
Not sun, or rain, or friend.

A Bad Day for Mothers
Philip Theibert
College of Liberal Arts & Sciences

It was a bad day for mothers
John tripped over his laces
and broke his leg
Sally crossed her eyes and
they stayed that way
Bob was in an accident
with dirty underwear
Joey went out with wet hair
caught his death from cold
(the funeral is this Friday)
All of Harold's friends jumped
off a cliff and he followed them
Tom didn't wait until
his father got home
Jeff played with a stick
poked his eye out
Sarah sat too close to the TV
went blind
Dave didn't look at his mother
when she was talking to him
but Betsy did find money
growing on a tree.

The Thrower
Philip Theibert
College of Liberal Arts & Sciences

She was a thrower
had a major league arm
Warren Spahn
now warming up
in the kitchen
smart enough not
to toss fine china
but cheap saucers,
heavy bottomed glass
left scars in the door
and maybe on
your forehead
good at throwing shoes
slippers, sandals, boots
you might say
footwear was her specialty
the day I left
she threw
a sauce pan
simmering
in her anger

Graphics and Images



Transparency, Berlin / Deborah Helman, 2013
New Brunswick Campus



Philip Schuchman. An Eschercise in self-control
College of Liberal Arts & Sciences

The camera makes everyone a tourist in other people's reality, and eventually in one's own.

~Susan Sontag



Love Locks, Berlin. 2013. Deborah Helman
New Brunswick Campus



Water bottle digital photography. 2013. Elio Arteaga
Miramar Campus



Harpsichord by Dale Reynolds. 2013
College of Engineering & Information Sciences



Ornate church steeple on Pines Boulevard
Elio Arteaga. 2013. Miramar Campus.

The aim of art is to represent not the outward appearance of things, but their inward significance.

~Aristotle



Garden rose. Andrea Henne.
College of Liberal Arts & Sciences



O'Brien's Tower Cliffs of Moher
Andrea Henne
College of Liberal Arts & Sciences



Sunset Red Bank. Barbara Burke. North Brunswick Campus

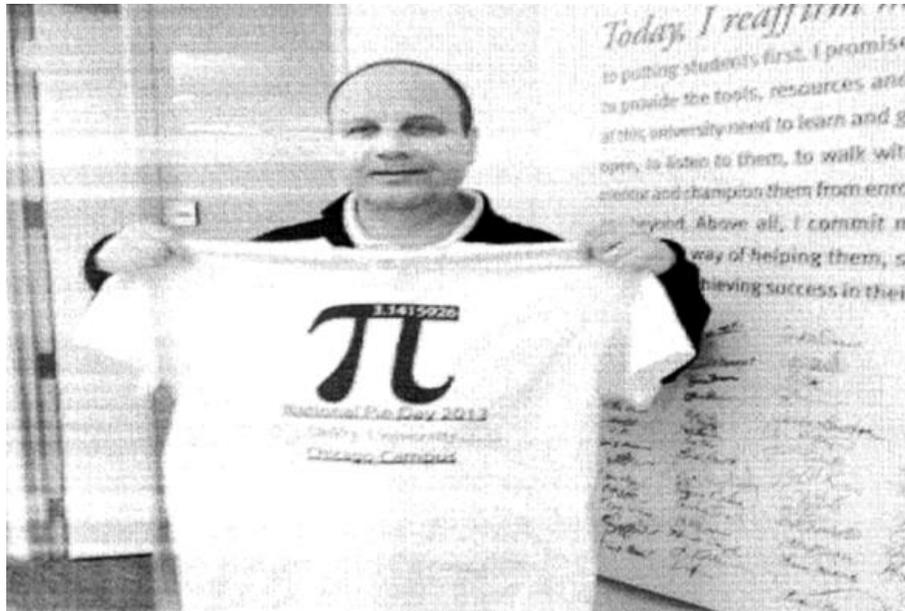


A bow to summer. Barbara Burke. North Brunswick Campus.



Grand Ballroom-Navy Pier. Barbara Stevens. College of Liberal Arts & Sciences

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Ad and image courtesy of Susann Kyriazopoulos
Chicago Campus

Essays

**The Black Demon
A Young Girl's View of Alzheimer's
Disease
As told by my daughter, Lynnea
Suzanne J. Crouch
Chamberlain College of Nursing**

It is strange how four words can alter a family's course of action for the rest of their lives. My grandmother has Alzheimer's. When I first heard this statement, I had no understanding of the impact it would have on the life of my grandmother as well as my family members. With the passage of time, I came to understand that Alzheimer's is a black demon that was slowly robbing my grandmother of the capacity to function as a normal, healthy human being.

In her youth, my grandmother had very good athletic abilities. I have a picture of her crossing a ravine hand-over-hand dangling from a pipe. She was an avid softball player, and encouraged me from the time I was a toddler to hit the ball and run. I would practice with an 18" wooden bat that my grandpa carved and a big, rubber ball. During the World Series, my grandmother was glued to the television keeping her own personal score books. My grandmother had boundless amounts of energy. She loved to play the piano and sing. She majored in music in college and used to sing opera. My mother informed me that my grandmother sang with George Beverly Shay. Although I don't know who he is, my mother said he sang for years with Billy Graham.

I remember bowling with my grandmother. She was on a senior bowling league and her team won the state championship. She received a trophy and had her picture taken for the newspaper. When she wasn't playing sports, she was gardening or cleaning. To me, my grandmother was a regular grandma who baked cookies, bought me old fashioned clothes and reminded me to be nice to my mom. Every year for Christmas, she gave everyone a pair of hand-knit slippers and I wore mine to skate around on the tile floor in my house. She also had an unusual sense of humor. When she was particularly

funny, she would take out her false teeth. My best friend thought that was gross but I thought it was funny. I wish she could still do all the special things I remember.

Now her hands no longer knit or play the piano. The joints in her fingers are swollen and my mom says she has arthritis. Her once tanned skin is now pasty white. My grandmother doesn't sing anymore; she can't even talk. On a good day, she will eat something and take a few sips of juice. She wears a nightgown even when it is daylight and her favorite Reebok tennis shoes have been replaced by nursing home slippers. My grandma doesn't play ball with me anymore. In fact, she doesn't even know I am her granddaughter. She doesn't cry, but when she is in bed she hugs a stuffed dog I gave her. I think she might be afraid sometimes. I am afraid too. When I was little, I used to be afraid of goblins and black demons and I have started to be afraid again but in a different way. The black demon of Alzheimer's is real and frightening.

To me, Alzheimer's is full of fear and pain. My grandmother was afraid when she first learned the diagnosis. My grandfather cared for my grandmother in their home until it was impossible to care for her safely. My grandma left their house and got lost twice in the neighborhood. We all had to drive around until we found her sitting alongside the road crying. I felt so sad for my grandma and was really worried that she would get hurt or lost for good. Nurses came to the house to help bathe my grandmother and care for her until she needed more care than they could provide. Everyone cried when my grandma had to go to a nursing home.

My grandmother does not resemble the memory that I have of her when she was younger. Before she got sick, she would dye her hair because she hated gray hair. She said it made her look old. Now her hair is white and she won't let anyone comb it. Her false teeth sit in a glass on a little table by her bed, but it is not funny anymore. I wish she would wear them because she chokes on her food and I am afraid for her.

When I look at my grandma's eyes, it seems like I can see right through them. Alzheimer's robbed my grandmother of everything that she possessed, and it robbed me of my grandmother. I have good memories of my grandma, but Alzheimer's disease has also left me with fear for now I am afraid that one day, I will be visited by the black demon and he won't go away.

Frost, the Myth or the Man
John H. Garot
College of Liberal Arts & Sciences

Robert Frost, the unofficial poet laureate of the United States in the 1960s, is best known as the humble, pastoral cultivator of metaphorical wisdom who brought New England to life for generations to follow. However, is that really the man or the myth? Both sides of the “wall” will be explored to reveal a different side of Frost, namely, mean, vicious, vindictive, and controlling. Contrary to traditional lore, Frost didn’t come from the Northeast. He was born in San Francisco in 1874. His father died of tuberculosis when Robert was only eleven years old. To support the family, his mother, the former Isabelle Moody, resumed teaching school. The family moved to Lawrence, Massachusetts, where Robert’s grandfather and mentor, William Prescott Frost, lived. Ironically, his mother was an intelligent Scottish lady, but was known as a poor teacher who could not control the class. After graduating from high school in Lawrence in 1892, Robert attended Dartmouth but was dismissed for what has been interpreted as a sadistic prank. Over the next several years, he worked in a textile mill, on a farm, and taught Latin at his mother’s school in Methuen, Massachusetts. In 1894, he published his first poem, “My Butterfly” in the New York Independent paper. In 1895, he married Elinor Miriam White, a former sweetheart from Lawrence. As a proposal, Robert offered Elinor one of two copies of the *Twilight*, the first book of his poetry and she rejected him. (Only the beginning.) Frost destroyed the other copy and attempted a half-hearted drowning suicide in what was known as Dismal Swamp. They did end up getting married and had six children (Liukkonen, 2008).

Robert was admitted to Harvard in 1897 as a special student where he studied Latin and Greek under the famous George Santyana, America’s foremost Spanish philosopher (Saatkamp, 2010). In 1900,

Robert moved to Derry, New Hampshire, and worked as a cobbler, farmer, and teacher. Shortly thereafter, *The Atlantic Monthly* rejected his poetry and returned his submissions with a note, “We regret that *The Atlantic* has no place for your vigorous verse” (Robert Frost Quotes, 2013).

The Dark Side Unfolds

While in Derry, the family lived in nearly total isolation. Frost dominated the family. In fact, he controlled it. The children had no playmates and lived in fear of this hulk of a man, 5’9” tall, broad shouldered and strong, but Frost never whipped his children as he, Robert, had been whipped by his father years before. Robert, at this time, was very withdrawn and on the verge of depression. In 1901, Robert’s grandfather died and left him an estate and a comfortable annuity of \$500 a year. Faced with frustration and failure, he sold the farm in 1912 and moved to London to seek out the support of the world class writers of the time, namely, W.B. Yeats, Ford Madox Ford, and Ezra Pound. In fact, it was Pound who helped him publish his first book, *A Boy’s Will*, in 1913 in London (Wong, 1996). The book of poetry was based upon his own personal experiences, personal losses, everyday tasks, and loneliness (Liukkonen, 2008). Because he didn’t fit into their social circle, Robert Frost returned to the U.S. in 1915 and bought a farm in Franconia, New Hampshire. He continued to write poetry, lecture and teach at different colleges in the Northeast, namely Amherst College, the University of Michigan, Harvard University, and Dartmouth College, among others. He also gave numerous poetry readings which were a cause of his own marital conflict. From his early years and time in England, he grew to fear every living poet. He feared many things: lack of love from his wife; the dark; going mad; and complete uncertainty until the day he died (Fulford, 1996).

Among his early tragedies in life, Frost lost four of his children and two others had mental breakdowns. His son, Carol, also a poet, but very unsuccessful, committed suicide in 1940. Following the loss of the

children, his wife, Elinor withdrew from Robert's life which drove him into further depression and isolation. She died in 1938 (Liukkonen, 2008).

In an effort to pursue the unknown "bird of happiness," Frost took up with his secretary, Kay Morrison, and attempted to control her life as well. She became his "secretary, muse, and lover after the death of his wife, Elinor" (Wong, 1996). What is most ironic is that she was married to Theodore Morrison and later became involved with a third party, namely Frost's biographer, Lawrence Thompson whose biography of Frost approaches a reprehensible backlash (Wong, 1996). At one point, she relayed to her friends that she had given in to an old man's vain fantasies (Fulford, 1996).

The Real Robert Frost

In actuality, the image of Frost as a hick-town hayseed sage was an image that he

himself perpetrated. He was, all the while, a gifted writer who lived in contempt of other poets, and, as Thompson described him, a misanthrope, an anti-intellectual, and a cruel and angry man (Liukkonen, 2008).

Whichever side of the Mending Wall one peruses, the view changes from one of a New Englander who loved nature, successfully farmed, and enjoyed the comfort of creating and sharing his many literary works, to one of depression, isolation, anger, and contempt.

Which is the real man, which is the myth? At this stage, it may be indeterminable. Listen to the hulk of a man reading one of his famous poems and decide for yourself:

http://www.dailymotion.com/video/xqh08e_robert-frost-stopping-by-woods-on-a-snowy-evening_creation.

References

Available upon request.

Film Review

Sunset Boulevard, Capote, and Freedom Writers
By Ann Tschetter
College of Liberal Arts & Sciences

I love movies, basically all movies.-- comedy, drama, romance, horror, thrillers, or small budget independent films. When thinking about what to review, I thought it would be fun to review films that all had something in common --writers. The classic, *Sunset Boulevard*, the sophisticated, *Capote*, and the inspirational *Freedom Writers* all have something important to say about writers.

Directed by Billy Wilder and released in 1950, *Sunset Boulevard* is classic Hollywood. Down on his luck, young, hapless screenwriter, Joe Gillis, played brilliantly by William Holden, stumbles into the world of the aging and has been silent actress, Nora Desmond, portrayed terrifyingly by Gloria Swanson. Hoping to make a great comeback in the story of *Salome*, Desmond begs Gillis to help her with the script. Gillis, desperately in need of money, takes on the task. He is drawn deeper and deeper into the imaginary world Desmond has created, and also becomes more and more dependent on her money.

Although the movie focuses on the star crossed relationship of Gillis and Desmond, central to the plot is the failure of Joe Gillis as a writer. Not only has he essentially failed in Hollywood, he also fails to successfully "doctor" the script of *Salome* for Nora Desmond. Gillis's inability to write ultimately seals his doom.

The film has it all—great writing, wonderful direction, superb acting, and a flawless plot. Often considered one of the top ten films in American movie history, it has something for everyone.

Released in 2005, *Capote* tells the story of the creation of the book that defined him, *In Cold Blood*. Under the direction of Bennet Miller, the movie looks at the choices any author makes when writing a book. Although Capote was already well known for his short stories and unique personality,

it was *In Cold Blood* that catapulted him to fame.

Phillip Seymour Hoffman's portrayal of Capote is truly masterful. Roger Ebert said that Hoffman "literally" channeled the author, and in many instances the viewer forgets they are not watching Capote himself. This spot-on performance makes the film that much more effective as it delves into what compels an author into making the decision he makes.

In Cold Blood tells the story of the murder of a Kansas farm family in 1959. The urbane Capote was fascinated by the rural setting and originally planned to write a piece for *The New Yorker* about the impact of the murder on the small town. Instead, after meeting and spending hours interviewing the killers, Capote wrote the first true crime, non-fiction book.

During the interviews, the author realizes that he has a lot in common with one of the killers, Perry Smith (Clifton Collins Jr.), and at one point says, "It's like Perry and I grew up in the same house, and at one point I went out the front door and he went out the back." The movie focuses on the questionable moral choices Capote makes as he sacrifices all for the book. It appears he will say and do anything to get the murderers to talk so he can have his story.

There are so many great things to think about when watching the movie—the relationship of the writer with his subject, what is art, how far can and should an author go for a story, and when must the author pull himself away from a subject? Capote became completely immersed in the lives of the two murderers, and by all accounts, was never the same. Capote would never write another complete book.

The acting, the scenery, the setting, the tone, and the story all make this a remarkable film. Nominated for several Academy Awards, including best actor, best

director, best screenplay, and best film, Hoffman only won for best actor, but the movie easily stands out in all categories.

Starring Academy Award winner, Hilary Swank, and released in 2007, *Freedom Writers* is the story of a young, idealistic high school English teacher who uses writing to change the lives of her students.

The movie is based on the real life story of Erin Gruwell, who got her first teaching job in the newly integrated Woodrow Wilson High School in Long Beach California. As a first time teacher, Gruwell is given the worst students. They have been given up on by the system, and Gruwell is simply told to ignore them and they will stop coming to class. Wanting to change the system, and despite some very challenging days, Gruwell believes in the power of words and uses personal journals and inspirational autobiographies to begin to help her students change their lives.

Freedom Writers is a powerful movie. Although some might see the relationship

between Gruwell and her students at the center of the story, the fundamental point of the movie is the power of words. It is only when students begin to write their stories that they are able to change. Although a little less central, the importance of autobiography is also an important theme. The students' stories become much more meaningful to them when they look at the lives of important figures like Anne Frank.

Although not an Oscar winner or even a contender, it is still a great movie. For anyone who teaches, it is a reminder of the power of the classroom and for anyone who loves reading and writing, it sends a clear message about the power of the written word.

While all three are very different movies, they all have something important to say about writing. The hapless Gillis, the unknowable Capote, and the idealistic Gruwell all use words differently but all three characters and their stories deliver incredible cinematic impact.

Memoirs and Anecdotes

Invisible
Michael Dufresne
Addison Campus

Most everybody got somebody to look after them. Most. Me, no: I look after myself. Nobody don't mess with me no more. Got my licks. Paid up. I'm not cool, not in, not a brother, but I paid. My name is Jin Tan. Teachers at Holy Family call me Jin. People who like me call me Tan. Kids here used to call me Yellow, but they don't call me nothin' no more. I'm invisible now. That's OK with me. But that new kid, he didn't know how to be invisible yet. Man, white boy was glowin' out there in all the black folk. Couldn't miss him. And he didn't even know he was glowing, like a light bulb attracting moths, and I was thinking these moths might just kill that kid before they're done.

School rule is at recess you all have to play. The only game, 'less you're a jump rope an' four-square girl, is basketball. Derek and Julian is captains. They pick; you play. Nuns used to make them pick me, last of course, but I just stood there on the court, really two half courts painted side-by-side on the tar, chain link nets, rusty hoops. I didn't want to play their game, so I stood in the middle and let them run me down. Nuns had to let them NOT pick me for my own safety. Now I can do what I want. New guy don't know nothing, so first day they pick, him last, looking all doofus and putting on like he's not afraid.

But Mike don't play ball. He's glowing like that naked light bulb. Just moved to the city from suburbia, land of no hoops except in the gym where nobody but out-of-shape, office-working white men try to pretend they still got it, like they been on the street, like they play. Mike don't play ball. He don't even live in the neighborhood. Mom teaches First Grade. Daddy say better he go here to the Catholic school where he got Matt (the one other white boy) and me (half black, half Asian) to balance out the racial mix than the public school where he'd be the only white boy. Not that we're much

help. Like I said, I'm invisible and Matt grew up here. Matt's white, but Matt plays ball.

So Mike standin' there lookin' doofus and hoping the brothers keep the ball to themselves, but you know it won't happen. Julian, he's the "just-mean" one, got the ball, cussin' 'cuz he's down a man with the new boy on his team, duckin' and dodging and driving in to score. But Derek smacks him down. He got the ball and a piece of Julian on the way down, because Derek's mean AND vicious. Ball bounces a mile high, right down to where Mike was told to stay to defend that end, but mostly to stay outa the way.

I'm laughing, not that anybody could tell 'cuz I ain't gonna show it, and watching him practically crying, nobody to take it for him, and he ain't figured out how to disappear yet. So here it comes, bouncin' along, him gonna mess his pants. Julian yells to get it. Derek and his team roar hungry and tear down the court. Someone hollers, "Shoot!" so Mike, he shoots, sloppy bouncin' off the rim, but it finally rings through the net.

Happy hoots mix with screams of rage as the mob surrounds Mike. Mike's glowing now 'cuz he still don't realize he shot into the other team's basket – 'til Julian and his men are in his face. There's a lot of loud words and hot spit flying now. I'm thinkin' it's over for the new guy, and it almost is, way down there at the far end of the lot where no nuns are swoopin' in any time soon.

But outa nowhere there comes Victor. He ain't mean. He ain't vicious. Victor ain't even loud. Yeah, he's big for seventh grade, but when he shows up and wades into that crowd, Moses never looked so powerful. His hand on Julian's shoulder stops the bloodshed that was just gonna be happening. "You don't need to be messin' with Mike," was all he said. He walks out, Mike ducking into his shadow, and it's over; everybody just drifts back to the game.

I figure Victor set it up so Mike never had to come out to recess but once in a while. Never played ball again. Guess Mike helped Victor help the janitor or Sister O'Reilly, the superior, or maybe he just

stayed in the classroom for recess. That was his invisible. Everybody finds their way. It's all right.

Street Hockey Memories
Philip Theibert
College of Liberal Arts & Sciences

Our neighborhood in Providence, Rhode Island, Barnes Street in the winter of 1965, became infatuated with street hockey. Maybe because the winter was so long and so gray in Providence that by mid-December we were a bit stir crazy and we were fifth graders and sixth graders with the IQs of gnats, but we all thought street hockey would be fun. Anything involving sticks and hitting each other had to be fun. We were always up for an opportunity to poke out our eyes.

Looking back, it was probably my brother's doing; he saw a hockey game on TV and thought, "Hey, that would be neat!"

Be assured, our street hockey was nothing like the floor hockey played in today's fancy gyms. Our equipment was primitive at best. At the local ice rink, we dug broken hockey sticks out of the trash and taped them back together. The "goalie" wore newspapers taped to his chin and a chest protector "borrowed" from some little league coach. If he got hit in the face, we scooped up grey slush and plastered it on the red spot.

Our "skates" were basic tennis shoes, not \$100 Nikes. I remember sitting in a chair one evening looking at my canvas sneakers and thinking, "Wow, what a cool invention—cloth shoes! What more does a man need?"

It was obvious that we did not get out much in the sixties, except to wander down to the Newport Creamy to have Awfuls, Awfuls—gigantic milkshakes that sold for 42 cents. They were Awfully Big and Awfully Good, hence the name Awful, Awful. If you drank three, you got one free. Of course, if you drank three, you would either be throwing up or in the emergency room getting your stomach pumped, so I never heard of anyone who took the challenge.

But back to street hockey. The NHL had nothing on us. Our puck was a tennis ball and I am not sure who contributed the

tennis ball or who even had a tennis ball in our neighborhood.

The tennis ball tended to roll out of the parking lot, down the street and into the sewer. And we only had one tennis ball. So I think we had the most fun engineering the ball out of the sewer. We would use our sticks to pry open the manhole cover, then use the sticks as levers to move the heavy iron cover over to the side.

The ball, once green, but now gray and muddy, would be floating in the water. How dirty was that water? Who knows, but as I said, we had the IQs of gnats, and we picked the ball out of the water and returned to our "rink."

The rink was a parking lot next to the casket company, which always had two or three coffins sitting outdoors, leaning against a wall. They were not fancy coffins, mainly just plain pine boxes. Today, most companies would store their coffins safely inside. But perhaps the owner figured that if someone needed a coffin that badly, hell they could have it.

For the goals, we would lay a coffin, sideways, at each end of the parking lot.

I don't remember much about the games except running up and down the parking lot and winding up for a slap shot every now and then. And in the beginning, before he got drafted, we even had a fan. Tommy O'Hara loved to wander down and watch us. He was 18 and his parents kept worrying about what he was going to do with his life, but Tommy would sit there and grin and have a good old time just watching us play.

I do remember the players. There were the Malley brothers, Joe, Johnny and Mike. They were Cashews—Catholic father and Jewish mother—and they milked it for everything it was worth. I don't believe they ever attended a day of school in their lives. They were either taking a Catholic holiday or a Jewish holiday.

The Malley brothers had a discount paper route, meaning they would invest a dime in a newspaper vending machine, take all the papers and sell them to businessmen headed for the commuter train. The Malleys

often had to leave early to take care of their “paper route.”

We also had “Parked Car” Charlie. Tommy's younger brother Charlie would ride his bike around town and, about once a month, we would see him walking his bike home—it would have a bent front wheel, and he would look a bit dazed. Someone would ask, “Charlie, did you hit another parked car?” and he would nod his head and keep wheeling his wobbly bike home. If Charlie was in the desert and there was one parked car in the whole desert, Charlie would hit it. One day, his sister came down, called Charlie over and whispered something and he dropped his hockey stick and started crying. Not sobbing— just tears rolling down his cheeks. He held his sister's hand and they walked home. We found out later that Marines had pulled up in front of his house in a white car with government plates and his brother Tommy was never going to come home from Vietnam.

But we found that out later; we continued to play street hockey on a gray evening in a parking lot next to the coffin factory in Providence, Rhode Island.

Crayons in College?
Devena Singleton
College of Media Arts & Technology

The following essay was written as a retrospective on an inspirational idea that happened in my classroom. After 20 years of teaching with technology, one day for a class I found that going back to a simple piece of paper with crayons was a way to produce an atmosphere of creativity. The article points out that sometimes we as educators need to step away from technology briefly to get back to basics when trying to inspire creativity in our students.

This morning during final preparations for a class, I had the feeling I was missing something. I was getting ready to discuss visual resumes for my web portfolio class. I knew what I wanted to cover and even had some “cool” example websites to show my students. On a different level though, there was just that “something” missing which would help inspire their creativity.

Then a spark of inspiration hit me: we spend so much time staring at computer screens...maybe my students needed to create a rough draft on paper. I went to the administrative assistant in Academics and asked if we had any colored pencils, thinking the students could draw the rough draft in color. She said no colored pencils were available...but she did have a bag of crayons. Crayons? In a university classroom? I wondered how the students would feel...would they accept the idea? Taking a chance, I took the crayons and paper back to my classroom and set them next to my computer on the lectern.

As students entered the classroom I saw each curious glance. Finally, one brave student asked, “Are we going to get to use those crayons?” I replied “Yes.” A spark of interest lit in all the students’ eyes. Without saying anything more, I moved on with the demonstration of the “cool” examples from the Internet of digital portfolios.

Finally, the time came for me to reveal my scheme. I asked the students to use crayons and paper to draw a rough draft of a visual resume for their web portfolios. Stampede! Students jumped out of their seats and walked quickly to the table with the crayons and paper with a certain “elementary school” effervescence. What came next surprised me. The students set their imaginations loose. Creativity abounded! The classroom had an air of excitement and I found myself getting caught up in their enthusiasm. Their creations that day are some of the best and most novel visual resumes I have seen to date.

I pondered the success of the class on my way home. How could a simple bag of crayons inspire such creativity? Then it hit me...who doesn’t love crayons? I love them and always secretly enjoyed those placemats my kids would get at restaurants because they come with a few crayons. Having a crayon in your hand takes you back to your childhood and the freedom to create anything you want without boundaries.

Although technology is certainly an awesome tool in the noble profession of teaching, sometimes we need to walk away from the glowing screen for a bit and get back to the basics. Don’t get me wrong - I love technology. Today though, I saw how a simple bag of crayons and a blank sheet of paper inspired more creativity than I have seen on the computer screen in a while. Maybe it’s a good lesson for us all, to stop and search for a spark of creativity in the classroom. Do you feel you have lost your creativity lately? Maybe you should try a crayon.

Abraham and We
Melissa Thomas-Eckroade
Chamberlain College of Nursing

The town square was not crowded but populated enough to know who was in your midst and perhaps not even enough to notice. The day, sunny and early afternoon, offered a light air and a day made for a stroll. Trees green and flowers blooming proved spring was here but closing soon. My dress was full of dangling beads and silk; fashioned in yellow, green, orange and pale peach. The weather was comfortable and I wore a small, sheer beige shawl around my elbows to compliment my dress and comfortable leather shoes with slight broad heels.

There was much to see and I wanted to see everything. Sunlight was blinding and I finally realized I was looking at everything and at nothing at the same time. When I looked across the town square to make out a tall man dressed in black making a slow path in my direction, I realized I was not who I knew myself to be. When he addressed me and asked, "Are you ready to go?" I responded, "Yes, Abraham."

We walked, periodically, arm in arm, until we arrived at our town's theatre and we found two seats near the aisle, four rows from the front stage. The smell of the theatre seemed familiar to me – full of poignant lilac and talcum - intoxicating. We sat gently in dark red velvet seats and he eventually placed his long arm up and around my back and encompassed his large hand with his long fingers around my upper arm. His arm and hand did not move throughout the entirety of the play. Although we did not speak during the performance, I sensed we enjoyed the story and the actors' renditions. We left and I was impressed by Abraham's gentle nature in greeting those equally gentle with him. He never seemed to lose me from his sight when acknowledging those who wished to capture a moment of his time

As we exited the theatre, I was blinded by the sun's glory. When my eyes

adjusted, I noticed a woman wearing my exact dress standing alone across the town square. She looked right, left and walked slowly among the crowd; ever careful not to collide with any person. Her brow was wrinkled with puzzlement and she looked as if she was troubled and lost. I could not take my eyes from her. She looked identical to me and I felt a strong desire to hide from her. What would she do when she saw I was wearing her dress? How would she react to our obvious physical likenesses? Did she have knowledge of me and Abraham? At this moment, I recognized why I was troubled.

This woman was so much a part of me and yet a stranger. She was searching for her way to find my life and my person. I quickly offered Abraham leave to allow him time to continue his responsibilities to his calling and to his cause. I decided to alter my usual travel route to my home and, thus, hide from her. My body eventually became heavy and I was aware of every aspect of my being: my skin, my attire, my breath, my hands, legs, arms and my heart's rhythm. As my steps became heavier and slower, my eyes gazed upward and she stood, again, before me. My view, this time, held only her and I could see her eyes meet mine. I walked closer and closer to her and she took a few tiny steps in my direction. I felt exhilarated and unafraid and our countenances upon each other were lovely.

As our beings became within inches from each other, I walked deliberately to her and kept moving forward until my being became one with hers. At this moment, I ceased to be who I had been. Her steps quickened until she found Abraham and she took his large hand in hers. They walked out of the town square while I watched in peace and delight.

A Cleveland Memory
Louis Freese
Westminster Campus

When I think of Cleveland I see memories of walking through a damp, earthy ravine with my Grandpa. I see a child looking out the window of a car in wonder at misty, dense, tree framed red brick roads that felt like a fantasy world. I see a child and his Mimi in hysterics, cleaning up the remains of exploded eggs left too long in pot to boil. I see a boy dutifully washing golf balls at every tee, so that his grandpa would always have a spanking clean ball to hit. I see a house with square bathtubs, where a boy rides a bike down the long front drive. I see a boy, safe in the arms of his mother, watching a zillion lightning bolts flash and hearing thunder echo through the forest. I see family getting to know one another over meals at fancy clubs. Having all these memories is wonderful. However, of all of them, it may be the trolley that I treasure the most.

I can tell you where this memory begins. It begins in the summer of 1992. I was just beginning a two year program at Metropolitan State College. It was my goal to obtain certification to teach at the elementary level. I was taking some time prior to the start of fall classes to visit various members of my family. It was the middle of July and I was going east to visit my grandparents in Cleveland.

My grandfather had planned many things. The highlight was for the three of us to take a trolley tour of Cleveland. This I was not so excited about. I wasn't thrilled with the idea of spending several hours trapped in a trolley. However, Mimi and Grandpa seemed excited about it, so I would go, bring a book, and make the best of it.

The last day of my visit was the trolley ride. It was raining and cold. I thought for sure that we would not go. I was wrong. Mimi and Grandpa were determined to go. I didn't know it then, but I would discover

that this trip was as much for them as it was for me. We bundled up and we went. I remember thinking this is crazy, to be climbing into a trolley in the middle of a down pour. My grandmother showed every bit her age and infirmity as she was literally hoisted into the trolley, unable to climb the stairs. Once on the trolley things changed. We drove around downtown, viewing the sports stadiums and skyscrapers. We drove out to cultural area where we saw the Cleveland Playhouse, Severance Hall, and all the museums, including my grandparents cherished museum of natural history, in which they were so deeply involved. We could not drive down to the water front as it was all flooded. We drove through flooded streets and pouring rain and through it all I watched my grandparents. They sat together holding hands with such expressions of contentment and happiness on their faces that it left me awestruck. I saw in them that day everything that was most important to them. First, and foremost I saw how much they loved each other. I was simply awed by the fact that after more than fifty years of marriage that they could still love each other so strongly. I also saw how much they loved their city. How proud they were to show it to me, even in the pouring rain. How much pleasure they got from seeing it all again, I understood why they were so involved in it, from its museums to its music. Finally, I saw two people who were so full of love for their family that they would brave a thunderstorm to show one member of their family a good time. I saw two people who would not let disease, old age, or bad weather stop them from living their lives according to their choices or from loving their family. It is thanks to them that I know my extended family so well. My life has been made richer for their having been part of it. This is what I was thinking as I looked at them. For the time we were on that trolley all the weight of age disease was gone and they were young again. I saw my grandparents the way they were meant to be seen, two people in love with life, each other, their city and not least, their family. The day was made perfect

when we arrived at the Botanical Gardens for a rest stop. The sun came out and everything felt bright and newly washed. I walked around those gardens feeling blessed to have been on that trolley and had that time with my grandparents.

I look back now and realize how truly lucky I was to have spent that time with them. I was the last of our family to see them this way. Grandpa would be dead within three months and Mimi would begin to lose herself to Parkinson's disease. Nothing would ever be the same in Cleveland after this trip. I have been back to Cleveland several times since that trip. I have watched my grandmother as she receded from life as her disease slowly took her mind. I am in awe of the strength of my mother as she copes with this. How does she deal with the fact that when she visits now that this woman who was once her very remarkable mother, doesn't even know that she is there. It must cause her pain, yet she never shows it. I look at here and know that the best gift Mimi and Grandpa ever gave to me was this woman who has in turn given me so much. I want her to know that I loved her parents and will treasure every memory I have of them, especially the last one in the trolley in the rain.

The Segmented Snake
Barbara Stevens
College of Liberal Arts & Sciences

The lessons we learn from family come to us in a variety of ways. My paternal grandmother taught me to face fears. I was an adult before I realized she passed on this lesson to me.

I grew up in the country. I lived near my grandparents, aunts, and uncles. I played with my cousins every day. We lived less than a half mile away from each other. Riding my bike to visit my cousins or grandparents was a regular activity.

My grandparents were your stereotypical farming family. Grandpa was a tall man with a deep voice and hardy laugh. My earliest memory of him is one where he was plowing the field behind our house. When he saw my brother and me watching him, he pulled the tractor over to the side of the field and gave us Lifesaver candies. I didn't know it at the time, but my grandfather had recently quit smoking and always had Lifesavers in his pocket to sooth cravings. He always wore green trousers and a matching green shirt. All the farmers in the area did, like it was their uniform.

Grandma was a petite woman, at least a foot shorter than Grandpa. She was a Christian woman committed to her country church where she played the organ every Sunday. She always had an apron on over her dress. I really couldn't tell you if she wore a dress or skirt or slacks. I only remember the apron. It went down to her knees and had two large, patch pockets on the front filled with whatever Grandma needed at a moment's notice. Her hair was always pulled back in a bun. I didn't know until I was 8 years old that Grandma had very long hair, down to the middle of her back. I remembered being amazed at all of

that long, silver hair. My hair was long, too, but I never wore it in a bun. I was surprised that she did because I thought it was so beautiful.

There was a dichotomy between them that just worked. Grandpa could be a bit sassy with the jokes he told and comments he made. Grandma was respectful of all people and creatures. I never heard her say anything harsh about anyone. It was common to hear her exclaim, "Walter!" at something my Grandpa said. Her quiet reserve worked well with his audaciousness.

One summer day, I decided to ride my bike over to visit my grandparents. Grandma was weeding a flowerbed in the yard. As I rode my bike up the driveway toward her, I noticed a snake laying in the grass that was cut into four equally-sized sections. Seeing the snake wasn't uncommon, but seeing it cut up into segments surprised me. I asked Grandma what happened. She shuddered uncharacteristically and said, "I just hate snakes." She had chopped the snake into those segments so she could continue weeding her flowerbed. She had a job to do that day, weeding those flowerbeds, and the fear of a snake wasn't going to keep her from doing her chore.

I didn't realize it until I was an adult, but Grandma had showed me that day that we need to face our fears. Obstacles appear in our lives everywhere. We can run inside and avoid completing our task, or we can address our fear so that it doesn't keep us from doing what we want. As I look back on my life, I realize that's exactly what I've been doing. I don't go out looking for obstacles, but I do address them with an appropriately sharp tool when they present themselves.

Thanks, Grandma.

Credits

Review Committee Members

Barbara Burke

Barbara Burke has completed her BA and MA in English Education at the ever-expanding New Jersey City University. Her love of the Arts began during her semester at the University of Copenhagen. She has enthusiastically used these skills in the Gifted and Talented Program and in Adult Education in classes at the Jersey City school system. As a twenty year full-time senior professor at DeVry, North Brunswick, she has taught various classes, including: composition, research, technical communication, speech, career development, and Developmental English. She especially enjoys working with the freshmen in the Critical Thinking classes, both onsite and online. Annually, she presents and participates in faculty and student workshops, like Poetry Reading and Toastmasters.

...And often she can be found with family ---- strolling along on the lovely beaches of the Jersey Shore...

Catherine Coan

Catherine Coan holds a B.A. from the University of Puget Sound and an M.F.A from the University of Washington. She has been teaching college-level literature, humanities, creative writing, composition, and ethics since 1995 at institutions including Colorado State University and the University of Puget Sound. She has been teaching online at DeVry University for eight years. Her first book (poetry) was published by Blue Begonia Press in 2001. Her second (research textbook) was published by Thomson Education in 2003. She has edited numerous works including the book of poetry *A Mouthpiece of Thumbs* (2001) and the novel *The Pacific Between* (2006). Her own poetry has appeared in journals including *Poetry*, the *Seattle Review*, and *Poetry Northwest*. Her honors and awards for research and writing include a National Endowment for the Humanities grant, a Pushcart nomination, and a National Writers Union poetry prize. She is also an assemblage artist and taxidermist whose work has shown at galleries from the Lois Lambert Gallery in Santa Monica, CA to the Stremmel Gallery in Reno, NV. In 2013, she completed a season as a judge on AMC's competitive taxidermy show *Immortalized*.

Michael Dufresne

Michael Dufresne has been an assistant professor at DeVry University (Addison, IL) since 2009. He teaches English, Composition, and Critical Thinking and tutors writing and research. He has worked as a journalist and editor for various publishers and taught middle and high school English for 10 years. Michael earned master's degrees in English and Secondary Education and a bachelor's in Economics. He is starting a PhD program in Technical Writing. Michael would rather submit to his muse and write into the wee hours than sleep. He enjoys reading and writing and performing in all forms. His mission is to help others develop the practical communication skills needed to achieve their goals.

Dr. Jerry Durbeej

Jerry Durbeej is a full-time professor at DeVry University, South Florida where he has been teaching for the past ten years. His B.A. in Creative Writing is from Hunter College, CUNY and his M.A. in English and Ph.D. in Comparative Studies are from Florida Atlantic University. He was also the Associate Dean of the College of Liberal Arts and Sciences at DeVry, South Florida for one year but his passion for teaching pulled him back to the classroom. Prior to joining DeVry, Jerry was self-employed in the gas

station/automotive repair business for 12 years; before that he worked in Investment Banking at Wall Street. At present, Jerry is revising and editing a novel he has written and enjoys the back-roads on his motorcycle.

Dr. Mark Geller

Mark Geller teaches full time at New Jersey campus. He is a full time professor in the discipline of Sociology.

Tara Houston

An educator for over 16 years, Tara has served in various roles from teacher, school administrator, researcher, and, since 2009, as a college professor in blended and online classrooms. As Associate Professor in the College of Liberal Arts & Sciences at DeVry University in the DC Metro, Tara educates her students in research, business writing, and communication skills. Her passion lies in inspiring her students to acquire the skills, knowledge, and dispositions essential to their success.

Coupled with her experience in education, Tara's entrepreneurship and consulting experiences have groomed her to be an effective instructor for diverse classroom and workshop settings in the areas of business, professional communications, and soft skills. She holds a Master of Teaching in English Education, a Post-Master's Certification in Principalship, and a Bachelor of Arts in English all from Virginia Commonwealth University. Currently, she is a doctoral candidate in Educational Leadership from Virginia Polytechnic State Institute & University.

Robert Lawrence

Professor Robert Lawrence has been teaching at DeVry University since July 1985. He has taught English Composition, Advanced Composition, Developmental Composition, Professional Writing, Literature, Introduction to Humanities, Science Fiction, Public Speaking, Career Development, Student Orientation, and Algebra at DeVry. He is a founding editor of Connections, DeVry/Addison's student literary magazine. He also co-founded Riverrun, a literary magazine formerly published at Triton Community College. He is a performance poet himself, having featured on numerous occasions (at times including comedy sketches) at venues in the Chicagoland area. His chapbook, Rock 'n Roll Dreams and Other Poems, is available through Puddin'head Press. Poems have been published in magazines and anthologies. "Letter in Reply" was published in The Learning Commitment, a critical thinking text that was published by DeVry, Inc. Plays of his have been produced in Chicago community theatres. Lawrence also wrote and programmed educational software for the Apple II system.

Dr. David Layton

Professor David Layton hails from sunny California. He teaches many of DeVry's English courses.

Susann Kyriazopoulos

Susann Kyriazopoulos has been at DeVry for over 40 years and was the first woman hired to teach at the Chicago Campus (Legacy Campus). She teaches Math now, but when hired, was one of only two General Education Teachers, so taught all General Education Courses. At that time, the sessions were six weeks, then it went to 16 weeks and now are back to 8 weeks. She taught high school for five years, before coming to DeVry. This is the start of her 52nd year teaching. Susann earned her Undergraduate Degree from Illinois State in Education, her Masters from National Louis University in

Math Education and is ABD in her PhD. from Colorado State University. Her passion at school is her students, and at home her grandchildren. Having been at DeVry for over 40 years, she has seen DeVry go from DeVry Technical Institute , to DeVry Institute of Technology, to now, DeVry University...during those changes, she saw the curriculum increase from Electronics to all those now in the Catalog. Susann believes though, that the one thing that has not changed is the School's interest in its students and their successful completion of degree programs that lead to successful careers. She feels that this above all is what DeVry stands for and because of that is always striving for new ways to aid in this development.

Colleen Mallory

Colleen Mallory began teaching in higher education in 1994, joining DeVry in 2006 as a visiting professor and becoming a full time Faculty Manager in 2009. Colleen's background is in philosophy, focusing on business ethics, ethical principles, critical thinking, emotional intelligence and introductory philosophy courses. Her work experience includes course architecture, teaching and corporate training. Colleen has written curriculum for a variety of business improvement processes and facilitated workshops at Fortune 500 companies and local corporations. Colleen's teaching philosophy remains steadfast; to be patient with students, persevere in the face of adversity and bring a bit of humor to the classroom. Interacting with students in the virtual classroom and professors in her Faculty Manager role provide Colleen with a great deal of energetic interaction and fulfilling dialogue. Colleen earned a B.A. in Philosophy and Government from Skidmore College and a M.A. from Cleveland State University in Philosophy.

Dr. Judy McCarthy

Judy McCarthy holds B.A., M.A., and Ph.D. degrees from Rutgers University. She has nearly 30 years of teaching experience at the college level, and has published academic scholarship, a novel, and several poems. Most of her scholarly work explores T.S. Eliot and modernism. T.S. Eliot was first a philosopher and was arguably one of the most learned men of his time; therefore, a study of his works requires an in-depth understanding of human history and the timeless quality of the human spirit.

Barbara Stevens

Barbara Stevens began teaching online for DeVry University in 2003 and became a faculty manager for the College of Liberal Arts & Sciences in 2009. She has a bachelor's degree in management & organizational development and an MBA with concentrations in both human resource management and computer networking. She teaches for the College of Business & Management, College of Engineering & Information Sciences, and the College of Liberal Arts & Sciences.

Philip Theibert

Philip Theibert has worked as a reporter, editor, copywriter, corporate speechwriter and publishing marketing director. His books include Business Writing for Busy People, How to Give a Damn Good Speech, Lessons in Corporate Change, Potato Chip Economics, The Most Creative, Escape the Ordinary, Excel at Public Speaking Book Ever, The Blockbuster Book of Brain Expanding, Creativity Enhancing, Writing Exercises and The Game: Baseball Poems for Baseball Fans. His articles have appeared in The Wall Street Journal, Vital Speeches, Writer's Digest as well as other publications. His poems have been nominated for a Pushcart Prize.

Ann Tschetter

Ann Tschetter began teaching at DeVry in 2003 and teaches both English and History courses as a Visiting Professor. She holds an MA in English and an MA in American History as well as a PhD in History. Teaching English and History at the college level for more than 15 years has allowed Ann to bring in some History to English classes and some English to history. Ann's specialties include 19th Century American History and the novelist, Willa Cather.

Eric Wright

Eric Wright teaches English classes, technical writing, professional writing, and business literature for several universities. Eric earned both his B.A. and M.A. from Middle Tennessee State University. While working on his degrees, he played collegiate volleyball and professional sand volleyball. Eric has taught English for 15 years at over 18 different institutions for higher learning and looks forward to expanding more in the online environment. Eric hopes to pursue his Ph.D. at Colorado State University in Higher Education Leadership. Last of all, Eric has a 4 year old son and a 1 year old daughter, who are the love of his life along with his wife.